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THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. L. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, JULY 6, 1900. NO. 31.

Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect JUNE 25, 1900.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.14, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.39, 8.00, 9.10, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY–To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.28, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, *9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43, 6.22, 7.04, 7.34, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, 8.42, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.46, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 12.00, 4.52, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.33, 8.28, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, *9.30, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.28, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.28, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 8.28, 6.33, 11.11, A. M., 6.42 P. M., Saturdays only. Except Claremont.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.28, †11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, ‡6.33, 8.28, 11.11, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P.M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.28, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.28, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

*To Nashua only.
†To Franklin only.
‡Weirs only.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.21, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.16, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 4.03, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Jan. 1, 1900, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 and 11.15 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Wakefield & Stoneham St. R'y Co.

On and after January 1, 1900, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, then *9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington, at 5.15, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.30, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.45, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m., then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 8.35, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. M. LANE, Acting Supt.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Nov. 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

J. R. CARRIER, Div. Supt.

Business Cards.

Crawford's - -
ICE CREAMS
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No. 412 Main St., WOBURN
TELEPHONE: 48-3.

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☞ SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

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GEORGE W. NORRIS,
Counsellor-at-Law and Notary,
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415 Main Street, WOBURN.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

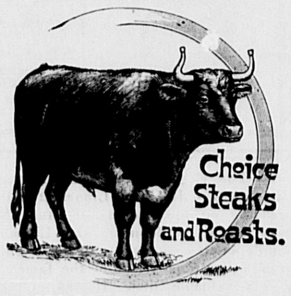
—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Business Cards.

George Durward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CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street, BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

HEART'S SUNSHINE.

Oh, if only those who love us
Would but tell us while we live
And not wait until life's journey
Ended is before they give
The smile we hungered after,
Tender words we longed to hear,
Which we listened for, but vainly,
For many a weary year!

There is much of pain and sorrow
All must bear, and bear alone,
Yet how helpful is the sunshine
Of a cheery look and tone!
How it brightens up life's pathway
And dispels the shadows grim
And restores our shattered idols,
Which we built in days now dim!

Then bestow your sunshine freely!
Let it shine from out your eyes,
Let it speak in warm hand pressures,
Let it breathe in heartfelt sighs,
Let it cheer the fainting spirit
Of some brother in distress,
Let it thrill our jarring voices
With a note of tenderness.

For in serving fellow mortals
We best serve the Father, too,
And in lightening their burdens
Ours grow light and fade from view,
And a sympathetic nature
That vibrates to others' needs
Is a bit of God's own sunshine
Quickening to noble deeds.

—Anne B. Wheeler in Boston Transcript.

THE END OF THE RAINBOW

A Country Girl Found It, but It Was Not as Charming as She Had Supposed.

BY KATE M. CLEARY.

"Oh," Priscilla said softly to herself over and over, "it is like a fairy story—it is all just like a fairy story!"

And indeed it had come to pass as unexpectedly and delightfully as do wonderful improbabilities in the world of enchantment.

Priscilla was 17. For the last nine years she had lived in the old frame farmhouse on Dry creek. It was a pleasant enough place, the square green farmhouse, half hidden from the road by a grove of native timber. A great Seven Sisters rose straggled up to Priscilla's bedroom window and nodded its pale pink blooms there every summer. The aunt and uncle with whom she lived—common, kindly people, with a marvelous capacity for sustained labor—gave her limitless love. Beyond skimming the cream and keeping the best room in stiff and dustless order Priscilla had little to do. Indeed, her good relatives considered her too fine for heavy tasks. They were proud of her. She was straight, slender and graceful. Her hair was silken and yellow as the tassels of the corn which in July encompassed them in undulating seas of gold. Not all the winds of the prairie could destroy the pure fairness of her complexion. She had laughing gray eyes, a straight nose and lips bright as geranium petals. Unhappily the spirit of discontent was hers. She knew that there was another world than that in which she lived—a charming and enchanting world. She had memories of a city home where there were books and pictures, where clever people assembled and sweet music resounded. She had never overcome her resentment to certain country ways. Eating at the same table as the hired hands was a hardship to her. Her uncle and aunt would have been puzzled at such foolish pride. They had never dreamed of a separate table for themselves. But now her whole life was to be different and delightful.

"It happened back at the old farm in Illinois," her aunt told her. "My sister wasn't much older than you are now when the handsome young artist came sketching down our way. Mother took him to board. He was always sketching and painting. We thought he was just a nice, poor young man. He fell deeply in love with Alice. It was only after they were married that we learned he was the son of proud and wealthy people in the east. He wrote home the truth and was disowned then and there. His father said he did not want to hear from him alive or of him dead. Harry took his young wife and went to the city to earn his living. They were doing well and had a comfortable home when your mother died. Harry couldn't live without her. He fretted himself ill. He brought you to us. It was here he died. My, how happy it made Elihu and me to have you, never having had a child of our own! And now"—a sharp quiver coming into the leved voice—"when we were thinking you would marry Willie Lester, who worships the ground you walk on, comes this!"

Her right hand brought the letter it held down on the other with a savage slap. Brown old hands they were, enlarged and made unlovely by much toil. Priscilla took the letter and read it through for the dozenth time:

> My Dear Little Girl—After all these years your grandfather has relented. I know the memory of our boy has been ever with him. You are to come to us. We have a great deal of money, as I suppose you know. We shall spend some of it on a trip abroad, you accompanying us. If you succeed in pleasing your grandfather, you will be a great heiress some day. Inclosed you will find a check to cover your expenses to New York. Your affectionate grandmother,
>
> ELLEN WHYLAND.

"Oh, won't it be grand to travel and see the places I've read of and hear heavenly music and wear beautiful gowns!" She drew a long breath of ecstatic anticipation. She was too dazzled to recognize the heartlessness of the letter in which she rejoiced. She did not know how cruelly selfish were her own words. The grandparents who had ignored her existence all these years now summoned her without a thought for those into whose lives she had grown. She, attracted by the brilliance of the bribe, was eager to go.

"Grand!" echoed Mrs. Willits. The lump in her throat pained her. She muttered something about the biscuits for supper and went away.

Will Lester came over that evening. He was an overgrown young fellow, with an awkward walk, a handsome head and a fresh color in his tanned cheeks.

"So you are going away, Priscilla!" he said.

She dimpled and blushed coquettishly.

"Yes, I'm going away."

Yesterday the knowledge that Will Lester loved her would have thrilled her with delight. All that was changed now.

On the morning of her departure Lester went to Elihu Willits with a look in his blue eyes that was half determined, half ashamed.

"Will you let me drive Priscilla to the train?" he asked.

Willits, hooked of nose, gray of beard, shabby of attire, irascible of speech and just now bitter of heart, was about to irritably refuse on the spot.

"Yes, my boy!" he said.

For suddenly he had recalled a certain dark, rainy, sweet scented spring night when he had walked home from prayer meeting with her who now had been his faithful wife for 20 years and had kissed her for the first time.

So Lester drove Priscilla to the train. But it was not until they had left the farmhouse far behind, not until they had whirled through the straggling street of the little, unprosperous town, not, indeed, until they were in sight of the red roofed depot, that he found courage to speak his mind.

"Priscilla, you know I love you, that I've always loved you, yes, since you came here a child. There is no use in talking of that now. You are going to be a fine lady. When I shall have finished my two years' course in Chicago, I shall be at the best but a semistarved country doctor. I felt I must say 'I love you!' although there is no use in hoping—now!"

"No," she said softly. She colored a deep, delicious pink. "I'm awfully sorry, Willie. Everything is changed now."

"Priscilla!" He pulled around in the seat and was looking down upon her. "I wonder if you remember how once, a long time ago, you strayed away from home. There had been a storm. You could not be discovered anywhere. The folks were nearly crazy. It was I who found you. You were a good way down the creek. You were wet and hungry, tired and cold. You were scratched by briers, had lost your shoe and were altogether forlorn. When you saw me, you held out your arms, with the gladdest cry I ever heard. 'Oh, take me home, Willie!' you cried. 'I was trying to find the end of the rainbow!' I did take you home, and you slept every bit of the way with your little wet head cuddled on my shoulder. Do you know, I cannot help thinking that you are—are going to find the end of another rainbow, Priscilla!"

"No—ah, no! What a cruel prophecy!" She laughed a little nervously. "Here we are! The train—is it on time, I wonder?"

The train was on time. The Willitses were on hand. Gaunt and lugubrious they loomed up on the platform.

"Don't worry about me, Aunt Mary!" Priscilla entreated. "I'll come to see you, and I'll bring you a real camel's hair shawl and a velvet gown!"

"Never mind them," returned Mrs. Willits huskily. "But you come, sure!"

"Never mind them—come, sure!" urged Elihu like an echo.

They kissed her. Lester held her hand tight a minute. Then the train was writhing eastward like a great black serpent.

Such a different world was that into which she went—such a world of ease, of luxury, of artistic delight! At first she was deliciously dazed by it all. The immense, beautiful house; the velvet laid corridors; the trained, deft servants; the crested, fragrant linen; the tall, reddish sideboard, on which the silver gleamed a drift of moonlit frost; the high jars of aromatic rose leaves; the entrancing, gold bound pictures, the glowing draperies, the loose masses of cut flowers, the universal air of aloofness, made up the environment of ideal existence.

Then her grandparents were such charming old aristocrats. Money could never have made them. First, centuries before, were blood and breeding. The advantages which money could buy had supplemented these. They decided that personally Priscilla was perfection. Masters of music, of dancing, of languages, came daily, and the polish of accomplishments was added to her store of fascination.

Abroad, her grandparents were delighted with the sensation she created. With her natural intelligence stimulated to the utmost, her fresh young beauty set off with Parisian toilets, she was quite the most bewitching creature society had seen for a long time. She wrote regularly to the old couple on Dry creek. She enjoyed her life heartily. At Rome its current was changed. She fell in love with a singer whose superb voice and face of brigandish beauty had taken the musical world by storm. Old Calvin Whyland frowned on the affair. He took his granddaughter away. De Lalenier followed—obtained an interview. Carried away by his earnestness, his personality, his passion, she promised to marry him. Her grandfather heard of it—questioned her.

"Ask him," cried the old man, ghastly with rage, "if he wants you or the money he believes you will inherit!"

"Never!" she replied with scorn. "I shall never so insult him!"

A fortnight later Mr. Whyland caught the Roman fever and died. When his will was opened, it was found to bear the date of his interview with his rebellious grandchild. After a certain share to his wife all his estate was left to a distant branch of his family. Priscilla was penniless. She took the news lightly. She had Adrain's love. He heard the rumor. He came to see her.

"Yes," she answered him. "It is true. I have been disinherited."

He rose. He took up his hat. He bowed profoundly.

"You are the sweetest woman in the world, Miss Whyland, but I must say goodby."

She stared at him in bewilderment. All at once comprehension, complete and terrible, came to her. She was jilted!

"You mean"—

"That I—in your expressive tongue—am a scoundrel! Forgive me if you can. Goodby!"

Then he was gone.

* * * * * * * *

The spirit of spring was abroad. The newly turned furrows in the cornfields were black and moist. Lines of tender green defined the hollows in the scarred earth. Everywhere was the subtle sense of awakening, everywhere the wholesome, familiar smell of "green things growing." The trees along the creek had burst into myriads of brownish buds. Once in awhile sounded the contented note of the meadow lark from its nest in the prairie grasses.

"I'll be glad when the young chickens are fit to fry," Mrs. Willits was saying. She leaned forward to lay the circle of biscuit dough she held on the bubbling contents of the big iron pot. "Not but that a fat old one does make a good potpie! My! How Priscilla relished my potpie! The dear child—who's that?"

She turned sharply. A woman stood just without the open door, a stately and beautiful woman. She was gowned in soft fawn color, and the hat on the golden hair was a mass of changeable purple bloom. She held out little gloved hands.

"Aunt Mary! Don't you know me?"

For an instant the woman by the stove stood still—motionless, enraptured. Then she rushed forward. She swept the radiant vision into her breathless embrace. She had not known such happiness since the rainy, sweet scented spring night when Elihu had kissed her on the way home from prayer meeting.

"My—dear—little—girl!"

"I am not rich!" She was laughing and sobbing, her lips seeking repeatedly the wrinkled old cheek. "I did not even bring you the velvet gown. Grandpa died, you know, and"—

"I'm rich—I'm rich!" quavered the old woman. "Elihu—E-li-hu, hurry! Here's our little girl!"

Priscilla did not at first recognize the gentleman who came to call on her a few days later as that handsome, self possessed, bearded man Will Lester. She learned much of Dr. Lester during the months that followed, and the tales that were told her did credit to his head and heart.

One night he ventured to speak of her again as he had that distant morning on the way to the train which was to carry her out of his life.

"But now," he concluded, "I speak—and hope! May I?"

"Listen," she said. "You must know all first."

She told him the frank and full truth.

From the orchard came drifting up to them a thousand vagrant, delicious scents, and fireflies flashed around them like incarnate words of love.

"I think," she ended in a queer, shaky little voice, "that I've found—as you said I might—the end of another rainbow, Willie."

He opened his arms and gathered her into their shelter as he had done that night on Dry creek when he found her a little helpless, frightened child.

"You remember it, love—that old story? Thank God, dear heart," he said, in his voice infinite thankfulness, infinite joy. "The storm is spent, the darkness over!"—Chicago Tribune.

Banner Ground Floor Studio.
The Best Work in All Varieties known to the art we are prepared to do in the best manner, as we have the finest arranged Studio in this part of the State. Give us a call before going elsewhere and see for yourselves.
F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

Two Fables.

Charles and William were partners in a small way in the commission business. When the war broke out, William went to the front, but as Charles had an uncle who was a congressman, he went to Washington and did important work for some contractors.

After the war William came home in dusty blue clothes and was a hero, although he was $6 in debt. He found Charles not only engaged to the prettiest girl in the place, but with his pockets full of ready money.

It is pleasant to know that republics are not always ungrateful.

* * * * * * * *

David was a fine old merchant. He was a deacon, a solid man and universally respected. The civic reform club urged upon him to run for mayor, and the committee informed him that he would be pretty nearly unanimously elected. He weakly consented, and the respectable element was delighted.

They ran against him an unknown person named Michael, a retired saloon keeper. He was an ignorant man, but he knew a good deal about machines.

When they counted the ballots, it was discovered that Michael had been elected by a majority of 2,293 to 158.

David felt very sore and is still wondering how it happened.

Stories like this should demonstrate that success consists in knowing how to succeed.—Life.

How Congress Spring Was Named.

When John Taylor Gilman, a member of congress, visited the log houses which chiefly constituted Saratoga in its early history, he was accompanied one day on a hunting ramble by a young son of the woodsman with whom he boarded. When they returned to the cabin, the boy enthusiastically shouted, "Oh, ma, we've found a new spring!"

"Who found it?" he was asked.

Turning to the distinguished lawmaker, the little fellow admiringly exclaimed, "Why, the congress!"

And to this day the name has clung to one of the most celebrated of the springs which made the place a sanitary resort long before it became the seat of summer fashion.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Wouldn't Have Altered Results.

"John Simpson, this superstitious affectation of yours about the thirteenth day of the month is simply nonsense. All sorts of great undertakings have been begun on the thirteenth. Why haven't you had the courage to test the matter by starting some venture on that date?"

"There is only one I can think of that I might have launched then. I might have married you, my love, on that date. And—and I'm willing to confess that I really don't think it would have made much difference."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Extremes Meet.

The Blond—I don't feel well this afternoon.

The Brunette—Maybe it is something you ate for luncheon.

"I think not. I only had some deviled crabs and angel cake."—Indianapolis Press.

Nothing In a Name.

"Where have you been until this shamefully unseasonable hour?"

"Been sitting in a 'quick repair' shop, my dear, waiting for my only pair of shoes."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ROYAL

The absolutely pure

BAKING POWDER

ROYAL—the most celebrated of all the baking powders in the world—celebrated for its great leavening strength and purity. It makes your cakes, biscuit, bread, etc., healthful; it assures you against alum and all forms of adulteration that go with the cheap brands.

ROYAL
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ABSOLUTELY PURE

Alum baking powders are low priced, as alum costs but two cents a pound; but alum is a corrosive poison and it renders the baking powder dangerous to use in food.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

Will Make a Cat Run.

With regard to color, both cats and dogs appear to have little æsthetic perception. We have heard of a dog appearing to prefer scarlet to blue, but it is difficult to eliminate the effect of association in dealing with a single instance. Cats, however, seem to show a definite æsthetic perception of texture—æsthetic, for it is not ordinary bodily comfort which rules. They may like to sleep on velvet, but they revel, waking, in the feeling of crackling paper or texture of stiff silks, and there is a well authenticated story of a cat which goes into the garden to lick the undersides of foxglove leaves and cannot be kept from trying with his tongue the texture of flannelette.

But the keenest æsthetic pleasure for a cat lies in the region of smell. The dog uses smell merely as a medium of information, but the cat revels in it. She will linger near a tree trunk, smelling each separate aromatic leaf for the pure pleasure of it—not like a dog, to trace friend, foe or prey. If the window of a close room is opened, the cat leans out, smelling the air. New dresses are smelled, partly, perhaps, for future recognition, but also, apparently, for pleasure. A strong smell, above all a spirituous smell, is not only disagreeable, but absolutely painful. Lavender water may please a tiger, but it will put a cat to flight.—London Spectator.

One Way of Looking at It.

"Look at this, will you?" exclaimed the real estate and house renting optimist. "In this paper there is a record of 87 marriage licenses issued yesterday."

"Well, what of it?" said his partner, the pessimist of the firm, who was leaning back in a chair with his hat pulled down over his eyes.

"What of it?" echoed the other. "Can't you see? Those 87 marriage licenses mean 87 marriages. The 87 marriages will lead to 87 inquiries for houses, flats or at least eligible apartments. It's bound to stimulate business in our line, and we'll get our share."

"That doesn't follow at all. Those 87 licenses represent 174 persons, don't they?"

"Yes."

"Probably all adults?"

"Undoubtedly. What of it?"

"Nothing," growled the pessimist, "except that 174 persons who have hitherto occupied 174 apartments will hereafter occupy 87! You give me a pain! Go away!"—London Answers.

Pirates of the Philippines.

The Moros are born pirates. The sea seems more their home than the land. They fairly revel in the water, for, wherever possible, they build their houses in the sea, raising them on piles sunk in the shoal waters of the coast. This mode of building has been followed in all the Philippine Islands, the houses, even if miles from the sea, being built on piles. It seems to suggest a time when the Malays were water dwellers. In truth, a backward glance through time shows us the Malay sea rovers setting out in their warpraus to conquer the multitude of islands in the south sea and haunting the coasts so as to be ready to take to the water again at a moment's notice.—Leslie's Popular Monthly.

A Cavalry Charge.

In a cavalry charge, especially when the firing is at long range, it is practically impossible for the enemy to aim at so small a figure as a human being with any certain chance of hitting him. And so, the horse presenting the larger target, the list of casualties among horses, under the circumstances, is naturally greater than among men. At Talavera 290 horses were killed and 240 men, while at the famous charge of the Light brigade at Balaklava the losses among horses were 360 and among men 280.

Why He Barked.

A witness in an Irish court talked so loud that Charles Philips, who was counsel on the other side, said, "Fellow, why do you bark so furiously?"

"Because," said the man, looking hard at Philips, "I think I see a thief!"

O'Connell and the Tipperary Boys.

At Tipperary, brave Tipperary, they wanted to take the horses from O'Connell's carriage and draw him themselves upon his way. "This will never do," he said to his daughter-in-law. "Their intentions are excellent, but they'll get so excited that we'll find ourselves in the ditch presently."

Bursting open the carriage door, in a moment he was out among these gigantic Tipperary men, just as big as any one of them. "Now, boys, be reasonable," he said. "Leave the horses under the carriage."

"But, shure, we'd rather pull you along ourselves, sir," was the reply as the preparations for so doing went gallantly forward.

"All right; on your own heads be it!" cried O'Connell good humoredly, and, throwing off his coat, he set to with pugilistic intent, boxing them right and left until he got them to desist. Their amusement and delight knew no bounds, and when, on regaining the carriage, he doubled up his hand and shook it at them, with a beaming smile and a twinkling eye, the air was rent with enthusiastic shouting, and he drove off even a greater hero than when he had come.—Donahoe's Magazine.

She Liked Variety.

She is a very nice little girl, and yet she has an imagination so vivid that people can't help wondering once in awhile what is going to become of it. The little girl can and does tell the most marvelous tales, and when she is reproved she is entirely complacent and cannot see that her effective inventions are anything more than jokes. One of these she told to an interested neighbor, at whose house she called frequently.

"How is your mamma, dear?" asked the neighbor one morning when the little girl made her appearance.

"She is very sick," answered the little girl earnestly. "Nelly (her sister) and I were up with her all night. We called the doctor." But when the kind neighbor went in haste to see her sick friend she found her in every respect as well as ever.

"Why did you tell kind Mrs. Blank such a story about me?" asked mamma seriously of her little girl at the first opportunity.

"Well, mamma," said the little girl, with a toss of her curls, "Mrs. Blank asks me every single morning how you are, and I get tired of telling her that you are very well."—New York Times.

Too Honest.

A lawyer took in a new boy the other day, and, as he had suffered to some extent from the depredations of the former one, he determined to try the new boy's honesty at once. He therefore placed a $5 note under a weight on his desk and walked out without a word. Upon his return, half an hour later, the note was gone, and half a dollar in silver had taken its place.

"Boy, when I went out I left $5 under this weight."

"Yes, sir, but you hadn't been gone five minutes when a man came in with a bill against you for $4.50. I guess the change is correct?"

"You paid the bill?"

"Yes, sir. There it is, all receipted. The man said it had slipped your mind for the past four years, and so"—

He did not get any further before he made a rush for the door. That boy is not in the law business any more.—Chicago News.

Satan Got Behind.

Mother—So you have been at the jam again, Adolphus?

Son—The cupboard door came open of itself, mother, and I thought—

Mother—Why didn't you say, "Get thee behind me, satan?"

Son—So I did, mother, and he went up and pushed me right in!—Brooklyn Life.

A Distinction.

"Knogood tells me you won some money from him last night," said the man with the shrieking shirt.

"Nipe," said the man with the whispering tie; "I merely won a few bets from him."

"Oh!"—Indianapolis Press.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, JUYL 6, 1900.

THAT BOULEVARD.

It is in the throes of dissolution. What is, the Horn Pond Boulevard? Exactly. We have been informed that this is its history and present status:

Mayor Davis, in obedience to instructions, petitioned the Metropolitan Park Commissioners for a boulevard from Winchester along the backside of Horn Pond to some point in Woburn. At the hearing on that petition the Mayor and his coadjutors were smoothly, diplomatically and sweetly turned down by that prince of diplomatists, Chairman de la Cases. They were told by him that the Commission had no money with which to carry out the enterprise, but if the Legislature would appropriate a sufficiant sum for it, as no doubt they would, the scheme being such a lovely one, the Commission would go right ahead and build the boulevard.

So, with courage and high hopes, the Mayor petitioned the Legislature for an appropriation. It went to the Committee on Metropolitan Affairs, who gave a hearing on the petition, at which a great deal of persuasive eloquence was let loose. The Committee, in a perfunctory manner, made a favorable report to the House, by whom the matter was sent to the Ways and Means Committee, in which originate all bills for the appropriation of the State's money.

This Committee have reported adversely, and there can be no doubt at all but that the Legislature will adopt the report.

Thus it seems, at the present time, as though the fate of the boulevard is sealed—not everlastingly perhaps, but for some time to come.

Should the House accept the report, which is altogether likely, then it may be truly said that "the mountain labored and brought forth a mouse."

It should be stated in this connection that the Woburn City Council, early in the game, refused to appropriate $15,000, at the Mayor's request, to prepare approaches and other nice things for the boulevard.

JULY FOURTH, 1900.

In those parts of the city which fell under our observation there seemed to be less noise than has usually been the case on the night preceding the Glorious Fourth. We thought there was a considerable falling off in the firing of Chinese crackers, fewer ear-piercing horns; and certainly the roystering young gentlemen of the city failed to secure possession of the bellropes, so the nerve rasping clanging of the bells was happily a minus quantity in the juvenile programme for the night's entertainment. We would except the harmless tinkle of the old depot bell, whose attempted contributions to the gaiety and patriotism of the occasion was a melancholly failure, and therefore unworthy of present consideration. There was noise enough, in all conscience, but not so much of it as on many former observances of "The Day We Celebrate."

The weather was desperately hot on the Fourth. True, a N. W. wind of considerable force prevailed a part of the time, but it was heated by the scorching beams of the summer sun rather than modified by the ocean's cool breath, consequently it augmented human discomfort instead of amelioriating its condition. So much for the weather.

Our usually lively city was "as dead as a door nail" all day long. To be sure, Innitou Canoe Club indulged in some aquatic sports on the shady shores of Horn Pond; there were a few picnic gatherings in the groves; and a great many people went to the beaches. That was about the sum and substance of the Day's doings here. The bells sent forth their patriotic peals at sunrise, noon and sunset; many Flags waved in the breeze; a few crackers were heard here and there, growing less as evening approached; and after dark some skyrockets were seen to burst and scatter their sparkling contents above the treetops. The end.

BUSINESS MEN FOR KNOX.

Those who are observing and taking notes of the progress of the Congressional campaign in this District report a marked unanimity on the part of clear headed business men in favor of the re-election of Hon. W. S. Knox. Personal observation and inquiry have convinced us of the fact so far as Woburn is concerned, and the same, it is said, is true of other parts of the District.

Business men feel that the present is not the right time to make a change in our Representative; that, as Lincoln said, it is poor policy to swap horses in the middle of the stream; and it is safe to conclude that this class of voters will heartily support Mr. Knox's candidacy in the present campaign.

Mr. Knox is a business man. He has represented this District in Congress three terms, or will have done so at the expiration of the current one, and the first word of adverse criticism of his course is yet to be heard. As Chairman of the Committee on Territories he occupies one of the most responsible positions in the House, and his able handling of the Hawaiian business fully demonstrated his ability to fill it with credit and honor.

Having served his District and the country with fidelity and marked capability; having learned by heart the science of National legislation; a peer of the strongest and best men in the National House of Representatives; it is not at all surprising that men of affairs object to exchanging him for a young and untried aspirant, especially at this time when experience and the best talents are in demand for the settlement of the many grave questions involved in the acquisition of our new and far away possessions.

GYPSY MOTH DEAD.

The attempt to resuscitate the obnoxious Gypsy Moth bill in the Senate last Monday by its friends and supporters was a decided failure. The bill to appropriate $18,000 for the work of exterminating the Moth failed to secure passage last week, but a motion to reconsider was made, and it came up for action on Monday. By an emphatic majority reconsideration was refused, and the Gypsy Moth must try and worry along this year, at least, without money. This is the last that will ever be heard of this stupendous swindle.

Ten years ago somebody found a little nest of worms, or things, in Medford, and the wiseacres of the Agricultural Commission immediately dubbed them Gypsy Moths. An appropriation was promptly demanded for their annihilation. Since then $1,000,000, more or less, has been spent by the State to beat the Moth. Notwithstanding this enormous expediture and the efforts of an army of men, there are today a hundred fold more of the Moths in Middlesex and Essex counties than ever before.

But now that the Legislature have become sick and disgusted with the whole business, and have cut off the tap of the "bar'l," it is not at all likely that anything more will be heard about the Gypsy Moth.

HARMONY AND VICTORY.

No political party has ever met under such favorable circumstances as did the Republican National convention in Philadelphia. The unanimous nomination of both the candidates for the offices of President and Vice-President was unprecedented. Mr. McKinley has earned, and well deserves, the compliment. The prosperity of the country under his administration alone merits it, without taking into consideration his able conduct of our affairs of state during the War with Spain. There was a notable difference between the harmony of the Republican party at St. Louis, in the convention of 1896, and at Philadelphia. Last month every Republican was working for the strongest ticket, and there was a unanimous verdict for McKinley and Roosevelt. The latter has endeared himself to the people by his clean and honest administration of such public offices as he has held, as well as by his bravery in Cuba. They are both strong candidates politically and personally, and will gain in strength as the campaign progresses.

☞ The Republicans of Reading express entire confidence in the election of James W. Grimes, Esq., to the State Senate from that District. Many of the best men in the Party are actively engaged in his behalf and they claim that he cannot be defeated. Mr Grimes is in every respect worthy of the suffrages of the people and of the office to which they propose to elect him. Mr. A. S. Wood, the coming Senator from this District, will be glad to have Mr. Grimes for a fellow member.

☞ President McKinley has strenuously urged the fulfilment of every campaign promise made in the Republican platform of 1896. In this he has been supported by the Representatives of his Party in Congress, and the result has been much legislation of a valuable character, as well as faith kept with the people.

☞ The farm price of wheat on December 1st in each year of President Cleveland's Administration averaged 54.1 cents per bushel. Under the McKinley Administration the average price has been 67 5 cents per bushel, an increase of 25 per cent over the Democratic price.

☞ There was more important legislation transacted during the last session of Congress than in any other similar period. At the next session two of the most important measures will be the Nicaraguan Canal construction bill and the restoration of American shipping.

☞ At the banquet of the National Association of Ameteur Journalists at the United States Hotel, Boston, Wednesday, Senator H. K. Sanderson of this District wrestled with "The Old Timer" and came out of the scrimmage gloriously victorious. He is a brick on such occasions.

☞ General William A. Bancroft, President of the Boston Elevated Railway Company, and to whom Boston is mainly indebted for its rapid transit system, will be at Green Vale, Maine, from now until July 20, or thereabouts.

☞ Do not lose sight of the Dingley bill as having been passed under this Administration. It opened the mills and gave wage-earners a chance to again earn a living.

☞ The Treasury Department has made a net saving, to June 1, of $7,268,818 on the refunding provision of the gold standard law.

☞ Bryan was nominated at the Kansas convention last night.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

W. G. Snow—Rogers.
A. W. Whitcher—Extra.

— Locke, tuner, telephone, this page.

— Mr. J. Q. A. Brackett and family are at Southport, Maine.

— Mr. Fort Staples will please accept our thanks for favors.

— The best oil stoves made are sold by C. M. Strout & Co., Dow Block.

— In a couple of weeks Mr. E. P. Fox and family will go to Maine for a vacation.

— Miss Louise Wyman has been entertaining Miss Maud Kennaston of Edgartown.

— Everybody in Woburn says it was a remarkably quiet night before, and on, the 4th.

— Len Buchanan conducted a successful exhibition of fireworks Wednesday evening.

— The Sunday School of the M. E. Church expect to hold a grand picnic on July 11.

— The City Council held a meeting last evening. Important matters were to come before it.

— The F. W. Bosworth family are at Littlejohn's Island, in Casco Bay, near Portland, Me.

— The Woburn Brass Band will give another concert on the Common next Wednesday evening.

— Now is the time to have C. M. Strout & Co. put your furnaces and stoves in order for fall use.

1817 1900

CARPETS.

Every purchaser of Carpets—whether for the smallest room or the biggest hotel—wants his mind satisfied on three points, namely:

PRICE—QUALITY—STYLE.

It is because we convince our customers as to every one of these requirements that we confidently expect YOUR patronage.

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All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
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Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

The Prescription Store.

Everything you expect of your DRUGGIST we expect to be.
Try us and see.

YOURS FOR BUSINESS.
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417 MAIN STREET.
Successors to PARKER, THE DRUGGIST.

We've got the GOODS and disposition to make your New Suit and Overcoat, and only await your order.

G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

— Gertrude M. Heartz will pass the summer at Littlejohn's Island, Casco Bay, and Bridgton, Maine.

— We are indebted to Mr. A. W. Whitcher for a fine new fashioned fan. It was just what we needed.

— Miss Ada D. Carter, the accomplished Plainville schoolma'am, is at her home on Bennett street.

— Mr. George N. Parker and his sister Louise have gone to Littlejohn Island, Casco Bay, for an outing.

— Some of the youngsters couldn't hold on any longer, so they began 4th of July operations Monday night.

— Mrs. Hiram Whitford has returned from Buffalo, N. Y., after a protracted visit with her son there.

— Much plateglass suffered, among the victims being Mr. Estabrook, the baker, and Mr. White, the barber.

— Miss J. Gertrude Menard has a poem in the July number of *Donahoe's Magazine.* It is "short and sweet."

— Judge and Mrs. E. F. Johnson welcomed a very young daughter at their house on Thursday evening, June 28.

— All kinds of repairing at Leathe's. Our $2 50 hand welt calf shoes for men are equal to any $3 advertised shoes.

— Mrs. Lucy J. Carswell of Pleasant street has gone to Marblehead Neck where she expects to pass the heated term.

— Mr. D. W. Bond and family of Arlington Road will spend the summer at Southport, Maine. They go about July 14.

— Hoodlums destroyed Mr. O. Gillett's sign Tuesday night, among other deviltry. The sign was a peculiar one and costly.

— A cold summer always follows a total eclipse of the sun early in the season. The cause is not easily comprehended.

— Mrs. Jennings's is an Intelligence office in name and nature. She has won success in the business by honest and intelligent dealing.

— Capt. John P. Crane is talking of passing the hottest of the weather at Southport, Maine, which is a great resort for Woburn people.

— Hammond, the Principal Clothier, is offering some great bargains this week. His special sale at especially low prices is a great success.

— Mrs. Mary A., Miss Annie B., and Harlow Seeley expect to pass the summer at Edgartown, an ocean resort which they prefer to all others.

— Mr. Arthur B. Wyman, accountant for the Woburn Gas Light Co., and family will leave this month for Martha's Vineyard for the summer.

— Rev. Dr. Scudder and wife will return from a trip to Rumford Falls, Maine, and the White Mountains tomorrow. They went last Monday.

— A family left here this week for Joplin, Mo., with the intention of settling there. It is feared they will find that "Jordan is a hard road to travel."

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf

— In his efforts to make the old railroad depot bell work near daylight Wednesday morning John F. Irving, the blacksmith, had one of his ankles broken.

— Couldn't money have been saved by going to the books of the Assessors and finding out the amount of each owner's frontage on streets to be watered by the city just as well as to hire people to measure them all over again? We ask for information.

— J. W. Smith, Section Director, Boston, of the New England Section of the Climate and Crop Service, gave a favorable report of New England crops on July 3.

— Rev. T. Berton Smith has been sick some weeks, but is again circulating among his good friends and acquaintances on the public thoroughfares and in places of business.

— Dr. C. H. Buss, the dentist, is a good example of what strict attention to business and doing it well can accomplish for a person. He has a large patronage and is flourishing.

— The Scandinavian Evangelical Free Church Sunday School enjoyed a splended picnic in Foster's Grove, Vernon st., on the 4th. There was a large gathering of people there.

— The First Baptist Sunday School will hold their picnic on Thursday, July 12, at Crescent Beach, leaving Woburn at 8 A. M. and returning at 5.30. Tickets 25c. Children 15 cents.

— The 4th of July is well and safely over, and now for summer outings. People are beginning to depart and arrive; or in the words of the poet they "come and go like the old woman's soap."

— Rev. George S. Dodge, formerly a resident of Woburn, of late pastor of Immanuel church at Worcester, has been obliged to give up all ministerial and pastoral work on account of broken health.

— The City Council, at their meeting last evening, received a big remonstrance against the removal of the street railway turnout on Main street, opposite the JOURNAL publishing establishment.

— Mrs. Dow and her sister, Mrs. Cram, have lived at the Dr. Graves house on Pleasant street 14 years, and are to remain there indefinitely, notwithstanding the leasing of the residence by Mrs. Graves.

— On request, we shall be pleased to change the address of JOURNAL subscribers who are away, or about to leave, on vacation. While it may accommodate them it will give us no trouble to make the change.

— Mr. E. F. Hayward is gaining strength and flesh and will soon be back to his desk at Ellis's. He has in mind a visit to and stay among the granite hills of N. H. We congratulate him on his recovery from a severe illness.

— A coal fire in the furnace was indispensable to comfort last Sunday. The temperature was only about 60, a remarkable change from a few days before. The wind seemed to come from the glaciers of the frozen North.

— It is gratifying to Mr. A. S. Wood that in his canvas for the Senatorship he meets with no opposition worth mentioning in this city. He will have a solid Woburn delegation in the convention and that insures his nomination.

— Mr. Burdett and wife, who are traveling in Europe, were in Paris yesterday, one day after the glorious Fourth. They have seen the Passion Play, and after visiting more places of interest will arrive at their home here on Aug. 2.

— Mrs. Charles M. Munroe and her sons Charles and Arthur will enjoy their vacation at the old home of Mrs. Munroe's grandfather, the Young farm, at North Wakefield, N. H. Mr. Munroe expects to make frequent visits to them during the summer.

— Mr. Dicker, the Squires Woburn pork furnisher for the last 25 years, and intimate friend of the proprietor of the Central stables, has shaken the dust of East Boston from his sandals and gone on vacation. After visiting New York he will go to Nova Scotia for rest and amusement.

— There was quite a nice little rainfall Tuesday evening.

— Haying is about through with in this vicinity. The crop is not large, but of excellent quality.

— Mr. Benj. T. H. Porter and Madam P. were guests at the Ruggles hostelry in Canaan, N. H., last week and enjoyed their outing very much. The Ruggles is a fine hotel, and Canaan boasts of the most picturesque scenery and purest air in N. H. The Porters go to Maine shortly.

— There was quite a circus over the non-appearance of the city Flag at sunrise Wednesday morning. Mr. George Buchanan's complaint brought the Mayor to the ground, and he was redhot. Unless "Old Glory" was run to masthead every time promptly he would have the flagstaff cut down. He was indeed mad.

— After thoroughly considering the matter, Mr. Joseph H. Buck has concluded, wisely we think, to remain at home this vacation season and smoke the pipe of peace, figuratively speaking, under his own vine and fig tree, according as it is written in the Scriptures, found in Micah, "But they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig tree."

— It is said that the Lynn & Boston Street Railroad Co. are seeking a franchise for a line from Woburn to Lexington. Some time ago there was talk of such a road, but it eventuated in the Lexington & Lowell line. The talk has lately been revived and it is believed that the people now asking for a franchise mean business. It would be a profitable road.

— Hon. George F. Bean and family have gone to their regular summer resort, Waterloo, N. H., where they will remain until fall. Mr. Bean represents Waterloo as an ideal hot weather resort and as he is a gentleman of veracity we do not feel like calling the statement in question. He will visit his Boston law office as usual, and come to Woburn on band concert nights.

— Mr. William W. Crosby was judge at the Medford regatta on Upper Mystic Lake Wednesday forenoon. His excellent work as judge at Worcester recommended him for the Medford Fourth of July event, a position which he filed to the entire satisfaction of all parties concerned. He was missed at the Innitou series of canoe contests on Horn Pond that day.

— W. H. S. Class '00 celebrated their exit from local halls of learning in grand style. On Friday evening their reception at the Auditorium was a real brass band affair, and the Class Party with Miss Isabelle May Bowers on Gleenwood street, Monday evening, was as fine as anything of the kind that ever took place in Woburn. The fact is, the Class wound up their graduation in a blaze of glory.

— Two young men from Somerville, while on their way to Silver Lake, Wilmington, to spend the 4th, when going down the hill above the car stable in North Woburn the front fork of their tandem broke and threw the front man off. He struck on his head and face, which was terribly bruised, and was rendered unconscious. He was attended by Dr. Bixby and afterwards conveyed to his home in a public carriage.

— The concert which was to have been given by the U. O. T. R. at St. John's Baptist church last Thursday evening week was, on account of the rain, postponed to the second Thursday evening of this month, July 12. Good music and literary exercises will be the chief features of the programme, which has been arranged with care by the managers. It will be a fine entertainment and well worthy of a liberal patronage.

— As near as experts can figure it out our Woburn golf players have no successful rivals in the State. They stand head and shoulders above all competetors, and any crowd that have the temerity to meet them on the links in a contest for supremacy are sure to bite the dust. They are skilful, brave and fearless, and Boston professionals have no terrors for them. It is worth a journey to North Woburn on foot to see our Club play.

— Where were the police officers Wednesday night? It seems as though they ought to have prevented the havoc that was made on windows, awnings, buildings, etc. C. M. Munroe's store, Leathe's shoe store, White's, Estabrook's, and many other places had glass broken, and other damage done to them, and it was absolutely dangerous for a person to go along the business part of Main street that night. Where were the police?

— Mr. Frank T. Buchanan, salesman at Munroe's clothing store, met with a bicycle accident which will lay him up a month or so for repairs. He was coursing along Winn street about 11 o'clock Wednesday night when a collision occurred between him and another wheelman. Frank was thrown to the ground and had one of his collarbones broken and face and hands badly used up. It was about a year ago that he suffered a similar accident, only it was his nose that was broken then.

— FIRES.—The alarm from box 46 at 4.40 Wednesday afternoon was for a fire that destroyed a shed and ell kitchen of a dwelling on Albany street, Montvale. The alarm from box 62 at 1.15 Thursday morning was for a slight fire on the roof of the small building between Estabrook's bakery and T. W. Kenney's saloon on Main street. The alarm from box 21 about 10.20 last evening was for a fire in the unoccupied old Wyman house on Wyman street, Central Square. At 12.30 this morning box 21 was again rung in for the same building. In both cases it was of incendiary origin. The house was destroyed.

— The coast of Maine is getting to be very much alive with Massachusetts and Western comfort seekers these days, but will be more so a fortnight hence. There are many choice oceanside resorts down there and July and August sees them well occupied. There are fashionable places, but for real enjoyment give us any of the quiet nooks and corners, as Blake called them in his book, in which the long sealine of that State abounds, and the rich and the proud may take the other kind in welcome. Not a few Woburn people spend their vacations on the Maine coast and never tire of telling of its delights and comforts. Perforce we are obliged to take their word for it.

The Cut makes the fit;
The Fit makes the suit;
The Suit makes the man—so far as appearance goes.

It is our pride that no expenditure is spared—either in respect to materials or intelligent workmanship—in the manufacture of the

HIGH-GRADE CLOTHING

with which our name has been identified for so many years.

☞ Garments are made in our own *clean* workrooms in the same building in which our salesrooms are located—constantly, therefore, under our own careful supervision.

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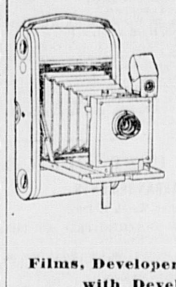
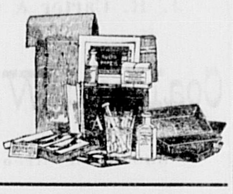
400 Washington St.—BOSTON—400 Washington St.





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U C, R "on 2"
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Reversible hooded finder allows 3¼x4¼ and 4¼x3¼ views.

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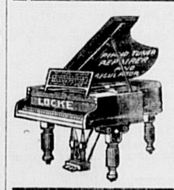

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Tuner in Woburn for a great many years. Every unison, octave and chord so evenly balanced and smoothly tuned as to make the harmony on your piano an exquisite pleasure to listen to. No jagged, rough, harsh, uneven chords so often left by tuners. Recommendations from manufacturers, dealers, teachers, colleges and the musical profession. Prices reasonable.

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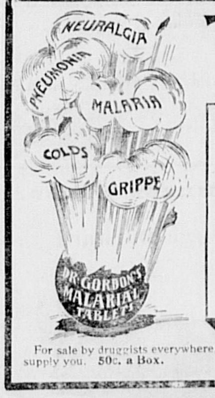


THE BOMB
That Deals Death to Disease.

Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets

Recognized medical authorities concede that Pneumonia and Grippe are the outcome of the malarial germ. It is here (the root of the evil) where Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets arrest the cause of disease, and hence are recognized as reliable by the medical fraternity. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take.

For sale by druggists everywhere, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price—if your dealer can't supply you. 50c. a Box.

EDWARD C. CHURCH, Boston, Mass.
GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Wholesale Agents.

— The elegant clock presented to Mr. and Mrs. James H. Linnell at their wedding on the evening of June 19 was not an heirloom in the Linnell family as erroneously stated, but a gift from a long time friend of the family, and a valuable one. It was of the "Grandfather" pattern, a new hall clock, tall and stately, the case of solid mahogany, and the dial, mechanism, and ornaments, of the best quality, making a handsome piece of house furnishing, and a very useful one. Mr. and Mrs. Linnell were delighted with it.

— Commodore William H. Russell of the Lynn Yacht Club, Treasurer of the Russell Counter Company of Woburn, was a judge at the City of Boston Fourth of July Regatta at City Point last Wednesday forenoon, as he has been for five years past. The Boston city government appropriate a generous sum of money for an Independence Day regatta each year and thus give the young "salts" a chance for fun. Commodore Russell tells us that the regattas are conducted on strict temperance principals.

— Many an old Woburn schoolboy and girl will read with interest the communication in this issue of the JOURNAL from "O. S. B." It will bring vividly to mind their school days and all their pleasant and rosy memories, now divested of the little thorns that plagued them, and the graybeards and silverheads will like it. Besides bringing up pleasant memories, there is mellow heartiness in "O. S. B's" letter, and our old readers will be glad to know that he has promised more of the same sort for their gratification.

— When the mercury in the thermometers persists in coquetting with the 90s a gas stove, or range, is a domestic boon. The word of Supt. Gilcreast, Mr. Wyman, or Mr. Knapp, is not necessary to establish this fact—any kitchen goddess, any intelligent housewife, will testify to its truth. With it the melting heat of the coal fire is avoided; it does its work quickly and perfectly; it is neat, clean and comfortable; and no well regulated kitchen should think for a moment of being minus a good, up to date, gas cooker.

— Women of the house are hereby advised to be exceedingly careful about admitting strangers inside of their doors. A few days ago a man called at the residence of one of our prominent citizens and said he had been sent to inspect the electric wires. He was admitted, made his "inspection," and left with $10 that did not belong to him. He went to another residence, told the same story, was admitted, and soon left with a stolen gold watch in his possession. Thus the necessity of this warning is plainly seen. Women should not allow strangers to enter their houses.

— Laborers have been employed during the last few days in preparing the tracks of the Boston & Maine Railroad for a dose of crude petroleum to lay the dust. The Company have learned that that oleagenous substance is a much better dustlayer than water, or of any other of the things usually resorted to for the purpose. Petroleum not only heads off the rising of dust on and near the tracks for the time being, but it makes a crust of the dust and sand which acts as a safeguard, preventative of future annoyance from that source. The Company have also learned that the crude oil is a dead open and shut on the weeds by the trackside.

— Last Saturday the Boston *Herald* printed the portraits of all the Massachusetts delegates and alternates to the Democratic National convention at Kansas City, Mo., and the best looking face in the whole lot was that of Lawyer Francis P. Curran of this city. At the time these Democratic patriots were sweatily wending their way to the banks of the "Great Muddy" Mr. Curran was on the Atlantic Ocean sailing at the rate of 15 knots an hour towards the bosom of his family in Paris and, with book and cigar (nothing cheaper than a Principe) joyfully anticipating a speedy meeting with them in the gay Metropolis of the French nation.

— The funeral of Mr. Charles M. Moreland, who died very suddenly at his home, No. 22 Garfield ave., last Friday morning, June 29, was held on Sunday afternoon, the religious services being conducted by Rev. Dr. Scudder, pastor of First church. It was attended by many relatives and friends, by whom marked respect was paid to his memory. Post 161, G. A. R., of which the deceased was a member, having served in a New Hampshire Regiment in the Civil War, furnished the bearers, and several others of the Post were in attendance. Mr. Moreland was a machinist by trade and until his health gave out was in the employ of J. T. Freeman & Co., of this city. He had not however been well for some time. He was a native of Nashua, N. H., but had been a resident of Woburn about 25 years. He left a widow and a daughter to mourn his death.

— Mr. Willis Varney, member of the jewelry firm of L. E. Hanson & Co., returned yesterday from South Berwick, which is the home of his people, and was formerly his abiding place. Many years ago, as Quampiggin Landing, that town was a notable mart for pitchpine cordwood, on the purchase of which from the inhabitants of the back settlements, and the shipping of it, in small schooners, to Boston, where it was exchanged for molasses, salt codfish and New England rum, some citizens made money, became forehanded, and assumed aristocratic airs, traces of which may be seen there even unto the present time. A hundred years ago or more an Academy was founded in that town which became famous as a seat of learning, and still prides itself on its good name. It is the home of Miss Orne Jewett, the famous novelist; and there are other "lions" there which the good denizens, with pardonable vanity, exhibit to strangers who enter her gates. But the height of South Berwick's importance was in those ancient days when cordwood and N. E. rum were in the ascendant; when it was simply Quampiggin Landing; and with the decay of trade in those commodities the glory of the town became dimmed, if indeed, it did not wholly pass away.

— Mr. John R. Carter, who returned from Bathurst, N. B., late last week, reported that a furnace fire had been kept up at the hotel every day while he was there, and that the first natural heat he had experienced in a fortnight was when he struck Boston last Thursday week. That kind of weather is worth living for.

— Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Blodgett started this morning on a short trip. They will visit Montreal and the Great Lake, sail down the St. Lawrence River, thence to Niagara Falls, from which place Mrs. Blodgett will return home and Mr. Blodgett will continue his journey to Fremont, Ohio, where he is called on business.

— Has it been observed by our readers that English sparrows are less numerous here this year than formerly? The fact has been alluded to, but no satisfactory reason given for it.

— The authors of malicious mischief managed to partially burn the awning at Linnell's market Wednesday night, and totally destroy the awning of the store next to it.

— Letters were received from Capt. Hanson of the 43d and other Woburn soldier boys in the Philippines yesterday.

Seasonable Goods
—AT—
Reasonable Prices.

	PER CAN
Good Southern Tomatoes	7c
Best " "	9
3 cans for 25c.	
Imperial Tomatoes	12
Larsen's Sweet Peas	13
Good Corn	8
Honey Drop Corn	12
Best Southern String Beans	9
White Wax " "	10
Best String Beans	12
Honey Drop Lima Beans	12
Red Kidney Beans	10
Shelled Beans	12
Honey Drop Succotash	12
Asparagus Tips	25
Best gallon Apples	25

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

SALVATION ARMY.—Meetings every evening at 8 o'clock. Every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 3 and 8 P. M. No. 26 Montvale Ave.

UNITARIAN.—Preaching by the pastor at 10.30 A. M. Subject: "Another form of Religion."

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—4th Sunday after Trinity. Holy Communion at 10.30 A. M. Evening Prayer at 7.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Life." All are welcome.

METHODIST.—Preaching by the pastor Rev. Frederick Woods, at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. At 5.45 Epworth League. General Prayer Meeting at 7 P. M. Class Meetings Tuesday, at 7.45 P. M. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.45 P. M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. C. B. Crane D. D. Subject: "One for Another." Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor Meeting at 5 45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "The Prince of this World Cometh and Hath Nothing in Me." Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN.—4th Sunday after Trinity. At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "Christian Charity."
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 7.15 P. M., Divine Service. Subject: "The Great and Final Tribunal."
Thursday, Ladies' Society.
Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

SCAND. EV. FREE CHURCH.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 5.45 P. M., Holy Communion.
At 7 P. M., Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.
Thursday, at 7.30 P. M., Sewing Circle.
Ludwig Akeson, Pastor.

Married.

In this city, May 29, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Henry C. Blake and Catherine F. Walsh, both of Woburn.

In this city, June 6, by Rev. Henry A. Walsh, Timothy Holland and Mary E. McDonald, both of Woburn.

In this city, June 6, by Rev. Henry A. Walsh, John J. O'Doherty and Mary E. Ryan, both of Woburn.

In this city, June 11, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Lott Cullinan of Bangor, Maine, and Bridget Sharry of Woburn.

In this city, June 20, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Thomas J. Golden and Mary F. Looby, both of Woburn.

In this city, June 21, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Michael Flaherty and Katherine McCarthy, both of Woburn.

In this city, June 27, by Rev. James J. Keegan, James F. Prendergast of Arlington and Annie McInnis of Woburn.

In this city, June 27, by Rev. Edward J. Burlingham, James J. Ray and Lizzie A. Ray, both of Woburn.

In this city, June 27, by Rev. Joseph Candlin, Elvin Osgood Guppy of Wilmington, and Mary Josephine Richardson of Woburn.

In Winchester, June 27, Rev. William T. Lawrence, Frank G. Allen of Boston, and Fannie M. (Heald) Brown of Woburn.

In Lynn, July 2, by Rev. Frank M. Holt, Alvin E. Bradley of Lynn, and Nellie P. Barrett of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Lowell, June 28, William Page Cutler of Woburn, aged 54 years, 9 months, 4 days.

In this city, June 29, Charles Moreland, aged 54 years.

In this city, June 29, Joseph, son of Pasquale and Maria Romando, aged 3 years, 8 months, 28 days.

In this city, June 30, Lydia A. Nason, aged 72 years, 9 months, 18 days.

In this city, July 3, Daniel Henry, son of Stephen and Mary Gallagher, aged 5 months, 3 days.

In this city, July 3, Annie, daughter of Daniel and Mary McElhaney, aged 5 months, 5 days.

Shirt Waists,
Summer House Dresses,
and Wrappers.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

(Written for the WOBURN JOURNAL.)

Old Schoolboy Memories.

Away back in the 40s the schools of Woburn were graded according to the ages of the pupils. A child could enter the primary school at the age of four years, and six years later might enter the grammar school, or as it was popularly known, the "High School." The real high school had not then been established, but as the school on the Common was the highest grade we had, it was called the high school. Before this schoolhouse was built we had the common district school, and my first recollection of it is associated with the little red schoolhouse that stood near the old Baptist church on what is now the corner of Main and Church streets. The house was subsequently altered into a dwelling and held its own until quite recently when it was removed to some spot unknown to me.

This district school was composed of scholars of all ages. The floor sloped from the back down to a level space in front of the teacher's desk. The youngest scholars were seated on the front rows of benches, and the big scholars had to go up hill when they went to their seats. When the backseaters dropped anything that would roll, the teachers very soon saw what it was. My introduction to this school was in May, 1843. Miss Abby Mead was the teacher, a lady of quiet and dignified manner, with the old fashioned ideas of discipline, and her pupils always knew who was "schoolmarm."

The school was heated by a box stove, and the fuel was kept in the cellar. The house stood on a side hill and the supporting posts being boarded in, a convenient woodshed was provided. To the little barefoot boy who went to that school, the building seemed very large and roomy, but now I wonder how so small a structure could have housed so many scholars.

Our playground was the street, and the field between the schoolhouse and the old church. Across the road was the old Burbeen house with its overhanging second story, and a great elm tree in front. There was an elm and a willow in front of the meetinghouse, and at recess we could race around the building, climb the willow tree, and enjoy ourselves as only children can. The meetinghouse was not in use at this time, and occasionally the boys would break into it, and roam among the square high backed pews and gallery, until driven out by the caretaker whose vigilance we had for the time evaded.

We had "examination day" in those times, similar to the exhibitions and graduations of the present day. We dressed in our best, the boys accustomed to go barefoot, put on shoes and stockings and the girls were decked in their prettiest. All the classes recited, and the Committee put some hard questions and then one of their number made a little speech. This duty sometimes fell to Dr. Benjamin Cutter, father of the Public Librarian, and in fancy I can see and hear him now as he addressed us. When I was in my teens there was a song that became quite popular, entitled "Twenty Years Ago," and I used to sing it with a great deal of feeling, and wonder how it would seem to go away and 20 years later revisit the place and sit "beneath the tree upon the schoolhouse playing ground that sheltered you and me." Well it is nigh on to 60 years, and I wonder how many there are in Woburn who went to that little red schoolhouse when Abby Mead was the teacher?

She was the last to rule there, for a new schoolhouse was built about the time of which I speak, a little further up Main street on the corner of Charles street. It was originally a one story structure but has since been enlarged to two stories. A good deal of interest centers in that building in the minds of more than one.

O. S. B.

Glorious News

Comes from Dr. D. B. Cargile, of Washita, I. T. He writes: "Four bottles of Electric Bitters has cured Mrs. Brewer of scrofula, which had caused her great suffering for years. Terrible sores would break out on her head and face, and the best doctors could give no help; but her cure is complete and her health is excellent." This shows what thousands have proved,—that Electric Bitters is the best blood purifier known. It's the supreme remedy for eczema, tetter, salt rheum, ulcers, boils and running sores. It stimulates liver, kidneys and bowels, expels poisons, helps digestion builds up the strength. Only 50 cents. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist. Guaranteed.

Obituary.

WILLIAM PAGE CUTLER, son of Sylvester P. and Adeline Johnson Cutler, born in Woburn on Sept. 24, 1846, died suddenly in Lowell Thursday forenoon, June 28, 1900, of heart disease. Members of his family repaired to Lowell and brought his remains here on Friday.

The early life of the deceased was spent in Woburn where he was connected with his father in the leather business carried on at Wilmington. His wife was Miss Louise Anna Ellis of Groton Junction, who is left to mourn the loss of a kind and affectionate husband.

Later in life he moved to Ayer Junction and Hudson, and subsequently transferred his business interests to Boston, his residence being at North Cambridge, where he and his family resided many years. On the death of his father Mr. Cutler came to Woburn to care for his invalid mother, and his home has been here ever since.

While a resident of Cambridge he was an active and influential member of the North Avenue Congregational church, to which he belonged at the time of his death. He was always deeply interested in its Sunday School, and was Secretary and Treasurer, and Chorister of the Sunday School for a long period of time, rendering valuable assistance to the late Mrs. Frank Foxcroft, who was an intimate friend of his. He was also Leader of the North Cambridge Band many years, playing in it the bass horn.

Mr. Cutler possessed a genial nature, was of hopeful, trusting temperament, always looking on the bright side of life. He was an indulgent father, a faithful loving husband, and a good citizen. He left to grieve over his death two sons and two daughters: Mabel Ellis, George Sylvester, Waldo Page, and Bertha Lewis.

The funeral was held at 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon at his late home, No. 59 Fowle street. Rev. Dr. Scudder conducted the religious exercises, and the Alpine Quartet sang "Father, I look to Thee," "Gathering Home," and "Still, still with Thee." The burial was at Woodbrook.

Troubles Of A Minister.

To benefit others Rev. J. T. W. Vernon, of Hartwell, Ga., writes: "For a long time I had a running sore on my leg. I tried many remedies without benefit, until I used a bottle of Electric Bitters and a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, which cured me sound and well." Sores, Eruptions, Boils, Eczema, Tetter, Salt Rheum show impure blood. Thousands have found in Electric Bitters a grand blood purifier that absolutely cures these troubles. Satisfaction is guaranteed or money refunded by Huntley & Co. druggists. Large bottles only 50c.

Boston Theatres.

THE TREMONT.

Following up its brilliant success in W. S. Gilbert's delicious comedy, "Engaged," the Tremont Theatre Stock Company, under the management of Gilmour & Rodriguez, will present next week, July 9-14, a clever farce comedy, "Pink Dominoes," by Delacour and Hennequin. It will be an eminent revival by a company which is at its best in such a play, and the play itself is just the attraction for a summer audience. The production has been given sufficient rehearsal to insure the smoothest performances; it will be mounted and dressed with careful attention to details, and the one week allotted to "Pink Dominoes" should be successful in every way. J. H. Gilmour, a great Boston favorite, will assume the part of Charles Graythorn; Florence Rockwell, a charming comedienne, will be seen as Lady Maggie Wagstaff; Mary Sanders, one of the daintiest ingenues on the American stage, will appear as Rebecca; Annie Clarke, beloved for her splendid record at the old Museum, will be Mrs. Joskin Tubbs. The venture of Messrs. Gilmour and Rodrigues, now near the second month, has proved that entertaining plays, well acted and carefully produced, are just as eagerly patronized in summer as in winter.

Discovered by a Woman.

Another great discovery has been made, and that too, by a lady in this country. "Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly, and could not sleep. She finally discovered a way to recovery, by purchasing of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, and was so much relieved on taking first dose, that she slept all night; and with two bottles, has been absolutely cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz." Thus writes W. C. Hamnick & Co., of Shelby, N. C. Trial bottles free at Gordon Parker's Drug Store. Regular size 50c and $1.00. Every bottle guaranteed.

Josiah Allen's Wife Goes a-Visitin'

"Josiah Allen's Wife" has sharpened up her pen again, and with her patient, amiable, unobtrusive husband "goes a-visitin'" for *The Ladies' Home Journal.* Every one, knowing that Josiah's wife is "obsarvant" and "critikal," can anticipate that in laying bare the shortcomings and mistakes of those she visits she will have abundant opportunity for the exercise of her quaint humor and homely philosophy. In the course of her "visitin'" she finds many things to set right, and there is a definite purpose underlying all her sketches. "Josiah and I Go a-Visitin'" is perhaps the best series that Mrs. Holly has ever written —superior even to her description of the Centennial which established her reputation as a humorist-philosopher of the first order. The first sketch of this new series will be published in the August *Journal.*

It Dazzles The World.

No Discovery in medicine has ever created one quarter of the excitement that has been caused by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It's severest tests have been on hopeless victims of Consumption, Pneumonia, Hemorrhage, Pleurisy and Bronchitis, thousands of whom it has restored to perfect health. For Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Croup, Hay Fever, Hoarseness and Whooping Cough it is the quickest, surest cure in the world. It is sold by Huntley & Co. who guarantee satisfaction or refund money. Large bottles 50c and $1 00. Trial bottles free.

North Woburn.

Mr. Carleton Warren Jr., is at home.

Miss Louise Foucar is visiting her parents.

Mrs. Sibley is matron at the Old Ladies Home.

Mrs. Alice Poole and son Harold are visiting with Mr. Linscott.

Mr. William Warren, a former citizen, now of Connecticut is in town.

The quiet night before the Fourth was a credit to the people of North Woburn.

Misses Annie and Nellie Whidden are passing a few weeks at New Bedford.

The Royal Standard of Great Britain, enclosed and surmounted by the red white and blue—the stars and stripes and the eagle composed the decorations on the Rumford House on the Fourth.

The Girls Recreation Club of North Woburn will hold a Lawn Party Friday evening, July 13th, on their tennis grounds; entrance from Tidd Avenue. Icecream, home-made candy, etc., will be on sale. The girls earnestly request the patronage of their friends. If stormy, the Lawn Party will be postponed until Saturday evening.

He Fooled The Surgeons.

All doctors told Renick Hamilton, of West Jefferson, O., after suffering 18 months from Rectal Fistula, he would die unless a costly operation was performed; but he cured himself with five boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the surest Pile cure on Earth, and the best Salve in the World. 25 cents a box. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

Swedish Lutheran Church Notes.

The picnic on the Fourth was well attended and every one present seemed pleased and happy.

Three members were received last Sunday. During the last nine months there has been a steady inpouring of members in the church.

Dr. C. A. Svensson, who recently lectured here in Woburn, has been elected President of Augustana College, Rock Island, Ill. Because of this position he is the most prominent of the three million Scandinavians in the country.

Notice To Wheelmen.

There's positively no need to endure discomfort by reason of chafing, sunburn, insect stings, sore and perspiring feet or accidental bruises. You forget these troubles in using Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Infallible for Pimples, Blotches, Skin Eruptions and Piles. Sold by Huntley & Co., druggists for 25 cents.

Since the Republicans have not declared in favor of shipping subsidies — leaving to Congress the adoption of the method of upbuilding our merchant marine in the foreign trade—perhaps the Democrats at their Kansas City convention may conclude to do likewise.

STOP

It is not necessary to suffer with Headache

Stopache

Will Stop

25c. at

F. P. BROOKS'
Drugstore,
361 Main St.

Literary Notices.

On the 1st of June last, the ownership of SELF CULTURE passed from its founders, The Werner Company, of Akron, O., to Self Culture Magazine Company, represented by Messrs. Alvah D. and William W. Hudson, of Cleveland, O. The transfer of the periodical from corporate into private hands, the new proprietors state, will enable it to go forth on its successful career with renewed vigor and to receive that special interest and increased administrative care and attention which its late owners and the immediate friends of the Magazine have for some time sought to obtain for it. In prosecuting the enterprise, Self Culture Magazine Company announce that they will spare no effort in seeking to commend the publication more heartily than ever to its patrons and in enlisting a still wider constituency of readers. While keeping in view the distinctive aims and high character of the Magazine, which have given it its unique place among the chief periodicals of the day, it will be their desire to introduce some more popular features, especially in the way of fiction, and, now and then, to brighten its pages by chatty talks, lively critiques on men and things, and by occasional papers of wide and vital public interest, written in the less formal, academic style of treatment and disquisition. As they are not of those who doubt that a cheap magazine of a high class can be maintained flourishingly so as to bring both subscriptions as well as advertisements—the sustaining nutriment of all periodicals of the day—they will cordially prosecute the Magazine, in the main, on its present lines, with the new indicated features added, and such others as will make it increasingly popular and attractive, and establish it as a still more adequate organ of American opinion.

The Appetite of a Goat

Is envied by all poor dyspeptics whose Stomach and Liver are out of order. All such should know that Dr. King's New Life Pills, the wonderful Stomach and Liver Remedy, gives a splendid appetite, sound digestion and a regular bodily habit that insures perfect health and great energy. Only 25c. at Gordon Parker's drug store.

WINCHESTER.

"The Day We Celebrate" was observed in fine style here.

Rev. Mr. Suter and family will pass the summer at Andover, Maine.

The contract for building the new Wadleigh schoolhouse has been awarded.

The schools have closed, the schoolhouses are empty, and things look dull.

Many of our people have gone or will soon go to the seaside for the summer.

In the death of Mr. Charles F. Lunt this town lost one of its best citizens. He was a man of sterling qualities of head and heart, and no one had more or truer friends than he. Our people will miss him sadly.

A Poor Millionaire

Lately starved in London because he could not digest his food. Early use of Dr. King's New Life Pills would have saved him. They strengthen the stomach, aid digestion, promote assimilation, improve appetite. Price 25c. Money back if not satisfied. Sold by Huntley & Co., druggists.

The Republican national platform declares in favor of legislation for the upbuilding of the American merchant marine in the foreign trade, and Congress may be depended upon to pass such a measure early in the next session.

Washington exercised the veto power twice, Monroe but one time, Lincoln three times, and McKinley four times. Tolerance and confidence in the coordinate branches of the Government have characterized the actions of our greatest Presidents.

This year's convention of the Ohio Democrats was the smallest for the past quarter of a century. Yet, Chairman Jones predicts Democratic success in Ohio this year.

Democrats who assert that the Republican national convention did not endorse shipping subsidies find in the Republican shipping plank nothing to find fault with—hence their annoyance. Republicans are satisfied.

The Vermont Democrats are for free silver. The electoral votes of the Green Mountain State will be recorded on the side of a stable currency and continued prosperity.

There may be nothing in a name, but Admiral Schley is shrewd enough to decline to place himself in the hands of the Democratic politicians.

The last Democratic President hauled down the American flag at Hawaii; it was restored to its place over the Pacific by President McKinley.

The settlement of the difficulties at the Samoan Islands was one of the diplomatic incidents which terminated happily under this Administration.

MARRIAGE OF HELENE.

The Wedding of the Daughter of a Concierge In Paris.

I opened the door of my tiny flat, and his majesty the concierge stood there, skullcap in hand.

"Helene is to marry on Wednesday, monsieur. It is the young man from the epicerie next door (I understand now how it was that it always took pretty little Helene 20 minutes to fetch me twopennyworth of sugar), a brave boy and in a good position. I and the mother of the child, we are both ravished. And now Helene, nothing will satisfy her but that monsieur shall make the wedding with us. It is a liberty I take, but monsieur has known the child quite small, and"—

"Not another word," I cry. "Of course I will come." And, murmuring that I "confounded" him (the French tongue is rich in these delightful eccentricities, for I had been quite polite), M. Pipelet made his way down to his comfortable lodge again.

Wednesday came. At 10 o'clock in the morning I was fully attired in all the glories of evening dress, my buttonhole carefully widened to receive the sprig of orange blossom which—with a kiss on each cheek—I should purposely claim from the fair Helene in return for my wishes for her happiness and the little gold wire bracelet with a turquoise heart which I had sent down to her that morning.

I looked out of the window, and when I saw that the carriages were there I trotted down stairs and was received in great state by M. Pipelet and his wife.

I fairly gasped. The everyday costume of the Pipelet family may be most politely described as dishabille.

During the long years I have lived in the house I never remember to have seen Father Pipelet in aught else but shirt sleeves or Mme. P.'s buxom form confined in corsets, but to today, ye gods!

Ladies first. Lend me your aid, ye writers for the ladies' page.

Yards upon yards of brand new black satin enveloped Mme. Pipelet, and on her ample bosom burned a buckler of ruby colored velvet. Large gold earrings adorned her ears, and on her head—but there! I will not describe her hat. The mines of Klondike should not tempt me to attempt it, for I should not hope to do it justice.

"Forward!" cried Father Pipelet. "Monsieur the mayor will be waiting," and with many jokes and much polite making way for one another we entered the glass coaches in waiting. They were real glass coaches, mind you, cushioned with fawn colored cushions, trimmed with white, and might have done duty for the pumpkin coach of Cinderella.

At the Mairie not only monsieur the mayor but more friends were waiting, and when we left and followed the newly married couple to the Bois (there was no religious ceremony) our seven glass coaches were supplemented by two tapissieres—large black wagonettes gayly decorated with white satin favors.

And so to the restaurant. The jokes on the way were much as other wedding party jokes, and the breakfast was much as other wedding breakfasts are. The big gendarme came hopelessly to grief over his speech and kissed a pretty bridesmaid in mistake for the bride. Father Pipelet got rather drunk and pulled the tablecloth into so many imaginary cordons that several glasses suffered badly, and Mme. Pipelet melted into tears, although her pretty daughter was not to go away any farther than just next door.

Then, after the bill was paid, came the real business of the day—the division of the bridal bouquet and the honeymoon. The bridal bouquet and the kisses were given (Helene is especially nice to kiss), and all of us climbed into the carriages and wagonettes again.

For a Parisian honeymoon, when the honeymooners are of the middle class, is made in company and consists of a drive all around the Bois de Boulogne and games (in summer) in the green glades afterward.

What fun it was, and how the people cheered us as we went! And in the evening, after a dinner that I shudder even now to think about, we drove all round the town, depositing guests as we went, and finally a lonely trio, Mr. and Mrs. Pipelet and I, dropped Helene and her husband at the epicerie and went next door to bed.—Paris Cor. London Press.

Testing Rifle Barrels.

A rifle barrel held in a vise will not shoot accurately. The passage of a bullet through the bore expands the barrel, which is to a certain degree elastic. The expansion and return to normal status are in undulating curves. The pressure of the vise interrupts the curves, chokes the barrel at the point of pressure and probably deforms the bullet in its cross section. To test a rifle rest the barrel near the muzzle upon a bag filled with sand. The spring of the barrel from the rest will cause it to shoot one point higher than when held offhand, an error that all riflemen understand.

Your correspondent who advises the vise test is no rifleman.—Allen Kelly in New York Sun.

Mauser Cure For Drink.

Jeremiah O'Leary of the east Surrey regiment was shot during the battle of Colenso, a Mauser bullet penetrating the brain. After lying for five hours in the trenches O'Leary was found by the ambulance corps and removed to the base hospital at Pietermaritzburg, where Sir William MacCormac by a marvelous surgical operation, during which a portion of the brain was removed, succeeded in saving his life. His memory is slightly impaired, and he has lost his taste for beer.—London Chronicle.

An Unreliable Adage.

"I suppose you lay a great deal of stress on the adage 'Money talks,'" said the man who gets familiarly facetious.

"No, sir," said Senator Sorghum. "If you had observed as many investigations as I have, you'd know that the success of pecuniary enterprise frequently depends on the ability to keep perfectly still."—Washington Star.

Kind of Her.

May—The girls were all crazy to know whether you are engaged.

Marion—But you didn't tell them, did you?

May—Oh, no! I said that when the time came you wanted to announce it yourself.—Detroit Free Press.

Solitary Angels.

Mamma—It's very naughty to tell lies, Eva. People who do so don't go to heaven.

Eva—Did you ever tell a lie, mamma?

Mamma—No, dear, never.

Eva—Won't you be fearful lonely in heaven, mamma, with only George Washington?—Collier's Weekly.

Friendship's Trials.

"Am I going to the wedding? Certainly not," snapped the pretty girl in blue. "I'd like to see myself there! You thought we were friends? Oh, yes, we're friends. I'd like to scratch her eyes out, the deceitful thing! How did it start? How did what start? If her young man wished to call on me, there was no law against it, was there? If he got in the habit of calling here every day in the week and twice on Sundays, it wasn't my business to turn him over to the police, was it? I wish I had, though, as he was an awful bore and so persistent that I never got a chance to go anywhere or see any one.

"And all the while that deceitful thing pretended to be crying her eyes out at the desertion of her young man into my camp. If I had not thought that that young man's presence here was making her awfully mad, he would have got his walking papers long ago. But I endured him because I thought that she cared everything for him and could not live without him.

"And to think that she simply turned him over to me to get rid of him as well as me while she landed the eligible young man with the bank account who recently arrived in the city! And I never knew that he was here until it was too late! And we were such dear friends too!"—Detroit Free Press.

Sparing of Her Remedy.

There is at least one woman in Kenwood who believes thoroughly in the efficiency of prayer. About a year ago her husband engaged in a business venture that looked rather uncertain. But his wife had strong faith that it would turn out well.

"Go ahead, John," she said, "and let us put our trust in the Lord. I pray every night that we may have no reason to regret the risk we are taking."

The affair seemed to turn out pretty well right from the start. Handsome dividends were paid all through the summer and during the winter, and great joy was in the home of this man and the sharer of his fortunes.

But there came a turn about a month ago. The business ceased to pay, and since then the losses have been increasing every day. Nothing was said about it at the fireside around which so much happiness had centered during the last year until the other day, when it was suggested by the worried husband that it would be well to cut down expenses. Questions followed, as a matter of course, and then it had to be confessed that the business was not going well.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the distressed woman when all the truth had been revealed to her. "I must begin praying again tonight!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Famous London Tavern.

The Mermaid was the name of a famous London tavern frequented by noted literary men and actors during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. All the wit and talent of the time assembled there for convivial enjoyment. Authors have made it the scene of great mind combats between such men as Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Carew, Donne and others of reverential memory. It was the gathering place of the celebrated Mermaid club, the origin of which is ascribed to Sir Walter Raleigh. The Mermaid tavern was located in Bread street and was handily reached from three thoroughfares, so that it has been often referred to in various ways. The Mermaid in Bread street, the Mermaid in Friday street and the Mermaid in Cheap street were, however, all one and the same. It was the nearest to Bread street. The Mermaid was destroyed in the great London fire. There were other Mermaid taverns, one in Cheapside and another in Cornhill, but they had no such associations as clung to that of Bread street.

Tolstoi's Sense of Honor.

At one music party at Count Tolstoi's a lady's singing displeased the count's boys, and they adjourned to another room and made a noise. Their father lost patience and went after them, and a characteristic admonition ensued.

"Are you making a noise on purpose?" he asked.

After some hesitation came an answer in the affirmative, "Y-y-yes."

"Does not her singing please you?"

"Well, no. Why does she howl?" declared one of the boys, with vexation.

"So you wish to protest against her singing?" asked Lyeff Nikolaevitch in a serious tone.

"Yes."

"Then go out and say so or stand in the middle of the room and tell every one present. That would be rude, but upright and honest. But you have got together and are squealing like grasshoppers in a corner. I will not endure such protests."—Newcastle (England) Chronicle.

Would Draw a Crowd.

A singer named Gordon once complained to Handel of the style of his accompaniments, which attracted the attention from the singer, saying that if he did not accompany him better he would jump upon the harpsichord and destroy it.

"Very well," said Handel. "Tell me ven you will do dat, and I vill advertise it. More people vill come to see you jump dan to hear you sing."

Sarcastic.

Myer—Have you noticed what a lot of new houses are being put up all over the city?

Gyer—Yes, and I've been wondering why they don't put up a few old ones just for a change.—Chicago News.

In Turkey amber is supposed to be a specific against the evil effects of nicotine, and as the people are great lovers of tobacco they freely indulge in the use of it, but take care to safeguard themselves by having amber mouthpieces to their pipes.

Easily Forgotten.

"Can't you remember the principal acts of your various mayors?" asked the man who was trying to compile a history of the city.

"Not very well," apologetically replied the old citizen. "Our mayors are so short lived, you know, they don't make much impression on the memory. They go in one year and out the other."—Chicago Tribune.

The Very Reason.

"Dolly, what made you have lilies on your hat? They'll be out of style in a few weeks."

"How funny you are, Polly! You asked me a question and then answered it yourself."—Chicago Record.

Crazy to Expect It.

Harduppe—Say, old fellow, lend me a hundred, will you?

Riggs—A hundred what?

Harduppe—A hundred dollars. I—

Riggs—Oh, stop your joking.

Harduppe (earnestly)—Joking? I was never more serious in my life. I'm broke.

Riggs—My dear man, you're not broke. You're cracked!—Catholic Standard.

NOT
"ROGERS"
ONLY—BUT
"1847
Rogers Bros."
is the Trade mark
that appears on the old original brand of
Knives, Forks and Spoons.
There are many imitations—"1847" is identifying mark of the genuine, which are sold by leading dealers. Send to the makers for booklet No. 234, of beautiful new designs.
THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.
Meriden, Conn.
"Silver Plate that Wears."

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
Class Lessons if desired.
12 Franklin St., Woburn.
Tuesdays and Fridays at 153 Tremont Street Boston.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,
VIOLIN INSTRUCTION,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Miss Maud H. Littlefield wishes to announce that she will receive pupils desiring violin instruction after Oct. 1, 1899.

Jell-O, The New Dessert,

pleases all the family. Four flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts. Try it to-day.

Shocked Her.

In an elevated train sat a dignified, severe looking lady. In her lap lay a thick book, whose manila paper cover bore the stamp of the Y. W. C. A. library. Beside her was a bundle and beside the bundle a little flat tin box. The seat facing her was occupied by a very young man and a white haired old man, rather nervous, but with a kind and interested expression.

As the train slowed up for the Fiftieth street station the lady gathered up her bundle, rose and began to elbow her way through the crowded aisle toward the door. The young man looked at the little tin box left on the seat, but did not budge. The old gentleman no sooner spied it than he grabbed it, stumbled over the young man's feet and gently touched the lady's shoulder, gracefully lifting his hat as she turned around.

A look at the box and then a look at him. That was all. The train had stopped, and there was no time for words, but that look she gave him was calculated to have the same effect as a right arm blow. And it did.

He sank back into his seat dumfounded. The young man laughed outright, and the other passengers grinned. Putting on his spectacles, the old man brought the object near his eyes, and the look of amazement on his face gave way to a sickly smile as he read in large, gilt letters, "All Tobacco Cigarettes."—New York Mail and Express.

Pays Every Day.

One New York millionaire who earned his fortune by his own efforts under rather disadvantageous circumstances conducts his business in a way that is highly original in many particulars. One of the most striking of these is his method of dealing with his employees. They are paid every night, and at the close of every business day all the expenses of running the business have been met, and the manager knows just how his affairs stand as far as that feature of his business is concerned.

But that is not his object in paying salaries every day instead of following the usual custom and waiting until the end of the week or month. He employs many men who have lost former situations through intemperance, although they were all men of ability in their field. If they severed their connection practically with the establishment at the close of every business day, it made no difference to the employer what happened to the man after he left his establishment. By this means the millionaire is able to get the services of good men at a small salary and have no responsibility as to their conduct after they have received their pay for one day's work.—New York Sun.

A Single One Escaped.

Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady, in narrating the experiences of "A Missionary In the Great West," recalls in The Ladies' Home Journal his visit to a town which had been more or less abandoned for 12 years.

"I could not," he says, "find a single member of the church left except one old lady who had been bedridden for a number of years. 'Yes,' she said in answer to my inquiry, 'I am still a member of the Episcopal church, I reckon. We did have about a dozen members once. There was'— And she called over a number of names. I interrupted her in each case by asking what had become of them. 'She's joined the Latter Day Saints,' was the answer when the object of my question had neither removed nor died. 'It seems to me everybody has joined the Latter Day Saints,' I commented. 'Yes,' she replied; 'most every one. They had a revival here and got them all except me.' 'Why didn't they get you?' I asked. 'I reckon because I was bedridden, and they could not get at me,' she said frankly."

Leg Gyves For Women.

The costume of the Pu Yuan Pen-jen women in the Shan states is very striking, consisting of a cloth hood, an open jacket and a pair of short white trousers reaching barely to the knee. But the most important, though the least noticeable, part of their costume is their colored cloth gaiters. These the women are obliged to wear, as without them it is believed they would be able to fly away, leaving their husbands and sweethearts sorrowful. This legend recalls a custom of ancient Carthage, where the unmarried women wore metal leg gyves, which were severed only during the marriage ceremony. The Akkas, also a Woni tribe, wear similar gaiters, though I do not think the same importance is attached to them. It is probably an emblem of some old custom of which the true significance has been forgotten.—Geographical Journal.

Silverware for Wedding Presents

A complete line of the celebrated COLONIAL PATTERN always in stock.

Fine Repairing a specialty.

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by James W. Sargent to Henry C. Richards, dated March 30th, 1899, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 2725, Page 547, for breach of the condition in said mortgage contained, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on

Tuesday, the 24th day of July, 1900,

at 4.30 o'clock, P. M., the following described premises, viz:—A certain parcel or tract of land lying and being in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, bounded and described as follows, viz:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises on the westerly side of Garfield Avenue, formerly East street, at land of Couillard; thence running northerly on said Garfield Avenue five hundred thirty-four and 75-100 (534.75) feet to land of Howland; thence turning and running westerly by said land of Howland two hundred forty-seven and 85-100 (247.85) feet to the middle of a private way, said private way being the continuation of Mount Pleasant street; thence turning and running southerly by the middle of said private way thirty-four and 91-100 (34.91) feet to a corner; thence turning and running westerly by land of Lyman, land of owners unknown, and land now, or late, of T. J. and B. T. H. Porter, five hundred seventy-two and 62-100 (572.62) feet to land of Horace Conn, known as the Forty Pound Lot; thence turning and running southerly by said land of Horace Conn three hundred seventy-two and 14-100 (372.14) feet to land of D. Barry; thence turning and running easterly by said land of Barry three hundred seventy-four and 75-100 (374.75) feet to a corner; thence turning and running southerly by said land of Barry two hundred forty-two and 7-10 (242.7) feet to a private way known as Carter street; thence easterly by said Carter street thirty-four and 91-100 (34.91) feet to land of Couillard; thence northerly by said land of Couillard one hundred one (101) feet to a corner; and thence turning and running easterly by said land of Couillard two hundred ten and 86-100 (210.86) feet to the point of beginning; containing seven and 403-100 (7.403) acres; excepting from the above described premises so much thereof as has been released from the operation of said mortgage by partial releases duly recorded.

This sale will be made subject to all unpaid taxes and assessments if any there are.

HENRY C. RICHARDS, Mortgagee.

Fisher & Fisher, 56 Pemberton Square, Boston, Attorneys for Mortgagee.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Fannie C. Thomas, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for probate, by George W. Norris of said Woburn, who prays that letters of administration, with the will annexed, may be issued to him, without requiring surety on his bond, or to some other suitable person, no executor being named in said will;

You are hereby cited to appear at Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fourth day of July, A. D., 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-fifth day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

CITY OF WOBURN.

School Department

Notice is hereby given that sealed proposals for supplying fuel for the public schools of Woburn for the next school year, will be received by the undersigned until July 10, 1900. Specifications of the kinds and amount of fuel required may be obtained of the Secretary of the Fuel Committee at the address below.

The right is reserved to reject any or all bids.

GEORGE F. BEAN,
THOMAS J. FEENEY,
FRANK E. COTTON, Secretary.
12 Beacon St., Woburn.

Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank.

Incorporated A. D. 1854.

BENJAMIN HINCKLEY, President.
E. E. THOMPSON, Treasurer

Open daily, 9 A. M. to 12 M., 2 to 4 P. M.
Saturday evenings, 6 to 8.

NOTICE.

The Annual Meeting of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank Corporation will be held at its Banking Rooms on **Friday, July 6, 1900,** at 7.30 P. M., for the purpose of choosing officers for the ensuing year and for the transacting of such other business as may legally come before said meeting.

The regular quarterly meeting of the Trustees will be held immediately after the close of the Corporation meeting.

E. E. THOMPSON, Clerk.

P. S.—Money deposited on or before Saturday, July 7, will draw interest from July 1, 1900.

July dividends payable on and after Saturday, July 21, 1900.

E. E. THOMPSON, Treasurer.

Woburn, June 22, 1900.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss:

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of Catherine McCarthy, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to William J. McCarthy of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fourth day of July, A. D., 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-eighth day of June in the year one thousand nine hundred.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

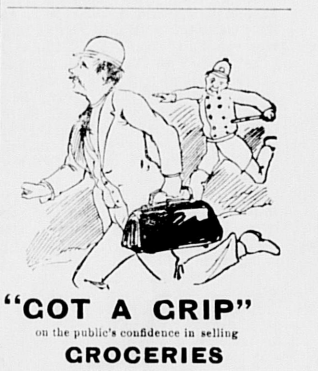
MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
— IN —
Modern Piano Playing
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue, WOBURN

Bicycles
— AT —
First Cost.

As it is our custom not to keep Bicycles on hand after the 4th of July, we shall sell out the wheels we now have at Wholesale Prices. None but good wheels in stock.

C. M. Strout & Co.
Dow's Block, 322 Main Street.



"GOT A GRIP"
on the public's confidence in selling
GROCERIES
that are FIRST CLASS, and we intend to keep it, by upright dealing and well chosen stock.
WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street - - WOBURN
Telephone 133-2.

THE
Strawberry season has come. Buy your
HAMPDEN
CREAM
— AT —
Linnell's Market
406 Main Street, Woburn
Telephone, 128-6.

To Let

At 353 Main Street, a suite of six rooms. The apartments are all light and airy and afford a beautiful outlook upon the Common, including the City Building, three Churches, the Savings Bank, and the Public Library. The building is new and finished in up-to-date style, and furnished with all modern conveniences; large closets, bath-room, &c. No coal is needed for fuel. A large gas-range of latest pattern with hot water tank supplies every facility for doing housework. This suite is exactly adapted to a small family desiring a home at once central, genteel and cosey.

Apply to O. F. BRYANT,
371 Main St., Woburn.

For Sale.

Houses and Lots, Nos. 14, 15, 16, 17, 20 and 22 Cleveland Avenue. Also, Lots Nos. 11, 13, 24 and 26. Said houses have gas and all modern conveniences.

Prices and terms reasonable.

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W. H. CUMMINGS,
Cleveland Ave. Woburn Mass.

DOMINION LINE
Royal Mail Steamers
Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.
Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by
JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS.
Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

TELEPHONE 6-3,
LAWRENCE READE,
Sexton of St. Charles Church.
Undertaker & Funeral Director,
241 Main St., Woburn

Dr. C. H. BUSS,
DENTIST
385 Main St., WOBURN
Telephone 71-3.

Room and Board.

A lady willing to be company for an aged lady a small portion of the time, may obtain a front room, with good board and home privileges, for four dollars a week. Pleasant grounds and piazzas. References exchanged.

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A Tenement of eight rooms at No. 9 Johnson Street, with all modern conveniences, four minutes to depot and postoffice. Rent $20 per month.

E. H. RICHARDS,
25 Fairmount Street.

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HOUSE No. 650 Main Street, 8 rooms, ($12.50) twelve dollars and fifty cents per month.
Also, HOUSE, No. 16 Wyman Street, 6 rooms ($8) eight dollars per month.
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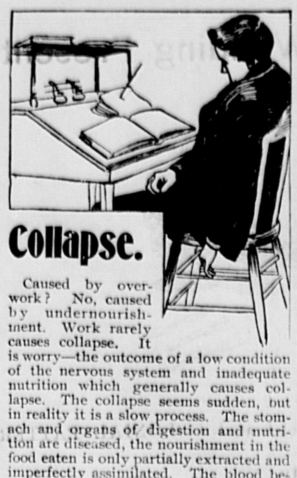
413 Main Street.



Collapse.

Caused by overwork? No, caused by undernourishment. Work rarely causes collapse. It is worry—the outcome of a low condition of the nervous system and inadequate nutrition which generally causes collapse. The collapse seems sudden, but in reality it is a slow process. The stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition are diseased, the nourishment in the food eaten is only partially extracted and imperfectly assimilated. The blood becomes impure; the very fount of life is poisoned, and some day all the faculties and functions go on a strike. That's collapse. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the organs of digestion and nutrition, purifies the blood and builds up the weak body with sound healthy flesh.

"I was cured of a very bad case of indigestion, associated with torpid liver, by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery," writes Mr. G. B. Bird, of Byrnside, Putnam Co., W. Va. "Before I began the use of 'Golden Medical Discovery' I had no appetite; could not sleep, nor work but very little, bowels constipated, and life was a misery to me. After taking four bottles I felt so well that I went to work, but soon got worse, so I used it about eight weeks longer, when I was permanently cured."

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser is sent *free* on receipt of stamps to pay cost of mailing *only*. Send 21 one-cent stamps for paper covered book, or 31 stamps for cloth, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

A STORY OF WEBSTER

HE WANTED SOME MARINE INFORMATION, AND HE GOT IT.

The Great Daniel Posed the Skipper of a Boston Schooner as an Expert Witness and One of the Ablest Sea Captains Out of That Port.

Old Boston schoolboys of a couple of generations ago realize that no greater change has taken place in Boston than on the wharfs, which in 1840 were all open, with no sheds built on them as at the present time. Vessels in the East India trade were docked at India wharf. W. F. Weld & Co. had their ships docked at Central wharf, Lombard's and Hemenway & Co.'s ships were at Commercial wharf. Long wharf was lined with vessels in the coasting trade. They had large canvas signs attached to the yards stating the port hailed from and the port they wanted freight for.

At that time there were no steamships, and all transportation was done by sailing craft. For instance, a sign would read, "The schooner Eagle, Captain Smith, will sail on Saturday for Bath, Gardiner and Hallowell." The wharfs were a favorite resort with the boys Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. At that time school kept Wednesday and Saturday mornings, and we had the afternoons for vacation. In the morning, after school, we would decide where we would spend the afternoon, and it was generally on the wharfs. Five out of ten boys went to sea after leaving school.

At the head of Long wharf, where the State street block now stands, was an old hulk of a vessel with a house built on its deck. It was fastened to the dock, and this was used by the Hingham Bucket company for a storehouse. On the side of the house was a sign, "Hingham Station Packet." It was a standing joke with us to ask the man who had charge of it if he was the captain and when he was going to sail, as we wanted to ship before the mast.

It was a favorite amusement with the boys to climb up the rigging of ships and "stump" one another as to who would climb the highest. There was one of these boys who could beat us all in climbing. We nicknamed him "Monkey Jack." On one of the ships the downhaul of the signal halyards broke short up to the flag at the truck. The captain, pointing to the flag, said, "I will give any boy that will bring that flag on deck a ninepence." We all started up the shrouds, but "Monkey Jack" was up to the royals before we got to the yardarm. When he left school, he went to sea and became master of one of the largest clipper ships that sailed out of Boston.

Captain Mahan of Long wharf had a fine schooner yacht in which he took parties down the harbor. He often invited the boys to take a sail with him. I remember once he told us a story about Daniel Webster, as follows: "About 5 o'clock in the morning I was on deck putting the boat in shipshape order and swabbing up the deck. I was going to take a party down sailing that day. It was raining quite hard. There was an old fellow standing on the wharf with an old cloak and slouched hat on under a large cotton umbrella. He hailed me, asked if I was the captain and said he would like to come aboard. I supposed he was some old farmer from the country who had never seen salt water before, so I said: 'Certainly. Come right aboard.' He looked over the boat a spell and after awhile came up to where I was and said, 'Captain, if you were sailing a ship down the harbor and another ship was coming up and the wind was northeast, which side would you sail of the ship that you were going to meet?' I said, 'I would put the helm hard to port and go to the windward.' He seemed to understand and asked me a great many questions. I thought he was taking up a good deal of my time and answered him rather short. He thanked me for the information I had given him and bade me goodby.

"I had forgotten all about the old country man, when one day, about a fortnight afterward, a constable came aboard and asked to see Captain Mahan, stating that I must appear in court the next day at 10 o'clock as a witness. I could not think for the life of me of any case in court that I knew anything about. You can judge my surprise when I saw Daniel Webster and recognized him as my old friend that asked so many questions. He was laying down the law to the court in great shape, using all the nautical terms in Bowditch's Navigator, and to hear him talk, boys, you'd thought he'd been to sea all his life.

"It appeared that there had been a collision in the harbor, and the owners were settling which ship was to blame in court. Webster was counsel for one of the merchants. He introduced me to the court as Captain Mahan, one of the ablest sea captains that sailed out of Boston. Well, boys, you better believe that I turned red as a lobster, as I was only a skipper of a schooner. I answered all the questions Mr. Webster asked me in regard to sailing a ship under certain circumstances."

One of the boys said, "Well, captain, who beat?"

"Why, Daniel Webster, of course!"—Boston Transcript.

Thermometer a Nursery Requisite.

A thermometer is almost indispensable in the nursery. It should, if possible, hang in the middle of the room, away from the door, window, wall and fireplace, where the mercury may be affected by the draft. If the room where the baby is obliged to sleep is very hot in the middle of the day or at night, hang a wet sheet over the window and leave the door open. Sprinkle the sheet as it dries with a whisk broom that has been dipped in cold water.—Ladies' Home Journal.

One More Eulogy.

Lieutenant A. W. Thomson says, in The Independent, that when the civil war was practically over he was sent from the camp at Lincolnton to Charlotte, N. C., under a flag of truce. He entered the town and was conducted to General Echols' headquarters in a large upper room, evidently a schoolroom.

Our guide pointed out the general, a fine, portly gentleman, seated at a table. I advanced and laid my papers on the table.

"General Echols, I presume?" I said. "These dispatches are from General Gillam. Shall I wait for an answer?"

"Please be seated," the general said.

Glancing around, I saw 16 or 18 gentlemen, all, with one or two exceptions, in military uniform. Colonel Morgan came up to me, shook hands and said:

"I believe you and I are not entire strangers."

He had been our prisoner a year or so before. While we chatted a gentleman in a civilian gray suit turned to address General Echols. The cold stare of a glass eye caught my attention, and the features were somewhat familiar.

"Ah, Jefferson Davis! Are you here, pressed to the wall?" was my first thought. His face was far more pleasant than our northern papers had pictured it.

A dispatch was handed to General Echols, who read and reread it with an earnest, anxious lok. Half rising, he passed the paper to Mr. Davis, who read it slowly and then handed it back.

"Well," said he, "we have lost a generous enemy."

It was the news of President Lincoln's assassination.

When They Say "Goodby."

Did you ever hear two married women take leave of each other at the gate on a mild evening? This is how they do it:

"Goodby!"

"Goodby! Come down and see us soon."

"I will. Goodby!"

"Goodby! Don't forget to come soon."

"No, I won't. Don't you forget to come up."

"I won't.

"Be sure and bring Sarah Jane with you next time."

"I will. I'd brought her up this time, but she wasn't very well. She wanted to come awfully."

"Did she, now? That was too bad. Be sure and bring her next time."

"I will, and you be sure and bring the baby."

"I will. I forgot to tell you that he's cut another tooth."

"You don't say so! How many has he now?"

"Five. It makes him awfully cross."

"I dare say it does."

"Well, goodby! Don't forget to come down."

"No, I won't. Don't you forget to come up. Goodby!"

And they separate.

The Roar of Battle.

The roar of the navy's four point seven's, their crash, their rush as they passed, the shrill whine of the shrapnel, the barking of the howitzers and the mechanical, regular rattle of the quick firing Maxims, which sounded like the clicking of many mowing machines on a hot summer's day, tore the air with such hideous noises that one's skull ached from the concussion, and one could only be heard by shouting. But more impressive by far than this hot chorus of mighty thunder and petty hammering was the roar of the wind which was driven down into the valley beneath and which swept up again in enormous waves of sound. It roared like a great hurricane at sea. The illusion was so complete that you expected, by looking down, to see the Tugela lashing at her banks, tossing the spray hundreds of feet in air and battling with her sides of rock. It was like the roar of Niagara in a gale, and yet when you did look below not a leaf was stirring, and the Tugela was slipping forward, flat and sluggish and in peace.—From "With Buller's Column," by Richard Harding Davis, in Scribner's.

Ahead on Prayers.

A bishop traveling in the depth of winter came to a house of a presiding elder to spend the night. The weather was bitterly cold, and the bedroom into which the bishop was shown had a thick coating of ice on the windows. The elder waited to see the bishop safely between the feather beds. But when the bishop, half frozen, jumped into bed without stopping to say his prayers the elder remonstrated with him.

"You have forgotten to say your prayers," he said.

"No," answered the bishop. "I always keep 'prayed up' in preparation for nights that are as cold as this."

Natural as Life.

Two ladies who had not seen each other for years recently met in the street. They recognized each other after a time, and their recognition was cordial.

"So delighted to see you again. Why, you are scarcely altered."

"So glad, and how little changed you are! Why, how long is it since we met?"

"About ten years."

"And why have you never been to see me?"

"My dear, just look at the weather we have had."

Growing Cold.

Mrs. Bridey (sobbing)—I don't care what you say, Harry doesn't love me as much as he did.

Her Mother—How ridiculous! Why, only this morning I heard him tell you you were the dearest girl on earth.

Mrs. Bridey—That's just it. He used to call me "the dearest girl that ever lived."—Philadelphia Press.

When a man tells you that he doesn't like the game of checkers, you can be perfectly sure that he doesn't know how to play it.—Somerville Journal.

Every time a man sees the cloth from which his new suit is to be made it looks uglier.—Atchison Globe.

FOR WOMAN'S HEALTH

Earnest Letters from Women Relieved of Pain by Mrs. Pinkham.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Before I commenced to take your medicine I was in a terrible state, wishing myself dead a good many times. Every part of my body seemed to pain in some way. At time of menstruation my suffering was something terrible. I thought there was no cure for me, but after taking several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound all my bad feelings were gone. I am now well and enjoying good health. I shall always praise your medicine."—MRS. AMOS FESCHLER, Box 226, Romeo, Mich.

Female Troubles Overcome

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I had female trouble, painful menses, and kidney complaint, also stomach trouble. About a year ago I happened to pick up a paper that contained an advertisement of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and when I read how it had helped others, I thought it might help me, and decided to give it a trial. I did so, and as a result am now feeling perfectly well. I wish to thank you for the benefit your medicine has been to me."—MRS. CLARA STIEBER, Diller, Neb.

No More Pain

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Your Vegetable Compound has been of much benefit to me. When my menses first appeared they were very irregular. They occurred too often and did not leave for a week or more. I always suffered at these times with terrible pains in my back and abdomen. Would be in bed for several days and would not be exactly rational at times. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and menses became regular and pains left me entirely."—MRS. E. F. CUSTER, Brule, Wis.

Justice In Haiti.

Judicial procedure in Haiti is in certain instances not untouched by humor. A Haitian owed a trader $28. A judgment requiring the Haitian to pay $4 a week into court was given, and the trader was to send a messenger every week to the magistrate for the money. In due time he sent for the first installment and was informed that the Haitian had not paid up, but that he should be thrown into prison for his failure.

Three weeks passed with the same result. One morning the Haitian came to the trader's store. He was, he said, a poor man, much married, a man to whom, therefore, expense came. What good, he asked, would accrue to the trader if he, the poor man, was thrown into prison? Let the trader forgive him his debt and earn thereby untold rewards in a future state.

After some talk the trader gave him a letter of remission, which he went off to present to the magistrate. The affair was settled, but the Haitian was struck by the bad grace with which the magistrate dismissed him, and he forthwith returned to the trader and asked him if he had received the $8 he had already paid into court. The trader looked surprised and said he had received nothing.

"Then, since you have remitted the debt, that $8 is mine," said the Haitian.

Accordingly, he went off to the court to present his claim. The magistrate at once committed him to prison. A consul who had heard the story asked the magistrate what the Haitian was sent to prison for.

"For contempt of court," was the reply.

The First Cookbook.

To the Romans belong the honor of having produced the first European cookery book, and, though the authorship is uncertain, it is generally attributed to Cælius Apicus, who lived under Trajan, 114 A. D. Here are two recipes from this ancient collection:

"First, for a sauce to be eaten with boiled fowl, put the following ingredients into a mortar: Aniseed, dried mint and lazer root; cover them with vinegar, add dates and pour in liquamen (a distilled liquor made from large fish which were salted and allowed to turn putrid in the sun), oil and a small quantity of mustard seeds. Reduce all to a proper thickness with sweet wine warmed, and then pour this same over your chicken, which should previously be boiled in aniseed water."

The second recipe shows the same queer mixture of ingredients: "Take a wheelbarrow of rose leaves and pound in a mortar; add to it brains of two pigs and two thrushes boiled and mixed with the chopped up yolk of egg, oil, vinegar, pepper and wine. Mix and pour these together and stew them steadily and slowly till the perfume is developed."—Chambers' Journal.

One Franc a Shot.

When the siege of Paris began and festive little parties of overconfident inhabitants of the city swarmed into the suburbs to see the French outposts, there was among the latter a good deal of rivalry in the trade of laying down rugs and tarpaulins for those civilian sharpshooters who bought shots at a franc a shot at the enemy's outposts.

Surgeon General Gordon, who represented the medical department of the British army during the war, speaks, in a book he wrote, of the French outposts making as much as 40 or 50 francs a day each by crying out, "Shots at the enemy—1 franc!" hundreds of their customers being women. One village, soon to be ravaged by fire and the sword, was like a fair, and the sentries could not sell shots fast enough, for a rich Paris tradesman was standing by offering heavy money prizes for the civilian marksmen who brought down German sentries.—New York Times.

A "Woman's Rights Person."

An old Virginia gentleman arose in a car the other day and with a great flourish of his slouch hat offered his seat to a beautiful and handsomely dressed woman.

"Take my seat, madam," he politely requested. The lady demurred. "Take my seat, I beg of you, madam," he insisted. "I could not allow a lady to stand, unless," he added under his breath, "she was one of those women's rights people."

The lady bristled visibly. "I," she said in a freezing tone—"I am a 'woman's rights person.'"

"Take my seat just the same, madam," said the gallant old gentleman smilingly. "You are too good looking to be suspected of it if you hadn't confessed."—Leslie's Weekly.

One Too Many For Him.

"Ha, ha! They served that fellow right," exclaimed Mrs. Henpeck as she finished reading the report of a bigamy case.

"What is it, my dear?" asked her husband.

"He was arrested and very promptly jailed because he took one wife too many."

"Heavens! I wonder if they'll be after me next?"—Philadelphia Press.

A Misnamed Train.

He had driven from a backwoods hamlet to the station and after making an inquiry of the conductor boarded the train for Philadelphia.

When well on the way, he stopped the blue coated official and asked in all seriousness:

"I'm sorter hungry. Will ye just tell me where the eatin car is?"

"There is none on this train," was the answer. "Its short run does not require it."

"Huh!" grunted the questioner. "W'ich of yer keers is the one that ye jest loll around in an turn an twist yer cheer any way ye please? Don't imagine that because I've never went railroadin afore I don't know all about these things."

"You probably mean the Pullman. We haven't any attached."

"Well, bu'stin squashes, w'ere's yer cigar stand, so's I kin be buyin a weed an lightin up?"

"We don't have such a thing, man."

"An ye've no place fer me ter git my shoes shined, ter be sure?"

"No, sir."

"Course I'd be crazy ter think ye might have a barber lad aboard?"

"We haven't any."

The rural gentleman subjected the conductor to a menacing scrutiny from head to foot and back again; then he drawled out in an angry, disappointed tone of voice:

"Well, sufferin cornmeal! I thought ye said this wuz an accommodation train!"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Rush of a Shell.

As a shell rushes through the air at the rate of 1,000 miles an hour it gets heavily charged with electricity by friction, says London Answers. It parts with it to any good conductor it meets on the way, doing terrible execution. Passing in front of a British soldier, a big shell gave him such a shock that he instantly fell dead.

In one of our wars two officers, standing side by side, saw a shell coming. They stood apart, and it passed between them without touching either. But one officer lost the sight of both eyes, and the other instantly became blind in one and soon lost the other also.

In another battle a soldier had just stooped to help a fallen comrade when a shell passed over his back. He fell forward quite disabled, and for months after he could not stand erect.

A curious accident of a similar kind happened to an American officer in the Cuban war. He was galloping across the field when a shell whirled past in front of him. His horse rolled over, and he himself became unconscious. On recovery he found that neither self nor steed had been wounded, and he knew that they had simply sustained a severe electric shock.

"Her Touch."

A sailor who met with a serious accident was carried to the London hospital. The poor mother hurried to the building to see her son. She was met by a kind but firm refusal from the house physician, but nothing daunted she pleaded for admission to the poor fellow's bedside. Who could resist a mother's entreaties? The safety of the patient lay in his being kept absolutely quiet, but the physician consented to her admission on condition that she did not speak a word. She stole softly to his bedside and gazed as only a mother can at her unconscious boy. She dare not speak, but a mother's love was not to be denied all expression, and gently laying her hand on his fevered brow she let it rest there a moment and then noiselessly crept from the room.

The watchful nurse heard the comatose sleeper murmur the words, "Her touch," and, rousing himself, he added, "Surely my mother has been here. I know her touch!"

Ah, there was an electric thrill of sympathy in that touch which told its own tale to the dying man!—Weekly Bouquet.

A Match Trick.

A feat which any one can perform with little or no practice is that of placing 14 matches upon a table and lifting them all up upon one of the matches. This is how it is done: Pick out one match—the one that has the flattest surface—and then place six of the other matches about one-fourth each across the first one, each of the six being parallel to each other and the thickness of a match distant from each other. Next place six other matches one-fourth each across the first match, but from the other side, all parallel and in the spaces left by the arrangement of the first six matches. Now take the fourteenth match, lay it over the 12 matches where they intersect, and by carefully lifting match No. 1 and holding match No. 14 in place you will accomplish without difficulty the feat.—Adelaide Herrmann in Woman's Home Companion.

The Jefferson Bible.

"The Jefferson Bible in the Smithsonian institution," says the Washington correspondent of the Chicago Record, "has never been printed. The manuscript remains as it left Jefferson's hands, and, although several persons have proposed from time to time to print it, no one has ever done so. The Bible consists only of the teachings of Christ, extracts from the gospel arranged in chronological order from his birth to his ascension, and nothing else. All controversial passages are left out."

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's

Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE.

Price 25 Cents | Purely Vegetable. Brent Good

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON II, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JULY 8.

Text of the Lesson, John vi, 22-40. Memory Verses, 35-37—Golden Text, John vi, 35—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1900, by D. M. Stearns.]

22-24. "When the people therefore saw that Jesus was not there, neither His disciples, they also took shipping and came to Capernaum, seeking for Jesus." This was on the day following the feeding of the 5,000. The people had seen the disciples go away in the boat and that Jesus had not gone with them, so probably expected in the morning to find Him, and, not finding Him, concluded that He must have crossed in some other boat, so they also cross the sea seeking Him.

25, 26. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, ye seek Me not because ye saw the miracles, but because ye did eat of the loaves and were filled." In verse 2 we read that a great multitude followed Him because they saw His miracles which He did on them that were diseased. So that people have many reasons for seeking Him, and perhaps the majority seek Him not for His own sake and the glory of His kingdom, but for some present blessing—health of body, success in work or perhaps to escape the wrath to come. What a precious truth it is that "this Man receiveth sinners," and how glad multitudes have been made by His own words, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in nowise cast out!" (Luke xv, 2; John vi, 37.)

27. He tells them that there is something better than bread for the body, that there is such a thing as everlasting life and something to nourish it, and that He, the Son of Man, gives it freely, and that He is anointed by God the Father so to do. The meat which endureth is Himself (verses 53-56), and, receiving Him, we are made sure of all else that we need (John i, 12; Rom. viii, 32).

28, 29. "This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent." This was His reply to the question, "What shall we do that we might work the works of God?" There is something that must precede working God's works, and that is to receive into our hearts God Himself by receiving His Son Jesus Christ, for only God in us can work the works of God (Phil. ii, 13).

30, 31. They had just seen Him feed 5,000 with five loaves, and now they say, Shew us a sign that we may believe Thee, for God gave our fathers manna in the desert, bread from heaven to eat. Though it is plainly written that God gave them the manna (Neh. ix, 15; Ps. lxxviii, 24, 25), possibly the meant that Moses gave them the manna and were trying to make out that Moses was greater than this Man.

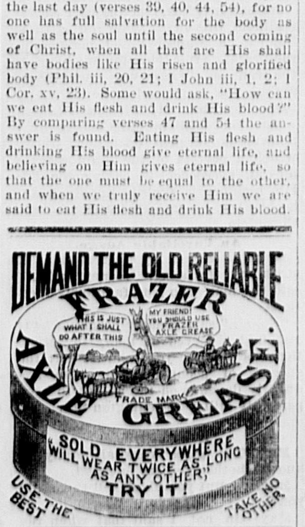
32, 33. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Moses gave you not that bread from heaven; but my Father giveth you the true bread from heaven." Then He added that He Himself is the Bread of God, who came down from heaven to give life unto the world. He repeats again and again that He is the Bread of Life or Living Bread (verses 35, 48, 51). His coming down from heaven includes all the humiliation of the 34 years of His sojourn here, with all the agony of Gethsemane and Calvary. Bread corn is bruised, and it pleased the Lord to bruise Him (Isa. xxviii, 28; liii, 10). The corn of wheat must fall into the ground and die (John xii, 24), and He died that He might be to us the Bread of Life and through us bear fruit. He died for us and rose again that we might live through Him.

34, 35. They ask for this bread as the woman asked for the living water (iv, 15), not knowing what they said. He replied: "I am the Bread of Life. He that cometh to Me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst." The phrase "hunger and thirst" may be said to embrace all individual needs and unsatisfied desires of man in all their variety. See Isa. xlix, 10; Rev. vii, 16. Jesus Himself satisfies all. No one else or nothing else can. As we receive for our individual need bread for the body and it becomes a part of our blood, the life of the body (Lev. xvii, 11), so we must individually receive the Lord Jesus as life for our souls.

36. "Ye also have seen Me and believe not." I do not know any better definition of believing than that found in chapter i, 12. No amount of knowledge of Christ can save us apart from receiving Him, just as no amount of food or knowledge of how it is prepared can benefit us unless we eat the food. If one asks "How do I receive Him?" I should say, "In the same way that you receive any gift." Scripture teaches us that we are all sinners, all unrighteous and that the unrighteous cannot enter the kingdom (Rom. iii, 19, 23; I Cor. vi, 9), but that God offers us freely the righteousness which He requires and has provided in Christ.

37. The Father has given to the Son a company of people who are to reign with Him in His kingdom and be a blessing to all the world, a people for His name gathered from all nations (Acts xv, 14; Rev. v, 9, 10). It is our business to give the good news of redemption by the blood of Jesus to every creature believing that all who will accept Him may do so (John iii, 16) and that of all who come not one shall be cast out. The last part of this verse is for all who hear the good news, that no one may think that he will not be accepted, for God is not willing that any should perish (II Pet. iii, 9). The first part is an inside truth, for the comfort of those who have come, to assure them that, having been given by the Father to the Son, they can never perish (John x, 28, 29; xvii, 12).

38-40. The life of Jesus was the will of God; it was His meat (chapter iv, 34; v, 30; see also Math. xi, 25, 26). He never pleased Himself, but did always those things that pleased the Father (Rom. xv, 3; John viii, 29). Part of the Father's will is here said to be that every one receiving Jesus may have everlasting life and never be lost. Another part of that will is that all such shall be raised up at the last day (verses 39, 40, 44, 54), for no one has full salvation for the body as well as the soul until the second coming of Christ, when all that are His shall have bodies like His risen and glorified body (Phil. iii, 20, 21; I John iii, 1, 2; I Cor. xv, 23). Some would ask, "How can we eat His flesh and drink His blood?" By comparing verses 47 and 54 the answer is found. Eating His flesh and drinking His blood give eternal life, and believing on Him gives eternal life, so that the one must be equal to the other, and when we truly receive Him we are said to eat His flesh and drink His blood.



DEMAND THE OLD RELIABLE
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You'll not need to regulate your cooking by the thermometer when you get a Wickless Blue Flame Oil Stove. On the hottest days you can cook whatever you choose, in whatever way you wish, without suffering any additional discomfort while cooking. The comfort you'll gain is only one of the advantages of using a

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STANDARD OIL COMPANY.

No Private Interview.

"Could I have a few minutes' private conversation with you?" he asked as he stood at the open door of a lawyer's office in the Loan and Trust building the other afternoon.

"Can't you speak right out from where you are?" asked the lawyer in reply after looking the man over.

"I'd rather make a private matter of it."

"What is the nature of your business?"

"Confidential—strictly private and confidential, sir."

"Well, I have no time to grant you a private interview. If you have anything to say, you can let her go right here. Now, what is it?"

"I—I wanted the loan of a quarter, sir," stammered the man.

"Oh, you did! And you wanted a private interview to ask me that?"

"Yes, sir. I knew that it would hurt both our feelings if I were refused in public—yours because you couldn't afford to loan me the money and mine because I couldn't get it. Can you grant my request, sir?"

"No, sir."

"And does it hurt your feelings?"

"Not a bit. You are mistaken on that point."

"And my feelings are the only ones hurt?"

"Yours alone."

"Just so," said the man as he bowed and backed out. "I beg your pardon. I was mistaken. You have the money and no feelings, and I have the feelings and no money. Impassible chasm; no use in trying to bridge. Good day!"—Washington Post.

The Poodle and the Lions.

"I notice that Automobile Montgomery says that horses often make a dive for the corn he paints," remarked one art league student to another.

"Well, there might be some truth in it," said the second. "I saw a little incident at the art institute the other day that made me think of Mr. Montgomery's proud boast. You know those big lions on the sides of the steps, the work of Kemeys, are pretty lifelike. I was standing looking at them when a little white poodle came down the steps in the wake of a woman with stylish clothes on. The poodle had a gold collar around his neck and was altogether one of the tiniest, dandified specimens of a dog that you could find. He walked up to one of the lions, settled back on his hind legs, and looked at the big stone beast. Then he sniffed and glanced around inquiringly. All at once he made up his mind. He made a fierce rush for the lion, barking as viciously and as loud as a dog six inches long could bark. He positively swelled up and appeared about to explode with wrath.

"There you are. If Kenneys' lions so excited a poodle dog, it may be that horses will eat Montgomery's corn pictures."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Truthful Manager.

Business manager of great London newspaper to clerk:

"George, take down an advertisement as I dictate it, and then send it up. Ready? All right—'Wanted, a man for a pleasant indoor position. Short hours, light work, no experience necessary, place permanent; salary, £1,000 a year. Answer in own handwriting. Millionaire, Great Daily office.'"

Clerk—I have it down, sir, and will send it to the printers at once.

Business Manager (a week later)—George, how many answers were received in reply to that advertisement?

Clerk—Eighteen thousand.

Business Manager (an hour later)—Good morning, sir. What can we do for you, sir?

Seedy Individual—What do you charge for an advertisement for situation wanted?

Business Manager—Our charges are high, 2 shillings a line, but you must remember the vast number of people we reach. Why, sir, in reply to one single advertisement inserted last week there were received 18,000 answers!—London Tit-Bits.

The Highest Court.

"No," said the judge firmly, "I will not consent to your marriage with my daughter."

"Sir," returned the young lawyer haughtily, "I shall not take this decision as final."

"You won't?"

"No, sir, I will not. I shall appeal to the court of last resort."

"Oh, very well," replied the judge. "Submit your case to her mother if you want to."—Chicago Post.

How Needles Are Made.

Needles are all made by machinery. The piece of mechanism by which the needle is manufactured takes the rough steel wire, cuts it into proper lengths, files the point, flattens the head, pierces the eye, then sharpens the tiny instrument and gives it that polish familiar to the purchaser. There is also a machine by which needles are counted and placed in the papers in which they are sold, these being afterward folded by the same contrivance.

That Family Skeleton.

Mrs. Whistler—Tell me, Mary, why it is that you always cry so when papa sends you to bed in the dark when you are naughty? There's no such things as ghosts, and the dark doesn't hurt you, does it?

Little Mary—No, mamma, but I'm afraid of that skeleton Mrs. Jones says we got in our closet.—Baltimore American.

AN ORIENTAL TIDBIT.

GINSENG IS DEEMED A LUXURY BY CELESTIAL GRANDEES.

The Root In China Is Worth More Than Its Weight In Gold, and In Korea It Is Death to Export It Without Imperial Permission.

It is not a well known fact that a large percentage of the shipments of ginseng (Aralia ginseng) which go annually to China is contributed by the forests of northern Ohio. Nevertheless it is true. Large districts there were and still are comparatively well stocked with the herb, and many residents have made hundreds of dollars by gathering the roots in years gone by. The first sign of spring calls the ginseng diggers from their homes, and many of them are already afield, seeking probably the most precious plant that grows. A spade and bag over his shoulder identify the man who seeks ginseng from other men. He goes to rich woodlands and then singles out the butternut trees, under which the herb is most commonly found.

The roots of the plant, sometimes fleshy tubers the size of a forefinger, are of that shape and easily go to make up a pound of the matter desired. When dried, they bring from $3 to $10 a pound, according to their size, the older and larger the higher the price. Although gathering the roots is a profitable business, that of selling direct to the consumer is much more profitable. In China it is sold by the ounce and ofttimes brings as high as $200 an ounce, that weight in all cases bringing more than the pound upon the American market. With the Celestials it is a prize, and upon perfect specimens as high as $2,500 has been lavished. With them it is supposed to possess a supernatural power to strengthen and invigorate the weakening tissues, so that the eater will live to be 100 years old. And not only is the power thus ascribed, but to the poor mentally it imparts knowledge and, above all, prepares the olive eyed prince for a long and luxurious sojourn on earth.

In fact, the ginseng root is almost sacred to the Chinaman of the upper class, and to present it to one's friend is a homage difficult of appreciation by the sons of the west who gather it in the woods. The entire growth of the herb is protected by the government in the Chinese empire. At one time the emperor detailed 10,000 Tartars to gather all that could be found in his domain. Each man was obliged to give two pounds to his majesty, and for what he succeeded in gathering afterward he was repaid by its weight in silver. This, however, was no more than one-eighth of its value, and soon it was exchanged evenly for its weight in gold, as is often the case at the present time.

The American crop does not compare at all favorably with that of Korea. In that country, however, it is found practicable to raise it in gardens, and here it is impossible to produce good roots by so doing. It is a crime punishable by death for a Korean to sell ginseng outside of his own country without imperial permission. Thus protected it forms one of the staple products of Korea and is much appreciated by the Chinese owing to its superior flavor. There is naturally a prejudice on the part of the Chinese to receive from the west anything so highly regarded by them. Up to the dawn of the nineteenth century it was exported from America in small quantities, but as early as 1830 the shipments amounted to nearly $100,000 in one year.

There seems to be an idea prevalent in this country that the Chinese powder the roots and smoke them. This is an error. It is never used as a quietus. The commoner classes eat it much as we do the common licorice root, but those who employ it most are the grandees and even the royal households.

A truly oriental and luxurious manner of administering the powdered root obtains among the higher classes. By the highest caste the treatment is taken during a period of 40 days once in two years. The patient is taken to a beautiful garden where flowers are blooming, birds singing, water sparkling from a fountain and usually where music is to be heard through the hours of the day. In this retreat he is told nothing of the outside world and is allowed to receive no letters from friends for fear they might contain unpleasant news. Here he is fed the ginseng powder, a soft yellow stuff with a slightly aromatic flavor. As a natural consequence of his rest from trouble and worry the patient comes forth in brighter spirit, and in this way it is sounded abroad that it was the ginseng treatment which made him so.

It is a singular fact that the name given the plant by the Chinese and the North American Indian is strongly similar. Both names suggest the fancied resemblance of a root to the form of the human body, the tuber being ofttimes split into two divisions resembling the limbs of a man. On account of this similarity to a man's form the supernatural powers were ascribed to it, and there is much evidence to show that it was in high favor with the Indians on the same account.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Antiquity of "A Regular Shindy."

The antiquity of many familiar terms is surprising when it is known. Many people are not aware that "What the dickens!" occurs in Shakespeare, but fewer still will be prepared to hear that the phrase "A regular shindy" is found in an author's note to a poem called "The Popish Kingdom," published in 1570. A writer in The Athenæum" quotes this note, which refers to the celebration of Maundy Thursday: "Midnight services are held in church, the lights are put out and a regular shindy follows, men being beaten and wounded."—London Globe.

Kate Masterson's First Poem.

Kate Masterson, the poet and humorist, thus describes the beginning of her literary career:

"I was at school in Brooklyn when I first sent a poem to Judge, signing it Kittie K. It was accepted and published with a picture, and my cup of joy was brimming. When I got a check for $2 I effervesced. I then sent some verses to Puck, which were edited by H. C. Bunner. They were also signed Kittie K., but the poem was written from a masculine point of view, and, as I wrote a very gentlemanly hand, Bunner evidently came to the conclusion that I was a boy. He sent me some very nice letters, and I replied, keeping up the idea that I was a very fresh, slangy boy. He accepted the verses, 'She Stood on the Stair,' and published them in a Christmas number with a picture. As this was only the second poem I had sold in my life, of course I became wildly anxious to have it appear. I bothered Bunner with inquiries, for fear my poem—it was the only poem on earth to me—would not appear. I recollect finally writing him, 'Do you think my poem will be published during my lifetime?'

"He wrote back, 'My dear boy, I cannot say if your poem will be published during your lifetime, as I do not know when you are going to die.'"—Saturday Evening Post.

Base Apathy.

"Say, Thompson, did you ever notice that I was brutally indifferent to my children?"

"Certainly not. You're quite the contrary, Holmes."

"Well, do I look like a miscreant who would be willing to abandon them to the mercy of strangers?"

"Of course not. Whatever put such an idea into your head?"

"Or have I the reputation of being so selfish that I wouldn't lift a finger or exert myself in the slightest to secure their safety if they were in danger?"

"No, indeed. Who's been accusing you of such a thing?"

"My wife."

"Your wife? Why?"

"Why, little Johnny got himself lost for a couple of hours the other day, and all I did was to notify the police, hire every private detective in town and rouse all the neighbors to help hunt for him."

"Wasn't that enough?"

"No. She insists that I am a brutal, selfish miscreant and several other things because I refused to do all she wanted me to."

"Why, what more was possible?"

"Make the governor order out the militia to help hunt."—Harper's Bazar.

Able to Hear It.

It is well known that Joseph Medill of the Chicago Tribune was somewhat deaf, although his ability at times to hear what was said in an ordinary tone of voice was frequently remarked.

It is related of him that he dropped into the business department of the office one day to make an inquiry about something he wanted to know, and a young man whom he had in his employ only a few months undertook in a loud tone of voice to enlighten him.

"What did you say?" said Mr. Medill, putting his hand to his ear.

The young man repeated the question in a still louder tone.

"I can't hear you," said the editor.

"Oh, chase yourself around the block, you old granny!" muttered the impatient employe just above his breath.

"I am not an old granny," said Mr. Medill, turning on his heel, "and I can chase myself around the block."

The fresh young man made immediate arrangements to say goodby to his job, but the great editor probably thought that the lesson he had received was sufficient.

A Story of Culberson.

In the Fifty-first congress, when Speaker Reed first gained the title of "czar" by his arbitrary decisions, Judge Culberson was one of his strongest supporters, although he could render no public indorsement, for political reasons. One afternoon while the Democrats were in a terrible tumult over a decision of the speaker during the proceedings of the house a veritable riot a thunderstorm came up. When the confusion was biggest, a blinding flash of lightning, followed by a crash of nature's artillery startled every soul on the floor and caused a profound silence. Judge Culberson, before anybody else, was the first to speak. "That was God Almighty, sir, calling this house to order," he exclaimed in an impressive tone, addressing the speaker. Then, turning to his colleagues, he said, "Now let us proceed as business like men."

The hardworking laborers and coolies seen everywhere in Japan wear only a narrow loin scarf and straw sandals. In cold and rainy weather they add a mackintosh of loose straw over their shoulders and a mushroom rude hat.

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THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect JUNE 25, 1900.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.14, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.39, 8.00, 9.10, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return,** 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.28, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.22, 7.04, 7.34, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, 8.42, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.46, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 12.00, 4.52, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.33 8.28, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, *9.30, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.28, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.28, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 8.28, 6.33, 11.11, A. M., 6.42 P. M., Saturdays only. Except Claremont.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.28, †11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, ‡6.33, 8.28, 11.11, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P.M

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.28, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.28, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

*To Nashua only.
†To Franklin only.
‡Weirs only.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.21, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.16, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 4.03, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Jan. 1, 1900, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 and 11.15 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Maiden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Wakefield & Stoneham St. R'y Co.

On and after January 1, 1900, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, then *9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington, at 5.15, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.30, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.45, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m., then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 8.35, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. M. LANE, Acting Supt.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Nov. 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

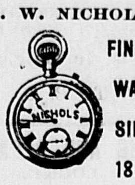
J. R. CARRIER, Div. Supt.

Business Cards.

Crawford's - -
ICE CREAMS
SHERBERTS, &C.
No. 412 Main St., WOBURN
TELEPHONE: 48-3.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal and Wood,
377 Main Steet.
Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

GEO. W. NICHOLS,



HAS SOLD — AND — REPAIRED FINE WATCHES SINCE 1865.
Mechanics' Building, 415 Main St.

J. R. Carter & Co.
Coal and Wood,
369 Main Street.

Return Water
from steam or hot water heating coils or raidiators below the boilers can be brought back by gravity alone. I make a specialty of such work. Let me solve your problems. It costs you nothing if I fail.
EDWARD E. PARKER,
No. 8 Middle St., Woburn.
Telephone 28-2.

Cummings, Chute & Co.,
— DEALERS IN —
Flour, Corn,
Meal, Oats,
Hav, Straw,
Coal and Wood.
Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.
9 to 21 High St., Woburn.

CHARLES H. TAYLOR,
Photographer.
Landscapes, Interiors, Machinery. Pictures Copied and Enlarged.
Developing, Printing, Finishing, and all kinds of work done for Amateurs on Plates or Films.
23 Pleasant St., Woburn

B. A. & C. E. TRIPP,
Funeral Directors.
Everything pertaining to Funerals, constantly on hand.
Office and Warerooms,
No. 10 Prospect St., WOBURN
Office and Residence connected by Telephone.
No. of Telephone 48-2.
Residence and Night Telephone 17-4.

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
WOBURN
Real Estate Exchange,
Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents.
Office, 415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS
Room 5, Mechanics Building,
C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

CENTRAL HOUSE
Sale, Hack, Livery and Boarding Stables.
438 MAIN STREET, - - WOBURN.
G. F. JONES, Proprietor.
Telephone 39-2.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.
Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASSWARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.
☞ SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Office: 373 Main St., Woburn.

GEORGE W. NORRIS,
Counsellor-at-Law and Notary,
MECHANICS BUILDING,
415 Main Street, WOBURN.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

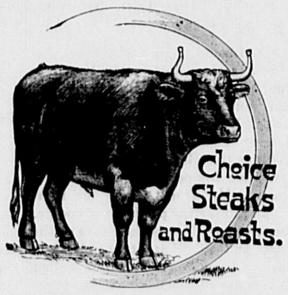
—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Business Cards.

George Durward


Cheice Steaks and Roasts.

430 Main St., Woburn

DR. LEWIS
DENTIST,
FOWLE BUILDING,
353 Main St., Woburn, Mass
TELEPHONE 109-7.

JOHN ARNOTT,
Watchmaker and Jeweler
465 Main St., Woburn.
Clocks called for and delivered.
☞ Fine Watch and Clock Repairing.

JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS
P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

L. W. THOMPSON,
(Successor to L. Thompson
HARDWARE!
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No. 437 Main Street, Woburn.

CIVIL ENGINEER
and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS; Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street,
BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

CLEVELAND'S
Superior Baking Powder
A baking powder of highest class and highest leavening strength. Makes the food purer, sweeter and more wholesome.
Tested and Approved by the Government.
CLEVELAND BAKING POWDER CO.,
NEW YORK.
The government reports show the cheap baking powders to contain alum, which the government chemists declare cannot be used in food without danger to health.

LOVE'S FIRESIDE.

The room is cozy
And dark;
The curtains sway to and fro;
In visions rosy I mark
The log flames flutter and flow,
For I see the blaze
In a golden haze
In each window pane swirl and blow,
Where it shimmers
And beams,
Where it glimmers
And gleams,
One blaze in six panes aglow;
Six little blazes in six little panes,
Though but one on the tiles I know.

One face in the log fire light
In a reverie beams and shines;
One face in the log fire bright
Is mellow in all its lines.
And then there's the selfsame face
A-smile in each flame lit pane,
A-beam with the winsome grace
Of a tender love refrain:
Six little faces
In six little panes,
Six little graces
All in a row;
Six little graces,
And six little faces,
Though only one at my hearth I know.

When love's fire's smoldering low,
My fancies, like window panes,
Reflect with her smile divine,
The goddess that tends the shrine
Her face that scatters all woe
With its charm that never wanes
Is hundreds of faces,
With hundreds of graces,
In fancy's panes a-row.
Though hundreds of graces
And hundreds of faces
In fancy's window grow,
Only one face,
With its matchless grace,
At the hearth of my heart I know.
—R. K. Munkittrick in Harper's Weekly.

An Arabian Nights Tale.

Translated and adapted by Sir Edwin Arnold.

From the beginning and in all ages people of every sort have loved stories about animals and especially when the creatures themselves converse. What else makes the secret and most attractive charm of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Books and what else causes one of our poets with such impatient faith to exclaim:

> I shall not ask Jean Jacques Rousseau
> If birds confabulate or no?

Scheherezade herself in "The Thousand and One Nights" does not hesitate to interrupt the flow of her romantic and fantastic tales with some remarkable stories about animals, though these seldom or never are given in the current versions of the book. On the one hundred and forty-sixth night of the immortal work she says to the sultan and to her sister Donyazade, "If you have admired the history of King Omar-el-Neman, how much would you not like to hear the birds and beasts discourse?" "By Allah," cries the sultan, "that would be delightful!" and so the inexhaustible raconteuse of "The Thousand and One Nights" tells an entaining story of the wilderness which is perhaps as old as anything in "Lokman" or "Æsop" and may have given to La Fontaine himself ideas, although by channels unknown to the great Frenchman. I will shorten one curious apologue of the kind here chiefly by drawing from the translation which Dr. Mardrus has made of it in French out of the Arabic text. Thus runs the antique Arab fable:

It came to me, O lord of fortune, how once on a time a peacock and peahen were living in peace and happiness on a beautiful island in a lake apart from all troubles, and the island was covered with fruit trees and blossoms, and they were very happy. But one day there flew thither a wild goose in great trepidation, with fluttering wings and wild cries, to which the two birds bade kindly welcome and asked the cause of its fright.

"Ah," whimpered the goose, "I am still sick with terror. I have seen a man, an Ibn-Adam! Allah deliver us all from the Ibn-Adam!"

"Calm thyself," the peahen said. "Be Ibn-Adam ever so terrible he cannot disturb us here, protected as we are by the water."

"Most beautiful lady," the goose responded, "you do not know Ibn-Adam. He can make the fish come to him out of the sea and the hawks and eagles fall down from the air. Feeble, contemptible, ugly as he is, he can tame the huge elephant himself and take his big white tusks away to make cups and ornaments. But I will tell you what I have seen and why I dread the Ibn-Adam.

"I was still flying from the evil vision I had seen of a man, not daring to stop for food or drink, when I saw at the entrance of a cavern a young lion with a red mane, of lordly demeanor, who also observed me and bade me approach, asking my name. 'O prince of lions,' I said, 'I am a wild goose, of the race of birds.' 'Why dost thou tremble so, wild goose?' he inquired. Then I related how I had dreamed of or seen a living man and was astonished when he replied: 'I also have dreamed about the thing you call Ibn-Adam and have heard my father say that it is a creature to be distrusted. But I have never seen one and have no fear of them.'

"Then I spake: 'Oh, eldest son of the sultan of all animals, what glory to thee if thou couldst rid the earth of the plague of man! How would all creatures of the earth and air and water praise and thank thy valor!' Thus did I encourage and flatter the young lion until he had resolved to go forth with me and to find and slay this common enemy.

"So the young lion paced forth from his cave, fiercely lashing his back with his tail, I following behind. We had not gone far in company before we saw a cloud of dust in the thicket, which, drifting away, disclosed to us an ass without saddle or bridle rolling in the sand from side to side, his four feet in the air.

"At sight of this my young lion was somewhat astonished, since he had wandered little outside his cavern and knew nothing of the world, but he called the ass to him and said, 'Thou senseless object, what art thou and why dost thou in so foolish a manner roll and bray?' The beast replied, 'Noble master, I am thy slave, an ass, and have fled hither to escape Ibn-Adam, the man, my master.' The young lion said with a laugh, 'Thou art long backed and lusty, why shouldst thou fear that feeble thing, a man?' Spake the donkey, gravely shaking his head: 'Prince of the forest, it is clear thou knowest not this creature. I do not fear that he will kill me, but he does much worse to me than that. While I am young and strong he places upon my back a thing he calls a pack saddle, fastens round by belly a tight girth, puts an iron ring under my tail the name of which I forget, though it galls me horribly, and buckles in my mouth a contrivance of steel which makes my tongue bleed and is called a bit. Then he jumps on me and to make me go faster beats me behind and before, and if fatigued I slacken my pace he rains upon me the abuse of such shocking words before all the world that cause me, though I am only a donkey, actually to shudder. If I lie down and roll, he also gives way to expressions which I dare not repeat to you, being a prince. When I am old, he will sell me to some water carrier, who will tie a wooden yoke on my back and lead me with skins and pitchers of water until at last even my patient strength will succumb, and I shall die. Then he will throw my carcass to the dogs and vultures. Do I not well therefore, O my lord, and thou, too, good goose, to roll myself and rejoice at liberty now that I am quit of Ibn-Adam?'

"'Truly,' I said, 'this ass seems very excusable,' and the lion was for taking him as a guide to find the man. But the ass begged off, pleading that he wished to put a day's journey at least between himself and his master, and so he went away, his ears cocked for listening in every direction.

"Scarcely had the dust of his going settled down when a beautiful black horse drew nigh having a white star like new silver upon his forehead, handsome, stately, in splendid glossy condition and neighing loudly. On seeing my friend the lion he stopped respectfully and would have retired. But the lion, charmed by his exceeding elegance and strength, cried aloud, 'Who art thou, beautiful animal, and why dost thou gallop so furiously through these wilds in seeming terror?' 'Prince of the wilderness,' he answered, 'I am of the race of horses and your most humble servant, and I gallop so hard to get away from Ibn-Adam.'

"Hearing this, the lion was at the limit of astonishment and observed: 'It is shameful of thee to speak thus, O horse, noble and vigorous as thou art, about a miserable being thou couldst surely dispatch with one kick. Look at me. I am not so big as thou, but I have promised the goose here to rid the earth forever of this ridiculous tyrant, Ibn-Adam, by eating him up entirely.' To this the horse made answer: 'Far be from thee such untoward thought, O jungle prince! Make no mistake about thy strength and swiftness or mine in dealing with man. In his hands my vigor is as water. He fastens heel ropes upon my hoofs and ties my muzzle up to a ring upon the wall so that I can neither run away nor lie down. Then he hitches a saddle on me with two strong girths and puts a twisted metal bit in my mouth with a bridle that makes me go where he will, and, being so mounted, he forces me hither and thither with horrid things called spurs that cover my body with blood. When I am old and weak, he means to sell me to some miller, who will make me turn the millstones night and day until I drop. Then the knacker will kill me and bargain my skin away to the tanners and my long hair to the weavers who make ropes and bags. That is why I am flying away from Ibn-Adam.'

"The young lion was greatly affected at this and roared out aloud: 'It is time indeed that I cleared the earth from such a scourge! Tell me, friend horse, where can I find this thing, a man?' and the horse replied: 'I ran away from him at noon. He is coming this way. Have a care!' Just as the horse was speaking a new cloud of dust in the desert so alarmed him that he went off at a sudden bound, and we saw approaching a huge camel with long legs and swaying neck, uttering hoarse grumblings. And he, too, told his tale of the terrible Ibn-Adam and fled away like the rest.

"Then all of a sudden there came out of the thicket a little old man with cunning eyes and weather beaten aspect, carrying over his shoulder a basket of carpenter's tools and on his head eight or ten large planks of wood.

"My lord peacock and my lady peahen!" At sight of this I, the goose, could not utter a word to warn the lion, but was struck dumb with fear. He meanwhile, vastly amused at the appearance of this small, withered being, stalked nearer to examine him, whereon the carpenter flung himself flat and said in a humble, deprecating voice: 'O mighty prince and most famous, who dost fill the highest place of all created things, I wish thee good day and the blessings of Allah. I myself am a poor creature who entreats thy protection from the evils of the oppressor.' Therewith he began piteously to sigh and weep.

"Touched by his tears, the young lion lowered his proud tone and asked, 'Who, then, hath oppressed thee, most polite and best spoken of all animals, even though thou art certainly the ugliest?'

"The other answered: 'Lord of all woodland things, I am a poor beast that is called carpenter, and my oppressor is Ibn-Adam. Ah, my lord lion, Allah keep thee from his tricks. He makes me work all day long without pay, and now, dying with hunger, I am gladly running away from the place where he lives.'

"On this the lion was more furious than ever. The foam fell from his mouth, his eyes flashed lightning, and he roared loudly, 'Where then is this Ibn-Adam, this father of calamities, that I may smash and crush him and avenge his victims?' The man answered: 'Sire, thou wilt soon see him. He is now after me, furious at having no one to build him houses.' The lion said: 'O little beast that goes so ill on thy two foolish feet and art called carpenter! What are houses and whither dost thou wend?' The man replied, 'A house is for rich ones to live in, great prince, and I am now going with this basket and these planks to build a house for the wuzeer of my lord's father, the leopard, who desires to have an abode where he may shelter himself from Ibn-Adam, who is expected in these parts.'

"Thereon the young lion waxed jealous of the leopard and said to the carpenter: 'By my life, it is an extreme presumption on the part of thy father's wuzeer to build himself a house when we have none. Get thee to work at once and construct me here this abode. As for the wuzeer, let him wait!' 'My lord,' the carpenter answered, 'I promise to come back when the leopard's order is finished. His anger will otherwise be too terrible. And then will I build thee not indeed a house, but a palace.' But the young lion being impatient did but pat the man on the breast with his great paw, and down he went on the sand with his planks and basket. Thereat the lion shook his great flanks with laughter, seeing the terror of the miserable little fellow, who had picked himself up and began to get to work full gloomily, though this was just what he wanted and for which he had in truth come.

"Right carefully did the carpenter take the measure of the lion in length and breadth and in height, and soon he had erected on the sand a solidly built box with a narrow entrance. He had so driven the nails that the sharp points all came through inside, and he had left a few small holes for draft, all which being finished he respectfully invited the lion to go in. The lion objected that the door was too low. Quoth the carpenter: 'Bend down thy princely back, O sovereign master, and so enter. Once inside my lord will find room enough.' On this the lion crouched and wriggled his body within the construction, leaving his tail outside, but this the carpenter quickly curled up and stuffed in along with the rest of him, afterward hastily closing the door with a plank and nailing it down.

"Thereupon the hapless lion tried to burst the walls, but the sharp points of the nails pierced his skin in a hundred places, so that he became covered with blood and mad with pain and roared forth, 'Wretch of a carpenter, what kind of a house hast thou made for me and what are these points that pierce me?' The man with a voice of triumph replied: 'It is Ibn-Adam's house, and those are the nail points of Ibn-Adam! Dog of the desert, thou shalt learn now whether Ibn-Adam, little, feeble and ugly as he is, cannot get the better of thy ferocious force and lordly greatness.'

"Uttering these terrible words, the little old man kindled a torch, swept the chips up all round the box and set it on fire. And thus I, the goose, speechless with surprise and consternation, beheld my noble companion consumed alive and dying the most dreadful death, while Ibn-Adam, the man, went off laughing to himself with his basket of tools."—London Telegraph.

MODERN PASSPORTS.

NOT LIKE THE OLD PASSPORTS OF INTERNATIONAL LAW.

The Certificates Issued by Uncle Sam Are Simply Vouchers of Citizenship and Evidence of the Holder's Right to Our Protection.

"Passports are not required in Europe," said the chief of the passport bureau of the department of state. "That is to say, a passport is not needed to secure admission to any of the countries except Russia and Turkey. Should the tourist intend to remain at any particular place on the continent for a long time, should he intend to take up a temporary residence or engage in business, for instance, then he is called upon to establish his identity, and this can best be done by means of a passport. The present passport is not the old passport of international law. That was a safe conduct to a man, with permission to go through a country, given by the ruler of that country. It then became a paper given by a sovereign to a person about to enter upon a voyage requesting the sovereigns of the countries to be visited to permit him to enter. The language used in our passports now is to let the person to whom it is issued 'pass freely and to give him all lawful aid and protection.'

"As a matter of fact, the American passport has never been issued to a foreigner to travel in this country, as a passport has never been required here except in brief periods and limited areas during wartimes. The passports which are being issued now are certificates of American citizenship and an evidence of the person who holds one to the right of American protection. The only real passports, in the old international law sense, that the department of state has ever issued were sent to Mr. Polo, the Spanish minister, and Lord Sackville, the British minister. They were addressed to officers of the United States, giving safe conduct to the bearers, and were merely a formality, having no weight at all, because anybody is free to travel in the United States so long as he does not violate the law. Occasionally a foreign minister about to go away on leave asks for and receives from the department one of these safe conducts, but they are rare and have not numbered three in three years.

"The ordinary passport issued by other governments is similar to that which we give our citizens, both in wording and purpose. Some foreign countries before recognizing the validity of a passport require that a vise be affixed, denoting that it has been examined and is authentic. The vise in some cases must be attached in the country where the passport is issued by a diplomatic or consular officer of the government requiring it, sometimes simply by such officer anywhere and then again at times at the frontier of the country to which admission is sought. Should an American citizen, either native or naturalized, require a passport or identification while abroad he has the right to call upon the nearest American diplomatic or consular officer for it.

"It is safe for an American citizen to visit any country of Europe, provided he has not violated the laws in any of them. In those nations where military service is required of subjects a native emigrating to the United States and taking up citizenship here is free to return, provided he has not been summoned to perform the service at the time he departed, but no naturalized citizen can return to his mother country with impunity. If he violated any of the laws, deserted from the army, etc., he will probably be apprehended by the parent government upon his return, and the passport will not protect him, because a man cannot avoid punishment for the infringement of the laws of one country by becoming a citizen of another. Russia, Turkey and, in a less degree, Italy and Switzerland adhere to the doctrine of perpetual allegiance. Switzerland and Italy do not commonly assert it against subjects who have become naturalized citizens of the United States. The department of state has had prolonged correspondence protesting against the attitude of Turkey and Russia, but has been unable so far to secure the desired concessions.

"Our laws, you know, do not extend beyond the jurisdiction of this government, and while we may by statute proclaim the right of expatriation we cannot enforce it in either Russia or Turkey. The czar of Russia and the sultan of Turkey, when our citizens enter their domains, have to be consulted concerning this divine right. The tendency of all modern international intercourse is in favor of its recognition, but that will do one little good should he be arrested in Russia or Turkey and thrown into jail. There he may, it is true, reflect upon his divine right and also upon his actual incarceration. As a matter of fact, neither Russia nor Turkey carries its power to an extreme. It frequently happens that a naturalized citizen returning to his home in either country is apprehended and thrown into prison. Things are made uncomfortable for him for awhile, and he is subsequently released with a warning. His experience is a sufficient lesson to warn others never to return, and thus the purpose of the czar and the sultan is accomplished."—Chicago Record.

No Use.

"Your age, madam?" the census enumerator asked, preparing to write the answer in its appropriate blank.

"Aren't you the same man who took the census here ten years ago?" she inquired, looking at him closely.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied, with a sly smile.

"Well," she said after a pause, "I'm 33 now, of course."—Chicago Tribune.

Her Graciousness.

She was one of those dear, sweet, simple, confiding souls—the sort of woman you like once for what she is and twice for the superior being she makes you feel you are—and she came into a drug store where I was. A girl of the fluffy type was with her. The sweet soul tripped up to the proprietor of the establishment and in the most appealing voice asked if she might be permitted to look at the city directory. Of course, the druggist laid it before her with a flourish. She thanked him effusively, and then she and the fluffy girl bent above it for an absorbed quarter of an hour. Having found what they sought, they closed the book and were about to leave the shop when the grateful heart of the sweet creature prompted her to pause.

"Oh, Alice," she said, "I really must buy something before we go. It isn't right to put the man to all that trouble and use his directory and all and then not buy anything. Wait just a minute."

Clearly she had seen her duty and meant to do it. Back she stepped to the counter and beamed graciously on the proprietor behind it.

"I'd like five 2 cent stamps, please," she said.—Washington Star.

His Auburn Haired Lassie.

"When I was a youth, I always admired red haired girls," said an exlake captain. "Blonds and brunettes," he continued, "weren't in it with the auburn haired lasses. One day, however, I changed my mind, and this is how it happened: A party of us went fishing below Bay City. Among the party was a redheaded girl, who was a cousin of my host. We anchored to a boom log and were having a jolly time when along came the stern wheel steamer White Star. The wake waves upset us, and down we went. I'll never forget my ideal when she came to the surface. Those lovely bangs and red hair were plastered on her face like paper on the wall, and my ideal came to naught. Indigo blue suits were then the style, and I had one on. You should have seen the color of the water when I came up. It was a case of mutual dislike. The girl ever after had no use for blue, and I had no use for red."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Getting On.

"How are you getting on with your photography?"

"Well," answered the young man with brown finger tips, "I'm doing better. The snap shot portrait I took of Mr. Curmudge must have been recognizable."

"You are sure of that?"

"Perfectly, for as soon as Curmudge saw it he said he could whip the man who made that picture."—Exchange.

That Crying Baby.

When a baby cries at an entertainment, turn around and look disapprovingly at its mother. She is not pinching it to make it cry, is trying her best to hush it and probably had no one to leave it with at home. But that makes no difference. By no means remember that you were a baby once yourself.—Atchison Globe.

Near It.

Shopman—Here is a very nice thing in revolving bookcases, madam.

Mrs. Newrich—Oh, are those revolving bookcases? I thought they called them circulating libraries.—London King.

Banner Ground Floor Studio.
The Best Work in All Varieties known to the art we are prepared to do in the best manner, as we have the finest arranged Studio in this part of the State. Give us a call before going elsewhere and see for yourselves.
F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, JUYL 13, 1900.

A CHEAP HOUSE.

It is the opinion of men well qualified to judge that Massachusetts never had to put up with a cheaper Legislature than the present one. Not only is the membership aggregation composed of intellectual featherweights, but in a moral sense it compares unfavorably with former bodies of lawmakers.

These remarks apply more particularly to the House. The Senate is made up of men fairly intelligent and generally honest—its standing with the people is far better than that of the lower branch.

In the first place, the House is unfortunate in its head man. He is rightfully classed as an invertebrate, a presiding officer who wobbles, one who does not know what is wanted, nor which way to reach for it. This begets confusion and a looseness of proceedure detrimental to public interests.

Nominally the House is Republican; actually, it is a combination devoted to the business of promoting private welfare. It is led, ruled and directed by a few smart Democrats whose aim is plunder and anything to beat the Republicans. There are a few stalwart Republicans in the House, men of brains and acknowledged integrity; but their influence with the mass of members who were sent there by Republican votes, but whose object is "revenue only," is 0, and the smart and conscienceless Democrats have everything their own way.

Proceedings on the Boston & Albany lease is a good illustration of what a majority of alleged Republicans are in the House for. Are there any so blind as not to see through the object of the dillydallying on that measure? We reckon not. There were no such delays, hitches, backings and fillings on the Fitchburg lease. Why? Because there was no boodle in it.

Notwithstanding the strenuous efforts put forth to induce them to do so, the Boston & Albany Managers refused positively to "come down" a penny, and disappointment overwhelmed the spirits of the House.

When the public with one accord, pronounce the present House a cheap one, intellectually and morally, they hit the nail squarely on the head.

P. S. The Boston & Albany lease passed the House last Wednesday afternoon. Both Representatives from this District voted for it and thus did them selves credit.

OUR BANK DEPOSITS.

The following statement of the net deposits in all the National Banks of the United States is interesting:

Sept. 7, 1899,	$1,270,766,065
Dec. 19, 1893,	793,100,325
Republican Increase,	$477,665,740

These three lines show that the increase in the deposit of the National Banks between 1893, the first year of President Cleveland's second administration, and September 7, 1899, was $477,665,740. If we make a comparison between the end of 1896, toward the close of the Democratic Administration, with last year, we have the following:

Sept. 7, 1899,	$1,270,766,065
Dec. 17, 1896,	852,604,858
Republican increase,	$418,161,207

This shows that within three years the increase in the National Bank deposits exceeded $418,000,000. There was, therefore, an increase of only $70,000,000 in the National Bank deposits during President Cleveland's term, but an increase of $418,000,000 during three years of President McKinley's term.

☞ Mayor Davis, it is said, is reluctant to run for a third term, but if the pressure continues he may give way to it. President Blodgett of the Council has loomed up recently as a candidate, and he may be taken up by the Republicans and boomed on the High School issue. Ever since Mr. Blodgett's election to the Council his friends have looked upon him as Mayor Davis's successor. The Blodgett forces rely on the school question to carry their man to the nomination, either as a regular party candidate or from the Municipal League.—*Boston Globe.*

Barring the "pressure" on Mayor Davis, and several other things, the above is a fair and impartial statement of the Mayoralty situation in this city. Instead of relying solely, or chiefly, "on the school question" for his nomination, the friends of Mr. Blodgett rely on the good sense of the people to elect him Mayor Davis's successor next December.

☞ About Sept. 1, the National, State, Congressional, and Districts campaign will open in real earnest. During the vacation season politics will, of necessity, be quiet, but on and after the above date the whole country will be ablaze. This is Presidential year and hot times may be expected. Representatives to the National House are also to be elected all over the Union, and that means work and oratory galore. There is no need to fear but that the country will get enough of it between the advent of fall and the ides November.

☞ Representative Bennett, the irrepressible, of Saugus has had an agent in this city lately looking after Senatorial matters. He wants to go to the Senate. The story is that Kean of Stoneham is backing out of the contest. He learned that the Woburn parties who promised him Woburn delegates can't deliver the goods, and so he don't know that he cares a continental about the case, anyway. It was lucky for him that he found out in season that "all that glisters is not gold."

☞ With the rejection by the City Council of the committee's report in favor of the Dow property on Montvale avenue as a site for the new schoolhouse, and the Mayor's threatened veto of the Council's order for a loan of $100,000 with which to build it, the prospect for additional school accommodations this year is far from encouraging. Indeed, the general feeling seems to be that the new schoolhouse has been done for, at least, for the present.

☞ The opposition in this city to the renomination of Congressman Knox seems to be disappearing. It never amounted to much, and the little there was a month ago is vanishing. News from other parts of the District is far from comforting to the souls of the small knot of would-be politicians who were going to "down Knox," and they don't feel so much like fighting him as they did.

☞ Col. Charles F. Woodward of Wakefield, the originator of many street railroads in this part of the county, an enterprising, public spirited gentleman, with a plenty of money and financial backing, is the main projector of the proposed electric road from Woburn to Arlington Heights via Lexington. He will make it go.

☞ In its last Monday's issue the Boston *Herald* came out flatfooted in favor of the Republican Party and election of McKinley and Roosevelt.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Glazier—Lost.
F. H. Dixon—Notice.
F. C. S. Bank—Officers.
H. E. Bucklan & Co.—Dr. King.

— Sunday was another scorcher.

— Locke, tuner, telephone, this page.

— The days have decreased in length just 15 minutes.

— Brooks's "Woburna" is the ideal drink for this hot weather.

— Nellie and Elizabeth Murphy are visiting at Providence, R. I.

— Mrs. Mary E. Millett is spending the summer at Antrim, N. H.

— Gage & Co. continue to make the finest men's suits in the country.

— How about that Rag Rock Park? What did the city buy the hill for?

— The Co-operative Bank held its regular monthly meeting last evening.

— The family of Dr. Robert Chalmers are rusticating down on the Cape.

— The North Congregational church went on a picnic to the beach last Tuesday.

— It was just no trick at all to wring tepid water out of the atmosphere last Saturday.

— About the liveliest place in town these days is Copeland & Bowser's dry goods store.

— An investigation of the Kelley fire by the State Fire Marshal's Assistant has been held.

— Mr. Roberts has been engaged as traveling salesman for a large furniture house in this city.

— Myron Glazier has lost a diary with money in it. The finder will be rewarded. See ad.

— Mr. and Mrs. William A. Preston are spending their vacation at Dennis on the Cape.

— Water was cut off in some sections of the city Tuesday, and the usual growling ensued.

— Excellent work is being done on Sturgis street near Horn Pond by the Highway Department.

— Large delegations of Pilgrim Fathers visited the brethren at Wakefield last Monday evening.

— Mr. Edward E. Parker is making changes and additions to the heating plant in Lyceum Hall building.

— The moon fulled yesterday. Now that it has entered on the wane rain may be expected with confidence.

— Mr. Charles A. Burdett, of the Burdett Commercial College, Boston, and family are at Intervale, N. H.

— It is reported that a Harvard Professor is to deliver the address at dedication of the Rumford monument.

— The Board of Public Works have been putting in new hydrants in the business portion of the city this week.

— Lawyer Geo. F. Bean was in this city last Tuesday. He probably erred on the date of the next band concert.

— Rebuilding of the N. W. street railroad track between the ice bridge and Winchester Common is in progress.

— The farmers say they never had better haymaking weather in their lives than this season. The crop is a dandy one.

— Supt. Brackett had to put on several extra cars to take the North Church people to the picnic last Tuesday.

— Several of the tanneries in this city are being provided with fire escapes. It is a step in the right direction.

— All kinds of repairing at Leathe's. Our $2.50 hand welt calf shoes for men are equal to any $3 advertised shoes.

— Rev. L. Akeson, pastor of the Scan. Ev. Free church, will go to New Hampshire for a vacation early in August.

— The New England beaches were never so full of people as at the present time, and hotel and boardinghouse proprietors are happy.

— Mr. L. Waldo Thompson has recently had new photographs taken of the Baldwin Apple monument with a portrait attachment.

— Last Friday night the blacksmith's shop on Broad street owned and occupied by Mr. Thomas F. Kelley was partly destroyed by fire.

— A certain Alderman didn't win any glory by the introduction of a resolution anent the Ald. Conn case at the last meeting of the Board.

— The officers of Crystal Fount Lodge, I. O. O. F., were installed by Dept. Grand Master George H. Keay and suite last Monday evening.

— James A. Brown is recovering from the injuries which he received a year and a half ago, and will eventually be able to engage in business again.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf

— Mrs. P. Carlson is entertaining a great deal of company at her pleasant home on Sherman Place. The visitors would experience considerable difficult in finding more genial or better entertainers than Mr. and Mrs. Carlson.

1817 1900

CARPETS.

Every purchaser of Carpets—whether for the smallest room or the biggest hotel—wants his mind satisfied on three points, namely:

PRICE—QUALITY—STYLE.

It is because we convince our customers as to every one of these requirements that we confidently expect YOUR patronage.

John H. Pray & Sons Co.,
658 Washington Street . . . BOSTON.
Opp. Boylston Street.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

GOING AWAY?

NEED A NEW TOOTH BRUSH?
A HAIR BRUSH? A SPONGE? OR
ANY OTHER TOILET NEED?
ALL SUCH THINGS GALORE
AT "The Prescription Store."

HUNTLEY'S,
417 MAIN STREET.
Successors to PARKER, THE DRUGGIST.

We've got the GOODS and disposition to make your New Suit and Overcoat, and only await your order.

G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street. - - - - - - - Woburn

— The Girls Recreation Club will give a lawn party on Tidd ave. this evening. This is a new social organization, with a good membership of fair ones.

— Where are the "Mary Janes" this summer? It is about time they were preparing for their grand annual fishing voyage on the broad Atlantic Ocean.

— Good roads and sidewalks first, Mr. Mayor, then the people will join hands with you for parks, boulevards, or anything in that line that you may ask for.

— The concert given by the Brass Band on the Common last Wednesday evening was a fine one, and a great crowd of people listened to it with pleasure.

— Mr. Thomas J. Feeney, of the School Board, Mrs. Feeney, the lad Feeney, and Mrs. Feeney's sister, go to Old Orchard next week for a summer outing.

— By economy and good business management Capt. Wyer has increased the revenues of the Woburn Postoffice several thousand dollars during his administration.

— During the discussion of the schoolhouse question before the Council the other evening, President Blodgett rather took the wind out of Mayor Davis's sails.

— Joseph F. Malloney, a gentleman who stands away up near the top in the councils of the Socialist Labor Party, will deliver an address on the Common tomorrow evening.

— Mr. Clarence Littlefield, foreman, reports business from fair to middling at the Barker lumber yards. It will be better when a good strong building boom strikes this city again.

— Should the Woburn & Lexington street railroad be built it will bring into the market the best residential part of Woburn. It is to be hoped that Col. Woodward will put it through.

— Major H. C. Hall returned last Tuesday evening from the funeral of his brother at Norridgewock, Maine. This death leaves the Major the last surviving member of the family.

— George Durward sells as good meat of all kinds, and vegetables straight from their native soil, and as cheap, as any marketman in this city. He enjoys an excellent patronage.

— Nowell, the photographer, will sail in his yacht Helen tomorrow for Bar Harbor, Mt. Desert, Maine Coast. He will remain in Eastern Maine waters until near the close of August.

— Mr. Theodore L. Pierce of Lexington street will please accept our benedictions for a big bunch of sweet peas. In size and brilliancy they eclipsed anything we have seen this year.

— The large increase of song and other birds in the groves and meadows, so reported from all quarters, may account for the marked decrease of English sparrows in the streets. Who knows?

— Soda fountains have been put to their swiftest paces this week. The weather has been favorable for the sale of soda water, and proprietors have not been slow to "make hay while the sun shines."

— The family of Captain William C. Parker of Arlington Road will spend the month of August at Orr's Island on the coast of Maine, the scene of Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Pearl of Orr's Island."

— Last Wednesday afternoon Mr. William Woodberry shook hands with old neighbors when driving along Main street with his daughter, Mrs. Henry M. Aldrich. He is a very old man, but still bright and smart.

— Mrs. Susan E. Harvie, teacher in the Montvale school, and her daughter Cora V. are about to start on their vacation outing. They have been talking of Silver Lake as the scene of their summer rest.

— Our town is visited almost daily by agents of Lowell office-seekers, but it is not learned that they cut much ice. Woburn Republicans have a way of thinking for themselves and of doing the right thing at the right time.

— A correspondent asks, in serious vein, and for information, if the canons of male fashions allow, or approve of, a combination of dress composed of a straw hat, Prince Albert coat, and yellow shoes? We do not know.

— At last accounts Mr. Woods, B. & M. train despatcher in Boston, had hold of the helm at the Woburn Centre station. It takes a good man to fill the place occupied by the late Mr. Junkins, and it is said that Mr. Woods fills the bill.

— Mr. A. P. Tabor, salesman at the store of Hammond & Son, principal clothiers, contemplates passing his vacation in the Maratime Provinces, starting tomorrow, with Prince Edwards Island as his first objective point.

— Mr. E. C. Colman is one of Woburn's most successful farmers. His farm has no superior anywhere. Likewise, Mr. Colman does a large and profitable business in horses, ponies, carriages, etc., on Portland street, Boston.

— The alarm from box 49 at 8.45 Tuesday evening was caused by the exploding of a lamp in the sitting-room of the house occupied by a family named Naergard on Montvale Road, Montvale, which burned the table cover and floor mats.

— In answer to a question in these columns last week Assessor Prior tells us that information respecting the boundaries of city lots cannot be obtained from the books of the Assessors, for the simple reason that they are not of record.

— The "horny handed yeoman" is a great man about these times in the eyes of the office-seekers. This is the year and season of the year when the above named class of persons go about kissing babies, according to Democratic forms and usages.

— Captain John E. Tidd and wife are at Ogunquit, Wells, Maine, for rest and pleasure. They admire that quiet nook on the Atlantic, and as for getting acquainted with folks the Captain says that is as easy as rolling off a log, for they are all Littlefields there.

— Mrs. Whittemore, who was so kindly remembered by the W. C. T. U. on her 80th birthday last Saturday, is an aunt of Mrs. Warren P. Fox, and a most estimable woman. The interests of the W. C. T. U. and those of them temperance cause lay very near her heart.

— Mr. A. J. Simonson, the builder, and family left here for Youngstown, Ohio, yesterday for a permanent residence there. They were given a pleasant farewell party on Wednesday evening which was attended and enjoyed by quite a large company of friends and neighbors.

— It is said that the Trustees propose selling the Warren Academy property on Warren avenue, and that it will not be used any more for school purposes. How much reliance is to be placed on the report we are unable to say. The Academy was founded 63 years ago, and is owned by the Congregational denomination. It has been of but small use for some years past, except as a home for some of the public schools and the Industrial School.

— Mrs. Alderman B. H. Nichols expects to go to Hope, Maine, on July 24, where she will remain the rest of the vacation season. The Alderman will probably stay at home until his wife gets ready to return to her Warren Avenue fireside when he will go down and accompany her to it.

— We are not deeply in love with President Elliot's epitaph for the Rumford monument, feeling that it fails to record the merits of that distinguished scientist as fully and accurately as it should, but the mechanical work of the bronze tablets is above criticism. It comes pretty near being fine art.

— The local Flower Mission have already sent a great number of bouquets to the Boston headquarters and intend to wage an active campaign during the summer. Thousands of poor children in Boston, and many in hospitals, derive great joy and delight from the contributions of the Mission.

— It does the wagoner's soul good to quit the rolling cobblestones, bits of granite, and holes on Salem street and find when he reaches the business centre of the town pieces of highways about as large as aprons worn by tidy women beautifully swept by the street broom. It relieves his feelings greatly.

— Mr. Albert D. Williams has been transferred to an important position in the Chicago store of Baeder, Adamson & Co., and is succeeded as Superintendent of the Woburn Glue Works by Mr. William A. Marshall, graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and son of Mr. John Knox Marshall of the above firm.

— The factory of Beggs & Cobb, the largest in New England, if not in the country, is turning out 2000 sides of leather a day, and rushing business generally. About one half of their striking buffers were taken back, and these with the apprentices are all that are needed to do the work. The B. & C. establishment is a highly properous one.

— The city will be likely to breathe easier now that the salary of the Inspector of Plumbing has been settled. It was a weighty question and the Council wrestled long and earnestly over it. We have no positive information concerning the subject but are inclined to think that Mr. Cassidy is the official who will pocket the salary. He is competent and a square man.

— Mr. Henry Eustis Smith and Lady will, providence permitting, leave for Ogunquit, Wells, Maine, tomorrow. It would be a very difficult task to make those two estimable people believe that there is a finer summer resort on the Coast of Maine than Ogunquit. And right there they demonstrate to the world that they carry level heads on their shoulders.

— J. R. Carter & Co. are loading their coal premises to the brim with coal of all kinds preparatory for the fall and winter trade. A great many people put in their winter's supply in July and August, and Carter & Co. are busy these days filling such orders. Theirs is an old and reliable concern, and they find it an easy trick to secure a plenty of good business.

— Rev. Dr. Scudder, pastor of First church, this city, attended the Catechetical Conferance at Andover last Tuesday and with other ministers discussed the subject "Parochialism Instead of Evangelism—The Example set by Roman Catholics." He is the author of a Catechism which has been highly commended by the religious press and pulpit.

— A competative examination for nomination as Cadets at Large from Massachusetts, under a recent law of Congress, to the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, will be held at 9 o'clock a. m. Thursday, July 19, in the examination room, No. 15, of the Civil Service Commission, at the State House Boston. Candidates must be physically and mentally sound, not under 17 nor over 22, years of age.

— Captain C. P. Jayne has a fine oil painting of the Taku forts at the mouth of Pei-Ho River, China, which were successfully bombarded by the fleets of the Allied Powers on June 17. He is familiar with the forts and surrounding scenes, having been for several years in command of ships engaged in Chinese and other Pacific Ocean commerce before the decline of American shipping interests.

— The letterbox at Montvale was blown up and wrecked on the morning of the 4th by parties bent on malicious mischief. The matter was reported to the Postoffice Department and the affair looked into by its agents. The guilty parties are known to the Department, and in due time their case will be attended to. Possibly they may learn that destroying or injuring letterboxes, or other U. S. property, is dangerous business.

— Fred Olson, one of the bevy of fair gatetenders at the Church ave. crossing, has a flower garden underway that holds out high promise of becoming a beauty as the season progresses. It is planted to choice bloomers, and is already a brilliant spot. Mr. Waterman Brown, one of the fair bevy, takes but very little interest in Mr. Olson's garden because, forsooth, it is not covered all over with marigolds, sunflowers, and motherwort.

— It was a shame to burn the old Wyman house on Wyman street. Mr. Arthur B. Wyman and other owners had, only a few days before, given the building to Mr. George E. Robinson, a Montvale farmer, who was to use its timbers in the erection of a dwelling-house. For such a purpose it had considerable value and Mr. Robinson was engaged in removing the large beams, posts, etc., when somebody wickedly set fire to and destroyed it.

— If there is any sweeter music than that produced by the accordeon and tambourine, by two Italian boys, on a hot afternoon, accompanied by vocal numbers in Italian, we confess our ignorance of where it is located. By such music our spirits were greatly soothed last Wednesday afternoon. The best regulated and most reliable thermometers indicated 87 in the shade, and the press of Editorial duties weighed heavily on the vital forces of an overtaxed physical system, but that music, as it came floating gently in through the open casement, drove away dull care and helped to sweeten life—a great deal.

The Cut makes the fit;
The Fit makes the suit;
The Suit makes the man—so far as appearance goes.

It is our pride that no expenditure is spared—either in respect to materials or intelligent workmanship—in the manufacture of the

HIGH-GRADE CLOTHING

with which our name has been identified for so many years.

☞ Garments are made in our own *clean* workrooms in the same building in which our salesrooms are located—constantly, therefore, under our own careful supervision.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY,
400 Washington St.—BOSTON—400 Washington St.

Some Things New!

At THE PILL BOX for health and comfort. In Japan there are no cotton or linen kerchiefs.

Paper Napkins for Pocket, Table, Parties.

1000's in beautiful designs. YOU NEED THEM.

The Famous Wingpoo Fan. | Boston price 18c. OUR PRICE 17c. | SECOND SUPPLY

Save Shirt Waist Cuffs. Wear Baskets, 7c. pair.

Other usefuls you won't be without, NEXT TO P. O.

PIANO TUNER REPAIRER AND REGULATOR
LOCKE

CORRECT PIANO TUNING AND REPAIRING,
BY FRANK A. LOCKE.
24 YEARS EXPERIENCE.

Tuner in Woburn for a great many years. Every unison, octave and chord so evenly balanced and smoothly tuned as to make the harmony on your piano an exquisite pleasure to listen to. No jagged, rough, harsh, uneven chords so often left by tuners. Recommendations from manufacturers, dealers, teachers, colleges and the musical profession. Prices reasonable.

Boston Office: 179 Tremont St., Boston. Telephone 17-2 Jamaica.

Woburn Office, Moore & Parker's, 375 Main St.

NEURALGIA
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DR. GORDON'S MALARIAL TABLETS

THE BOMB
That Deals Death to Disease.

Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets

Recognized medical authorities concede that Pneumonia and Grippe are the outcome of the malarial germ. It is here (the root of the evil) where Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets arrest the cause of disease, and hence are recognized as reliable by the medical fraternity. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take.

For sale by druggists everywhere, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price—if your dealer can't supply you. 50c. a Box.
EDWARD C. CHURCH, Boston, Mass.
GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Wholesale Agents.

— Fine rain, rainbows, and Italian sunset last evening. This morning, July 13, is elegant.

— By the explosion of an oil tank car at Somerville last evening one man was killed and 100 badly burned.

— Mrs. Stevenson of Bedford st., recently thrown from a bicycle and hurt, is in the Mass. Gen. Hospital. Her condition is precarious.

— Mr. Leon L. Dorr of this city is an officer and leader in the Epworth League, by which token his services as speaker and adviser are in demand. Last week he addressed the E. L. convention at Lynn and in reporting its proceedings the Boston *Herald* on last Friday gave his portrait, which was a good one. Mr. Dorr thinks for himself, is an interesting platform advocate, and better than all, has the cause of the League, and all that it stands for, honestly at heart. He is often called to address out of town meetings.

— Some 3 or 4 years ago there was a controversy in the School Board and public prints over a proposition to have two daily sessions of the High School. Last Wednesday an intelligent gentleman of this city came to the JOURNAL office and hit the Editor this wise: "Say, what is it about this two sessions a day of the High School? What are the arguments used pro and con?" It can be safely said that that was a case of behind the times. Whether the man had been thinking about the question all these years, or not, we are unable to say.

— We are in receipt of a copy of the fifth edition of Darrah's Official Street Railway Guide, 1900, for Eastern New England, with all the changes, additions and improvements up to date. It is handsomely illustrated with pictures of ancient historical buildings, water and landscapes, besides every street railway, distances and fares between towns, and other valuable information. It is compiled by Robert H. Darrah, 53 Devonshire street, Boston, and published by Darrah Excursion and Publication Co. To patrons of electric cars the Guide is indispensible.

— Mr. Frank C. Nichols, the ice merchant of this city, and family have gone to their summer estate at Littlejohn Island, Casco Bay, Maine, for a season of rest and repose. Several other Woburn people share the occupancy of that delightful resort with the Nicholses, and all of them are of one opinion, to wit, that Littlejohn Island is the lovliest spot on this mundane sphere. It is about 7 miles from the wharves at Portland, just ferninst Yarmouth Foreside, one of the alleged 365 Islands in the Bay, and a famous place for comfort and health in hot weather.

— That move for the removal of the electric roads turnout in front of the JOURNAL office was a flash in the pan. Why anyone started it is next door to the incomprehensible. The hearing developed one singular fact: Gen. Manager Foster of the Lynn & Boston Co. stated that the narrowest part of Main street (opposite McGrath's store) over which the turnout is laid, is 5 feet wider than Washington street, Boston, opposite Jordan, Marsh & Co.'s, where there is a double track of electric road. And it would take a mint of money to get Jordan, Marsh & Co to consent to the removal of either of those tracks.

— A party of Highlands ladies went to Marblehead last Tuesday and got "all tuckered out."

— Mr. John C. Andrews of the *News* is spending his annual vacation down in the Provinces.

— Mrs. J. M. Temple and children of Athol are visiting Mrs. Temple's brother, Mr. C. E. Reed, on Franklin street.

— Mr. Frederick G. King, a son inlaw of Mrs. Harriet and the late Joseph B. Sawtelle, died at his home in this city on Wednesday night of bright's disease.

— Mrs. A. T. Rice entertained her S. S. class at her home, 14 Cleveland avenue, Tuesday afternoon. Games were played and the little folks were treated to ice cream, cakes and confectionary. The personnel of the merry party was: Pearle Jones, Lizzie Hart, Dorothy Dunton, Fred Dunton, Elliot DeLoriea, Jacob Ellis, Roy Brown.

— Crosby, Buchanan, Brigham and Wyer will officially represent Innitou Canoe Club at the meet of the American Canoe Association to be held at Muskoka county, Canada, in August. They will leave here August 3, to be accompanied by other members of the Club. This will be the first time Innitou has been represented at the A. C. A., and the boys are lotting on a grand time.

— The Woburn High School boys in taking examination for the higher institutions have given a good account of themselves. We have not heard from them all, but have been informed that William Bixby and Eugene Russell have passed their final examinations to the Institute of Technology with credit, and that Harold Johnson passed his Harvard examinations without conditions and with honors in several subjects. Harry West tried the preliminary examinations at the Institute and passed on all subjects he undertook. All of which is creditable to the boys and speaks well of the Woburn High School and its corps of teachers.

— In another part of this paper we print the names of the new officers of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, from which it will be learned that no changes to speak of were made at the late election. The Bank is a solid institution. It was never in better condition than at the present time, nor public confidence in its management stronger. Considering the conditions of trade and labor it is rather a remarkable fact that its deposits have increased in number and amount during the past year, and since April 1 the increase has been marked. The Bank has no mortgage property on its hands, which also speaks well for its management.

— A delightful musicale was given by Miss Irma G. Tay, the popular pianoforte teacher, and pupils at her residence, No. 56 Bow street, last Monday evening. There was a large attendance of music loving people who were treated not only to a fine concert but to refreshments with which to wind up the happy affair. Miss Tay's pupils, who were assisted by Boston talent, acquitted themselves in the most creditable manner. The programme included a piano solo by Miss Eva Page; baritone solo, Mr. F. H. Murray, Boston; piano duet, Miss Mabel Milligan of Wilmington and Miss Tay; readings, Miss Alice Whitcomb; piano solo, Miss Milligan; tenor solo, Mr. W. W. Hix of Boston; piano solo, Miss Eva Page; piano solo, Miss Tay; vocal duet, Messrs. Hix and Murray. A social followed the entertainment.

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
☞ Class Lessons if desired.
12 Franklin St., Woburn.
Tuesdays and Fridays at 153 Tremont Street Boston.

Seasonable Goods
—AT—
Reasonable Prices.

	PER CAN
Good Southern Tomatoes	7c
Best " " 3 cans for 25c.	9
Imperial Tomatoes	12
Larsen's Sweet Peas	13
Good Corn	8
Honey Drop Corn	12
Best Southern String Beans	9
White Wax " "	10
Best String Beans	12
Honey Drop Lima Beans	12
Red Kidney Beans	10
Shelled Beans	12
Honey Drop Succotash	12
Asparagus Tips	25
Best gallon Apples	25

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank Corporation.

The Annual Meeting of the Corporation was held Friday, July 6th, 1900. The following named persons were chosen officers for the ensuing year, viz:

President, Benjamin Hinckley.
Vice Presidents, Charlie A. Jones, John Winn, John R. Carter.
Clerk and Treasurer, Edward E. Thompson.
Auditors, Fred J. Brown, Elwyn G. Preston.
Trustees, Benjamin Hinckley, Charlie A. Jones, John Winn, John R. Carter, Elwyn G. Preston, John W. Johnson, Edward E. Thompson, L. Waldo Thompson, George E. Fowle, Gilman F. Jones, Squire B. Goddard, William Beggs, Fred. J. Brown, Herbert B. Dow, Luke W. Fowle, Henry M. Aldrich, Winthrop Hammond.
Committee of Investment, Benjamin Hinckley, Charlie A. Jones, John Winn, John R. Carter, L. Waldo Thompson, Squire B. Goddard, William Beggs, Herbert B. Dow, Luke W. Fowle.

The officers are the same as last year with one exception, Elwyn G. Preston, who was chosen on the Board of Trustees in place of Col. William T. Grammer, who after faithful service for many years declined a re-election.

The usual dividend was declared, payable on and after July 21st, 1900.

The following vote was passed:

Voted, That for the remainder of July and for the month of August the Bank close *Saturdays at 12 o'clock noon.*

EDWARD E. THOMPSON, Clerk.
Woburn, July 11, 1900.

A Thousand Tongues

Could not express the rapture of Annie E. Springer, of 1125 Howard st., Philadelphia, Pa., when she found that Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption had completely cured her of a hacking cough that for many years had made life a burden. All other remedies and docters could give her no help, but she says of this Royal Cure—"it soon removed the pain in my chest and I can now sleep soundly, something I can scarcely remember doing before. I feel like sounding its praise throughout the Universe." So will everyone who tries Dr. King's New Discovery for any trouble of the Throat, Chest and Lungs. Price 50c. and $1.00. Trial bottles free at Parker's Drug Store; every bottle guaranteed.

The increase in the foreign trade of the United States during the fiscal year just closed, as compared with the previous year, will probably aggregate over three hundred millions of dollars—by far the greatest in our history—and yet the proportion of our trade carried in American vessels was the lowest of any previous year.

A Card.

We, the undersigned, desire in this way to express our heartfelt thanks and appreciation to all the friends and neighbors who so kindly extended their aid and sympathy in our recent affliction, and especially to the Ladies Charitable Society of the Unitarian church.

MINNIE H. EMERY,
C. E. EMERY,
W. R. EMERY AND WIFE.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts.

During the fiscal year just closed our foreign commerce far exceeded that of any previous year, while American vessels carried a smaller proportion of it than ever before.

Sheep are worth more than twice as much this year in Utah as they were worth in 1895.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

SALVATION ARMY.—Meetings every evening at 8 o'clock. Every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 3 and 8 P. M. No. 26 Montvale Ave.

UNITARIAN.—Preaching by the pastor at 10.30 A. M. Subject: "The Voice of the Sea." After this service the church will be closed till Sept. 9.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—5th Sunday after Trinity.
Morning Prayer at 10.30.
Evening Prayer at 7.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Truth." All are welcome.

METHODIST.—Preaching by the pastor Rev. Frederick Woods, at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. At 5.45 Epworth League. General Prayer Meeting at 7 P. M. Class Meetings Tuesday, at 7.45 P. M. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.45 P. M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. C. B. Crane D. D. Subject: "The Man Who is Down." Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor Meeting at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "Enduring Hardness." Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer and Conference Meeting.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN.—5th Sunday after Trinity.
At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "What Think Ye of Christ."
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 7.15 P. M., Divine Service. Subject: "Almost Persuaded."
Thursday, Meeting of Y. P. S.
Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

SCAND. EV. FREE CHURCH.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Young People's Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.
Ludwig Akeson, Pastor.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, July 5, Florence E. Phinney, aged 26 years, 9 months, 15 days.

In this city, July 7, Jeremiah Buckley, aged 65 years.

In this city, July 8, Abigail P. Emery, aged 76 years, 6 months, 15 days.

In this city, July 10, Frederick G. King, aged 61 years.

In this city, July 11, Sarah M. Tyler, aged 76 years, 4 days.

Shirt Waists,
Summer House Dresses,
and Wrappers.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

City Council.

The Board held a regular meeting on Thursday evening, July 5. President Blodgett occupied the Chair.

A lengthy hearing was held on a petition to remove the North Woburn Street Railroad turnout on Main street from near Walnut st. to Broad st. The matter had been pigeonholed in the Board of Public Works for more than a year, and the public were mystified by its revival at this late day. A strong remonstrance was received by the Council on Thursday evening, and testimony was heard. Lawyer John P. Feeney ably conducted the case for the remonstrants and won it handsomely. Nobody appeared to father the petition, and it had no advocates at the hearing. The matter was indefinitely postponed.

Mayor Davis sent in a message announcing a settlement with Ald. Conn. —Permission was granted to W. C. Dodd to hold meetings on the Common on Saturday evenings and Sunday afternoons.—Numerous petitions for minor favors were received.

The conditions agreed on for franchise to extend the street railroad from North Woburn to Wilmington town line, including a 5-cents fare from Woburn and Winchester line to Wilmington, had two readings, and the City Clerk ordered to send a copy to the Lynn & Boston Street Railroad Co.

After a long and warm discussion between the Mayor, who had been invited to attend the meeting, the $100,000 order for a loan to build a new High School house, the order passed by a vote of 8 to 6. Mayor Davis gave notice that he should veto it.

The selection of the Dow property on Montvale ave. for the new schoolhouse made by a joint committee was rejected, 7 to 7. That, with the Mayor's threatened veto, means that the new schoolhouse scheme is stone dead for this year.

The salary of the Inspector of Plumbing, after a long delay and the practice of considerable cheap politics, was fixed at $600.

obbed The Grave.

A startling incident, of which Mr. John Oliver of Philidelphia, was the subject, is narrated by him as follows: "I was in a most dreadful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite—gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Fortunately, a friend advised trying 'Electric Bitters;' and to my great joy and surprise, the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks, and am now a well man. I know they have saved my life, and robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50c. guaranteed, at Parker's Drug Store.

Eightieth Birthday.

The almost unparalleled heat of last Saturday afternoon could not deter the ladies of the W. C. T. U. from meeting at the home of the President, Mrs. N. M. Thompson, to do honor to their oldest member, Mrs. Almira T. Whittemore, who on that day completed her eightieth year.

An hour was spent in congratulations, written or verbal; some in verse. Mrs. Whittemore, who was taken by surprise, expressed her heartfelt appreciation of all the kind things said to her. Mrs. C. E. Burdett-Taylor, being absent from town, contributed a bright poem, which was read to the company After recounting in humorous vein some of the manners and customs of eighty years ago, and touching upon the history that has been made in our country during this period, and the progress of art and science, Mrs. Taylor closed with these lines:

"Clasping hands, dear sister, may not both say
Life was never more worth living than to-day?
God spead thee on thy journey, make thee strong and bold,
Where mind and spirit conquer, one never *can* be old;
The life eternal counts not age by time,
Our forms no wrinkles wear, our heads no rime."

We were then invited to the dining-room where strawberries and cream with other dainties awaited us. After doing full justice to this part of the entertainment, Miss Preston stepped forward and, in behalf of the Union, presented to Mrs. Whittemore a very large bouquet of tearoses and carnations.

Then followed a little music and the company separated, voting it to have been a very enjoyable occasion.—PRESS SUPT.

It Dazzles The World.

No Discovery in medicine has ever created one quarter of the excitement that has been caused by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It's severest tests have been on hopeless victims of Consumption, Pneumonia, Hemorrhage, Pleurisy and Bronchitis, thousands of whom it has restored to perfect health. For Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Croup, Hay Fever, Hoarseness and Whooping Cough it is the quickest, surest cure in the world. It is sold by Huntley & Co. who guarantee satisfaction or refund money. Large bottles 50c and $1.00. Trial bottles free.

A Girl's College Education.

A graduate of Cornell University will tell in a carefully detailed article in the August *Ladies' Home Journal*, "How a Girl Can Work Her Way Through College." There are almost innumerable methods by which a girl can pay for her education while she is studying. Colleges and universities make most generous provision for young women and young men who are without money, but who have brains and energy. So no apt, worthy girl need be without a college education if she wants one and is determined to have it. This article will tell how it is to be obtained through personal effort.

(Written for the WOBURN JOURNAL.)

Old Schoolboy Memories.

II.

It was my good fortune to be one of the group of happy children who were the first to occupy the new primary schoolhouse on the corner of Main and Charles streets. It was a handsome schoolhouse and the contrast between it and the old red schoolhouse was so great that we were proud as well as happy. The first teacher was Miss Sarah E. Locke, who years afterwards became the wife of Jeduthan Richardson whose home was on the corner of Main and what was then called Pond street, now I believe Lake Avenue. Miss Locke, who was only a little out of her teens, was a splendid teacher, helping her pupils along the paths of learning and governing them in a way that gained and retained their love. Her efforts were not always appreciated by the strenuous boys in her school, and to such as tried her patience too far the memory of her lignum-vitae ruler still lingers in their minds.

Our schoolroom was new, and all the fixtures neat and attractive, but the walls were bare. Miss Locke was a lady of fine taste, with a love for the beautiful, and we had not been in the new house very long before she suggested that the scholars contribute something to a fund for wall pictures. Nearly all of us earned money out of school hours, picking berries, digging dandelions, and running of errands. These were the days before the street pedlar had been evolved, and housekeepers depended on school children for their greens and berries in their season, so we generally had some change for childish luxuries. Responding to Miss Locke's appeal, quite a little amount was raised to which she added a goodly sum from her small salary, and a number of the cheap colored lithograps common in that time were purchased and placed upon the walls, giving to the schoolroom an air of refinement which is always an aid to education.

We had no recognized director of music in the Woburn school system, but that did not restrain the harmonies of school life. Where was a man whom many will recall when they read the name of Asa Fitz. He was a writer of music for use in the public schools. I have one of his music books now, and looking over the pages and recalling the effect of his simple and touching melodies, my opinion of them is the same that it was half a century ago, and he deserves to be remembered for the good he did. Poor fellow, he became a recluse, lived by himself in a miserable hovel, and died a suicide. It was a sad ending of a life, the better part of which was spent in making children happy.

Our school was strong on music, and the way we would sing "Oh come, come away," "Lightly row," "Patter patter, let it pour," etc.. was something worth hearing. We did not have many books, for although Asa Fitz would visit us and teach us some songs, and offer his books for sale, the market was slow. However, we had a few song books and from these the whole school soon learned the tunes by note. The song first mentioned ran something like this,

"Oh come, come away,
From labor now reposing,
Let busy care a while forbear,
Oh come, come away."

A boy voice which happened to be the leading one, was soon detected in singing "Let busy care, a wife or bear," which was the way the words sounded to him. Miss Locke then stopped the class and very clearly pronounced the words, and after that there were no breaks.

Above us on Main street lived Samuel Caldwell. Across the street was the home of Elijah Wyman. Below us was the estate of Nathan Johnson and his wife "Milliner Johnson," as she was called, at that time the fashionable bonnet trimmer of the town. Mr. Johnson had a large orchard, and knowing the small boys weakness for fruit, had his fears for the crop on his trees. But he was wise in his generation. As soon as his peaches were ripe he gathered a great basket of the earliest and best and carried them over to the school yard and told the children to help themselves. He expressed a hope that we would not touch his trees, but if we wanted fruit come and ask him. His trees were never troubled, nor while I went to school there did he forget his annual basket of the first fruits of his orchard.

In a primary school the children have some leisure, and Miss Locke, to keep us out of mischief encouraged all, boys as well as girls, to do some hand-work. Of course we had never heard of sloid, so common in the up-to-date educational system of the present, but it was the idea out of which sloid was evolved. We were taught to sew, to knit lace and work perforated card book marks. Among the most highly prized treasures preserved from school days is the lace trimming of a pair of pillow cases which Miss Locke showed me how to knit. No boy to day could be induced to do such work, because it is not the fashion.

We had our manly sports, and played ball, did "stumps," ran races, went in swimming at the sluice in the canal, caught fish off Ingalls's rock, climbed Rag Rock, and on May Days ventured as far away as the summit of Horn Pond Mountain.

As I said in a previous paper, boys were allowed to enter the High School, so called, at the age of 10. My tenth birthday occurred in June while the school began in May. John D. Tidd was on the school board at the time and I asked him for permission to enter at the beginning of the term. So well had Miss Locke instructed me that he gave his consent and I went down town to school. Miss Locke is remembered by me with tender affection, and I believe also by all who were her pupils when she taught the Main Street Primary. It is a long time since she left us, but "the memory of the just is blessed."

O. S. B.

He Fooled The Surgeons.

All doctors told Renick Hamilton, of West Jefferson, O., after suffering 18 months from Rectal Fistula, he would die unless a costly operation was performed; but he cured himself with five boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the surest Pile cure on Earth, and the best Salve in the World. 25 cents a box. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

Although about 420,000 tons of merchant vessels were built in the United States during the year which ended on June 30, 1900, the Commissioner of Navigation says there will be no increase in our tonnage in the foreign trade, while the proportion of our foreign trade carried in American vessels will be less than during any previous year in our national history

That Throbbing Headache.

Would quickly leave you, if you used Dr. King's New Life Pills. Thousands of sufferers have proved their matchless merit for Sick and Nervous Headaches. They make pure blood and strong nerves and build up your health Easy to take. Try them. Only 25 cents. Money back if not cured. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

STOP

It is not necessary to suffer with Headache

Stopache

Will Stop

25c. at

F. P. BROOKS'
Drugstore,
361 Main St.

Schoolhouse Site.

EDITOR WOBURN JOURNAL:

Kindly give me space in your issue of this week to express my appreciation of the action of our Board of Aldermen in rejecting the purchase of the lot on Montvale Avenue for the site of our new High School building. Having attended school in Woburn, I know something of the discomfort of going off Main street after a long walk, and feel sure that our "city fathers" will have the thanks of a very large proportion of the scholars of the future for their wise action.

Judging from what the writer hears on all sides, there seems to be a growing feeling, that the land in the rear of Dr. J. M. Harlow's estate is the most suitable site for the proposed building. This lot is near all lines of communication, high and dry, free from noise and dust, with a commanding view; all of which are conducive to health and comfort. There are at least one and a half acres of land free from all obstructions, without any of that belonging to Dr. Harlow. All are satisfied with the location of the present High School building, and how could there be any complaint if the new one is placed as near the centre of population as that. The cost of this lot will not exceed fourteen thousand dollars, even if the Episcopal church is removed, and surely that is not high when we consider the advantages to be gained over any other site obtainable. It is no objection that Dr. Harlow's residence is there. It is so well kept that it improves rather than mars the view. Besides, whenever it is in the market doubtless the city can purchase it at a fair valuation. We all know the Hon. John M. Harlow too well to fear his disposing of his property to the detriment of tne city; on the contrary he is more likely to make our city a gift of it, than to dispose of it to its disadvantage. When we once possess it what a beautiful frontage we shall have! Nothing like it in this vicinity. To that site no one will now object and in future all will agree in praising the wisdom and foresight of those placing the school building on such a fine spot

WOBURN SCHOOL GRADUATE.

Troubles Of A Minister.

To benefit others Rev. J. T. W. Vernon, of Hartwell, Ga., writes: "For a long time I had a running sore on my leg. I tried many remedies without benefit, until I used a bottle of Electric Bitters and a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, which cured me sound and well." Sores, Eruptions, Boils, Eczema, Tetter, Salt Rheum show impure blood. Thousands have found in Electric Bitters a grand blood purifier that absolutely cures these troubles. Satisfaction is guaranteed or money refunded by Huntley & Co. druggists. Large bottles only 50c.

A Summer Feast.

THE LIST OF FEATURES TO APPEAR IN THE BOSTON JOURNAL.

The summer announcement of features which the Boston *Journal* is making is particularly enticing. Next Sunday begins a series of stories by Seumas McManus, the famous Irish writer, whose work has attracted so wide attention in this country within the past year, and whose stories appear frequently in the high-class magazines. A particularly readable series, too, is that of illustrated articles about some of the most famous of New England summer resorts; articles that tell interestingly of the people who are the central figures in the summer colonies each year. The series includes, among other places, Dublin, N. H., Manchester, Beverly, Newport, Hingham, Nahant, Mount Desert, Me., Boxford, Gloucester. The half-tone illustrations, which have done so much to make the *Journal* famous among newspapers, will be continued during the summer.

A Frightful Blunder

Will often causing a horrible Burn, Scald Cut or Bruise. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, will kill the pain and promptly heal it. Cures Old Sores, Fever Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Felons, Corns, all Skin Eruptions. Best Pile cure on earth. Only 25c. a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist..

Boston Theatres.

THE TREMONT.

The attraction at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, the week of 16-21 inclusive, will be the play that never grows old, "Camille." It is a play of intense human interest, a play which teems with emotion and pathos, a play which fascinates one, makes one think, and points a moral. It is of absorbing interest to either sex, replete with dramatic dialogue, soul-stirring situations and remarkable characters. In the present instance popular prices will be an inducement to summer audiences to witness this brilliant production, which will be for one week only. The title role will be filled by Miss Florence Rockwell, the leading lady of the company, a young actress who gives rare promise for the future. There will be matinee performances on Wednesday and Saturday.

Notice To Wheelmen.

There's positively no need to endure discomfort by reason of chafing, sunburn, insect stings, sore and perspiring feet or accidental bruises. You forget these troubles in using Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Infallible for Pimples, Blotches, Skin Eruptions and Piles. Sold by Huntley & Co., druggists for 25 cents.

North Woburn.

Mrs. Ballou of Highland street visited North Woburn Tuesday.

A Grafaphone exhibition was given at Mr. Charles Nichols's on Wednesday evening.

The Sunday School of the Congregational church had its outing at Revere Beach on Tuesday, three cars going from here.

Salem Willows was well represented by Woburn people on Wednesday, among them Mrs. Scudder, Mrs. Fred Brown, Mrs. Eustace Smith and Miss Hosmer, the latter a guest of Mrs. Kate Tannatt Woods.

Jell-O, The New Dessert,

pleases all the family. Four flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts. Try it to-day.

President McKinley urged that the duties to be levied under the Dingley tariff should "revive and increase manufactures." This has been done, as our wage-earners well know.

The carrying of our vastly increased foreign commerce benefits only foreign vessels, to which the American people pay over $200,000,000 each year in freight charges alone.

Literary Notices.

The two great essentials requisite for success in business, or in any calling, are natural aptitude and sound training," writes T. B. Fitzpatrick in the July number of DONAHOE'S to which he contributes a valuable paper on Business as a Vocation. Rev. John Talbot Smith, writing of The Military Academy at West Point, describes the various steps to be taken by the candidate for entrance at this splendid military school, and urges upon Catholic boys the desirability of fitting themselves for such a course of training, and pointing out to them the lasting advantages it affords. Maurice Francis Egan, Mr. Michael Cudahy, and Mr. John Smyth enter into a discussion of the relative influence exerted on public life by the college man and the self-made man. William Lloyd Garrison, Patrick Ford, Editor of the *Irish World*, New York, and Butler T. Wilson contribute their views on the proceedings of the Alabama Conference, the attitude taken by Bourke Cockran receiving particular attention. In Fulfillment of a Vow, by Rev. Thomas I. Gasson, S. J., presents a fine study of the Passion Play of Oberammergau. Another illustrated article of timely interest is Impressions of the Canonization of Blessed La Salle and Blessed Rita of Cascia, at St. Peter's, Rome. Marie Donegan Walsh, who was present at the ceremony, gives a vivid description of the groups of pilgrims, the interior of St. Peter's, and the gorgeous effect of the electric lights used on this occasion for the first time in the history of St. Peter's. The priest as a novelist is the subject of an able paper by the Rev. Mortimer E. Twomey. Among the poets are D. J. Donahoe, Charles J. O'Malley and Rev. James B. Dollard.

Filled to overflowing with bright, snappy fiction, timely articles on the world's doings, and special features of great interest, THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE of Boston appears for July in a new and attractive cover. This issue is called a Midsummer Fiction Number, and its contents carries out this title. There are short stories by American authors, together with many amusing sketches and some poetry of more than ordinary merit. Joe Mitchell Chapple's gossip of Affairs at Washington is intensely interesting, and the illustrations add beauty to the pages. THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE is the best value for ten cents on the news stands. A double frontispiece is presented of portraits and signature of William Jennings Bryan and Mrs. Bryan. Political intrigue of the time of Grant's presidency is treated in an interview with a Member of his Cabinet. The 1500 Cuban teachers visiting the United States have an article especially devoted to them, and a greeting extended in Spanish. Boston's famous subway is illustrated and described, and concise facts regarding historic Boston are given. The Chinese situation receives attention, and there is a charming article descriptive of Stevenson's sojourn in San Francisco The departments are as interesting and time as usual, and altogether, if you want the best magazine to take with you to the shore, mountains or country, you can do no better than buy THE NATIONAL. If your newsdealer's supply is exhausted, or he does not handle it, send direct to the publishers, the W. W. Potter Co., 91 Bedford Street, Boston, Mass.

WINCHESTER.

Chief of Police McIntosh has been appointed Agent for the Board of Health.

The family of Rev. Mr. Newton are at Bass Rocks, Gloucester, for the summer.

A barn owned by Thomas Smitherman, Swanton street, was damaged by fire last Tuesday evening.

The postponed lawn party of the C. T. A. Society was held last evening on the McKenzie estate, Lake street.

An edict has been issued for the immediate death of all unlicensed dogs, and Chief McIntosh's men have got their red paint on.

Representative S. W. Twombly has been given the quill with which Gov. Crane signed the bill providing for the completion of the local park.

It is rumored that some uneasy souls are trying to get rid of Mr. Spates, Supt. of Streets. What would the world do if there were no kickers in it?

When Supt. Spates gets through, which will be soon, the best piece of macadam road in this town will be from Symmes's Corner to the Medford line.

At the town meeting Hon. A. B Coffin contended that the Wadleigh schoolhouse was as sound as a nut, and the authorities have found out that he was right. He never "goes off half-cocked."

The Legislature have appropriated $50,000 to finish the playground, and the same is to be completed at once. Representative Twombly, who amounts to something more than a mere cipher in the Legislature, is given the credit for this excellent piece of work.

In the *Star* of July 6 is printed a likeness of Mr. Samuel W. Twombly, Dean of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, 78 years old this July, and smarter than a trap. Many members of the Legislature are ready to take their oaths that Dean Twombly isn't a day over 60 years young, and his looks and actions show it.

Services were held Tuesday over the remains of John Pickering Bean, father of Supt. W. G. Bean of the Southern Division of the Boston & Maine. The Rev. D. A. Newton officiated. Selections were rendered by Master Howard Snelling. The body will be incinerated. Mr Bean was 76 years old and a native of Canada, N. H. He had lived in Winchester several years.

Under the operation of the Wilson free trade tariff for revenue only, there was a deficit of $108,000,000 in thirty-five months. Under the Dingley tariff for protection there was a surplus of $46,000,000 in thirty-two months

The American claim to unrestricted facilities of trade in China was based on treaty rights, which were about to be ignored when our claim was made and secured.

Sun Storms.

The connection between the aurora, sun spots and magnetic disturbances has never been explained, but many observations have shown that it definitely exists. The outbreak of a cyclonic storm on the sun with the formation of spots is immediately registered in every magnetic observatory on the earth. Sometimes the disturbance of terrestrial conditions is very marked.

For example, on Feb. 13, 1892, a great spot, accompanied by enormous cyclonic disturbances, burst forth on the sun's surface. That night a magnificent aurora was visible all over the northern half of the United States and in many parts of Europe. Telegraphing was carried on between New York and Albany without batteries, so strong were the earth currents. The telegraph system of Sweden was completely paralyzed, and in Russia much difficulty was experienced with the telegraph lines. At the Kew observatory in England the magnetic needle swung two degrees out of its normal position.

All this has furnished physicists and astronomers a fruitful field for study, and a vast mass of observations has been accumulated, but so far no satisfactory explanation of the mysterious bond of sympathy between solar and terrestrial influences has been forthcoming, nor does any one yet know the true nature of the aurora.

A Saucy Duchess.

When the "Beggars' Opera," by Gay, was produced in 1728, it took the town positively by storm. The king still clung to Handel, but the nobility, with the Duchess of Queensberry among them, flocked rapturously to the "Newgate pastoral." The "Beggars' Opera" had a run of 62 nights, unprecedented in those days, and as one result of its success Handel became bankrupt. Suddenly there came an order from the lord chancellor to stop the new piece. Why, is not exactly known unless it was because the prime minister considered himself to be too faithfully represented therein. However that may have been, the theater had to be closed, whereupon the Duchess of Queensberry took up Gay's cause and vehemently championed it.

Very busy was she in those days, driving about in her coach asking for guinea subscriptions for printing copies of the forbidden play. And so heedless was Kitty that she carried her list to the queen's drawing room itself and had the audacity to ask the king for a subscription. This was a little too much, and her grace was requested to withdraw from the court, Kitty announcing, with characteristic composure, that the command was very agreeable to her, as she had never gone there for her own diversion, but to bestow civility upon the king and queen.—Good Words.

English Cabinet Secrets.

Secrets of state are probably the best kept of all secrets. When cabinet ministers in England first are admitted to the privy council, they have to take a solemn oath not to make known the conversation or proceedings of cabinet councils or any communications they may have with the queen or with another minister. They cannot give a hint of such things even to the highest members of the government who are not cabinet ministers. No clerk or secretary is allowed to be present at cabinet councils, no written record is kept, and it is the custom not to take any notes; hence no one but the crown and the ministers ever knows what has really been said and decided at cabinet meetings. The oath of secrecy lasts to the end of life. An ex-cabinet minister is as much bound by it as an actual cabinet minister.

Any conversation a minister or a peer may have with the crown on state matters must also be kept secret. So must letters to and from the sovereign. And even communications that have passed between sovereigns and ministers of former reigns must not be divulged. But in cases of extreme urgency the crown could and would allow a breach of the oath of secrecy.

Napoleon's "Dog Teeth."

"In the world's history," said a Buffalo man, "there are three characters who in the popular mind stand pre-eminent—Alexander the Great, Cæsar and Napoleon. Napoleon lived so near our own time as to be almost within the memory of living men, and there are plenty of men today in France who heard of Napoleon from their fathers, who lived in the stirring times connected with his name.

"There is a curious fact in connection with Napoleon's personal appearance that I have never been able to find mention of in any of the biographies, and that is that two upper front teeth were very long and lapped over the lower ones to an unusual extent, giving him a most peculiar appearance when smiling. These teeth—the two upper incisors, on either side of the mesial plane—ordinarily form a line that meets with the corresponding teeth in the lower jaw, but in Napoleon's case they overlapped. This information came to my father directly from the son of Napoleon's dentist, who made a memorandum of the fact." —New York Tribune.

Insane Sense.

Among the inmates of a certain insane asylum were two who were considered perfectly harmless and not without a certain modicum of common sense. These two were generally employed in the garden and were frequently left without supervision.

An opportunity offering, they planned between themselves at attempt to escape.

"Now, bend down, Tom," said Jack as the two conspirators came to the wall surrounding the grounds; "then I'll climb up your shoulder to the top, and when I'm up I'll be able to give you a hand."

Tom accordingly bent down, and Jack, with a little difficulty, managed to gain the top of the wall, where, instead of assisting his friend, he disappeared on the other side and, as he was making off, shouted:

"Well, I think, Jack, you'll be better to stay on another fortnight yet. You're not nearly cured!"

Rebuking the Doctor.

Doctor (weary with unsuccessful efforts to cure patient)—Well, I've just one more remedy to try in your case, and if this doesn't help you nothing will.

Patient—Why didn't you frankly tell me that in the first place, doctor? If nothing will help me, I could have taken that at the start and saved the expense of your attentions.—Boston Transcript.

Mme. Chiffon's Turn.

"Is your collector honest?" asked Mrs. Downtown of her milliner merely as a matter of curiosity.

"I don't know," responded Mme. Chiffon. "I have sent her to you with my bills a dozen times, and she has never yet given me the money."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Hen Farm Blights a Romance.

"Has Millicent started her chicken farm yet?" asked a girl who lives on Pine street as she met a friend at the end of the Lake Shore drive.

"Mercy, no! Haven't you heard?" exclaimed the Lake Shore drive girl. "She put her money in some kind of stocks, and now she's so prejudiced against chickens that she won't eat omelet even."

"Tell me all about it, dear," commanded the Pine street young woman. "I thought she had high ideals of earning her own living in the beautiful country and not being aristocratic a"—

"No, no; it wasn't that. It was the horrid way in which Frank behaved about it, and now she's broken her engagement, and she's just as set against him as she is against chickens—and more so. You see that as soon as Millicent began to talk about a chicken farm the postman began to bring poultry circulars—great big packages labeled, 'Here's the place to get your Plymouth Rocks,' 'hens that lay to beat the band,' and all that. Finally it got so that about 25 of these came every day, and the postman threatened to report it to the department as some kind of a lottery scheme or something. Frank just roared about it, and one day he admitted that he had given Millicent's name to a poultry firm and had all those circulars sent to her."

"And then Millicent broke the engagement?"

"Yes, and she never says anything more about chickens."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The First to Wear Armor.

One of the most interesting curiosities in the Museum of Natural History in New York is a prehistoric life size statue of an American in armor.

Visitors who go there will learn that men in armor are not confined to the effete monarchies of Europe. The time when Americans wore this sort of clothing began ages before the oldest suit of armor in the Tower of London.

This terra cotta figure was found by an Indian in a cave near the modern city of Texcoco. It was broken in a number of pieces when found, and with these fragments were portions belonging to two other figures of a similar character.

The figure is approximately life size and represents a man with arms extended and mouth opened as if singing or shouting. The hands show that each formerly grasped some object; the ends of the fingers are broken off. The body is dressed in quilted armor; the head is artificially flattened.

It seems evident that we have, in this remarkable specimen of art in terra cotta, the actual portrait or statue of some distinguished war chief of the old Alcolhuan tribe, dressed in armor, and very probably having in his hands his sword and shield.

This statue carries us back to the days when the American continent possessed a civilization of its own that has disappeared more completely than that of ancient Egypt or Assyria.—Philadelphia Times.

The Readiness of Tommy.

"Tommy is such a good boy," said Mrs. Taddells to the minister, as she served the pastry. "You know, Dr. Choker, that pie isn't good for little boys."

"That is very true, Mrs. Taddells," the minister assented. "When I was a boy, I was not allowed to eat pastry, and all mothers must watch their children's diet very carefully."

"But I am not at all harsh with Tommy, you will understand, doctor," Mrs. Taddells went on. "Whenever I have something for dessert which Tommy cannot eat—pie, for example—I give him 5 cents to pay for his deprivation. And Tommy takes it so cheerfully, doctor. Tommy is such a dear boy, Dr. Choker."

"I am very glad to hear it, Mrs. Taddells. No, thank you, I could not think of eating more than one piece of pie, excellent as it is. But I am truly glad to hear of Tommy's manliness and cheerfulness when deprived of pie. I suppose, Tommy," the clergyman went on, "you like pie?"

"Yessir."

"What makes you take the 5 cents so cheerfully to go without?"

"Oh, with the nickel I can get a whole pie at the grocery around the corner."—Harper's Bazar.

Asia's Great Sink Holes.

While Asia has the loftiest mountains in the world, it also possesses the deepest and most extensive land depressions, several of them, as is well known, sinking below sea level, so that if the ocean could flow into them they would be filled to the brim. In the deepest parts of most of them water now stands, forming small seas. Others are destitute of water. Among these is the Lukchun depression in central Asia, concerning which General Tillo writes, in the "Proceedings of the Russian Geographical Society," that in places it sinks as much as 400 feet below sea level. This sink hole in the middle of the largest of the continents is also remarkable for its meteorological features, the yearly amplitudes of the barometer being greater than are recorded anywhere else on earth. In summer the temperature rises to Saharan heat, a record of 118 F. having been obtained in July, while the air is of desert dryness.

How Coal Loses Energy.

If a load of coal is left out of doors, exposed to the weather—say, a month —it loses one-third of its heating quality. If a ton of coal is placed on the ground and left there and another ton is placed under a shed, the latter loses about 25 per cent of its heating power, the former about 47 per cent; hence it is a great saving of coal to have it in a dry place, covered over and on all sides. The softer the coal the more heating power it loses, because the volatile and valuable constituents undergo a slow combustion.

All Gone Save Experience.

Cleverton—Now that you have succeeded in getting on such intimate terms with New York's most exclusive literary set and meeting so many distinguished men I don't see what you want to quit for.

Dashaway—The fact is I haven't a cent left.—Smart Set.

Aspiration and Realization.

Hills (at the depot)—Going away, Mills?

Mills—Yes; going to seek my fortune. Want to go along?

Hills—No; I've just returned from seeking mine. By the way, could you loan me $1 till you get back?—Chicago News.

Too Primitive.

"No, Maria; I can't go to church until I possess a high hat and a frock coat."

"Nonsense. Think of the primitive fathers of the faith and their humble altars."

"I should think you'd blush to mention them, Maria. If I went to church as a primitive father, they'd send me home in an organ pipe."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Silverware for Wedding Presents

A complete line of the celebrated COLONIAL PATTERN always in stock.
Fine Repairing a specialty.

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by James W. Sargent to Henry C. Richards, dated March 30th, 1899, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 2725, Page 547, for breach of the condition in said mortgage contained, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on

Tuesday, the 24th day of July, 1900,

at 4.30 o'clock, P. M., the following described premises, viz:—A certain parcel or tract of land lying and being in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, bounded and described as follows, viz:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises on the westerly side of Garfield Avenue, formerly East street, at land of Couillard; thence running northerly on said Garfield Avenue five hundred thirty-four and 75-100 (534.75) feet to land of Howland; thence turning and running westerly by said land of Howland two hundred forty-seven and 85-100 (247.85) feet to the middle of a private way, said private way being the continuation of Mount Pleasant street; thence turning and running southerly by the middle of said private way thirty-four and 91 100 (34.91) feet to a corner; thence turning and running westerly by land of Lyman, land of owners unknown, and land now, or late, of T. J. and B. T. H. Porter, five hundred seventy-two and 62-100 (572.62) feet to land of Horace Conn, known as the Forty Pound Lot; thence turning and running southerly by said land of Horace Conn three hundred seventy-two and 14-100 (372-14) feet to land of D. Barry; thence turning and running easterly by said land of Barry three hundred seventy-four and 75-100 (374.75) feet to a corner; thence turning and running southerly by said land of Barry two hundred forty-two and 7-10 (242.7) feet to a private way known as Carter street; thence easterly by said Carter street thirty-four and 91-100 (34.91) feet to land of Couillard; thence northerly by said land of Couillard one hundred one (101) feet to a corner; and thence turning and running easterly by said land of Couillard two hundred ten and 86-100 (210.86) feet to the point of beginning; containing seven and 403 100 (7.403) acres; excepting from the above described premises so much thereof as has been released from the operation of said mortgage by partial releases duly recorded.

This sale will be made subject to all unpaid taxes and assessments if any there are.

HENRY C. RICHARDS, Mortgagee.
Fisher & Fisher, 56 Pemberton Square, Boston,
Attorneys for Mortgagee.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Fannie C. Thomas, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for probate, by George W. Norris of said Woburn, who prays that letters of administration, with the will annexed, may be issued to him, without requiring surety on his bond, or to some other suitable person, no executor being named in said will;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fourth day of July, A. D., 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-fifth day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

DESCRIPTION

Filed in the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth and Clerk of City of Woburn, pursuant to the provisions of Section 1, Chapter 440, Acts of 1893, "An Act to protect the Owners of Cans, Bottles, Boxes, Siphons and Fountains used in the sale of Milk, Cream, Soda Water, Mineral and Aerated Waters, Ale, Beer, Ginger Ale or other Beverages."

Name of person or corporation, FOREST H. DIXON.

Principal place of business, 70 Bedford Street, Woburn, Mass.

Nature of business transacted, Bottling and Canning Milk.

Kind of receptacles used, Tin Cans and Glass Bottles.

Description of the name or names, marks, device or devices used. On Bottles, F. H. Dixon, Registered, Woburn. On some cans, F. H. Dixon, Registered stamped on shoulder of can. On other cans F. H. Dixon, Registered, stamped on shoulder of can a letter "D" made of copper plate soldered on shoulder of can.

In witness whereof I have hereunto signed my name this fourth day of May, in the year nineteen hundred.

FOREST H. DIXON.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS:

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of Catherine McCarthy, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to William J. McCarthy of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fourth day of July, A. D., 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-eighth day of June in the year one thousand nine hundred.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

LOST.

A Diary containing a sum of money, on Mishawum Road, Fryburg Road, or Middle st. Finder will be rewarded by leaving same with
MYRON GLAZIER,
58 Mishawum Road.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
—IN—
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue, WOBURN

The colonies of France alone import $47,000,000 worth of goods a year. This helps materially to keep the factories busy, and to afford a market for the farm products of that European country.

Over 400,000 tons of merchant vessels were built in the United States during the fiscal year which ended on June 30, 1900, and yet but one, a steamship of 1,770 gross tons, was built exclusively for our foreign trade.

Bicycles
—AT—
First Cost.

As it is our custom not to keep Bicycles on hand after the 4th of July, we shall sell out the wheels we now have at Wholesale Prices. None but good wheels in stock.

C. M. Strout & Co.
Dow's Block, 322 Main Street.

"GOT A GRIP"
on the public's confidence in selling
GROCERIES
that are FIRST CLASS, and we intend to keep it, by upright dealing and well chosen stock.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street - - WOBURN
Telephone 133-2.

— AT —
Linnell's Market
YOU
will find a complete line of
FRESH
Vegetables.
406 Main Street, Woburn
Telephone, 128-6.

To Let

At 353 Main Street, a suite of six rooms. The apartments are all light and airy and afford a beautiful outlook upon the Common, including the City Building, three Churches, the Savings Bank, and the Public Library. The building is new and finished in up-to-date style, and furnished with all modern conveniences; large closets, bath-room, &c. No coal is needed for fuel. A large gas-range of latest pattern with hot water tank supplies every facility for doing housework. This suite is exactly adapted to a small family desiring a home at once central, genteel and cosey.
Apply to O. F. BRYANT,
371 Main St., Woburn.

For Sale.

Houses and Lots, Nos. 14, 15, 16, 17, 20 and 22 Cleveland Avenue. Also, Lots Nos. 11, 13, 24 and 26. Said houses have gas and all modern conveniences.
Prices and terms reasonable.
APPLY TO
W. H. CUMMINGS,
Cleveland Ave. Woburn Mass.

DOMINION LINE
Royal Mail Steamers

Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.
Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by
JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS.
Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

TELEPHONE 6-3,
LAWRENCE READE,
Sexton of St. Charles Church.
Undertaker & Funeral Director,
241 Main St., Woburn

Dr. C. H. BUSS,
DENTIST
385 Main St., WOBURN
Telephone 71-3.

Room and Board.

A lady willing to be company for an aged lady a small portion of the time, may obtain a front room, with good board and home privileges, for four dollars a week. Pleasant grounds and piazzas. References exchanged.
Address L. P. J., JOURNAL Office

For Rent.

A Tenement of eight rooms at No. [illegible] Johnson Street, with all modern conveniences, four minutes to depot and postoffice. Rent $20 per month.
E. H. RICHARDS,
25 Fairmount Street

Low Rents.

HOUSE No. 650 Main Street, 8 rooms, ($12.50) twelve dollars and fifty cents per month.
Also, HOUSE, No. 16 Wyman Street, 6 rooms ($8) eight dollars per month.
C. E. COOPER & CO.
415 Main Street

A Positive Woman.

A woman has a right to be positive on matters which are matters of personal knowledge and experience. Every woman who has used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for diseases of the womanly organs is positive as to its wonderful curative value, and confidently recommends it to similar sufferers.

Women who suffer from inflammation, ulceration, female weakness, or nervous diseases caused by disease of the womanly organs will find a complete cure by the use of "Favorite Prescription."

"Several years ago I suffered severely from female weakness, prolapsus, and menorrhagia, and used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription with splendid effect," writes Fannie Shelton, of Washington, Iowa. "Glad I have not needed it for a few years past, but if I should have any return of the old trouble would surely try 'Favorite Prescription.' I have recommended it to a number of my lady friends. I always tell them to try a bottle, and if they are not benefited by it I will pay for the medicine. In every case they have spoken in praise of it."

FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION
MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG
AND SICK WOMEN WELL.

MRS. OLIPHANT'S LAST VERSES.

[Dictated on June 21, 1897.]

On the edge of the world I lie, I lie,
Happy and dying and dazed and poor,
Looking up from the vast great floor
Of the infinite world that rises above
To God and to faith and to love, love, love!
What words have I to that world to speak,
Old and weary and dazed and weak,
From the very low to the very high?
Only this, and this is all:
From the fresh green soil to the wide blue sky,
From greatness to weariness, life to death,
One God have we on whom to call,
One great bond from which none can fall;
Love below, which is life and breath,
And Love above, which sustaineth all.

QUEER WEDDING PRESENTS.

Gifts That Were Not Appreciated by Those Who Received Them.

Even at a marriage feast, as it seems, there will sometimes be the envious or the jealous or the malicious.

A well known author received from a rival man of letters a scrapbook containing a collection of all the adverse criticisms his works had ever received, while a popular artist was presented with a set of elementary works upon self instruction in drawing and painting.

Not long since a gentleman who is a passionate devotee of hunting received as a bridal gift from an anonymous donor a complete set of false limbs, a set of artificial teeth and a couple of glass eyes—the whole of which must have cost a considerable sum—accompanied by a note, the writer of which trusted that, by reason of the recipient's many falls while following the hounds, some or all of these substitutes would ultimately prove of use.

An elderly, crusty tradesman, on espousing a spinster of mature age, was presented by a London undertaker with two coffins for himself and wife, "which, unlike most of the other offerings you will receive, are sure to be of service." The bridegroom resented this singular if useful gift, and it took all the efforts of mutual friends to prevent a breach of the peace.

Equally vexatious was the gift received from his neighbors by an infirm octogenarian who wedded a pleasure loving woman more than 50 years his junior. It was a large brass cage, "intended"—so ran the subscribers' note—"to restrain the wayward flights of a giddy young wife who has married a decrepit old fool for his money."

The husband of a lady whose great beauty hardly atoned for her sharp tongue found among his wedding presents a scold's bridle or branks, a gift from his wife's sisters, with the hope that, "if Kate makes your life as unbearable as she has made ours, you will not hesitate to put the accompanying offering to its original use."—London Answers.

Living Without Nourishment.

There seems to be no philosophical necessity for food. We can conceive of organized beings living without nourishment and deriving all the energy they need for the performance of their life functions from the ambient medium. In a crystal we have the clear evidence of the existence of a formative life principle, and, though we cannot understand the life of a crystal, it is none the less a living being. There may be, besides crystals, other such individualized, material systems of beings, perhaps of gaseous constitution or composed of substance still more tenuous. In view of this possibility—nay, probability—we cannot apodeictically deny the existence of organized beings on a planet merely because the conditions on the same are unsuitable for the existence of life as we conceive it. We cannot even with positive assurance assert that some of them might not be present here, in this our world, in the very midst of us, for their constitution and life manifestation may be such that we are unable to perceive them.—Nikola Tesla in Century Magazine.

Optician's Latin.

Hiram had returned home from college, where he had won high honors as a student of the ancient languages, but he "fell down" one day when his sister, a demure young girl in her teens, asked him to translate a sign she had seen in front of an optician's office which read thus:

CON SULTU SABO UTYO UREY ES.

Hiram struggled manfully with it for several minutes and gave it up.

"It isn't good Latin," he said. "There are some words in it that are Latin, but the others are either wrong in termination or are barbarisms from other languages, and, taken as a whole, it doesn't make sense."

"That is what I said," rejoined his sister, "but Keturah, out in the kitchen, translates it without any trouble. She says it means, 'Consult us about your eyes.'"

Whereupon Hiram collapsed.—Youth's Companion.

Military Uniforms.

Military uniforms were not originally especially splendid. It was the Prussian army and then Napoleon who set the example of adorning the soldiers' dress all over with fur, gold lace and so on. The Napoleonic armies suffered from a perfect mania for showy trappings.

A JAPANESE DINNER.

HOW THE DISTASTEFUL FOOD IS SERVED AND EATEN.

Squatting Before Tables Six Inches High, One Wrestles With Chopsticks and Tiny Bowls, the While Waited Upon by Barefooted Maids.

To an American given to stiff joints and corpulency a Japanese dinner is a tedious experience, especially when he's used to business lunches and the like. But it is worth trial and discomfiture if one is fortunate enough to be the guest of a rich man, for in Japan hospitality is one of the cardinal virtues.

Western customs and usages have found their way into many homes of the wealthy, whose dinners and lunches are the counterpart of those with which we are all familiar. But a real Japanese dinner, including chopsticks, lacquer trays and tiny cups, is a thing never to be forgotten.

Japanese houses are made up of sliding screens instead of our solid partitions and in summer are all left open, so that, seated at dinner, one looks out over the gardens, seeing the lights of the city in the distance, and the scent of a thousand flowers blows in with every breath of air.

The guests remove their shoes on entering the house and, except when provided with a pair of cotton overshoes, must spend the evening in stocking feet unless happily the host has an extra pair. The wife of a Japanese gentleman does not preside at his table unless there are ladies in the party, but appears with the tea and sweetmeats, which always precede a dinner, as do our cocktails and sherry, etc. She merely greets the guests and appears again only when the goodbys are said.

Silken cushions are scattered about the floor and the guests are arranged according to rank, for the Japanese are, of course, great sticklers for form and ceremony. Little tables, some six inches high, are placed before each one and barefooted waiting maids in graceful and prettily tinted kimonos bring in lacquer trays with several tiny covered bowls.

Before leaving the trays on the tables they set them on the floor, and, dropping on their knees, make their best bow, touching their foreheads to the floor. Chopsticks take the place of knives and forks; but, unlike our weapons of attack, are made of wood. They are never used twice, unless family heirlooms, when they are of carved ivory of the most exquisite workmanship, as are also the lacquer trays, bowls and cups.

The host sets an example by removing the covers from the tiny bowls, and the guest, doing likewise, finds an assortment of food quite new and generally most distasteful. Mustering up much skill one attempts getting the food on chopsticks from the tables to one's mouth. The first few times most of it falls on the floor or on one's lap. The wretched sticks wabble and cross each other as if focused. When almost desperate, the good host is apt to come to the rescue by suggesting lifting the bowls, and, with the aid of a chopstick, shoveling the food in, as one would potatoes into a barrel.

In each course there are half a dozen dishes, and the host tells what they are. First, suimono, a bean soup; kuchitori, chestnuts boiled and crushed into a mush; kamaboko, fish picked fine and rolled into little balls and baked; sashimi, raw fish cut into thin slices and covered with ice. This is dipped into rich sauce called soy, and is really very good. Little cups of warm sake, the native brandy made of rice, are served with each course. Napkins and bread are unknown quantities.

The second course is a small fish boiled whole. One has a chance here to get in some fine play with the chopsticks—umani, bits of fowl boiled with potatoes or lotus roots, a salad of onions, peas and string beans, with a few leaves of lettuce; sunomono, sea snails served with eggplant mashed, and chaman mushi, a thick soup made of fish and vegetables, with mushrooms for a relish.

The third course is a curry of rice and picked vegetables, and for a fourth and final course you have sobo, a sort of buckwheat vermicelli served with soy and a sweet liquor called mirin; shiruko, rice cakes, seaweed and confectionery of all sorts, which are very sweet and tasteless.

During the dinner each guest rises and proposes the health of the host and one other guest until the whole party is disposed of. This custom is rather hard on the guests, for sake is fiery stuff and goes to one's head more quickly than our own brandy. To make matters worse, after one has drunk the health of all the company it is customary to drink the health of the waitresses, who bow their foreheads to the floor in acknowledgment.

At the close of a dinner the tabako bon, a tray holding a hibachi with live coals in a cone of ashes and a section of bamboo for an ash receiver, is put before each guest, and cigars and cigarettes are passed around. When all is over, one feels very hungry, stiff in the joints and, if the dinner has been a large one, very much in need of a stimulant.—Boston Transcript.

Hair Trigger Language.

"So you finally proposed?" said his chum.

"Well, to tell the truth," returned the thoughtful youth, "I really didn't know that I proposed, but she accepted me, so I guess that settles it. I tell you this language of ours is not to be used lightly."—Chicago Post.

"Frinds are always ridy to push ye up," said the janitor philosopher, "but viry few av thim will put a fither bid under ye whin ye fall."—Chicago News.

Saved by Presence of Mind.

At Sheffield, England, recently a curious accident occurred. A passenger was riding on a double deck electrical car, and a single deck car passed in the opposite direction. The rope of the trolley boom of the latter was flying in the wind, and it wound itself around the passenger's neck. Fortunately he had the presence of mind to seize the rope with both hands and release himself or he would probably have been pulled from the car.

Not All.

Teacher (suspiciously)—Who wrote your composition, Johnny?

Johnny—My father.

"What, all of it?"

"No'm. I helped him."—Truth.

A real scene of troops in action hardly exists. Pictures of them are taken at odd spells and out of danger's reach, guns and troops being used for the purpose.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam. —Milton.

The Turn of Life

This is a critical period in the life of every woman and no mistakes should be made.

The one recognized and reliable help for women who are approaching and passing through this wonderful change is

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

That the utmost reliance can be placed upon this great medicine is testified to by an army of grateful women who have been helped by it.

Mrs. Pinkham, who has the greatest and most successful experience in the world to qualify her, will advise you free of charge. Her address is Lynn, Mass. Write to her.

Odd Burials.

Not long ago there died in a north London suburb a lady who wished to be buried in the bedstead in which she had lain continuously for nearly a quarter of a century prior to her decease, and to insure, as she thought, her wishes being respected she left a plump contingent legacy to a relative. As the bedstead in question, however, was of the old "four post" variety, and an unusually massive specimen at that, the cemetery authorities objected. Eventually a compromise was effected. The bedstead was taken to pieces, and from the timber so obtained a sort of box coffin was constructed for the reception of the remains.

It is, however, among the mining population that instances of funeral eccentricity are most common. Jack Hustler, a coal hewer of Tong, near Leeds, who died the other day at the age of 67, was buried in a coffin constructed to his own specification 20 years ago. It was made of pitch pine, with silver handles, and the lid was hinged at one end. The deceased was buried with a lump of coal which he had carefully preserved for years. It served as his pillow, and his tobacco and pipe also found a place beside him. This latter custom is said to be very prevalent among the coal miners. The tin miners of Cornwall almost invariably include an umbrella among the coffin "furniture."

It would be interesting to learn the origin and significance of this strange use.—London Express.

Didn't Get His Money's Worth.

He came into the police office, his hands clinched, his jaws knotted and his eyebrows swooping downward toward the bridge of his nose.

"Say!" he bawled in resonant tones.

"Well?" said the captain.

"How much do you charge in a case of assault and battery?"

"Ten dollars."

"You can lick the stuffings out of a man for that, can't you?"

"Possibly."

"Can a fellow pay his fine in advance?"

"Sure."

The visitor laid two fives on the desk.

"I'm going to lick a man bad, and I don't want any interference of the police while I do it." And he stalked out, muttering.

Half an hour afterward a man came in. Both his eyes were puffed and green, his nose sagged, his clothing looked like Chilus Chilonides' before he acquired Nero's favor.

"Say," he said gently, "do you recognize me?"

"Can't say as I do."

"I'm the man who came in here half an hour ago and paid a fine in advance."

"Oh! Well, what do you want now?"

"Would you mind giving me $9.95 back?"—Atlanta Journal.

Income of a Sleeping Car.

The income or earning capacity of a sleeping car is considerable. Take the run from New York to Chicago, 1,000 miles. Every road in the United States pays 3 cents a mile for the privilege of hauling a sleeper and contracts to return said car in as good shape as it is received and to pay for all damages. The journey on the limited expresses to Chicago is made in 24 hours; therefore the car earns $30 a day for travel.

If it is full, which is generally the case, receipts from berths, sections and staterooms amount to $185, making a total revenue of $125 a day. Out of this must come the wages of the porter and conductor—the latter, however, usually having charge of several cars—the towels, sheets, soap, ice, etc., the whole amounting to but a small sum.

Then there are the wear and tear and general depreciation, the daily cleaning, the annual refitting and repainting. Set these charges down at 10 per cent and give the car three trips a week of 1,000 miles each, and we have its earnings at over $60,000 annually. Some can earn a great deal more.—Kansas City Journal.

Passing of the Old Maid.

The old maid of the past—sour, scandal loving, sharp of temper and of features—is now almost an unknown quantity. The unmarried woman of today who has passed her twenties is cheery, active, busy and useful. Generally she is in business or has some special art, profession or accomplishment to which she devotes herself. Anyway she is not idle. She finds many things to employ her hands and brains. She has little time for gossip and less inclination. Culture and occupation have broadened her nature and given her charity and wisdom.—Mrs. Mary E. Bryan in Macon Telegraph.

Snake Burglar Alarm.

One of our correspondents tells a story of a tame snake that was so intelligent that one night, while it was roaming about the house of its owner, it caught a burglar in the dining room. The snake coiled itself around the legs of the burglar and with its tail reached a bell on the dining room table and, ringing it vigorously, alarmed the household, resulting in the capture of the burglar.—Bradford Star.

Hoodooed Buildings.

There is a building in Broadway which is under a spell. In invisible letters above the door is the warning, "All hope abandon ye who enter here." Many of its offices are vacant. Its tenants remain a few months, meeting with nothing but ill fortune, go away and start life anew in some other house. To give the number and name of this unfortunate pile would be damaging the owner. A Brooklyn judge has decided that a building can be libeled.

Another hoodooed building is in John street. No firm ever emerged from it in sound financial condition, and such as know its hoodoo could not be induced to take offices or lofts there if a year's rent free were offered.

The first, or ground, floor of the Broadway building was occupied by a man who has made a handsome fortune in the last 12 years. He has at present four branches of his business in successful operation, doing a trade of $100,000 a year, half of which is clear profit. I congratulated him on having conquered the hoodoo. "What hoodoo?" "The hoodoo that has been roosting on the Broadway building at No. So-and-so." "I never heard of any hoodoo there. But it seems funny. I kept that place for five years, did an excellent business and should have made money. Somehow the thing never paid me a cent. It's the only place I ever opened that failed. I sold out a year and a half ago and the man who runs it now is anxious to get out."—New York Press.

The Deceivers.

"Look here, sir," she said as she entered a sewing machine office the other day; "your agent has imposed upon me."

"Is it possible, ma'am? In what respect?"

"Yes, sir, he has, and I don't want your machine!"

"How has he deceived you?"

"Why, he came into my house and told me that your machine was the best in the world. I have witnesses and can prove every word of it."

"But that was not deceiving you, ma'am."

"Yes, it was. I hadn't the machine two days before another agent called and said his was the best, and he had a circular to back it up. He had hardly got out of doors when another called and said his machine had taken ten medals."

"But we have taken 15, ma'am."

"Oh, you have!"

"And we have issued a challenge for a public trial, which no other machine dare accept."

"Is that so? Then your machine is the best, after all?"

"Certainly."

"Then you will please excuse me. I thought I had been imposed upon, and I'm afraid I was a little hasty. The other agents must have been the deceivers."

Traffic In Talismans.

As a drowning man will catch at a straw, so will those broken down in health or those who pursue the fickle goddess of fortune seek the advice of men commonly known as "quacks." A healthy man or a person favored with the good things of life has no use for medical works or for the occult sciences. The latter thrive on the unfortunate—those who want to better themselves in life and do not see their way clear to do so. Hence they seek the assistance of the mysterious, the occult, the magical, and it is for this reason that talismans still flourish in the civilized world and will continue to flourish so long as the supernatural sways human minds.

There are thousands of talismans sold in New York and other metropolitan centers every year. There are hundreds of men and women who make a business of making and selling them, and as much as $5 and $10 is often paid for a little circular piece of leather or metal containing inscriptions supposed to possess marvelous power. The charms sold these days are manufactured from the descriptions contained in the now rare books of Agrippa, Gadbury, Rabbi Solomon and others. They are chiefly of Hebraic origin and have been used by believers for hundreds of years.—New York Herald.

The Undertaker.

The body of the deceased was to come by train. The relatives assembled at the house to await the arrival of the hearse from the railroad. But the train was late. The mourners grew nervous. The undertaker, an unctuous, bowed old man, kept creaking through the sitting room and the parlor out to the front door and looking down the street with anxious gaze.

At last in the silence there was a grind of wheels on the gravel without. But by this time the funeral party had retired to the dining room to partake of some refreshments. They were seated gloomily and silently at the board. The undertaker appeared at the door of the room. With the palm of his right hand rubbing the knuckle of the left he addressed them.

"Friends!"

The knives and the forks were laid down. They looked up. The funereal "Mrs. Partington" continued: "Friends, the remainder of our dear, deceased friend Abram has arrived. Are we ready for the obsickles?"—Lewiston Journal.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

THE IDEAS OF DREAMLAND.

A Writer Who Finds Them Only Plausible but Empty Fakes.

"Every one has read at times of stories or ideas for invention the result of dreams," said a well known writer who has produced a number of clever humorous short stories and several books. "Do not be taken in by them, my boy. The ideas of dreamland are only plausible but empty fakes.

"Most of my writing is done at night after the family has retired and the house is quiet. When I finish my work, I go to bed, be it 2 or 4 o'clock in the morning, with my brain at the boiling point. Then I plunge at once into dreamland. I don't know the way there or how to get back, but I always manage to return, probably piloted by a crazy idea.

"In dreamland I get more ideas for good stories than I could write in a thousand years if I were ambidextrous—that is, when I dream them they are good. As I dream I say to myself: Oh, if I were only awake, that I might jot this down! This is the best idea I have had in a year. What a corking story it would make! But I'll be sure to forget it when I wake up.

"One night in a dream I made up my mind to remember a certain story I had dreamed and write it as soon as I got up in the morning, while it was still vividly impressed, in all its humorous details, on my mind. Following this, with the suddenness of the turn of a kaleidoscope, came a dream in which I was having a most exciting experience with a purple mastodon with long shining gold tusks, of which I was trying to rob him to make a gun rack for the reception hall. I forgot all about the previous good story. I knew that I was forgetting it, and in my puny struggle with the mastodon I made a violent mental effort to retain the story and at the same time secure the tusks. Just as I got the better of the mastodon I awoke and tried to think of the story that I might get up and make copious notes of it. But the story was clear gone, and the mastodon incident was so utterly foolish that I turned over in disgust and went to sleep again.

"One night I dreamed a most excruciatingly funny story about the adventure of a character called Fiddlesticks. As I dreamed it I reckoned it at about 5,000 words and knew every word of it, so that had I been awake I could have written it word for word as it occurred in the dream. It was great, and, knowing my weakness of forgetting my dream stories, I resolved to remember it. I did remember it in the morning, and it was the most incoherent, silly stuff in the world. That is always the way with dream ideas.

"Again I dreamed a story. This was the best of all. As I dreamed it I thought what a sensation it would produce and what a reputation it would bring me. The story was complicated, yet simple and such a plot as the most ingenious intriguer could hardly produce. It was full of situations both humorous and pathetic, and the dialogue was witty, crisp and convincing. 'If I could only make notes of this,' said I, 'I would be all right, for I am sure to forget it by morning.' Just then I had a pad of paper before me and a pencil in my hand. I worked away feverishly making copious notes of everything and elaborate descriptions of the persons in the story. 'Now,' said I, 'I'll fool the dream demon this time.' Then I fell into a calm sleep. When I awoke and while half asleep I thought of those notes. Where had I put them? I got up and searched everywhere, but could not find them. I had a hazy, tantalizing memory of the details of the story, but I must have the notes I had made to write it as I had dreamed it. I searched everywhere in an agony of apprehension at their loss. Then I woke up again and found that the notes and the search for them had both been dreams.

"My dream stories give me more trouble than those that I conceive and write while awake. They seem so good when I dream them, but while dreaming I know that they will be utterly impossible and ridiculous when I wake.

"Don't believe these stories of great works coming out of dreams. When one is dreaming, the brain is off on a harlequin holiday—a carnival of seemingly sane insanities."—New York Herald.

Shifting the Blame.

A woman employed at a Yorkshire factory took her 5-year-old boy to the hospital and asked the surgeon to look at his hand. By some freak of nature his finger and thumb had interlocked, causing him great pain at times.

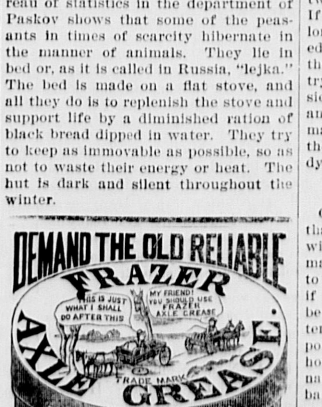
"Why didn't you come here earlier, my good woman?" asked the surgeon in a tone of sharp reprimand. "The little chap has evidently been suffering from this extraordinary defect since the day of his birth. If you had brought him soon after he was born, I might have done something for him, but I very much fear I cannot now."

The woman, aware that she was sadly to blame, but loath to take the full responsibility, immediately turned upon her unfortunate offspring.

"Dost ta hear what the gentleman says, Tommy?" she cried. "Tha ought to 'ave mentioned it five years sin'. Oi've no patience wi' folks 'at suffer an say nowt."—Spare Moments.

In Darkest Russia.

An official report of the Russian bureau of statistics in the department of Paskov shows that some of the peasants in times of scarcity hibernate in the manner of animals. They lie in bed or, as it is called in Russia, "lejka." The bed is made on a flat stove, and all they do is to replenish the stove and support life by a diminished ration of black bread dipped in water. They try to keep as immovable as possible, so as not to waste their energy or heat. The hut is dark and silent throughout the winter.



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MY FRIEND! YOU SHOULD USE FRAZER AXLE GREASE
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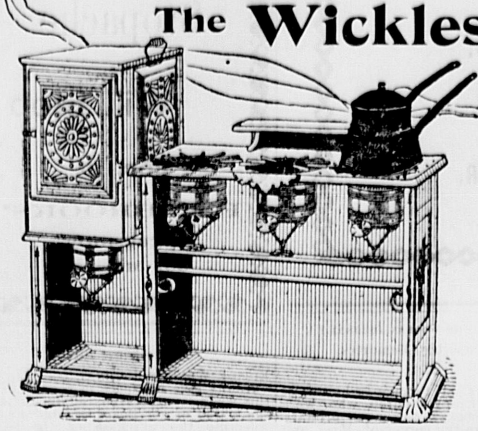

Burns ordinary kerosene. Combines the efficiency of the coal range and the convenience and comfort of the gas range at a fraction of the expense of either. An absolutely safe and clean stove; will not smoke, smell or get greasy; can't explode. Can be moved anywhere.

Sold wherever stoves are sold. If your dealer *does not* have them, write to

STANDARD OIL COMPANY.

ANIMALS AS BESIEGERS.

Their Patience and Strategy Indicate Power of Ratiocination.

There are plenty of garrisons and sieges and reliefs in wild life, and some of them very pluckily sustained. Short rations, sorties and assaults tread on each other's tails, and the besiegers do not always get the best of it.

The champion besieger is a wild pig called the peccary, which is about the most frightful beast alive and lives in herds in the South American forests. You cannot discourage a peccary; you can only kill him. These beasts have a particular dislike to monkeys and frequently watch for an opportunity to cut one off from the main woods. Now and then the herd will manage to surprise a party of monkeys near an isolated tree or clump. They make the most of the chance.

The pigs rush forward, and the monkeys skim gayly up the trees out of harm's way. But as the clump is isolated from the forest there is no escape via the branches, and they dare not come down and run for it. The peccaries surround and invest the tree clump, and there they will sit patiently for any length of time, while the monkeys chatter angrily aloft. If a monkey comes to the end of the rations within reach and becomes so desperate through hunger that he tries to run the gantlet, he is torn to pieces by the tusks of the besiegers in a few seconds. The only chance of escape is that some of the prowling jaguars—a kind of leopard—in the neighborhood may get to know of the siege. If they do, they will come to the rescue, not for the monkeys' sake, but because they are fond of peccary. Then the beleaguered garrison escapes while the relieving column is tackling the investing peccaries. But these pigs are so fierce that even jaguars will not attack a really big herd of them.

The most formidable of besiegers are the wild buffaloes of Central Africa. These will imprison even a panther if they get him in the open. The panther generally makes for a high rock, but as the buffaloes can browse on the grass around, they will hold out any length of time, while the panther starves. They form a big, irregular circle round the rock, the sentinels keeping an eye on the besieged beast while they browse. Often a man gets treed in this way. His only chance, unless a party of horsemen relieve him, is to set the dry grass alight on the lee side of his rock. This will fire half the district if there is any wind, and it always scares the buffaloes off.

It is on the sea bottom that some of the queerest sieges occur. If two or three lobsters or fighting crabs come upon any weak and soft water beast hiding in a hole, they frequently join forces and besiege him. But the usual sufferer is a hermit crab—the small, soft bodied crab that lives in an old whelk shell, with his hard claws hanging out. The other crabs surround this belligerent and try to starve him into surrender. They sit down in a circle round him and wait, but often one of the bigger lobsters will try to crack the whelk shell with his claw. This seldom succeeds, for such shells are very tough. The hermit can walk slowly, pulling the shell with him, but when he tries to do so the besiegers bustle him and grab at his protruding legs. He has to draw them in and remain still. Sometimes the siege is raised by the arrival of larger sea prowlers, who attack the investors, but more often, as the besiegers grow hungry and find the hermit still holds out, they begin fighting among themselves, and the besieged hermit escapes in the confusion. Sometimes, however, the siege succeeds, but the hermit dies at his post. He is then hauled out and eaten.

In hard times rats are apt to band together in raiding parties, and nothing comes amiss to them. Field mice exist in colonies, burrowed an inch or two below the surface of the ground. If the marauding rats can find a fairly lonely colony—one that is not connected with half a dozen others, that is—they mount guard over the outlets and try to starve the mice out. The besieged are no fighters and merely sit and cower, and though they sometimes make a sortie and get promptly eaten they more often frustrate the rats by dying underground.—London Answers.

Wire Nails and Old Nails.

Careful experiments are said to show that, first, cut nails are superior to wire nails in all positions; second, the main advantage of the wire nail is due to its possessing a sharp point; third, if cut nails were pointed, they would be 30 per cent more efficient in direct tension; fourth, wire nails without points have but one-half their ordinary holding power; fifth, the surface of the nail should be slightly rough, but not barbed. Barbing decreases the efficiency of cut nails about 32 per cent.

The pointed end enables the nail to enter wood without breaking its fiber excessively, thus preserving its grip. A serious defect of wire nails is their readiness to rust. They are made generally of a sort of soft steel, and steel rusts more readily than some other forms of iron. In some parts of the country, it is said, shingles put on with wire nails drop off after six or eight years.—Baltimore Sun.

Running at right angles with the Orange river, South Africa, are mighty downs of red sand, which extend for miles into the vast desert of the Kalahari. There are few wells, and some produce horse sickness.

He Apologized.

International courtesies are to be observed even in disreputable professions. Josiah Flynt, who has shared the company of tramps in order to procure data as to their methods of living, relates an instance of true politeness from one of that unsavory brotherhood. He says in "Tramping With Tramps:"

"In Glasgow a fellow vagabond did me a good turn. We were walking along the street, when three town tramps came along and 'guyed' my hat. My companion noticed it, and I told him I had suffered in that way before. Then he turned sharply about on the scoffers and thundered out:

"'Who're you lookin at? Ef you're tryin to guy this Yank, you'd better stop! Ef you don't, there'll be a fight!'

"'Let's run,' said I, 'if you really mean that.'

"'Not much! I'm English, you know, and I can knock out any Scotchman that comes round. I'm in the mood for it right now.'

"The town vagabonds took him at his word and left. Then I said to him, 'You English fellows seem to have things pretty much your own way here.'

"'Yes,' said he; 'we English fellers know how to bluff. We've been bluffin the world now for a good many years.'

"'You forget the United States!' I could not help interjecting.

"'Beg pardon, Yank,' said he. 'Beg pardon!'"

Deceitful Man.

Two men were standing together in a postoffice. One of them happened to notice that a postcard held in the fingers of the other was addressed to the holder.

"Why, what does this mean?" he asked. "Do you address letters to yourself?"

"In this case, yes," was the answer.

"That's funny."

"Well, not so very. See the other side."

He held it up, and the other side read: "Brother Blank—There will be a meeting of the I. O. O. S. B., No. 387, at the hall tonight to transact special business. Members not present will be fined $10. J. B., secretary."

"Yes, but I don't exactly catch on," protested the innocent.

"Oh, you don't? Well, I got the cards printed myself. The society is all a myth. When I want to go out of an evening, I direct one of these cards to my house. I reach home, and my wife hands it to me with a sigh. I offer to stay home and stand the fine of 2 guineas, but of course she won't allow that. That's all, my friend, except that the scheme is worked by hundreds of others, and the poor, deluded wives haven't tumbled to it yet."

Unexpected Opposition.

While Lord Kitchener was engaged in suppressing the Prieska rebellion he ordered the destruction of a certain farmhouse. Not seeing any signs of his orders being carried out, he rode over with his staff and found an interesting situation.

In the doorway of the doomed farmhouse stood a pretty young Dutch girl, her hands clasping the doorposts and her eyes flashing fire from beneath her dainty sunbonnet. The Irish sergeant in charge of the party of destruction was vainly endeavoring to persuade her to let them pass in, but to all his blandishments of "Arrah darlint, wisha now, acushla," etc., the maiden turned a deaf ear, and a deadlock prevailed.

Kitchener's sharp "What's this?" put a climax to the scene.

The girl evidently guessed that this was the dreaded chief of staff, and her lips trembled in spite of herself.

Kitchener gazed sourly at her, standing bravely though tearfully there, and turned to his military secretary. "Put down," he growled, "that the commander's orders with reference to the destruction of Rightman's farm could not be carried out owing to unexpected opposition. Forward, gentlemen."—London News.

It Met Requirements.

Charles Hoyt, the farce writer, once invited a friend to go to the theater with him.

"What play?" queried his friend.

"Nat Goodwin in 'Nathan Hale,'" said the playwright.

"I'm very sorry," said the friend, "but you'll have to count me out."

"What's the matter?" asked Hoyt in surprise.

"Well, to be frank with you, I don't like Nat Goodwin in anything. I hate him personally and can't enjoy him as an actor, and, as far as I am concerned, I wouldn't mind seeing him dead."

"Then this is your play," slyly added Mr. Hoyt in his peculiar Yankee dialect. "You don't want to miss it. They hang him in the last act."—News Letter.

What She Wanted.

They are telling a story in Paris of an American woman who tried to make use of a rather doubtful grade of American Ollendorff French in the hotel, although all the employees spoke English. Finally one of the waiters asked the manager for a leave of absence, and the maitre d'hotel himself went up to solve the mystery. After a violent tirade against the incivility of the garcon she declared that his French was so frayed out at the edges that he did not understand what "a bottle of embonpoint" was. And it took the manager 20 minutes to discover that she had intended to ask for stout.

TWO TIPS ON RACES.

The Recipient Tells Why He Is Not Hankering After Any More.

"No, sir," said a New Orleans dentist the other day when the conversation happened to turn on sports; "no, sir, I wouldn't play a racing tip under any circumstances. I wouldn't play it if I knew it was a copper bottomed, double rivited cinch and a 100 to 1 shot."

"But why wouldn't you?" asked a listener. "Have you been thrown down so bad?"

"I haven't been thrown down at all," replied the dentist. "On the contrary, the only two tips I ever had in my life were both perfectly straight, but—well, I'll tell you what happened to me. Personally, I don't care for racing and never go near the track, but during the winter season I did a good deal of work for horsemen and got well acquainted with several. One day a Louisville man for whom I had put in a rather difficult filling told me in an offhand fashion to put $5 or $10 on a certain horse that was going to run next day. I thought it over, decided I would and decided I wouldn't and finally didn't. The horse came galloping in first, 12 to 1. I was so ashamed of myself that I hadn't the face to tell the Louisville man the truth, and when he asked me how much I had gathered in I said 'a hundred' and thanked him warmly. Later on he got broke and came around to borrow $50. 'I wouldn't ask you,' he said, 'but you know I put you next to winning that hundred.' What could I say? I handed him the money and have never seen it since. That was tip No. 1.

"The other tip was given me by a gambler here in town," continued the dentist. "I yanked out a molar that was setting him crazy, and in a burst of gratitude he swore me to secrecy and told me to be certain to back a horse—well, call him Snow King, which comes near to his name—that was to run that afternoon. I couldn't go out myself that day, but I determined I wouldn't get left twice, so I sent for a friend, raked up $20 and told him to go and make the bet for me. This friend of mine has a bad impediment in his speech, and late that afternoon he rushed in with a face like a funeral. 'K-k-kill me!' he stuttered. 'K-k-k-kill me!' 'Why, what's wrong?' I asked, greatly startled. With much difficulty he managed to tell me that he had got the names mixed and had bet on King John instead of Snow King. Snow King was a winner, of course, at 20 to 1, and King John was nowhere. My messenger was so heartbroken over his blunder that I didn't have the heart to reproach him, and when he pulled out $20, mostly in small silver, and tried to make me take it I refused. 'No, my boy,' I said; 'you can't afford to make that good. It's vexatious, of course, but mistakes will happen; so keep your money and say no more about it.' That made me feel so fine and magnanimous that it sort of reconciled me to my loss, and my friend was almost tearful in his thanks.

"About a month afterward, as near as I remember, a bookmaker came in to get a set of false teeth, and while we were waiting for the cast to dry we got to talking about luck. He said it was strange how often green outsiders walk up and call the right horse. 'Why, not long ago,' he said, 'all the talent was backing the favorite in one of the events where it looked like a moral certainty that nothing else could win. Just before the race was called up comes a gawky young fellow to my box and puts down $20 on an old skate of the name of Snow King. He got 20 to 1 and might just as well have had 100 to 1.' 'Hold on,' I interrupted, beginning to feel a little sick; 'did you notice anything peculiar about that young man?' 'Nothing particular,' said the bookmaker, 'except that he stuttered so bad I thought he would never make his play before the race was over.'

"So that's why I'm sore on tips," added the dentist. "I got two straight ones, and I figure it out that I lost $150 on the first—the $100 I didn't win and the $50 I loaned—and $420 on the second—the $400 I won, but didn't get, and the $20 I was fool enough to tell my stuttering friend to keep; total, $570. Wouldn't that jar you a little?" —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Tommy's Speech.

Sue (who has just been asked to play something on the piano)—I really can't play anything.

Tommy—But, I say, Sue, why don't you play that piece you spoke to me about?

Sue—What piece?

Tommy—Why, that one you told me to ask you to play when we had company 'cause you knew it better'n any of the others. I forget the name!

Then Tommy was sent to bed.—Kansas City Independent.

Born to Dominate.

"Mrs. Crowder has been president of your club a long time."

"Yes; none of us could call her to order, so we decided we might as well let her regulate the rest of us."—Chicago Record.

A Blow to Superstition.

"Jimmy's rabbit got drowned in our bathtub."

"Goodness! Didn't he have his left hind leg with him?"—Indianapolis Journal.

The annual expenditure in England and Wales on funerals probably exceeds £6,000,000.

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THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. L. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, JULY 20, 1900. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 33.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect JUNE 25, 1900.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.14, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.39, 8.00, 9.10, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.28, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.22, 7.04, 7.34, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, 8.42, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.46, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 12.00, 4.52, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.33 8.28, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, *9.30, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.28, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.28, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 8.28, 6.33, 11.11, A. M., 6.42 P. M., Saturdays only. Except Claremont.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.28, †11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, ‡6.33, 8.28, 11.11, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P.M

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.28, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.28, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

*To Nashua only.
†To Franklin only.
‡Weirs only.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.21, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.16, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 4.03, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Jan. 1, 1900, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 and 11.15 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Wakefield & Stoneham St. R'y Co.

On and after January 1, 1900, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, then *9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester, and Arlington, at 5.15, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.30, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.45, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m., then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 8.35, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. M. LANE, Acting Supt.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00 *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

☞*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

Business Cards.

Crawford's - -
ICE CREAMS
SHERBERTS, &C.
No. 412 Main St., WOBURN
TELEPHONE: 48-3.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal and Wood,
377 Main Steet.
Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

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HAS SOLD — AND — REPAIRED FINE WATCHES SINCE 1865.
NICHOLS
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from steam or hot water heating coils or raidiators below the boilers can be brought back by gravity alone. I make a specialty of such work. Let me solve your problems. It costs you nothing if I fail.
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Telephone 28-2.

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Residence and Night Telephone 17-4.

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Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents.
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G. F. JONES, Proprietor.
Telephone 39-2.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.
Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASSWARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.
☞ SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

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AUCTIONEER.
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Office: 373 Main St., Woburn.

GEORGE W. NORRIS,
Counsellor-at-Law and Notary,
MECHANICS BUILDING,
415 Main Street, WOBURN.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Business Cards.

George Durward

Choice
Steaks
and Roasts.

430 Main St., Woburn

DR. LEWIS
DENTIST,
FOWLE BUILDING,
353 Main St., Woburn, Mass
TELEPHONE 109-7.

JOHN ARNOTT,
Watchmaker and Jeweler
465 Main St., Woburn.
Clocks called for and delivered.
☞ Fine Watch and Clock Repairing.

JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
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P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

L. W. THOMPSON,
(Successor to L. Thompson
HARDWARE!
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No. 437 Main Street, Woburn.

CIVIL ENGINEER
and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street,
BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

THE OLD DAGUERREOTYPE.

Up in the attic I found them locked in the cedar chest,
Where the flowered gowns lie folded, which once were brave as the best,
And, like the queer old jackets and the waistcoats gay with stripes,
They tell of a wornout fashion, these old daguerreotypes.

Quaint little folding cases, fastened with tiny hook,
Seemingly made to tempt one to lift up the latch and look;
Linings of purple and velvet, odd little frames of gold,
Circling the faded faces brought from the days of old.

Grandpa and grandma, taken ever so long ago,
Grandma's bonnet a marvel, grandpa's collar a show;
Mother, a tiny toddler, with rings on her baby hands
Painted—lest none should notice—in glittering gilded bands.

Aunts and uncles and cousins, a starchy and stiff array,
Lovers and brides, then blooming, but now so wrinkled and gray,
Out through the misty glasses they gaze at me, sitting here
Opening the quaint old cases with a smile that is half a tear.

I will smile no more, little pictures, for heartless it was, in truth,
To drag to the cruel daylight these ghosts of a vanished youth.
Go back to your cedar chamber, your gowns and your lavender,
And dream mid their bygone graces of the wonderful days that were.

—Saturday Evening Post.

THE WOMAN WHO COULD NOT DIE.

A Strange and Grewsome Tale
: : : : By Count Leo Tolstoi.

Her hood and the apron that concealed the dark skirt she wore, all but for a narrow strip in the back, and the scarf fastened crosswise over her breast were dazzlingly white. On her left arm she carried a basket of homemade sweetmeats, in her hand a stout cane.

She shuffled along in the attitude of a half open penknife, but approaching the bench where I sat, raised herself a little so that I could see her face. A veritable network of wrinkles. Hers, I said to myself, must have been a long, laborious life, a life full of cares and disappointments if the lines by which misfortune had marked her countenance tell its story.

"Sit down, little mother," I said, making room for her.

"Thanks, my lord. If I may lean against the fence a bit, I will be all right again. When an old thing like I sits down and gets up, there is always a shooting pain in one's back."

"Then, how old may you be, little mother?"

"Eighty and more years—don't know for certain. But it's all in the books at the village parsonage where I was born."

"Then you are not a Moscow woman?"

"Oh, dear, no; I am Ekatrina, from Wadowice. One of my daughters married a Moscow lad, Peter, who works in the nail factory. When I felt death approaching, I went to live with them, thinking my last hours would pass pleasanter in the society of those I love. One's relatives, if they are not too hard hearted, will at least place a handful of straw under the tired head when it's all over so the soul may depart easier from what has been its sinful abode."

"And are the children good to you?"

"How could they be otherwise? An old woman, unable to escape misfortune, must be content anywhere. But things are not exactly going as I hoped."

"What's wrong, then?"

"Death disappointed me. I came here to die, you know, yet I am living, living, living all the time. Look at me, my lord. Would you suspect that there is more than a spark left in me? God's wrath! I seem to have more lives than a cat. Had it all planned out to a nicety; wasn't going to give them any trouble whatever. After the police had been duly notified of my arrival that was to be the end of it, I reckoned. My son-in-law went to the factory as usual, my daughter busied herself about the house, while I sat in a corner by the fireside to work over the down feathers I had collected the past year. My sole ambition was to cure enough for a bed, the inheritance I meant to leave behind. And all the time I murmured prayers one after the other and then began anew. Death, which I thought so near, should find me well employed.

"I waited a month, another, a third—who didn't come was death. I run cold when I think of it." And Ekatrina trembled as she leaned on her cane.

"One Sunday in the fourth month the janitor came up. 'Peter,' he said, 'you must get a permit of residence for the little mother. That's the law.'

"My son became frightened. 'Does it cost much?' he asked when he found his tongue again.

"'About 2 rubles a quarter.'

"Then my son got down his tobacco pouch and gave its contents to the janitor, who forthwith withdrew just as if there were no police in the world. When he was gone, I said: 'Sonny, don't you trouble about a permit of residence for me. I came here to die, not to live. True, I am still breathing, but ready to collapse any minute.'

"And my daughter said: 'That's right. Why spend any money on her? If she doesn't die today, it's tomorrow or next day. She says so herself, and dying people don't lie.'

"You see, my lord," continued the old woman, "we all agreed on this dying business and felt quite satisfied that it would come off in good season. But now that death has disappointed us don't think, my lord, that I was shamming at any time. Even then, at the very beginning of my martyrdom, if I may call it so without disrespect to the good saints—even then I was subject at intervals to such agonized feelings of oppression and helplessness that every bone in me contracted, and it became black before my eyes just as if they were filled with soot. Again I had such fearful pains in my spine that I couldn't have raised my face to heaven for a silver ruble. But, my lord, we—I beg your pardon a thousand times; I mean we common people—are such sinners and know nothing about dying, absolutely nothing. A second quarter passed by, and I was still sitting on the stove bench, a pitiable monument of miscalculation.

"I couldn't understand it. Is it possible, I said to myself, that the Lord Jesus has forgotten to call me when my days are up?

"One evening, just as Peter returned from work, the janitor walked in rudely. 'What in thunder is the matter with the old woman?' he bellowed. 'You say she came here to die; but, confound her, she is living on and on, cheating the state out of its dues. She ought to have bought a permit of residence nine months ago. Now you will have to pay a fine in addition. Attend to this without delay, as the police hold me responsible.'

"Peter, poor fellow, looked all perplexed, never said a word and scratched his head. But my daughter, scarlet with rage, snapped at me viciously. 'Old fool,' she hissed, 'you came here to die, didn't you? A fine excuse, that, for eating us out of house and home! Now we will be sold up for taxes. May you suffer in purgatory a hundred years for every kopeck we have to pay!'

"But Peter—ah, he is such an angel of a fellow!—can't hurt a fly. 'Franka,' he said, 'stop your abuse. God may punish you for it. Think how you may fare some day when you are old.' Then we talked it over, and Peter gave the janitor 53 kopecks to hold in hand, 'for,' he argued, 'death might come at any minute now.'

"Fifty-three kopecks for a miserable bag of bones like me! It nearly broke my heart, and Franka went around the house like a she bear bereft of her young. She was so mad she smashed the soup pot in setting it down—another kopeck gone! And all for me. 'I wouldn't mind it so much,' said my daughter after a day or two, 'if we had all got drunk for the money.'"

Ekatrina breathed hard once or twice and continued musingly: "I can't say that they begrudge me the soup I eat. May God punish me if I ever had such a thought! But at the same time I do not shorten their rations by unseeming appetite. A few spoonfuls left in the tureen is enough for me. A fine thing it would be, indeed, if a dried up whisp of straw, such as I am, allowed herself to be fattened by young married folks! Every age, as I take it, has its peculiar rights and privileges. Old people, good for nothings, can better afford to starve than youth, with its thousand duties to fulfill. No, my lord, they never stinted me in the way of food. But the loss of ready money they suffered. Fifty-three kopecks! Oh, it was cruel!"

The old woman paused to dry her tears. "And what happened then?" I asked.

"A second winter season had begun. The janitor became even more troublesome. Peter had to give him tobacco, beer, money even. I was exceedingly unhappy. Everything was going against me; all my calculations went for naught. Ah, I learned the truth of the proverb 'Man proposes, God disposes!' While the feather bed was still unfinished there was perhaps some excuse for my living, but when that was done I felt like cursing my fate.

"But the winter was extraordinarily cold, and I took heart again, for my rheumatism became almost unbearable and my cough increased to such intensity that I told Franka: 'Be cheerful, daughter; there is no deception about this! The new pains will certainly kill me.'

"'Pshaw,' replied she contemptuously, 'talk is cheap. Don't make a mountain out of that molehill of a cough, if you please. It's no real cough at all; just a bit of irritation in the throat,' she added with scorn. 'It won't hurt you more than a kick will a dog.'"

I wanted to say something, but Ekatrina, fearing criticism of her unnatural daughter, quickly continued: "It was this way, your lordship: Franka had to keep that infernal janitor in liquor all the time to prevent his tattling. He was forever in her kitchen, smoking Peter's tobacco and sending her for wodka. Then I resolved upon another plan. I began fasting, even two days before the feast of Christ's holy transfiguration. Peter objected. 'Do not attempt to correct God,' he said. 'What must come will come. Death catches a good many flies in winter. He will catch you, too, little mother. You don't need to invite him by starving yourself.' But I fasted just the same."

"And did it do any good?"

"Yes, yes! After 20 days I was so weak that I couldn't scrub the floor any more. I could hardly swallow a drop of water. Zounds, I thought, this is death for a surety. And my heart leaped with joy.

"Franka heated a big pot of water and gave it to me with a handful of soft soap; also a rough piece of linen, and I washed from head to foot to save them the trouble afterward, donned my fresh laundered clothes and sat down on the threshold, praying and—waiting. The weather was most beautiful. On the blue heavens rows of white lambs chased each other. I had never seen such finely formed clouds in all my life. The sun laughed, larks were singing and spring was in the air. From the tower, near by, church bells sounded. And I crossed myself and said aloud: 'Give me thy eternal peace, O Lord, and may thy light show me the road to heaven. Amen.' And with that I closed my eyes, feeling like one rid of all earthly misery. I was going to my father. I was convinced of it.

"Suddenly—loud steps, creaking boots beside me—I opened my eyes. It was the janitor who came to fetch me to the master of police on account of the residence permit. I prayed that the earth might open and swallow me, but my wish was wicked and was not granted. Peter wasn't at home. Franka was washing; I was afraid to disturb her. If Peter had been there he would have found means to pacify the janitor for the moment, when all would be well, for I felt sure that I would be dead before nightfall.

"While I was still weighing these things in my mind Franka came out with a big tub of soapy water. 'What are you standing around there for?' she scolded. 'Get yourself to the police master's, for his excellency won't be bamboozled like us by stories of cough and fasting. Your whole residence here was a fraud. It's too late now to wail about it. Go—and to jail if necessary.'

"At first I was dumfounded, but presently my senses returned. 'You are right, daughter,' I replied, took my shawl and went out. I walked slowly along the houses, groping my way and leaning against a wall from time to time. My eyes were itching as if beset by a thousand ants, and my body felt cold now, as if they were rolling me naked in the snow, and hot then. Was I so near purgatory? At last I landed at the police master's and entered the first room, where some great lords sat at tables. One was most proud and magnificent, another was gowned all in black and the third looked rather mean. I bowed down to the ground and began to tell my story. 'Not here, not here,' they said. I bowed again and went to the next room. The same story, 'Not here.' And so I hustled from room to room, from table to table. My strength was leaving me, when finally a thin, long gentleman took pity on old Ekatrina and took me into the right chamber where the master sat in state.

"There I waited upon the threshold while my legs shook like aspen leaves. At last the great one deigned to look up. 'What is it?' he asked. Bravely I unbosomed myself and told him everything from beginning to end. He listened, then again asked, 'What is it?' I repeated my story of how I went to the children to die; how, being altogether sure of death, I omitted to buy a permit of residence; how the dear Lord Jesus had seemingly forgotten me, and how, because I continued to keep on living, I was summoned before him.

"The great lord rang a silver bell. Immediately another came in who looked even more beautiful, for big, shiny buttons were on his coat. I had to tell my story to him also. When I finished, the master said, 'See here, Ekatrina, thou owest the little father, the czar, quite a heap of money, but we will take pity on thee and let it go at 5½ rubles.'

"I wrung my hands. Five rubles and a half! The very amount to a kopeck that I had given my children to pay for the funeral! Feeling swoony, I leaned against the wall. It got dark before my eyes, and a gale was blowing through my brain. And those fine gentlemen jumped from their seats as if by one accord. One grabbed the water bottle; the other brought a chair. Seeing the police master's compassion, I knelt down and embraced his knees.

"'Most gracious, most powerful lord police master, have the goodness to look at me! I am just a bit of useless dust; no more. As to the amount of soul within me, it's not worth bothering about. Believe me, I am taking no one's place in this world; sleep on a truss of straw behind the stove and pick up no more food than a sparrow! Ah, and I use very little air, for I am too weak to breathe much! As regards sunlight, I live in the cellar, where a beam seldom penetrates.

"'I know I ought to be dead long ago, but what can I do against this persistent, damnable, costly habit of living? Pray, take pity on me; it's surely the heaven's fault. The good saint who keeps the book of life must have overlooked poor Ekatrina. Don't punish me, lest the heavenly recorder may resent it. I assure your lordship I have been expecting death and preparing for it ever so long. I have prayed for it daily, hourly. And while I owe the little father, the czar—may the Lord bless him—I paid my permit of residence to God. Thirteen children I have borne and have buried seven. Oh, I worked for the czar too. I gave him two recruits, strapping fellows! One of my boys was drowned; one daughter ran away with the circus; the youngest burned to death in a hayloft like a sparrow under a thatched roof. Indeed, my lord, God and I are quits as regards the permit of residence, quits by virtue of the children I bore in pains and suckled with hunger staring me in the face.

"'He took it out of me in cares, in hard labor, in cuffs and beatings from a drunken husband, in the bloody tears that I cried on those burial grounds of yellow sand, seven of them; count them, my lord!'"

Old Ekatrina was overcome. Great tears rolled down her fleshless cheeks. Her lips trembled and her head inclined from one side to the other.

"Indeed," I said, "thou hast paid for thy permit of residence in this world." After she had come to I added, "And what then?"

"Oh, they made me pay," replied the old woman without a shadow of resentment in her voice. "They took it all—my entire funeral money is gone. But I don't blame those fine gentlemen. They did their duty. The law is on the books and must be obeyed."

"And now thou hast taken to peddling?"

"Yes. I sold the feather bed and bought a new permit of residence for the ensuing quarter. For the next I am trying to earn a few kopecks in advance. With that constitution of mine I may live another year. I am beginning to think I can't die."—Philadelphia Times.

A Russian Prize.

The Academy of Sciences of Russia holds in trust a fund of 1,500,000 rubles which, with accumulation, is to be bestowed as a prize in 1925. It represents the principal and interest of 50,000 rubles left in 1838 by General Arakezeijew, who provided in his will that at the end of the first quarter of the twentieth century three-fourths of the sum should be given to the writer of the best history in Russian of the reign of Alexander I. The other fourth is to be spent in printing the work in having it translated into French and German and for a prize for the author of the second best work.

Columbus and the Egg.

Columbus, having promised to stand an egg on end, failed at the first trial, but he reversed the egg, and it balanced perfectly.

"Tell me, Chris," said King Ferdinand, "why did you turn the egg over?"

"Because, your majesty, the chicken could not stand on its head."

It is said that Columbus got the idea of discovering America from this incident. But, of course, theories are not always what they are cracked up to be.—Baltimore American.

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Makes hot breakfast-breads wholesome—no yeast germs, no alum. Makes cake, biscuit and pastry of superior fineness, flavor and delicacy. Makes food that will keep moist and sweet. Is most economical, because it is the purest and greatest in leavening strength. In the easy, expeditious preparation of the finer cakes and pastries, Royal is indispensable.

Care must be taken to avoid baking powders made from alum. Such powders are sold cheap, because they cost but a few cents per pound. Not only will they spoil the cake, but alum is a corrosive acid, which taken in food means injury to health.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

CIRCUS WAGON ART.

COSTLY DECORATIONS A NECESSITY FOR PARADE EFFECT.

The Most Successful Creator of These Spectacular Pictorial Effects Is an Artist of Ability Who Keeps His Name Hidden.

Nobody who isn't in the circus business can appreciate the value, in an advertising way, of spectacular pictorial effects. Any circus which attempted to make the main round of cities nowadays with the parade outfits of some years ago would last about two weeks at the outside before going broke. People would judge it by its parade and, seeing that the animal wagons and band chariots weren't up to the mark, would infer that the entire show was inferior, in which inference they would probably be perfectly correct. So keen is competition now and to such a point of practical discernment has the public been educated that the big shows spend an amount of money on ornamentation alone that would make the ordinary business man gasp and denounce them as prodigally wasteful. There is one "chariot" now on the road that actually cost close to $10,000 when it was new, and it involves a large outlay every year to keep it brightened up with gold leaf and repairs of weather wear.

On the inside these vehicles are strictly and rigidly economical. Not a foot of space is wasted. Most of the wagons are full of paraphernalia, marvelously packed by experts in that line. Nothing can be learned from the exterior of the vehicle regarding its interior. The magnificent blue and gold chariot, worthy of the royalest of Bengal tigers, carries the layout of the ticket seller, while the wagon which limns forth on its gay sides the likeness of the ferocious rhinoceros is probably the habitat of the wardrobe woman and her outfit. Other magnificent equipages of the wheeled procession carry apparatus, clothing, trappings and fodder for the animals.

Most of the animals themselves are left behind when the show goes out on parade, except those that march, such as the elephants and camels and a few of the big felines, taken along to roar enticingly. There have been cases where haste and confusion on the part of the showmen in preparing the parade have resulted in the unmistakable roar of the king of beasts being heard from a wagon on whose panels coiled the mighty but comparatively voiceless boa constrictor, to the vast amazement of the gathered public.

Painting circus wagon panels is a distinct branch of art. Probably the academics would not so regard it, but nevertheless there is a certain breadth of treatment and dash required that are quite beyond the abilities of the ordinary practitioner of art, and the pictured sides of the circus vans represent some very good if rather hasty work.

The most successful painter of this line of work in the country is an artist of high abilities and reputation in a large western city. His reputation has been made as a portrait painter, and it would doubtless be a distinct detriment to his career were it known that he paints circus wagons, but paint them he does, and, what is more, he delights in the work. This artist has always had a fancy that his real forte lay in landscape work with a sprinkling of animals. That the public and the critics have always insisted on differing with him has been a grief to him. However, as he could earn a considerable income by his portraits he felt able to spend his spare time in painting animal and woodland scenes which nobody would buy. Then he got into the circus painting business, and not only was his ambition satisfied, but his income was largely augmented.

How it came about that this artist was induced to go into this line of work probably nobody but he and the showman who got him into it knows. Every winter now when that show goes into winter quarters the artist is summoned to the place and for weeks works away for dear life, designing and painting new wagon scenes. Among the show people he does not go under his own name, and he does not reveal at his home the business that takes him away every winter. In this line of work he has made all climes his own and will as readily paint an arctic icescape for the Siberian fox as an African oasis for the giraffe or a Rocky mountain fastness for the grizzly bear.

For the envy of those orthodox painters who confine themselves within the constricted lines of regulation art it may be said that he averages about $40 a day while working for the circus. To do this he has to paint a wagon a day. Of course it is impossible for him to do all the work of painting at this rate, so he merely blocks out the pictures, explaining to his assistants as he works just how he wants the colors and the gold leaf laid on.

Gold leaf is an essential of circus art. It catches the sun and attracts the public eye. The amount of money laid out in this article alone by a big circus is astonishing. When the painting of the wagons is all done, the artist goes over the whole lot in a final survey. Any crudities that there may be he touches up or smooths down until all is fit, and the wagons, glittering and gorgeous, are loaded on the train to meet the critical eye of the metropolitan public when the show starts its tour.—New York Sun.

Deficiency In the Attic.

"I am a self made man," said the proud individual.

"Well, you are all right except as to your head," commented the other part of the conversation.

"How's that?"

"The part you talk with is out of proportion to the part you think with."—Baltimore American.

Doesn't Waste Words Now.

"My husband," said the lady who combed her hair straight back from her brow, "used to waste words a good deal, but he has gradually outgrown the habit since he and I have known each other."

"And how has this happened?" the other woman asked.

"It has just been a sort of natural development—evolution, you might perhaps call it. The first letter he ever wrote to me was shortly after we had become acquainted and before there was really anything like an understanding between us. This is the way he signed it:

"Yours, my dear Miss Weston, most sincerely.
"JOHN HAMILTON EASTON.

"There, you see, were ten words—enough for a telegram—just to bring a commonplace friendly letter to an end. But after we became engaged his first letter to me was signed in this way:

"Yours, my darling, affectionately, JOHN.

"That, you will observe, was a reduction of 50 per cent from his conclusion as a mere friend. The first letter he ever wrote to me after we were married was signed:

"Yours, JOHN."

She stopped for a moment and sighed and then continued:

"We have been married 17 years now. Yesterday I received a letter from him. Here is the way it was signed: "J."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Wanted Them Lively.

"Talking about the queer ways some people have of sizing up a man's capabilities for a job," said a New Jersey man the other day, "there recently died in my town a boss carpenter who had one question which he always asked of journeymen who applied to him for employment. If the applicant was found to possess all the other necessary qualifications, he would ask:

"'What are your favorite tunes?'

"'Why, what do you want to know that for?'

"'You whistle and sing some at your work, don't you?'

"'Oh, yes.'

"'Well, what tunes do you generally whistle or sing?'

"'Oh, there's "Old Hundredth" and "Auld Lang Syne" and "Down by the Weeping Willows" and'—

"'That's enough,' the boss would exclaim. 'You won't do for me. These tunes are too slow for me. Good day.'

"On the contrary, if the applicant answered, 'Oh, I generally whistle "Yankee Doodle" or "The Fisher's Hornpipe" or something of that sort the carpenter would say at once:

"'I think you'll do. Take off your coat if you want to and go to work.'"—Washington Star.

He Had Had Experience.

Miss Sentiment—Were you ever disappointed in love?

Eligible Widower—Two and a half times.

Miss Sentiment—Two and a half times?

Eligible Widower—Yes; twice married and once rejected.—Omaha Bee.

The Abyssinian warriors always honor their king by a band escort of 45 trumpets wherever he goes.

Sandalwood, which sometimes feeds a bushman's fire, is exported to China for idol incense.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, JUYL 20, 1900.

WHY OUR CONGRESSMAN SHOULD BE AGAIN RETURNED.

There are weighty reasons for the retention of Congressman Knox as Representative of the Fifth District. These are largely founded upon the record he has made. Entering the Fifty-fourth Congress with a large Republican majority, like most new members, he was assigned to an inferior place upon Committtee. But his care and ability as a legislator led Speaker Reed to assign him to the Chairmanship of the same Committee at the next Congress, a thing quite unusual for so short a term of service. In this position, dealing with the most important questions, he has more than justified expectation. In the legislation affecting the vast Territories of Arizona, New Mexico, and Oklahoma and the sudden and wonderful opening up of Alaska, he has shown marked ability. In the establishment of a government for Hawaii, the first of our new possessions, he bore the leading part. The bill he reported and carried through the House was radically unlike that reported by the Commissioners, but met the approval of Congress and the country. The position he occupies is a most important one. * * * It is not too much to say that his failure to occupy this position in the immediate future would be a loss to the country, and one of the most important Chairmanships held by New England would be lost. Mr. Knox has experience in legislation and knowledge of methods acquired by constant attention and careful study and thought. This experience is of value to the District of which it can have the benefit in the future. It would all have to be acquired by a new member. Mr. Knox has the influence which length of service always gives, and which enables a Representative to serve efficiently his constituency. It may be almost said that it is this alone which enables a Representative to be really affective in his service.—*Lawrence Telegram, July 13.*

The *Telegram* submits other good reasons for the return of Mr. Knox, for which we have not room in this issue of the JOURNAL. We simply add, that, until the questions involved in the acquisition of our new territories are settled his services as Chairman of the Committee on Territories are imperatively demanded in Congress, and to refuse to re-elect him would be a grave mistake on the part of the Republicans of this District.

AT LAST.

Governor Crane prorogued the Great and General Court last Tuesday.

Thank the Lord for the dispersion of the assembled incompetents on Beacon Hill!

☞ A street railroad company, of which Mr. Frank E. Cotton of this city is one of the Directors, has been organized to build an electric line from Belmont to Concord, to be called the Boston & Concord Street Railway. It is also proposed by the Company to run a branch from Lexington to Woburn by way of Cummingsville. The capitol stock is $175,000. Col. Charles F. Woodward has under consideration the construction of an electric road from Woburn to Arlington Heights via East Lexington. Mr. Cotton, Director in the B. & C. organization, tells us that Col. Woodward's plan is to build his line from Woburn direct to the Arlington Heights, and not by the way of Cummingsville. Col. Woodward's petition for a franchise is published in the JOURNAL this week, and from it one may learn just the route contemplated. Judge Johnson is one of the petitioners and Directors. A petition from the B. & C. Company will be before the City Council next week.

☞ We hear, with much satisfaction, that Representative Roberts of Reading will meet with no opposition to a renomination this fall, and of course his election will follow. During the session just closed he proved himself to be a good Representative for this District and his work fairly entitles him to further honors. He is a straight forward, steady going, business man, with no frills or furbelows, and as honest as the day is long. The Reading delegation will be solid for Roberts, and of course Woburn will heartily endorse the choice.

☞ The Woburn JOURNAL has a pleasing reference in the last issue to Ex-Rep. James W. Grimes's candidacy for the Senate. Editor Hobbs is also sanguine that Mr. Alva S. Wood of Woburn is the coming Senator from that District.—*Reading Chronicle.*

Mr. Wood has no competetors in this city, and his nomination and election is a foregone conclusion. We think Mr. Grimes is equally certain of making connections.

☞ Last Tuesday the Governor vetoed the Horn Pond boulevard bill, and his objections were sustained by an overwhelming majority of the House. The opposition in this city to the boulevard were entirely satisfied long ago that such would be the fate of the bill, therefore took but little interest in the steps that brought it to the Governor. It was a wild, impracticable scheme, at the best.

☞ Captain Wyer's Company G, 5th Regiment, 2d Brigade, now in camp at Framingham, stood the intense heat of the first three or four days of the week in fine shape and did their work in a satisfactory manner. There has been no sickness among the boys to speak of. The camp has been visited by several Woburn people this week.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

E. Prior—Auction.
C. W. Clark—Citation.
J. W. Johnson—Mort. Sale.
G. W. Norris—Admr. Notice.
L. & B. S. R. Co.—Pet. & Order.
C. F. Woodward et als—Pet. & Order.
F. F. Draper Adv. Co.—Sutherland Sisters.

— Locke, tuner, telephone, this page.

— **Fred Masson is vacating at Rockland, Maine.**

— **Read the new notice of Huntley & Co., druggists.**

— Daughter to Dr. and Mary (Reade) Winn of Roxbury.

— Mr. Fred T. Dow will spend his vacation at St. Andrews, N. B.

— Hanson & Co. are offering some fine gold watches for sale cheap.

— Herbert Stevens is at Kennebunkport, Maine, for the outing season.

— Mrs. G. A. Blaisdell and children are enjoying an outing at The Weirs.

— Mrs. Walter Widgery is enjoying her vacation at Hillsboro, N. H.

— Dennis C. Walsh and Bernard Murphy of the Police are out on vacation.

— Everett and Grace Dickinson are at Cape Porpoise, Kennebunkport, Maine.

— Mr. James H. Linnell and wife are at Hampton, N. H., for comfort and pleasure.

— Mrs. W. H. Bolewine and children are visiting friends at Bellows Falls, Vt.

— President Blodgett of the City Council has returned from a business trip to Ohio.

— There was a meeting of the City Council last evening. When do they take a vacation?

— Mr. J. Foster Deland and family are passing a pleasant vacation at Bridgewater, N. H.

— Crovo Brothers have a large stock of the best fruit that the Boston market has for sale.

— We are looking for early flittings to salt waters and mountains of shepherds of local flocks.

— When Gage & Co. advertise "Hot Weather Goods" they mean exactly what they say.

— The Public Library, until Sept. 1, will be closed every evening in the week except Saturdays.

— Mr. Frank B. Richardson and family go to Grafton, N. H., for their summer rest and repose.

— D. H. Eaton has gone to Cincinnati, Ohio, on business. He is to move to and settle in that city.

— We thank Mrs. M. T. Allen of Church avenue for an elegant bouquet of mid-summer flowers.

— Mr. Charles Bartlett of New York is spending a couple of weeks here with relatives and friends.

— Company G, 5th Regiment (Woburn Phalanx) have been attending muster at Framingham this week.

— A more delicious night than last Wednesday night never laid outdoors. Oh, but wasn't it a night for sleep.

— What "Pat" Crilley don't know about water works—or the Woburn W. W.—isn't worth trying to find out.

— Wisely and humanely, some of the leather factories knocked off work during the terrible hot days this week.

— Women's Relief Corps 161, went to Salem Willows on a little lark yesterday, at least, they had so planned.

— Bring them down to Winchester. —*Winchester Star.* Our Golf Club waste no time on tyros. "Shoo fly."

— To hear people groan Tuesday morning one would have thought Monday night was a hot and uncomfortable one.

— All kinds of repairing at Leathe's. Our $2.50 hand welt calf shoes for men are equal to any $3 advertised shoes.

— Fred C. Kean, postoffice clerk, is attending muster at Framingham this week with Co. G, of which he is a member.

— Mrs. E. H. Wright of Pleasant street has recently been a guest of Mrs. Maria Winn at her nice summer home at Swampscott.

— Raymond Adams and Clarence E. Gage were conspicuously successful in their preliminary examinations for Harvard University.

— Mrs. Lewis D. Penn and her sister, Miss Sadie Thompson, went to Ogunquit, Maine, the fore part of this week for a vacation outing.

— Mr. John C. Andrews of the *News* is away on a visit to New York and Philadelphia instead of the Provinces, as we stated last week.

— Don't fail to attend the auction sale by Prior of the household goods of the late Dr. Graves at the residence of Mr. Graves on Pleasant street.

— Mr. Alvah Wiswell has returned from Joplin, Mo., where he has large mining interests. Several Boston capitalists also own mines there.

— Automatic blue flame, three burner oil stove, used one summer, perfect order. Price $5.00. Cost $10.75. Can be see at 162 Salem st.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— Mrs. Susan K. Ellis and Miss Josephine H. Ellis are revelling in summer breezes and ocean scenes with Mrs. B. S. Briggs at Craigsville, Cape Cod.

— Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. W. Phinney are getting ready for a visit to their summer resort, St. Andrews, N. B. Their address will be the Algonquin.

— Mrs. Mary A. Seeley and Miss Annie B. Seeley will pass their vacation at Gloucester, and Harlow C. Seeley expects to enjoy his at Edgartown.

— Last Saturday Miss Grace Bond and her friend, Miss Hall, of Philadelphia, left here for Southport, Maine, a seaside resort of many Woburn people.

— John P. Feeney, Esq., is attending to the law business of Francis P. Curran, Esq., while the latter is enjoying life and spending mints of money in gay Paree.

— Ernest Hartwell insists that Webhanet, Wells, Maine, is the boss summer resort on the Atlantic Coast. After a fine outing he returned from there several days ago.

— Miss Josephine J. McSweeney is visiting with friends in New Hampshire, where, we hope, she finds more agreeable weather than has prevailed here this week.

1817 1900

CARPETS.

Every purchaser of Carpets—whether for the smallest room or the biggest hotel—wants his mind satisfied on three points, namely:

PRICE—QUALITY—STYLE.

It is because we convince our customers as to every one of these requirements that we confidently expect YOUR patronage.

John H. Pray & Sons Co.,
658 Washington Street . . . BOSTON.
Opp. Boylston Street.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

Huntley's Violet Ammonia.

A DELIGHTFUL TOILET REQUISITE.

Softens the water and imparts to the bath and the person the true delightful odor of the wood violet.

A FULL PINT 25c.

HUNTLEY'S, "The Prescription Store,"
417 MAIN STREET.
Successors to PARKER, THE DRUGGIST.

Hot Weather Goods.

G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

— Are the young Republicans of this city beginning to think about organizing a Rough Riders Company? It is nearly time.

— The appointment of Capt. E. F. Wyer to the office of postmaster took a good man out of active politics. He used to be a successful leader.

— Rev. S. S. Marquis of Detroit, Mich., formerly rector of Trinity Episcopal of this city, will conduct the services of that church next Sunday.

— The estimation in which the Horn Pond boulevard project was held by the Legislature was pretty accurately measured by the vote on the Governor's veto of it.

— A more satisfied expression is observed on the face of Hon. E. D. Hayden than rested there when the Boston & Albany lease was under fire in the Legislature.

— Mr. Parker L. Eaton has been taking charge of the No. Lexington Railroad station during the unaccountable absence of his son, who is the regular agent there.

— Mrs. Carrie E. Dow of Arlington Road expects to leave soon for the Algonquin, St. Andrews, N. B., where she will pass the heated term with other pleasant Woburn folks.

— Fitz & Stanley, the pioneer and firstclass grocers, advertise the best quality of creamery butter at only 23 cents a pound! Can anybody successfully compete with those figures?

— As for heat, last Monday was a day to conjure by—a common expression, but probably meaningless in this connection. At anyrate, it tried men's souls, and grease out of their corporality.

— Dogdays begin next Wednesday, July 25, and continue their reign to Sept. 5, or 41 days. After the experience with heat this week Dogdays can have no terrors for the people of this locality.

— The big pane of plate glass to replace that broken by the hoodlums on the 4th in J. Leathe's store was put in slick and easy last Saturday. The men understood their business and did it to a nicety.

— Mr. John Seaver of Eaton ave., who has been a salesman in the Paine furniture establishment in Boston for nearly 17 years continuously is taking his vacation, and sensibly, taking it right here at home.

— Water Commissioner Elwyn G. Preston has paid personal attention to the work of changing the hydrants on Main street this week. The change was demanded, and the work, so far, seems to have been well done.

— There was a fine shower about 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon. When the rain began to fall and the thunder to roar the temperature fell from 98 to 73 in the space of 5 minutes. The mercury crawled part way back after the shower.

— The Bureau of Water Supply of the Board of Public Works, Mr. Preston, Commissioner, has, through Registrar Wade, issued an order to users of hose for watering lawns, etc., an important notice, which said users will do well to heed.

— News has been received here of the safe arrival at Nome, the land of gold located near the Arctic regions, of Clarence E. Littlefield, son of Fire Chief Clarence Littlefield. We hope and trust that he will return soon loaded down with gold.

— By reference to our business columns it will be seen that still another street railroad franchise in this city is prayed for. This embraces the Lexington & Boston proposition as far as Russell street over which it proposes to run to Lexington.

— Mr. W. W. Crosby will take a vacation from his duties as Principal of the Lowell Textile School and attend the meet of the American Canoe Association in Canada next August as a member of Inuitou Club. A press of work at the School will not allow him a long vacation.

— Marked improvements on some of our highways show that the Board of Public Works understand their duties and are discharging them faithfully. They have made some good roads this season, and in doing so valuable aid has been rendered by Superintendent Frank B. French.

— Judge John G. Maguire and his co-administrator, Francis W. Kitridge, filed an inventory of the property left by the late Mrs. Hiller of Wilmington, who was reported to be worth millions, in the Probate Court a few days ago, and, all told, it amounted to $44,-060.28. There it is again!

— Not within our remembrance have we seen such a number of species of birds in this town as during the present season. Many of the birds have been almost total strangers in these parts.—*Winchester Star.* Same here. And don't you find a falling off in the number of English sparrows?

— A new and improved quality of books of stamps has been received at postoffice. The first ones were not entirely satisfactory, the paraffine paper being too thin. These latter ones seem to be all right and just what the public will appreciate during the dog days when heat and humidity conspire to stickiness.

— Mr. Thomas D. Hevey, Secretary and Almoner of the Overseers of the Poor, and member of the School Board, and his sister Mary E. Hevey, teacher in the Cummings school, left here last Tuesday evening, in the sweltering heat, for a visit at New York and Coney Island. They will return next week.

— It is reported that Mr. Herbert W. Munn of Bennett street will soon move away from here to a locality nearer Boston, where he is now building a residence. We shall be sorry to lose him, but it seems to be the disposition of our young men doing business in Boston to leave us and get closer to that city.

— Chief Justice Edward F. Johnson of the District Court, and Mr. John C. Buck, City Treasurer and Clerk of the Woburn Co-operative Bank, went to Saratoga, the most fashionable inland watering place in America, a few days ago and are expected home this week. Nothing is too good for such high public functionaries.

— July 12, the horse becoming frightened and turning round at Central Square, Police Officer Austin G. French and John A. Walsh were thrown from the Police wagon, with serious results to the former, who had an arm broken, and was otherwise injured. Officer Walsh escaped serious injury. Officer French will be laid up for some time.

— Mr. James M. Kimball is engaged in taking a special schedule for the 12th U. S. Census in this city which includes Manufactures. In the discharge of his duties he is obliged to interview and take notes of over 90 establishments, and the work is expected to be completed this month. To accomplish this Mr. Kimball is obliged to hustle.

— Hard times are not allowed to abridge summer pleasures, as is being demonstrated every day in this city. It is stated by those who pretend to keep track of such matters that more Woburn people will be registered at the beaches and mountains from now to the first of September than ever before, and our observation bears out the statement.

— On the invitation of Rev. Fr. Keegan, pastor, the Sunday School teachers of St. Charles church, the choir, church Collectors and Treasurer, and Promoters of the Sacred Heart League, went to Crescent Beach last Wednesday in electric cars, and spent the day there. The company dined at Point of Pines. It was a hot day for a beach outing, but Fr. Keegan's guests enjoyed it very much.

— Mr. George Roberts, the life insurance man of this city, has two nephews in the 9th U. S. Regulars now in China which lost so many men at the storming of Tiensin by the Allied Powers on July 13, and where Col. Liscum of the 9th lost his life. The young men are the sons of Hon. William A. Roberts, a prominent citizen of Biddeford, Maine. Five other men of that city are in the same Regiment.

— On one of the entablatures, or friezes, of the Public Library is chiselled the date of the erection of that noble building, 1878, but, as near as we can find out, it has never been formerly dedicated. In view of which fact, it has been suggested by a prominent citizen that when the Rumford monument is officially unveiled and dedicated the Public Library should, somehow, be included in the services.

— Last week Thursday Ensign Lydia Lovell came from North Adams and took charge of the Woburn Salvation Army Corps, accompanied, as she says, by the Lord. She is a Marylander, and has been engaged in Army work a long time. She wishes it announced that meetings will be held every evening in S. A. Hall, and frequent ones on the Common. Ensign Lovell has strong hopes of doing much good here.

— If any individual, or group of individuals, ever cherished the least doubt as to the utility of the Woburn Industrial School, or harbored a suspicion as to the high quality of its work, or were disposed to criticise the fruit of its labors, under the management of Principal W. S. Carter, a visit to it would dispel all such feelings and elicit words of warmest praise. It is one of the most valuable educational institutions in this city.

— This question has often, at least once a year, presented itself to our mind: Why is the hottest week in the season always selected for the annual muster of the Second Brigade at Framingham? It is ever thus. In olden times "May Trainings" were held in the spring, and "General Musters" after the middle of September; why was the change made? It was a bad change. It is but little short of down right cruelty to snake the boys to Framingham right in the middle of the heated term.

— Our esteemed correspondent, "O. S. B., says in his communication this week that the famous teacher Charles M. Cumston of Monmouth, Maine, many years Head Master of the Boston English High, taught school in Woburn nearly 55 years ago, and was very popular. After an interval of a half a century another Monmouth man, or one born very near that old Maine town, Mr. L. Herbert Owen, is Principal of the Woburn High School, and is also very popular. "Thus" as Shakespeare says, "the whirligig of time," etc.

— No Mayor has ever done so much towards annihilating kitchen barrooms in this city as Mayor Davis. It has been a work of law and conscience with him, and he has done it well. The men and women who would, if they could, sell intoxicating liquors illegally are all "down on him," and decent people are praising him "for the enemies he has made." It is said on unimpeachable authority that it is very nearly impossible to find a place in this city where the liquor laws are violated. That is a good record for Mayor Davis.

— At 9.30 o'clock Thursday morning, July 26, Mr. E. Prior will open a sale, by auction, of the household goods—kitchen, parlor, bedroom, and office furniture—of the late Dr. Frank W. Graves, by order of Mrs. Graves, the executrix of his estate. By referring to the advertisement it will be seen that a large amount of property is to be disposed of at the auction, all of which is of the best quality and desirable. It is probable that some excellent bargains may be secured, and it is also probable that the attendance at the sale will be large.

— Three more electric railroads for Woburn are now undergoing the process of incubation, and as we sit here and sweat our mind inclines to wonder "what shall the harvest be?" The greater the number of electric roads the better it will be for us, and among them all we hope that Cummingsville may be struck and pierced by one, at least, in order that the civilizing and Christianizing influences of the Centre may be more directly and forcibly brought to bear on that part of our fair city. So far, Mr. Frank Cotton's project seems to be more deeply imbued with the missionary spirit than either of the others.

— Mr. Charles H. Taylor and Mrs. Taylor are guests of Washington Hotel, Ogunquit, Maine. It is presumed that they are having a hilarious old time. It is also presumed that Mr. Taylor will fetch home a large portefolio filled with marine and countryside views, in the taking of which, with kodak, he is an expert. Just to remind the JOURNAL of its childhood days we wish Mr. and Mrs. Taylor would bring home, for it, a small sample of "seaweed," and another of "rockweed," with which marine plants the JOURNAL's proprietor, many years ago, was familiar—often to his sorrow.

— Mr. J. S. Wheeler of Kilby st., came up the JOURNAL elevator at 3 o'clock last Tuesday afternoon and informed all whom it might concern that his thermometer then showed 96 degrees in the shade, a trifle tougher than it was at the same hour on Monday. While Mr. Wheeler is always a welcome visitor to the JOURNAL printing and publishing establishment, the information which he took so much pains to impart to us was not of the most cheerful or cheering nature. Nor was it, except the exact figure, altogether a surprise, as one might have correctly inferred from the floods of steaming water, which began in the morning as brooklets, at noon had increased to streamlets, and at the hour named above had assumed the proportions of rivulets, then pouring over our brow.

The Cut makes the fit;
The Fit makes the suit;
The Suit makes the man — so far as appearance goes.

It is our pride that no expenditure is spared — either in respect to materials or intelligent workmanship — in the manufacture of the

HIGH-GRADE CLOTHING

with which our name has been identified for so many years.

☞ Garments are made in our own *clean* workrooms in the same building in which our salesrooms are located — constantly, therefore, under our own careful supervision.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY,
400 Washington St. — BOSTON — 400 Washington St.

Keep a Tooting.

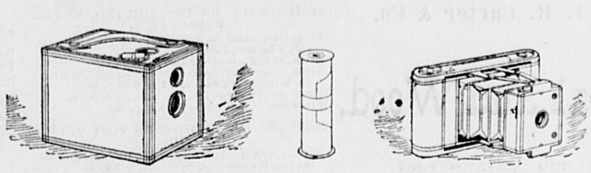
"If you toot your little tooter, and then lay aside your horn,
There's not a soul, in ten short days, will know that you were born."

Oh! yes, we will toot our little tooter, from now until the morn
When Gabriel toots, the last toot, upon his Golden Horn.
By PRINTER'S INK we'll do it, in poster, snips and space,
Until the "bits" come rolling, rolling, in such a hurried pace,
That clerks will swear, and people stare, at the silvern race.
While the "boss," in the rush, with his eye on the marks
Of the Almighty Dollar, keeps a tooting his toot—"EASTMAN'S KODAKS."
The Brownie, the Flexo, the Bullseye, and Pocket,
ALL filmers, ALL "pressers," ALL loaders, daylight.

If you wish them to see
And learn "the witchery of Kodakery."

Visit Whitcher the u-ni-que,

And hear him toot most plent-fully.



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CORRECT PIANO TUNING AND REPAIRING,
BY FRANK A. LOCKE.
24 YEARS EXPERIENCE.

Tuner in Woburn for a great many years. Every unison, octave and chord so evenly balanced and smoothly tuned as to make the harmony on your piano an exquisite pleasure to listen to. No jagged, rough, harsh, uneven chords so often left by tuners. Recommendations from manufacturers, dealers, teachers, colleges and the musical profession. Prices reasonable.

Boston Office: 179 Tremont St., Boston. Telephone 17-2 Jamaica.

Woburn Office, Moore & Parker's, 375 Main St.

NEURALGIA
PNEUMONIA
MALARIA
COLDS
GRIPPE
DR. GORDON'S MALARIAL TABLETS

THE BOMB
That Deals Death to Disease.

Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets

Recognized medical authorities concede that Pneumonia and Grippe are the outcome of the malarial germ. It is here (the root of the evil) where Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets arrest the cause of disease, and hence are recognized as reliable by the medical fraternity. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take.

For sale by druggists everywhere, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price—if your dealer can't supply you. 50c. a Box.

EDWARD C. CHURCH, Boston, Mass.
GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Wholesale Agents.

— Ice has been a luxury this week; some think it a necessity.

— Glad to meet and shake hands with Brother S. S. Marquis of Detroit, Mich.

— Electric car excursions to the beaches are all the go just now. They are nice.

— The weather yesterday wasn't the kind to be sneezed at—85 in the shade was a plenty warm.

— Crawford, the Woburn caterer, supplied the good things for Mrs. Ames's birthday anniversary at Wilmington.

— Mrs. Alvah Buckman, and Mr. Francis A. Buckman and family, are comfortably domiciled at Wells (Me.) Beach for the hot weather.

— The person who lately built a fine henhouse on Endicott street, near Maine, says he thinks his brother John will have chickens to sell soon.

— Harry F. Parker of Church ave. has been slightly under the weather for a few days past but expects to soon report for duty at his Milk street desk in Boston.

— August 8 has been settled on by the business men of this city as the day for their annual outing. Up to date no general programme has been made out for the day's doings.

— Fred W. Keene, pastor of the Old School Baptist Church at North Berwick, Maine, will be with the First Independent Baptist Church in Woburn next Sunday, July 22.

— Among the Woburn visitors at the muster of the 2d Brigade on Governor's Day was Col. John Black of the English Military Veterans Association of Massachusetts.

— The great Boston dailies are in the habit of devoting considerable space in every issue to the weather. This week they have given it special attention and an increase of space. They told us that last Monday night was the hottest in Boston for 29 years, and that Tuesday night was hotter than Monday night. That was correct. The daily reports of the weather man in the observatory were misleading and disappointing. He promised "showers and cooler" several days in succession, but neither came. The Boston dailies intimated that he did not understand his business. Again they were right. The real fact of the case was, that hotter weather than that on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday was never before experienced in these parts, or—hardly ever.

— On Friday night of last week Mr. and Mrs. Adna Page and daughter Eva entertained at their pleasant home on Vernon street a party young people. The chief feature of the evening was a graphiphone concert consisting of selections from upwards of 100 pieces furnished by Mr. Frank L. Howard. There was also vocal and instrumental music by Mrs. Anna Russell and Miss Alice Moulton, and stump speeches by Master Harry Ingerson. Refreshments were served and the gathering departed for their homes.

— Mr. Joseph Linnell comes down town every day to see how James, the Manager, is getting along, but more especially to visit Mr. Jones's office and chat and swap stories with his friend. Mr. Linnell and Mr. Jones have long been cronies and at their frequent sessions they make it pleasant for each other by the discussion of topics in which they are interested, and the injection of a few new stories which have been thought up in the interval between meetings. In this latter accomplishment both gentlemen are quite proficient. The health of Mr. Linnell is on the mend, and as for Mr. Jones, he is always well enough to give friends a cordial greeting at his office.

— Mr. Albert P. Barrett, who was Water Registrar many years and is now City Auditor, has always contended that cement lined water pipe, such as has been used for our Works, is better than iron pipe, and when an attempt was made several years ago by the late Marshall M. Tidd, C. E., to have it replaced with iron, Mr. Barrett opposed the move. He was right. The pipes removed on Main street this week to make room for larger ones and for new hydrants are of the cement lined kind and, although they had been down 27 years, when unearthed were as sound, bright and clean as the day they were put in. Not only so, but Supt. Crilley has no doubt but that they would last 27 years longer. No iron pipe would have stood such a test successfully. The introduction of the cement pipe was in the interest of economy. It was manufactured by the city; cost much less than iron; and its superior lasting qualities have been proved beyond a doubt. Mr. Barrett's views were correct.

American credit stands higher than that of any other nation.—Republican Platform.

It was not so when the last Democratic President was trying to borrow money in England.

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
☞ Class Lessons if desired.
12 Franklin St., Woburn.
Tuesdays and Fridays at 153 Tremont Street Boston.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
— IN —
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue. WOBURN

What are You Paying for BUTTER?

Call and examine our quality and price.

Best Creamery Butter
23c. per lb.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

Mrs. Sarah Merrill (Allen) Tyler,

Who died at the Woburn Home for Aged Women on July 11, 1900, at the age of 76 years, was born in Woburn, June 27, 1824, the daughter of George Cheney and Lois (Fowle) Allen. She married Moses A. Tyler of Woburn, on Dec. 8, 1842, who died in this city July 16, 1885. He was a native of Lunenburg, his parents being Ansel and Mary (Lawson) Tyler. Through her mother, Mrs. Tyler was descended from many of the old families of Woburn, such as the Fowles, Carters, Richardsons, and Lockes, besides a descent from the families of Wyman, Brooks, Mousall, Johnson, Blodgett, and Converse. The line can also be traced to the Cambridge families of Dickson, Winship, Cutter, Whitmore and Russell. George Cheney Allen, her father, was a native of Sterling, Mass. He served as constable and sexton for the town of Woburn in the eighteen twenties and thirties, and died about a quarter of a century ago. The husband of Mrs. Tyler occupied a prominent place among the business men of Woburn a generation ago, and most of his compeers are now dead.

It Dazzles The World.

No Discovery in medicine has ever created one quarter of the excitement that has been caused by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It's severest tests have been on hopeless victims of Consumption, Pneumonia, Hemorrhage, Pleurisy and Bronchitis, thousands of whom it has restored to perfect health. For Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Croup, Hay Fever, Hoarseness and Whooping Cough it is the quickest, surest cure in the world. It is sold by Huntley & Co. who guarantee satisfaction or refund money. Large bottles 50c and $1.00. Trial bottles free.

While merchant vessels worth fifty millions of dollars were built in the United States during the fiscal year which ended June 30, 1900, but one small steamship, worth not to exceed $150,000, was built exclusively for our foreign trade.

Although the construction of merchant vessels in the United States in the fiscal year just ended has exceeded that of any previous year but one (1874) since the Civil War, only one small steamship was built exclusively for the foreign trade.

The United Kingdom sells to her colonies $423,212,102 worth of goods a year.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

SALVATION ARMY.—Meetings every evening at 8 o'clock. Every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 3 and 8 P. M. No. 26 Montvale Ave.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—6th Sunday after Trinity.
Morning Prayer at 10.30.
Evening Prayer at 7.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Love." All are welcome.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 11.45 A. M. Evening Worship at 7. Union Service under the auspices of the Christian Endeavor Society. Prayer Meeting Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M.

METHODIST.—Preaching by the pastor Rev. Frederick Woods, at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. At 5.45 Epworth League. General Prayer Meeting at 7 P. M. Class Meetings Tuesday, at 7.45 P. M. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.45 P. M.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN.—6th Sunday after Trinity.
At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "Severing Sin, or Mortification of Earthly Members."
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 7 P. M., Divine Service. Subject: "A Dead Faith."
Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

SCAND. EV. FREE CHURCH.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by the pastor.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Young People's Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.
Ludwig Akeson, Pastor.

Married.

In this city, July 7, by Rev. Frederick Woods, Arthur Smith and Gertrude M. Johnson, both of Woburn.

In Lawrence, July 11, by Rev. E. P. Tuller, Minot L. Sargent and Edna E. Nutter, both of Woburn.

In Boston, July 17, by Charles A. Feyhl, J. of P., William S. Rooney of Woburn and Lula Hall, of Wilmington.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, July 14, Bridget Cullen, aged 16 years, 3 months, 10 days.

In this city, July 14, Anna Callahan, aged 55 years, 6 months, 19 days.

In this city, July 16, Henry Blake, aged 63 years.

Shirt Waists,
Summer House Dresses,
and Wrappers.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

North Woburn.

Mrs. Noyes has been passing some time at Groveland.

The lawn party on the tennis ground drew quite an assembly of people.

Mr. Irick Peters, wife and baby have returned from Concord River.

Mrs. C. F. C. Higbee has made a three weeks stop at Hyannis and has lately returned from Andover.

Troubles Of A Minister.

To benefit others Rev. J. T. W. Vernon, of Hartwell, Ga., writes: "For a long time I had a running sore on my leg. I tried many remedies without benefit, until I used a bottle of Electric Bitters and a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, which cured me sound and well." Sores, Eruptions, Boils, Eczema, Tetter, Salt Rheum show impure blood. Thousands have found in Electric Bitters a grand blood purifier that absolutely cures these troubles. Satisfaction is guaranteed or money refunded by Huntley & Co. druggists. Large bottles only 50c.

Swedish Lutheran Church Notes.

A vacation school, attended by 25 children is being held in the vestry of the church. The work is very much the same as in the Sunday School. Conscientious workers always feel that even in the best of cases the Sunday School is insufficient. Special prominence is given in the day school to Bible History. Sessions are held only in the forenoons, five days in the week. The school will continue about four weeks.

The pastor recently visited New Bedford in the interest of home missions. A church of about 150 members is being started. The new church will be selfsupporting almost from the start. This is a fair sample of the success attending the Lutheran work among the Swedish Americans.

Notice To Wheelmen.

There's positively no need to endure discomfort by reason of chafing, sunburn, insect stings, sore and perspiring feet or accidental bruises. You forget these troubles in using Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Infallible for Pimples, Blotches, Skin Eruptions and Piles. Sold by Huntley & Co., druggists for 25 cents.

Burlington.

David O'Brien, son of the late David O'Brien, died at his home in Burlington, Saturday, July 14, aged thirty-eight years and eight months. Upon the death of his father, some years ago, Mr. O'Brien took charge of his large farm, his oldest brother John being a letter carrier in Woburn, and carried it on with marked skill so that it is known as one of the finest and most productive farms in this region, and David became one of the most intelligent and successful farmers. He was truly a father to his younger brothers and sisters and the comfort and support of his widowed mother. He was active in town affairs and matters which relate to public good and here he will be greatly missed, as well as at social gatherings which he greatly enjoyed. At the time of the Burlington Cattle Show of 1892, known in the town annals as the "Governor's Day," Mr. O'Brien was active in its management, and a large exhibitor.

During the past year, his health has failed gradually but he kept up bravely and was confined to his bed only about two weeks. Death came to him gently to summon him from earthly suffering to the reward of the faithful.

Mr. O'Brien is survived by a family of adult brothers and sisters beside his mother. His funeral was held Monday morning at St. Charles church. Many beautiful flowers were sent by relatives and friends.—Com.

A Poor Millionaire

Lately starved in London because he could not digest his food. Early use of Dr. King's New Life Pills would have saved him. They strengthen the stomach, aid digestion, promote assimilation, improve appetite. Price 25c. Money back if not satisfied. Sold by Huntley & Co., druggists.

The New York *World* (Dem.) asks if we are to have a more distinctively American financial system, why not also an American yardstick, an American gallon, or an American pound weight—especially when selling the Tammany trust's ice?

The issue on the shipping question between Republicans and Democrats, as defined by their respective platforms this year, is that the Republicans favor American-built ships for our foreign carrying and the Democrats favor foreign (chiefly British) ships.

No. 2 spring wheat sold in Chicago at 88 cents last month, as against 61 1-2 cents in June, 1896. Why make a change back to the Democratic Administration and prices?

The Democratic platform can be read in three words—"Ag'in the Government."

Don't Drink Ice-Cold Water

Ice-cold water is not so good as iced water—that is, water cooled by ice without coming in contact with it. The less of either the better. It is an excellent practice to drink water—an abundance of it—just before retiring, also the first thing in the morning. It is a cleanser of the system, and is a good diuretic.—*July Ladies' Home Journal.*

(Written for the WOBURN JOURNAL.)

Old Schoolboy Memories.

III.

My first schoolmaster was Charles M. Cumston. He is the man who, after years of faithful service in his profession as an instructor of youth, has recently given to the town of Monmouth, Me., a beautiful public hall. He fitted for college in the old Academy at Monmouth, and since his retirement from school work has made the town his home. At the time I made his acquaintance he was but 23 years of age, but seemed much older to the lad of 10, who then came under his instruction. Master Cumston was a gentleman, in the full acceptance of the term, with admirable tact, and governed his school without harshness, making obedience not only easy but natural.

It was the rule then for the boys to "speak pieces," as declamation was called, and every one in the school was obliged once a week to be prepared with a suitable recitation. We were not restricted in our choice of declamations, and we could take them from the school Readers or elsewhere. The favorites were "On Linden when the sun was low," "Marco Bozaris," "Stand, the ground's your own, my braves," "Lochiel's warning," and selections of that character. Sometimes the boys offered humorous pieces, but these were not encouraged, for the school was apt to improve the opportunity to over indulge in laughter.

I well remember the sensation that came over me when the time arrived for me to make my initial bow before the school. My mother picked out the piece she wanted me to speak and as it was not very long, the task of committing it to memory was not severe. The opening line was, "This world is not so bad a place as some would like to make it." I have often thought that this first declamation of mine had a bearing on my future and made of me an optimist to some extent, for I have always considered this world a pretty good place, and have felt that it was my duty to help make it better rather than worse, to regard it as the best we had and make the most of it. When the time came for me to speak, I was letter perfect and mounted the rostrum with a fair amount of confidence. I made no attempt at gesture, the piece did not call for it, but fixing my eyes on an imaginary vanishing point, with hands at my side, like a raw recruit taking his first lesson, I went through the ordeal, made my bow and took my seat with a feeling that something had been done.

Not long afterwards, Master Cumston called at our house to make the acquaintance of my parents. He took me upon his knee and told my mother how well he thought my first piece was spoken, and encouraged me to attempt something longer next time. It is only natural that memories of declamations are stronger than of other exercises because they came but once a week, and the boy in reciting was the centre of all interest for the few moments he was on the rostrum.

Dr. Cumston, as they call him now, for he is an LL. D., did not remain with us very long. Salem offered him more inducements than our little country town could make, and he went to the Witch City and later to Boston, where he taught for many years, gaining a great reputation as Head Master of the English High School. It would have been better for Woburn could Dr. Cumston have been retained, for the influence of such a man,—liberally educated, in love with his profession, with fine tact and rare ability,—upon the youth of a town has a value that cannot be computed in dollars. Dr. Cumston is now in his 77th year, and long may he live to enjoy the gratitude of the people with whom he resides, and the pupils he helped along on the road to knowledge.

O. S. B.

Progressive Winchester.

A thorough going and wide awake man looses no time in improving his business and in drawing customers to his house and he will spend thousands of dollars to that end. Were towns in their conduct of affairs to recognize the methods of this class of business men they would in the end be the better off and richer for doing so in the increase of desirable families because of the comforts of living. Happily Winchester is one of those towns which believe in attracting people here by giving them good roads, water, sewers, schools, library and parks and recreation places. These have all cost large sums of money, but compare our town and its people with some of the adjacent communities. Our citizens would never agree to go back to the Winchester of only a half dozen years ago and its wretched streets and primitive conditions of living. Winchester is known as one of the ideal towns of the State, a condition due to the wise judgment of men who believe in injecting business ideas into a town as well as a mercantile industry.

Therefore while Winchester is, and has been, spending large sums of money in improvements, the fact should not be lost sight of that it will be returned a hundred fold in the incraase of taxable property, both personal and real. Our town owes a great deal to its progressive citizens.—*Winchester Star.*

Boston Theatres.

THE TREMONT.

The summer season at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, is nearing a close, as the theatre must be vacated for some time prior to the opening of the regular fall season. For the seventh week of the stock company's engagement the management, Messrs. Gilmour and Rodriguez, announce a sterling production of Robertson's "Ours." This is comedy of the old fashioned type, ingenious in plot, brilliantly witty and sparkling in dialogue, and very bright and humorous in its character drawings. It will be the last of the series of revivals of old comedies of which "Engaged" and "Pink Dominoes" were notable triumphs. The stock company at the Tremont Theatre has in its brief sojourn in Boston built up a sturdy clientele and has made a reputation for well balanced acting and ability to give a legitimate and praiseworthy presentation of any manner of play which it sets itself to interpret. The play will be produced at popular prices and the regular matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday.

How Congress Spring Was Named

When John Taylor Gilman, a member of Congress, visited the log houses which chiefly constituted Saratoga in its early history, he was accompanied one day on a hunting ramble by a young son of the woodsman with whom he boarded. When they returned to the cabin the boy enthusiastically shouted, "Oh, ma, we've found a new spring!" "Who found it?" he was asked. Turning to the distinguished lawmaker the little fellow admiringly exclaimed: "Why, the Congress!" And to this day the name has clung to one of the most celebrated of the springs which made the place a sanitary resort long before it became the seat of summer fashion.—*July Ladies' Home Journal.*

The Republican platform doesn't equivocate or dodge. Every issue is fairly met and frankly treated.

STOP

It is not necessary to suffer with Headache

Stopache
Will Stop

25c. at
F. P. BROOKS'
Drugstore,
361 Main St.

WINCHESTER.

The Unitarian church have gone out on vacation.

St. Mary's Parish will enjoy a picnic on August 2.

No baseball or other athletic sports here this summer.

Judge Littlefield has started his Trolley Parties for 1900.

The Congregational pulpit will be supplied by sundry clergymen during the vacation of the pastor.

Representative Twombly is receiving many warm congratulations on his success in securing the appropriation for our Playground.

Ten cent cotton was touched under a Republican Administration that opened the mills.

The trouble in China is all due to desperate agitators. They have their Pettigrews in China.

It is rather a pity that the Hon. Billy Sulzer could not be a Vice-President. The office would compel keeping his mouth shut.

The Goebelites are now in possession of all the Kentucky State offices. The delivery of the stolen goods has been accomplished.

There are now at the Paris Exposition five Kansas farmers from one township. This is merely a sample prosperity fact.

A Republican surplus of $81,229,776 in time of war is better than a Democratic deficit of $146,702,915 in time of peace.

The Republican majority in Oregon was over 11,000, and it was piled up against complete fusion. What will it be in other States?

Hon. Billy Sulzer extended the glad hand to the Boer contribution pocketbook. But there were $18 left for the Boer widows and orphans.

Mr. Altgeld has announced his intention of retiring from politics after the Kansas City convention. He will not wait for the November ejectment.

It is true that President McKinley has not utilized the veto power in an indiscriminate manner. Excessive vetoing is a Grover Cleveland specialty.

Hon. John H. Reagan, made a stirring expansion speech to the Texas Democrats, but Bub Bailey carried the day, and the resolutions favor Aguinaldo.

Boss Bryan's silver plank demands "an American financial system." We have it by order of the 7,104,779 people who voted for McKinley in 1896.

Mr. Hearst has started a newspaper in Chicago. If there are any Democratic officials in that town interested in ice trusts it may be well for them to get to cover.

The failure of the Democrats to denounce the annexation of Hawaii was doubtless due to the fact that the vote of Hawaii alone enabled them to revive the 16 to 1 corpse.

Mr. Bryan is so opposed to McKinley becoming an Emperor that he has been working for years to secure the scepter for himself. He has already proven himself to be a pretty good boss.

Bets of 4 to 1 that McKinley will be re-elected President have already been made. A New York Republican, who had $10,000 to wager, at 3 to 1, found no enthusiastic Democratic takers.

"I do not care to hold office unless it enables me to do something to aid the people in their fight against organized wealth."—W. J. Bryan.

Then why drop the income tax?

The Democrat party is no longer drawing inspiration from the memories of Jefferson and Jackson. These names are not to be appealed to in conducting an anti-expansion campaign.

When the returns are counted next November the Democrats would do well to put their handsome minority in the cold storage warehouse owned and operated by the Tammany Ice Trust.

Eighty-one per cent of the delegates to the Democratic convention recognized that 16 to 1 was no longer a live issue. But Boss Bryan wanted it, and Prince David voted for it, so that settled it.

The Nebraska Colonel-Orator's ideas concerning the Philippines are about as clear as his ideas about finance, both being more serviceable for campaign purposes than as as a working basis of government.

It may be assumed with a good degree of confidence that this campaign will not be as profitable for Mr. Bryan as was the last. The people will be slow to part with their good money to hear hard luck stories.

In the interest of our expanding commerce we recommend that Congress create a Department of Commerce and Industries, in the charge of a Secretary with a seat in the Cabinet.—Republican Platform.

Such a policy will help to extend the markets for the products of our farms and factories, thus assuring a better demand for both and the steady employment of American labor.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

A Burglar Who Preferred a Kiss to Keeping the Swag.

"I fancy," said a handsome woman of 50 or more, "that there is as much truth as poetry in what has been said and is being said about the power of woman's beauty. Of course, it is supposed that only poets know anything about the matter, but I can bear testimony of a different sort, and it is from my own experience. When I was a girl of 20, I was really very pretty and I had no end of gay gallants dancing attendance on me all the time, which was some sign of the truth of my statement, for I was neither very rich nor very bright—just an ordinary, real pretty girl; that was all. But the power was there, though I was not conscious of its strength until after my experience.

"I lived in a southern city of 25,000 people, and one night I attended a dance a half dozen blocks from my home and did not get back until 1 o'clock in the morning, my escort being the gentleman who is now my husband. He proposed to me that night, and when I came into the house I fancy I must have been prettier than I ever was before, for I never was so happy. The house was still, for the only people in it, except two old servants away back in the L, were my father and mother, who had gone to bed hours before. I slipped up stairs to my room as quietly as a mouse and turning up the gas I was confronted by a burglar, who pointed a pistol at me and told me not to make any noise or he would kill me. I didn't faint, because I was so happy that it inspired me, I suppose, and I stood still looking at him. He looked at me, too, dressed in my best gown and shining with a lot of jewels, for our family had some fine diamonds and other things of ornament that had descended to me, and like most southern girls I liked to wear them even when it was not in the best taste.

"'I wouldn't hurt as pretty a girl as you are for the world,' he said with a bow; 'but I've got to have the shiners, so just take them off and hand them over, while I pick up what I can find lying around loose.'

"With trembling fingers I took off my handsome jewels while he gathered up all he could find on my dressing case and put them in his pocket, keeping the pistol pointed at me. He was not a bad looking man, and as I put out my hand to him with the jewelry in it I smiled at him, as frightened as I was, and asked him if he wouldn't go right away. But he did not take the jewelry and he did not go away. He simply stared at me in undisguised admiration and took out of his pockets the trinkets he had gathered from the dressing case.

"'If you will excuse me, miss, for impertinence,' he said, 'I'll say to you that you are the prettiest girl I ever saw in my life, and I always did admire pretty girls. I hate to rob you like this, and if you will let me kiss you, just on your cheek where it is pinkest, I'll leave everything else and take only the remembrance of that as a reward for this night's job.'

"This time I did almost faint, but I tried to be strong and succeeded so well that I kept my wits. It was something dreadful to be kissed by a burglar, but he was so respectful and really did admire me, and besides I was saving several thousand dollars' worth of jewels, so I didn't say a word, but just turned my cheek toward him. He took off his cap, bent forward, touched me on the cheek with his lips and stood back with his pistol in his hand.

"'Now, if I may trouble you to go to the front door with me,' he said, 'so that if anybody should see me coming out it will not cause any remarks, I will relieve you of my presence, which, I assure you, would never have occurred had I known as much as I know now.'

"I thought I never could do it, but I did, and I stood in the door till he disappeared around the corner; then I collapsed utterly, and the night watchman found me there 15 or 20 minutes afterward and roused the house. By the time I knew enough to tell anything the burglar was far, far away. The story got into the papers, of course, and in a week or two I received a note of regret from my burglar, postmarked Cincinnati, which was the only clew we ever had of him. But the kissing part of the story was not printed. I kept that to myself, and the first person to whom I told it was my husband, and he was gallant enough to say that the burglar had got the better part of the bargain."—New York Sun.

Identified at Last.

Glen Miller, a United States marshal in Utah, was sitting in his office at Salt Lake City one day when a well dressed and intelligent looking man entered and addressed him. "I was confident that I knew the man," said Glen in reciting the circumstances, "but I was not able to place him. As we conversed pleasantly it gradually became impressed upon me that he was an old Kansas acquaintance, perhaps some one I had known at the university, but he spoke so cordially and with such an assumption of his knowing me and my knowing him that I did not have the nerve to ask him who he was.

"In Salt Lake," continued the smiling marshal, "we have the same fashion of doing the square thing by a friend that used to prevail in Kansas. There is no prohibition law in Utah, and we found a place near by that was sufficient unto our purposes. After I had said something, and he something, we quickly got along to the stage where I invited him to my house for dinner, but all the time I was taxing my mind to learn his identity and watching for a chance word that would give me a clew.

"'By the way,' I said at last, 'when did you come out?' meaning from the States, of course. 'Oh, I got out last night. You see, they cut off nine months for good behavior.'

"Then it broke over me. My guest was Pete Curry, a celebrated mail robber, whom I had taken to the penitentiary just three years before."—Kansas City Journal.

Her Last Drink.

In Hyde Park lives a young matron who is of such a high nervous temperament that if she drinks the very smallest amount of alcoholic stimulant before going to bed the result is sleeplessness for the remainder of the night. Some nights ago a number of friends dropped in for the evening, and the husband, who, by the way, is a southerner, suggested that he make a mint julep for each of the company. The suggestion was received with delight, and the juleps were promptly mixed.

In his wife's glass, however, he put only enough whisky to flavor the water, probably not more than a teaspoonful. Of this she sipped about half. The result, however, was the same. She was troubled with insomnia all night long, and it was not until 5 o'clock in the morning that she dropped off to sleep and, as a consequence, was not called for breakfast.

At 10 o'clock she came down stairs and hearing the voices of children on the front porch stopped to listen. Her heart filled with motherly pride as she heard her elder son, a boy of 6, telling seven or eight children from the neighborhood that they must not make too much noise as his mamma was asleep. Imagine her horror, too, as the young hopeful added:

"She drank so much whisky last night that she couldn't come down to breakfast this morning."—Kansas City Star.

Something He Couldn't Wear.

A wealthy American who became a convert to Rome was very generous to Pope Leo XIII in money matters. He had done many generous things, and the pope had rewarded him with orders and medals galore. For once a year this convert made a pilgrimage to Rome, where he was kindly received by the holy father as a son and generally, until the orders were exhausted, each time was bestowed with some fresh honor. On such occasions all these brave metal pieces were attached to the rich American's breast.

"I'll soon end that," the pope remarked to a confidante who was at his side during the levee. "Next time I shall give him a snuffbox," which he did, and a beautiful jeweled box it was.

The following year the American turned up again and was granted an audience, when to the holy father's consternation the faithful son of the church appeared not only with all his medals, but with the snuffbox attached to his waistcoat.

"The next time," the pope said, with a comical sigh, "I shall present him with a marble topped table. It is the only thing I can think of that he can't tie to his waistcoat."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Care of a Lawn Mower.

One of the most necessary and yet one of the most abused of all implements is the lawn mower. To sharpen the knives is not a difficult matter. To do it remove the wheels and slip the cogwheel off the end of the shaft. A little clutch will be found in a slot in the shaft at each end. Simply reverse the positions of cogwheels and clutches from one end of the shaft to the other, so that the reel can be run backward; then replace the outer wheels and fasten them in place with either the nuts or cotters. With the oil can run a little oil along the edge of the lower knife. Upon this oil sprinkle medium coarse emery powder. Now turn the machine upside down and push it along the lawn rapidly, the reel turning backward causing the emery to grind all the knives. The wheels may then be taken off and the cogs and clutches reversed, the emery carefully wiped off, the knives adjusted, the machine oiled, and it will be ready for use.—Woman's Home Companion.

Nice and Quiet.

Tommy—Can we play at keeping shop in here, mamma?

Mamma (who has a headache)—Yes, but you must be very, very quiet.

Tommy—All right; we'll pretend we don't advertise.

Taxpayers Stand the Loss.

Every year the refiners and exporters of sugar in France, Germany and Austria lose vast sums by selling to the British importers at less than cost price. The outlay necessary to produce the sugar is greater than the price received for it, and thus the losing trade goes on from year to year. The men engaged in the trade do not lose, for the business on its present basis would soon eat away their great fortunes. They are reimbursed for the amount of their loss and receive a large sum in addition to induce them to continue the losing business, the donation being contributed by the taxpayers. The people think that exporting is beneficial in itself, even when it results in an actual loss.

The Sleepless Seven.

"There were seven of the 12," said one of the discharged jurors in speaking of the matter next morning, "who didn't want to sleep themselves and wouldn't let the rest of us sleep. Whenever we dropped into a doze, they came around and shook us till we were wide awake again."

"And you had to submit, I suppose, for they constituted the majority?"

"Yes, they were the rousing majority," said the hollow eyed juror, with a pensive attempt to be facetious.—Chicago Tribune.

Then She Missed It.

Wiggs—Poor old soul! She doesn't believe as much in the efficacy of prayer as she did.

Waggs—You surprise me. She has always been so extremely religious.

Wiggs—Yes, but the other day she got ready to go into the city, and then she discovered that she had only ten minutes in which to catch the train. So she knelt down before she started and for five minutes prayed fervently that she might catch it.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Her Object Attained.

"Forgive me, my dear," said the gossip humbly, "but I thoughtlessly mentioned to Mrs. Brown the things that you told me in strict confidence."

"There is nothing to forgive," replied the wise woman pleasantly. "It was for that very purpose that I told them to you in strict confidence."—Chicago Post.

65,536 Versions of Jack and Jill.

An English clergyman has written the history of Jack and Jill on a new and original plan. The first four pages of the book are numbered 1, the next four 2, and so on up to page 8. The stories are so arranged that any page marked 2 can be read after any numbered 1, making good sense. In the same way page 3 can be read after page 1 or page 2; page 4 will follow page 1, 2 or 3, and so on through the eight. Application of the laws of permutation shows that the book thus contains 65,536 stories of Jack and Jill.

Not an Old Acquaintance.

"Do you mean to say that the horse ran away with you?" said Mr. Meekton, aghast.

"Yes," answered his wife.

"And wouldn't stop when you told him to?"

"Of course he wouldn't."

"Well, Henriette, I don't know what to say except that the horse wasn't acquainted with you or else he wouldn't have dared to act in that manner."—Washington Star.

A Sermon In Brief.

A man met a bull in a field. "I'll toss you to see who stays," said the bull. He tossed, and the man lost. The moral is that it is never safe to indulge in games of chance, especially when all the odds are against you.—Philadelphia North American.

A conscientious person should beware of getting into a passion, for every sharp word one speaks lodges in one's own heart, and such slivers hurt us worse than any one else.

FREE EXHIBITION
For a few days of the celebrated
SEVEN SUTHERLAND SISTERS

Hair Grower and Scalp Cleaner

Everybody invited to call and see the magnificent growth of hair of the ladies in attendance and at the same time secure free advice as to how to treat the hair and scalp to obtain best results.

E. J. CALLAHAN & CO.,
389 Main S., Woburn, Mass.

SILVER PLATE THAT WEARS
TRADE MARK
1847 Rogers Bros

Correct Silverware

Correct in character, design and workmanship—is as necessary as dainty china or fine linen if you would have everything in good taste and harmony. Knives, forks, spoons and fancy pieces for table use will be correct if selected from goods stamped

"1847 Rogers Bros."

Remember "1847," as there are imitation "Rogers." For catalogue No. 234, address the makers
International Silver Co. Meriden, Conn.

Mortgagee's Sale
OF
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Bernard McHugh and Rose McHugh, wife of said Bernard McHugh in her own right, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts to Leonard Thompson, dated January 15, 1886, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1734, Page 512, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises on

THURSDAY, August 16, 1900,

at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described as follows, namely: A certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, containing about eighty-three hundred square feet, be the same more or less, and bounded and described as follows, viz:—Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises on the easterly side of Conn street, and at land of William Bradley; thence the line runs easterly by land of said Bradley about one hundred and sixty-seven feet to land of Michael McHugh; thence northeasterly by land of said McHugh, sixteen and 50-100 feet to an angle; thence northerly by same land thirty-seven and 20-100 feet to a stake at land of Rose Dunn; thence westerly by land last named one hundred and seventy-two feet to Conn street aforesaid; thence southerly by and with said Conn street forty-six and 40-100 feet, to the point of beginning.

Two hundred dollars will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale, other terms at sale.

MARIA L. THOMPSON and L. WALDO THOMPSON, Executors of the will of Leonard Thompson, deceased, present holders of said mortgage.

J. W. JOHNSON, Attorney.
Woburn, July 19, 1900.

Jell-O, The New Dessert, pleases all the family. Four flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts. Try it to-day.

Her Electric Spark.

"Millie!"

The young lineman twirled his hat in his hands in an agitated manner and spoke in a voice that seemed to have a tendency to get away from him.

"Millie, the fact is I—I—there's something I've been wanting to tell you a long time, but I can't seem to fetch it. When you look at me like that, you know, it breaks me all up. I've been coming here so long that I oughtn't to be afraid, I reckon, but—but you know how it is—or maybe you don't either. I thought I could say it all right when I came in, but you're a little the livest wire I ever—I didn't think it would be so hard when I"—

Here he came to a dead stop.

"Millie," he exclaimed in desperation, "I'm short circuited! I've burned out a fuse!"

"Jerry, are you trying to ask me to marry you?"

"Y-yes!"

"Why, of course I will, you foolish boy!"

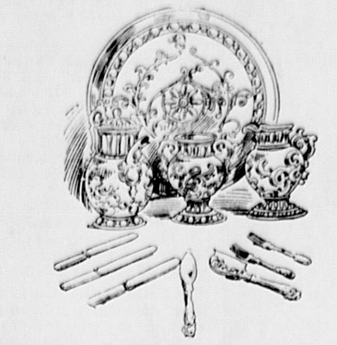
And love's current flowed unobstructedly again, lighting up with its pure radiance the rose embowered pathway that, etc.—Chicago Tribune.

The Disputed Name of the War.

The Confederate Veterans, in their annual convention in Louisville, decided that the war of 1861-5 should be known as the "war between the states." This is the name that Alexander H. Stephens favored, and it is the one generally used by the people of the south in speaking of that war, the northern people calling it the rebellion. Strange it is that neither name is a correct definition of the event. All know that there was no rebellion. States that had sovereignty could not be guilty of rebellion. Neither was it a war between the states, but actually a war between two governments made up of states. Some writers call it a civil war, yet it was not a war between citizens in their civil capacity, but, as before said, a war between regularly organized governments. There is, in fact, no concise way of naming the conflict; hence these misnomers. Possibly the best title would be the simple one of calling it by the years of its beginning and close—namely, the war of 1861-5.—Mobile Register.

The private secretary of an important official is a good thing until he begins to think he is the important official.—New Orleans Picayune.

Silverware for Wedding Presents



A complete line of the celebrated COLONIAL PATTERN always in stock.
Fine Repairing a specialty.

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers.

CITY OF WOBURN.

WOBURN, July 9th, 1900.

To the Honorable Mayor and Board of Aldermen of the City of Woburn:

The undersigned, a majority of the Directors of the association for the formation of the Woburn and Boston Street Railway Company, hereby respectfully petition for a locaton of tracks with convenient and suitable turnouts and switches, commencing on Pleasant street at the Boston & Maine Railroad location and extending through Pleasant street to Lexington street; thence through Lexington street to the boundary line of the town of Lexington, together with the right to set poles and run wires for the purpose of operating its railway with electricity.

CHAS. F. WOODWARD,
EDWARD F. JOHNSON,
CHAS. F. REMINGTON,
WARREN A. PIERCE,
EZRA M. SOUTHWORTH.

Upon the foregoing petition it is Ordered, that fourteen days notice be given that the City Council will on **Thursday, Sept. 6th, 1900,** at 8 o'clock, P. M., take into consideration the expediency of granting the prayer of the above petition, when any parties who object thereto may appear and be heard.

Said notice to be given by publication of a copy of said petition, with this order thereon, at the expense of the petitioners, in the *Woburn News* and WOBURN JOURNAL.

In City Council, July 19, 1900.

Passed.
A true copy,
Attest: JOHN H. FINN, Clerk.

July 14th, 1900.

To the Board of Aldermen of the City of Woburn, Mass.

GENTLEMEN:—Your petitioner, the Lexington & Boston Street Railway Company, respectfully represents that it is a street railway company duly organized under the laws of Massachusetts, and is now operating a railway from Arlington Heights to Billerica, and, by an arrangement with the Lowell & Suburban Street Railway Company, into the City of Lowell, and is operating a branch from Lexington to Waltham, and is, furthermore, building a branch from Bedford to Concord.

Your petitioner represents that it desires a location in the City of Woburn as follows:—Beginning at a point on Pleasant street on the westerly side of the Boston & Maine Railroad location, at a point nearly opposite the Public Library; thence westerly along Pleasant street to Lexington street; thence westerly along Lexington street to Russell street, to the dividing line between the City of Woburn and the Town of Lexington, with right to erect the necessary poles and other structures, and to operate the same by the electric trolley system.

Your petitioner represents that said location is to connect with locations petitioned for in the Town of Lexington in order that your petitioner may build from Woburn to Lexington.

LEXINGTON & BOSTON STREET RAILWAY COMPANY, by Geo. W. Morse, Corporation Counsel.

Upon the foregoing petition, it is Ordered, That fourteen days notice be given that the City Council will on **Thursday, Sept. 6, 1900,** at 8 o'clock, P. M., take into consideration the expediency of granting the prayer of the above petition when any parties who object thereto may appear to be heard. Said notice to be given by publication of a copy of the above petition with this order thereon, at the expense of the petitioners, in the *Woburn News* and WOBURN JOURNAL.

In City Council, July 19, 1900.

Passed.
A true copy,
Attest: JOHN H. FINN, Clerk.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS:

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of Charles F. Harris, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Phebe O. Harris of Wilmington, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth day of September, A. D., 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventeenth day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

DESCRIPTION

Filed in the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth and Clerk of City of Woburn, pursuant to the provisions of Section 1, Chapter 440, Acts of 1893, "An Act to protect the Owners of Cans, Bottles, Boxes, Siphons and Fountains used in the sale of Milk, Cream, Soda Water, Mineral and Aerated Waters, Ale, Beer, Ginger Ale or other Beverages."

Name of person or corporation, FOREST H. DIXON.

Principal place of business, 70 Bedford Street, Woburn, Mass.

Nature of business transacted, Bottling and Canning Milk.

Kind of receptacles used, Tin Cans and Glass Bottles.

Description of the name or names, marks, device or devices used. On Bottles, F. H. Dixon, Registered, Woburn. On some cans, F. H. Dixon, Registered stamped on shoulder of can. On other cans F. H. Dixon, Registered, stamped on shoulder of can a letter "D" made of copper plate soldered on shoulder of can.

In witness whereof I have hereunto signed my name this fourth day of May, in the year nineteen hundred.

FOREST H. DIXON.

By E. PRIOR, - - - Auctioneer,
Office: 373 Main St., Woburn.

Household Furniture
AT AUCTION
IN WOBURN.

THURSDAY, July 26, 1900

At 9.30 o'clock, A. M., at residence of the late Dr. Frank W. Graves No. 36 Pleasant Street,

consisting in part of 7 piece Parlor Set upholstered in damask and velours, Blackwalnut Book Case, Mahogany Cabinet, Brass Fireplace Set, 3 pair Brass Andirons, Parlor Tables, large Wicker Chair, 6 Axminster and Brussels Carpets, Rugs, Mats, Window Draperies, 2 Oak Hall Stands, Blackwalnut Roll Top Desk, Oak Sideboard, Dining Table and Chairs, Ice Chest, 4 Blackwalnut Chamber Sets, Brass and Iron Beds, Bed Springs, Hair Mattresses, Beds, Pillows, Blankets, Comforters, and Bedding, China Dinner Set, China Tea Set, Cake Baskets, Spoons, Knives, Forks, Crockery and Kitchen Utensils, together with a general variety of household goods. The superior quality and condition of these goods should command the attention of buyers.

Per Order MRS. M. L. GRAVES, Executor.
Woburn July 18, 1900.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Barnabas Richardson, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

ALONZO L. RICHARDSON, Adm.
Woburn.

July 18th, 1900.

Bicycles
— AT —
First Cost.

As it is our custom not to keep Bicycles on hand after the 4th of July, we shall sell out the wheels we now have at Wholesale Prices. None but good wheels in stock.

C. M. Strout & Co.
Dow's Block, 322 Main Street.

"GOT A GRIP"
on the public's confidence in selling
GROCERIES
that are FIRST CLASS, and we intend to keep it, by upright dealing and well chosen stock.
WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street - - WOBURN
Telephone 133-2.

— AT —
Linnell's Market
YOU
will find a complete line of
FRESH
Vegetables.
406 Main Street, Woburn
Telephone, 128-6.

To Let

A. 353 Main Street, a suite of six rooms. The apartments are all light and airy and afford a beautiful outlook upon the Common, including the City Building, three Churches, the Savings Bank, and the Public Library. The building is new and finished in up-to-date style, and furnished with all modern conveniences; large closets, bath-room, &c. No coal is needed for fuel. A large gas-range of latest pattern with hot water tank supplies every facility for doing housework. This suite is exactly adapted to a small family desiring a home at once central, genteel and cosey.
Apply to O. F. BRYANT,
371 Main St., Woburn.

For Sale.

Houses and Lots, Nos. 14, 15, 16, 17, 20 and 22 Cleveland Avenue. Also, Lots Nos. 11, 13, 24 and 26. Said houses have gas and all modern conveniences.
Prices and terms reasonable.
APPLY TO
W. H. CUMMINGS,
Cleveland Ave. Woburn Mass.

DOMINION LINE
Royal Mail Steamers
Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.
Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by
JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS.
Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

TELEPHONE 6-3,
LAWRENCE READE,
Sexton of St. Charles Church.
Undertaker & Funeral Director,
241 Main St., Woburn

Dr. C. H. BUSS,
DENTIST
385 Main St., WOBURN
Telephone 71-3.

Room and Board.

A lady willing to be company for an aged lady a small portion of the time, may obtain a front room, with good board and home privileges, for four dollars a week. Pleasant grounds and piazzas. References exchanged.
Address L. P. J., JOURNAL Office.

For Rent.

A Tenement of eight rooms at No. 9 Johnson Street, with all modern conveniences, four minutes to depot and postoffice. Rent $20 per month.
E. H. RICHARDS,
25 Fairmount Street.

Low Rents.

HOUSE No. 650 Main Street, 8 rooms, ($12.50) twelve dollars and fifty cents per month.
Also, HOUSE, No. 16 Wyman Street, 6 rooms, ($8) eight dollars per month.
C. E. COOPER & CO.,
415 Main Street.

Dr. Pierce's
GOLDEN
MEDICAL
DISCOVERY
STRENGTHENS THE STOMACH
PURIFIES THE BLOOD
HEALS WEAK LUNGS.

INSPIRED BY DREAMS

TRIUMPHS OF THE BRAIN ASLEEP OVER THE BRAIN AWAKE.

Dramatic Achievements That Owe Their Being to the Mysterious Workings of the Mind Under the Subtle Influence of Slumber.

There are numerous authentic cases in which, inspired by a dream, a person has achieved in sleep something that he had utterly failed over when awake and certainly more than one where an artistic triumph has resulted. No doubt, too, there have been instances of the kind where the mystery of such an achievement has remained an irritating problem, as very nearly happened in respect to an artist whose pictures sold well and whose genius for color combinations was considered as astonishing as his output.

The painter used to tell the creepy story of how, going into his studio after breakfast, he would often stand spellbound at the fact that some supernatural "double" had been hard at work upon his canvas during the night, more than once obtaining cleverly an effect in scheme or coloring that he had strained after for days in vain. Here was something to make the strongest brain reel.

As it continued at intervals after he had tried locking the studio door and placing the key under his pillow, the effect can be better imagined than described, and it was only a chance accident that at length burst the bubble. He got up one morning to find his dressing gown streaked with a dry carmine pigment, and fragments of the same material lay strewn about his easel below. Impelled by a dream, he had gone down there in the night to paint, trodden upon the pigment, and, automatonlike, picked up the pieces before retiring again. And precisely the same thing is known to have happened to a well known worker in mosaics some years ago. His mind continued to work out schemes after his body had "struck," and he would proceed to his workroom and arrange designs, the effect of which simply stupefied him next morning.

At least one enduring piece of music owes its inspiration and production to a dream in the same dramatic way. The singular distinction, in fact, is claimed for several. It occurs at the end of a famous Russian opera. For weeks the composer had struggled with his finale and had all but given it up in despair. The spirit of a certain theme danced vaguely through his overworked brain, but always eluded him when he went to set it down for the orchestra.

One night, as he lay asleep, it came to him, grandly definite. He dreamed that it was an accomplished fact on paper. Events showed that he must have gone down stairs, played it triumphantly over on his organ several times and then written down the chords that had caused him so much anxiety. Next morning the score sheets were found neatly dotted and the finale a great success; but, although his wife had heard the organ going and even remembered the tune played, the composer himself could only recollect the dream itself and was absolutely at a loss to account for the position in which he was found—fast asleep over the keys. The brain had succumbed immediately the dream inspiration had taken a practical shape.

Equally dramatic, again, is the story often told of a struggling musician who had written a song which he could not induce any music publisher to risk publishing. The fact had preyed on his mind. One night he dreamed that he had written a pathetic letter to a popular singer, inclosed it with his scorned masterpiece, walked all the way to the vocalist's house at Hampstead and pushed his envelope through the letter slit there. He recollected little of it next morning, not having occasion to miss his manuscript, and stoutly denied his landlord's assertion that he had left his bedroom and gone for a nocturnal stroll. Shortly afterward, however, he was astonished at receiving a check and a ticket for a concert, and then, especially when he heard his own song rendered at the concert, it all flashed back to him. He had unconsciously acted upon his dream—owed his stroke of luck purely to a somnambulistic inspiration.

It goes without saying, too, that the most humorous things are occasionally done by persons who retire to rest with a fixed intention for the morrow in their minds and are discovered working out the scheme in their sleep.

The writer knows a gentleman—never suspected of acting upon inspirations evolved in his slumber—who had laid in a stock of enamel paints, with which he intended to decorate his rooms after a pattern not yet decided upon. Some fantastic notion presumably must have presented itself as he slept. All unconsciously he proceeded down stairs in the small hours, mixed all the colors together in a bowl and started to daub the doors and walls with considerably more determination than taste. The result was a polychromatic chaos, to say nothing of a bad shock for the gentleman, who sprang out of his dream at the sound of a cry from his startled wife.—Philadelphia Times.

An Austere Philosophy.

"Keep working," said Senator Sorghum earnestly. "Don't be discouraged by failure, but try, try again. Remember that good old maxim 'Persistency's a jewel.'"

"Are you sure it's 'persistency?'" inquired the young man mildly. "Isn't it 'con' instead of 'per?'"

"Well," he answered thoughtfully, "as life goes nowadays I suppose there's got to be more or less 'con' in it. But it isn't considered polite to lay too much stress upon it."—Exchange.

And Yet He Had to Smile.

She was telling tales on her brother, who was an extravagant chap when he had money, which was only for two or three days each month after he received his allowance. "Bob was sweet on Jessie," she said "and wanted to give her something nice. So he went to the florist and ordered one dozen American Beauty roses to be sent to her address. They were 75 cents apiece, and that meant $9, enough for Bob to pay. But what does the foolish fellow do?

"He sees some extra long stemmed ones standing in a vase near by, and he prices those. 'One dollar and a quarter apiece,' says the man. Bob is feeling very generous that day. His allowance has just come in. 'Give me a dozen of those instead of the cheap ones I took,' he says and hands over the extra $6.

"That night he calls on the girl to see the effect his present has made. She hasn't received the flowers yet. They come while he is there. This just suits him, because he will be able to see the expression of astonishment on her face. She opens the box, sees Bob's card and lifts up the roses with a cry of rapture and an 'Oh, Mr. Wentworth, how sweet of you!' Then she looks around everywhere for a vase tall enough. You see, she hasn't any of those that stand on the floor, but only an ordinary chrysanthemum jar. She takes that down and measures the flowers, then she lays them on the table, and with one skillful whack of her little pearl handled knife she chops off half the length of the stems. Bob says it turned him cold to see $6 go into the wastebasket like that. We say at home it serves him right."—New York Herald.

Ancient Sundials.

It is probable that the earliest sundial was simply the spear of some nomad chief stuck upright in the ground before his tent. Among those desert wanderers, keen to observe their surroundings, it would not be a difficult thing to notice that the shadow shortened as the sun rose higher in the sky and that the shortened shadow always pointed in the same direction—north. The recognition would have followed very soon that this noonday shadow changed in its length from day to day. A six foot spear would give a shadow at noonday in latitude 40 degrees of 12 feet at one time of the year, of less than two feet at another.

This instrument, so simple, so easily carried, so easily set up, may well have begun the scientific study of astronomy, for it lent itself to measurement, and science is measurement, and probably we see it expressed in permanent form in the obelisks of Egyptian solar temples, though these no doubt were retained merely as solar emblems ages after their use as actual instruments of observation had ceased. An upright stick carefully plumbed standing on some level surface may therefore well make the first advance upon the natural horizon. A knob at the top of the stick will be found to render the shadow more easily observed.—E. Walter Maunder in Knowledge.

The Pitching of an Ocean Liner.

E. W. Howe, telling in the Atchison Globe of his experience during a voyage across the Atlantic ocean, says:

"I believe I made a discovery in seasickness. One night when the ship was pitching badly I remarked that when there was a particularly hard lunge the screws came out of the water and whirled round so rapidly as to almost throw me out of bed. I was sleeping with my head forward, and after awhile I discovered that the screws seemed to come out of the water when the prow was in the air. Then it occurred to me that this was impossible. Of course the screws came out when the stern was in the air.

"So my discovery was that in seasickness, particularly when you are in bed at night or have your eyes closed, the ship really pitches upward when you think it pitches downward. This confusion may assist in muddling the brain and stomach. I certainly had this experience all through one night. When my head seemed in the air, the screws came out of the water, although my heels were really in the air at the time."

A Child's Philosophy.

It is one of the prime secrets of happiness to recognize and accept one's natural limitations, but philosophy of this kind is perhaps hardly to be expected of children.

A little girl had sent back her plate for turkey two or three times and had been helped bountifully to all the good things that go to make a grand Christmas dinner. Finally she was observed looking rather disconsolately at her unfinished plate of turkey.

"What's the matter, Ethel?" asked Uncle John. "You look mournful."

"That's just the matter," said Ethel. "I am mor'n full."

And then she wondered why everybody laughed.—Stray Stories.

As It Seemed to Her.

A little girl who was in the habit of tearing her dolls to pieces to see what was inside somewhat surprised her Sunday school teacher.

"What was Adam made of?" asked the teacher.

"The dust of the earth," glibly answered the child.

"What was Eve made of?"

After a moment's hesitation, "The sawdust of the earth."—New York Tribune.

Arrests Avalanches.

Thickly planted trees are the best protection against avalanches. The snow which has fallen in the woods cannot well shift its place, and when the masses of snow from the slopes above dash against the timber they are unable to break through so strong a barrier, and after overturning some of the first trees their progress is arrested.—Forest Leaves.

Improving His Time.

"So you were in Paris?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox. "Mrs. C. and the girls wanted to go."

"Did you visit all the points of interest?"

"I should say so. We went to more places in a week than we could learn to pronounce the names of in six months."—Washington Star.

THE HEALTH OF YOUNG WOMEN

Two of Them Helped by Mrs. Pinkham—Read their Letters.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I am sixteen years old and am troubled with my monthly sickness. It is very irregular, occurring only once in two or three months, and also very painful. I also suffer with cramps and once in a while pain strikes me in the heart and I have drowsy headaches. If there is anything you can do for me, I will gladly follow your advice."—MISS MARY GOMES, Aptos, Cal., July 31, 1898.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—After receiving your letter I began the use of your remedies, taking both Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier. I am now regular every month and suffer no pain. Your medicine is the best that any suffering girl can take."—MISS MARY GOMES, Aptos, Cal., July 6, 1899.

Nervous and Dizzy

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wish to express my thanks to you for the great benefit I have received from the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I suffered constantly from terrible sideache, had chills, was nervous and dizzy. I had tried different kinds of medicine but they all failed entirely. After taking three bottles of Vegetable Compound and three of Blood Purifier I am all right. I cannot thank you enough for what your remedies have done for me."—MISS MATILDA JENSEN, Box 18, Ogdensburg, Wis., June 10, 1899.

Zangwill's First Book.

My first book was written while I was a student at London university and when I was about 17 years of age. A fellow student suggested that I should write a Jewish story the proceeds from the sale of which should finance a proposed comic paper. I was quite willing. If he had suggested an epic, I should have written it. So I wrote the story in four evenings (I always write in spurts), and within ten days from the inception of the idea the booklet was on sale in coverless pamphlet form. The printing cost £10. I paid £5, and the friend who had suggested the book paid £5, and we divided the profits.

This first book (price, 1 penny net) went well. It was loudly denounced by those it described and widely bought by them. It was hawked about the streets. One little shop in Whitechapel sold 400 copies. It was even on Smith's bookstalls.

There was curiosity among Jews to know the name of the writer. Owing to my anonymity I was enabled to see those enjoying its perusal who were afterward to explain to me their horror and disgust at its illiteracy and vulgarity.

I do not possess a copy of my first book, but somehow or other I discovered the manuscript when writing "Children of the Ghetto." The description of market day in Jewry was transferred bodily from the manuscript of the first book.—Success.

Couldn't Meet Him.

"Speaking of hard luck," said a man who didn't look it, "I had a bit of it once. You know when you are away from home how you like to meet a man from there. If you're only out in Chicago or down in New York and you run across a man from Pittsburg, you're glad to see him. One summer I cut out Atlantic City and went across the ocean instead. It wasn't so bad in England. I could hear the language there. Nor did I fret much in Paris. I ran across a number of Americans, but none from Pittsburg. But I went to places where Americans were fewer and where English was rarely spoken.

"One day I was inexpressibly lonely and almost homesick. It was in Prague. I went out sightseeing, but I had no heart for it. I would have given anything to have met an American, and to have met a Pittsburger would have thrown me into a delirium of delight. Even while I was thinking about it I saw a man approaching who had a familiar swing. I felt like running toward him. But I restrained myself. As he came closer I recognized him. He was a Pittsburger sure enough, but I had owed him $25 for a year or more, and from mere force of habit I turned and went down a side street."—Pittsburg News.

Railways Without Tunnels.

There are, naturally, a number of sweeping curves through the Urals, but all tunneling has been avoided. The writer did not see a single tunnel in the Ural range. It is a remarkable fact that during the Transsiberian railway inspection the writer did not observe a tunnel anywhere, and even after continuing the inspection right into the heart of Russia about 2,000 miles more of line had been covered before he saw the first tunnel; this after 6,000 miles of overland railway inspection.

The Russian railway engineer will sooner blow up a small mountain than make a tunnel, leaving a yawning chasm between the rocks, with two "streaks of rust" at the bottom thereof as a souvenir of his activity; or, if he finds that, after going to the mountain, the mountain is not likely to yield to him his instructions are to circumvent it by a long detour. Anything to avoid tunneling! The primary aversion to tunnels in Russia is not alone their first cost, but their subsequent cost, for tunnels, like houses, always have "something the matter with them."—L. Lodian in Cassier's Magazine.

Lincoln Preferred to Walk.

Abraham Lincoln came to Columbus on Sept. 16, 1859, and spoke from the east terrace of the statehouse. He was announced as the "Hon. Abraham Lincoln of Illinois" and came to Columbus under the auspices of the Young Men's Republican club, better known as the Wide Awakes. This was his first speech in Ohio. He spoke in the forenoon to a large audience, and the late Hon. George M. Parsons was chairman of the meeting. That evening he was escorted to the market house on Town street by a committee consisting of the Hon. E. L. Taylor, Sr.; Charles Scarlett, General James M. Comley, and Charley Wing, and he spoke for a second time.

Mr. Lincoln stopped at the old Neil House, and when the committee met him there to take him to the market house meeting they had a carriage at the door. "Oh, let's walk, boys!" And he started out with Taylor at his side, the great Republican leader covering about five feet in each step. Every one of the party was well winded except Lincoln when they reached the speaking place.—Columbus (O.) State Journal.

A Patriot's Request.

"I was on Stonewall Jackson's staff. The army was in motion and the road frequently so crowded with troops as to render it necessary for us to make a detour to one side. And as we were dashing through a field of oats I observed a fat old farmer, with flaming countenance, making his way from his house to the roadside to intercept us. As we rode up he opened the vials of his wrath and rated us roundly for 'a-ridin' through his oats. The general mildly replied that he regretted the necessity for riding through the field, but that the road was blocked with soldiers, and it was important for us to reach the front. But old Hayseed's dander was up, and he would accept no apology and, declaring that 'ef old Stonewall himself were to ride through them oats' he would report him, demanded the general's name.

"'I am General Jackson,' was the reply.

"'Not Stonewall!' said the old fellow dubiously.

"'I am sometimes so called.'

"'Well, general,' said the farmer, his voice trembling with emotion, 'I had no idee it was you when I spoke rough like I did, an I axes a thousand pardons, an I'll take it as a partickler favor ef you 'ill jess trample down all them oats.'

"The general again expressed regret for the injury done and pressed on, leaving the persistent old soul insisting that she should 'trample down all them oats.'"—Harper's Magazine.

A Surprised Organ Grinder.

A pretty music teacher was returning from her class with her hands full of flowers, the gifts of her pupils, when she met a friend, and the two stopped to speak to each other.

While they were thus engaged an old Italian, whose companion was grinding melancholy tunes out of a wornout hurdy gurdy, approached and stood beside them, shaking his hat in dumb show of begging.

The teacher had no purse with her and therefore paid no attention to the man. But so persistent was he that she thoughtlessly and impulsively turned and said:

"I have no money! Here, take these flowers!"

The Italian, unused to such a favor, which in his native land is considered a great compliment, looked at her for a moment in startled surprise; but, quickly recovering himself, he bowed low, so that his hat almost touched the ground, and, with a smile in which humor and gratefulness struggled for supremacy, he repeated again and again, while he continued to bow and scrape:

"Nica lada! Gooda lada! Nica lada!"

The chagrin of the teacher may be imagined as she hastily left the group of laughing bystanders, but the Italian was unabashed and continued to call after her:

"Nica lada! Gooda lada!"—Philadelphia Times.

Killed Two Miles of Snakes.

"I was running on a road in southwestern Pennsylvania," said the old engineer, "when I killed two miles of snakes in three minutes. It had been a wet and cold spring, and the same weather conditions had extended to about the middle of May, and it seems that all the snakes in that part of the country had started to emigrate, and, as the rails had become warm under the heat of the sun, the reptiles naturally enough found the glittering steel a smooth and comfortable highway, and they just coupled up, one taking hold of the other's tail, and started down the track. I happened to be coming along with the 'jerk water,' and we were making 25 miles an hour when we met the procession. Jack McDavitt, my fireman, saw the varmints first, and he completely collapsed, but when I perceived what we were up against I pulled the throttle of old No. 54 wide open, let the sand drop and smashed two miles of snakes in less than three minutes."—Pittsburg Post.

His Wife Helped.

Flaxman, the artist, who throughout his honorable life seems to have entertained a most modest view of his own talents, married before he had acquired distinction, though regarded as a skillful and exceedingly promising pupil, and when Sir Joshua Reynolds heard of the indiscretion of which he had been guilty he exclaimed, "Flaxman is ruined for an artist!" But his mistake was soon made manifest. When Mrs. Flaxman heard of the remark, she said: "Let us work and economize. It shall never be said that Ann Denham ruined John Flaxman as an artist!" And they economized accordingly.

A Witty Professor.

Professor Jebb, the eminent Grecian scholar, once held the Greek professorship in Glasgow university. By the arrangement of classrooms Professor Jebb's Greek room was immediately beneath the classroom for rhetoric, conducted by Professor Veitch. These rhetoric classes attracted 200 students, who frequently indulged in loud applause at the efforts of their professor. In one of these outbursts a section of plaster from the ceiling of the Greek room fell on the head of Dr. Jebb. Looking up, he exclaimed, "I fear my premises will not support Professor Veitch's conclusions!"

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Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

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See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
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FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

Price 25 Cents | GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE. Purely Vegetable. Brent Good

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

CATCHING A MOUSE.

A Young Married Couple Have an Interesting Time Over It.

There was nothing for it but a mousetrap. They had stood the pest of mice as long as patience allowed. The janitor had made one or two ineffectual attempts to abate the pest, but as the agent of the building would not allow him to use poison for fear the victims would have the bad taste to die on the premises the head of the family, spurred on by the protestations of his wife, went out to a hardware store and called for the needed article. He had supposed that buying a mousetrap was a simple thing, but when he saw the number of patterns he was bewildered.

"Do you want to catch them alive?" asked the clerk.

"Well, I should say I did. If I wanted to catch them dead, you don't suppose I would require a trap, do you?" replied the head of the family.

"I mean," explained the clerk, "do you want a trap that will kill them?"

"Of course I do. I am not collecting mice for exhibition purposes." He selected a small steel cage of the ordinary garrote pattern, for which he paid 15 cents. That night he showed it to his wife, and they proceeded to set it.

"What shall we bait it with?" he asked.

"Do we have to bait it?"

"Oh, no. You catch mice by sending them an engraved invitation."

"Oh, I suppose it ought to be something nice and tempting."

"Yes; lobster a la Newburg."

"Oh, George, I believe you're teasing me! What do they like most?"

"Cheese, you sweet ninny!"

"Of course! How stupid of me! But we haven't a bit of Roquefort in the house."

"My dear, if we had Roquefort, we wouldn't need the trap. The cheese would kill them."

"Just plain American cheese?"

"Of course! These are just plain American mice. You might make a Welsh rabbit for them. That would certainly do the business."

She got a morsel of cheese, and the trap was baited and set.

That night a mouse was caught, but Isabel fainted at the sight of the dead victim, and George was obliged to give the trap away to the janitor in order to save her nerves. The next day he brought home a trap of another pattern. It was baited with cheese, but the mouse was not killed by its captivity. After it had eaten the cheese it found that the only open door led to a rotary cylinder of steel wire. That is where they found Mr. Mouse the next morning. He was paddling around in the treadmill under the impression that he was rapidly getting away from the scene of his captivity. Isabel clapped her hands at the sight.

"Isn't he too cunning for anything? But what shall we do with him?"

"We might give him to the baby to play with," said the unfeeling brute, "or we could attach the cage to the sewing machine and get the benefit of his energy. We will drown him, of course." Isabel hid her face in her hands.

"In the lake, George?"

"Yes; I see myself walking three blocks to drown a mouse in the lake. No; in the bathtub."

"George Harrison, if you drown that poor little helpless mouse in my bathtub I'll never"—

"Bathe again?" finished her husband. "Oh, yes, you will!" And off he started with the trap for the bathroom. When he had accomplished his design, he gave the trap and its dead contents to the janitor and returned to his wife.

"Did—did it suffer much?" asked Isabel.

"Its death agonies were very distressing, and I shall never get its last words out of my ears. I"—

"You're a brute!" said Isabel, and she flounced out of the room.—Chicago Chronicle.

Her Jet Black Cut Glass Bowl.

A New York woman has an addition to her stock of curios since her up town home was burned out last winter. A beautiful cut glass rose bowl survived the fire, but was stained by the smoke, which was particularly thick and dense on the dining room floor. The bowl is now perfectly black, the pattern of the glass brought out in iridescent relief. Scouring has had no effect on the new coloring, which seems to have burned its way into the glass. A china pitcher, which also stood on the sideboard, had its delicate color fired to a reddish black so evenly that no one would suspect that it was not done in a professional kiln. The two pieces were brought out by the owner at a recent luncheon, and her guests were asked if any of them had seen specimens of what the hostess explained was a very rare ware. All of the company fell into the trap, and most learned opinions were given around the table in an effort at decision before the joke was explained.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Fully Occupied.

Havers (who has answered the bell himself)—Hello, old man! Come in. Come in.

Jabbers—Sorry, but I just come for my wife. She's here, I suppose?

Havers—Oh, yes. But come in and have a game or two of chess.

Jabbers—I'd like to, but it's too late.

Havers—Nonsense. It's only 10 o'clock.

Jabbers—Yes, but my wife particularly told me not to be any later than that coming for her. So she must want to get home.

Havers—Oh, if that's all, she won't be ready to go for several hours yet.

Jabbers—Why, what's she doing?

Havers—She just started to tell my wife what they had yesterday at the Swellingtons' luncheon.—Harper's Bazar.

DEMAND THE OLD RELIABLE
FRAZER
AXLE GREASE.
THIS IS JUST WHAT I SHALL DO AFTER THIS
MY FRIEND! YOU SHOULD USE FRAZER AXLE GREASE
TRADE MARK
SOLD EVERYWHERE
WILL WEAR TWICE AS LONG AS ANY OTHER;
TRY IT!
USE THE BEST
TAKE NO OTHER

UPHOLSTERING!

C. L. SMITH,

No. 91 Prospect Street, - Woburn, Mass

(FORMERLY WITH THOMAS MORRIS.)

I announce that I have established the business of Upholstery and Carpet Laying at the above location, and respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

Satisfaction guaranteed in Work and Prices

Solve the Servant Girl Question

by putting a Wickless Oil Stove in the kitchen. You can *keep* a girl then. No fire to build in the morning. No wood to chop. No coal to carry. No ashes to worry about. No soot on pans. It makes play of housework. The

Wickless Blue Flame Oil Stove

is doing more to make housekeeping easy than any other stove in existence. Absolutely safe. Burns ordinary kerosene oil. Bakes, broils, boils, roasts, toasts—does anything that any other stove will do, and many things that most stoves can't do. Sold wherever stoves are sold. If your dealer *does not* have it, write to

STANDARD OIL COMPANY.

Some English Laws.

If you deposit money in a bank and leave it there for over six years without adding to it, drawing on it or dealing with it in any way, it comes under the statute of limitations and is lost to you forever.

Suppose you bought a gold ring and without saying anything about payments or delivery you turned round to examine a clock and a magpie flew in and carried off the ring it would be your loss. You would have to pay the jeweler, while he need not give you another ring. If you bought a horse and said you would call for him in the evening and if the stables were burned and the horse destroyed before you called, you would have to bear the consequences. But if anything remained to be done to the property purchased the seller would be responsible. Suppose he undertook to put a nail in the horse's shoe or suppose the jeweler said he would polish up the ring, then the loss would fall on him, not you.

If you wrote from London to a miller in Bristol offering to sell him a cargo of wheat at 30 shillings a quarter and he wrote a letter accepting your offer and posted it the same day, the contract would be completed. Suppose, now, the letter got lost, you concluded that he was not going to buy and you sold the cargo to some one else, you would be liable for damages to the first buyer, and the worst of it is you could get nothing out of the postmaster general.—London Answers.

He Prayed Hard.

An old man in Georgia named Jack Baldwin, having lost his hat in an old dry well one day, hitched a rope to a stump and let himself down. A wicked wag named Neal came along just then and, quietly detaching a bell from Baldwin's old blind horse, approached the well bell in hand and began to ting-a-ling.

Jack thought the old horse was coming and said: "Hang the old blind horse! He's coming this way sure, and he ain't got no more sense than to fall in on me. Whoa, Ball!"

The sound came closer.

"Great Jerusalem, the old blind fool will be right on top of me in a minit! Whoa, Ball! Whoa, haw, Ball!"

Neal kicked a little dirt on Jack's head, and Jack began to pray:

"Oh, Lord, have mercy on—whoa, Ball!—a poor sinner— I'm gone now; whoa, Ball. Our father who art in—whoa, Ball!—hallowed be thy—gee, Ball, gee! what'll I do?—name. Now I lay me down to sl—gee, Ball!" Just then in fell more dirt. "Oh, Lord, if you ever intend to do anything for me—back, Ball! whoa!—thy kingdom come—gee, Ball! Oh, Lord, you know I was baptized in Smith's mill dam—whoa, Ball! ho! up! murder! whoa!"

Neal could hold in no longer and shouted a laugh which might have been heard two miles, which was about as far as Jack chased him when he got out.—Atlanta Journal.

Bluffs In the Directory.

If you pick up that interesting annual, the city directory, you will find it filled with bluffs. Here is a man down as a superintendent. You know he is only the foreman of a labor gang. Another is designated as a general manager. Three or four men are subject to his "general" management, or, as his 5-year-old-son, who inherited his propensity to bluff, put it, "he's the head man of three other fellows." Over on this page is another chap who is given as the political editor of a newspaper of some political importance. Don't believe it. He's merely a reporter assigned to gather political news, and everything he writes is carefully "edited" by another man with a title of much less importance. This man down in the book as a merchant sells shoestrings and collar buttons in a cubby hole between two buildings made available when an alley fell into disuse. "Mme. Blanque, modiste," is merely Mrs. Blank, dressmaker, making a French bluff for which she collects after the cutting out and fitting are done. But what is the use of picking them out? The directory is filled with them.—Pittsburg Press.

Withdrawing a Juror.

One particularly amusing incident characterized Congressman Burton's early experience at the bar. For some reason it became necessary to request a continuance in a case in which he was counsel. After Mr. Burton had explained why there should be a continuance the court told him simply to withdraw a juror and the case would be marked continued. For the moment the young attorney was nonplused, but after glancing at the court to satisfy himself that the judge was in earnest he walked over to the jury box, eyed the jurors for an instant and then firmly seized a large, portly German and endeavored with no little effort to drag him out of the jury box. In the midst of the general laugh which followed, the court came to the rescue of the discomfited young barrister by explaining that the term was simply technical and need only be written on the docket.—Saturday Evening Post.

Effect of Paternal Example.

Mr. Tucker, who sometimes goes gunning, was trying to teach Tommy the meaning of the word "brace" as applied to game.

"Now, Tommy," he said, "if you should go hunting and kill 20 pheasants, for instance, how many would you say you had bagged?"

"Fifty," replied Tommy.—Chicago

Poor Air and Poor Living.

When Jim Bridger, the famous scout of the plans, grew old, he thought he would like to retire from the somewhat arduous life of a plainsman and settle down to the ease of "the east," which to him meant Missouri. So he used his best endeavor to find a competent man to fill his place and went back to Missouri.

A year or two passed, and one day Captain Russell, the commandant of the post which Bridger had left, was surprised to see the old scout heave in sight. When he came in, the captain asked:

"Well, Bridger, what brings you back here?"

"Captain," said Bridger, "I want to go back to scouting again."

"Indeed? Why, I thought you had settled down in the east for the rest of your life!"

"Well, cap'n, I'll tell you how it is. I went back to old Missoura, and if you'll believe it they've got a railroad station within ten mile o' the old place—yes, sir, a railroad station! And what's more, they've got a ranch now in every four mile. I tell you what, cap'n, the air ain't pure down there no more!"

"Is that possible? But I thought you'd like the good things to eat they have down there. You like good things to eat, I remember."

"Good things to eat! Why, cap'n, I didn't have a br'iled beaver tail the whole time I was there!"—Youth's Companion.

Elephant Stories.

Talking of elephant fables, the animal trainer said:

"Take, for instance, the story of the man who stuck a pin in the elephant's trunk and years afterward was deluged with dirty water by the remembering elephant. I am surprised that any one should take this yarn seriously. Why, the average thickness of the elephant's hide runs from half an inch to two inches deep. Now, imagine a pin going through that thickness on an errand of pain. It would swallow a pin and break a needle.

"The old fashioned elephant story that has any real basis of truth is the one that makes the big brute afraid of a mouse. Experience in the winter quarters of a show, where mice and rats thrive, convinces one of this fact. A mouse will make an entire herd noisy with fright, and a rat will put them in a condition of desperate fear. An elephant may defend itself against a lion, tiger or any other natural enemy, but the insignificant size of a mouse baffles his conception of offensive or defensive warfare. The mouse is too quick to be crushed underfoot or to be caught by his trunk, and it can scamper over his rough hide with impunity. The elephant realizes his helplessness against such a diminutive foe and learns to fear it as he fears no other animal."—Buffalo Express.

Little Willie Ate Everything.

Until they are trained to eat properly youngsters are usually like little piggies. They "root" through everything and leave a muss after them. Willie, 6 years old, has a pair of parents who try to break him of the habit of taking things on his plate that he cannot eat and leaving much to go to waste. He is in a fair way to improve under their watchfulness.

"You must eat the crust, too, Willie," his mamma will say, and Willie will dutifully eat the crust.

"Don't take such a large piece of cake, Willie, unless you can eat it," his papa will say, and Willie will take it and stuff himself with it rather than to leave a crumb for his father to grumble about.

The other day Willie was invited to a birthday party. His mother dressed him in his best clothes.

"Now, mind, Willie," was the last thing she said to him; "eat everything you take on your plate."

Willie came home that evening with severe pains. The little girl in whose honor the party was given was 13 years old. Her mother had baked a birthday cake, and part of the scheme of ornamentation of it were 13 wax candles. There were three of them on the piece that was put on Willie's plate.—Pittsburg News.

Letting Him Off Easy.

"Before I agree to undertake your defense," said the eminent criminal lawyer who had been called in, "you will have to be perfectly frank with me and tell me the whole truth. Did you embezzle the £20,000 you are accused of having taken?"

"Yes, sir," replied the accused man. "I'll not attempt to conceal the fact from you. I stole every penny of it."

"How much of it have you left?"

"It's all gone but about £10."

"Young man," said the eminent lawyer, putting on his gloves, "you'd better plead guilty and throw yourself on the mercy of the court."

"I'll do it if you say so, sir. What are you going to charge me for the advice?"

"Ten pounds."—London King.

A Trunkless Body.

An explorer lately returned from his travels was relating his adventures. "I peered," said he, "into the thicket, and there before me lay a trunkless body." "Nonsense," remarked an interfering critic, "who ever heard of a trunkless body?" "My friend," replied the traveler quietly, "the body was that of an elephant." He then resumed his story.—London Globe.

Mighty Bad Luck.

The colored gentleman who collects paper scraps has a disabled "right." Only the thumb is of much service. Asked how it happened he looked sad and replied, "Dat ar wuz a piece of bad luck, boss; yes, sah, mighty bad luck."

"How was that?"

"Ah doan' like tuh tell, but 'twuz mighty bad luck."

Finally he consented to explain:

"Two felluhs insulted me in a place across the street heah, an Ah stahted in tuh frazzle dem out. De second felluh Ah tackled wuz stan'in 'tween me an an iron pilluh dat suppohted de roof. Jus' as Ah wuz erbout tuh hand him a smash on de nose dat niggah stepped one side an mah hand struck de pilluh instead. Hit done broke ebry one of mah finguhs, an dey've been stiff eber since. Yes, sah, dat wuz suhtinly bad luck."

"But what about the first fellow you went up against? You didn't say what became of him."

"Oh, dat felluh? Yah, yah! Boss, Ah kin show you dat niggah any time. 'E work jus' a block from heah. 'E ain't got no nose an only lilly piece one ear"—

"How'd he lose 'em?"

"How'd 'e lose 'em? Boss, 'e didn't lose 'em. Dey wuz took from 'im, an Ah's de man what done hit. Ah done bit 'em bofe off. Yes, sah, Ah bit 'em off while we'se rollin round on de flo'."—Detroit News.

A Football Incident In New York.

Mr. Frank W. Graves during his newspaper career witnessed many singular scenes, but the oddest one happened, according to Mr. Graves, in the old days when the big college football teams played their star games on the New York polo grounds on Thanksgiving day.

On the occasion mentioned Yale and Princeton had played and Yale had won.

Going up Broadway there walked a dapper young Princeton man and a girl. Going down Broadway at the same moment were eight victorious young Yale men. They were happy, but silent, and they came straight down the street until they spied the Princeton pair.

Then still in silence, moved by a single purpose, the Yale men formed a circle, and as the other pedestrians made way for them they went around and around the Princeton pair. At first the young man was surprised, then angered, and at last he raised his cane and made a dash for liberty, whereupon the Yale men stopped and, without a word, fell upon him as they do in football, quietly, heavily and quickly.

Then, straightening themselves again into a line, the eight Yalesians stopped a moment and in concert raised their hats to the thoroughly frightened girl and silently resumed their march down the street.—Saturday Evening Post.

Not Too Dead.

"I am not prepared to state that the dead can come to life," said a Pennsylvania man, "but the experience of a friend of mine in a Pennsylvania German town would seem to incline one that way.

"In the town where he was visiting he became acquainted with the local undertaker and in that way was enabled to be present at the funeral of a young woman who had expired from shock at seeing her husband fall from a load of hay. He was not hurt at all, but she was, to all intents and purposes, as dead as the proverbial door nail. The body was laid out in the parlor, and all the relatives and friends had assembled to pay their last respects to the dead.

"As is customary in that locality, a big funeral dinner was served. In the midst of the meal the parlor door opened and in walked the corpse. It didn't take a minute to clear the room, leaving the intruder from the spirit world in sole possession. The undertaker finally plucked up courage to return to the dining room and found his subject enjoying a hearty meal after her enforced fast.

"Her first question was, 'Was Jake hurt much?'"—Philadelphia Record.

Liszt's Feat of Memory.

In The Century William Mason, the veteran American musician, tells of a remarkable feat of memory performed by the composer Liszt:

My friend knew Liszt very well, and having taken a fancy to a composition of mine, "Les Perles de Rosee," which was still in manuscript, he said: "Let me have it for publication. Dedicate it to Liszt. I can easily get Liszt to accept the dedication. I am going directly from here to Weimar and will see him about it. At the same time I will prepare the way for your reception later as a pupil."

Not long afterward I received a letter from my friend in which he told me that when he handed the music to Liszt the latter looked at the manuscript, hummed it over, then sat down and played it from memory. Then, going to his desk, he took a pen and accepted the dedication by writing his name at the top of the title page.

A Feminine Trait.

Mrs. Hoon—They say that Mrs. Swiftsmith is greatly troubled with insomnia.

Mr. Hoon—Yes. I understand that she discovered the fact, a week or so ago, that her husband talks in his sleep, and she hasn't slept a wink since for fear of missing something.—Har-

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect JUNE 25, 1900.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.14, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.39, 8.00, 9.10, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.28, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.22, 7.04, 7.34, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, 8.42, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.46, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 12.00, 4.52, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.33 8.28, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, *9.30, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.28, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.28, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 8.28, 6.33, 11.11, A. M., 6.42 P. M., Saturdays only. Except Claremont.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.28, †11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, ‡6.33, 8.28, 11.11, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P.M

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.28, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.28, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

*To Nashua only.
†To Franklin only.
‡Weirs only.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.21, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.16, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 4.03, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Jan. 1, 1900, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 and 11.15 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Wakefield & Stoneham St. R'y Co.

On and after January 1, 1900, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, then *9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington, at 5.15, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.30, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.45, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m., then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 8.35, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. M. LANE, Acting Supt.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00 *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

Business Cards.

Crawford's - -
ICE CREAMS
SHERBERTS, &C.
No. 412 Main St., WOBURN
TELEPHONE: 48-3.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal and Wood,
377 Main Steet.
Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

GEO. W. NICHOLS,
HAS SOLD — AND — REPAIRED
FINE WATCHES SINCE 1865.
Mechanics' Building, 415 Main St.

J. R. Carter & Co.
Coal and Wood,
369 Main Street.

Return Water
from steam or hot water heating coils or raidiators below the boilers can be brought back by gravity alone. I make a specialty of such work. Let me solve your problems. It costs you nothing if I fail.
EDWARD E. PARKER,
No. 8 Middle St., Woburn.
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Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Cainan's Shop.
65	Cor. Hill and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

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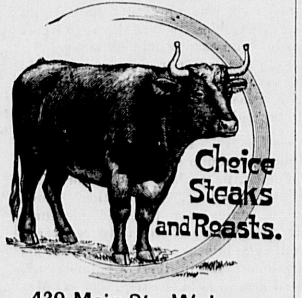
George Durward



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THE TOWN MEETING MODERATOR

Whang, whang, whang!
He would pessle, and he'd bang
At the old scarred table on the town house stage.
And, p-foo! The dust would rise,
While through it, s'r, his eyes
Looked jest about as savage as a meat ax aidge.

We never had a moderator up to snuff like him.
He was little, he was squizzled, he was old and bent and slim;
But when he slammed the table with his old black cane
He'd quiet down a hooraw quicker'n any man in Maine.
There was Uncle Cephas Johnson who'd git up and haw and ham
With about as much ability to speak, s'r, as a clam,
And I reckon if ye'd let him he would gabble on all day
'Bout the ro'd in Perkin's deestrick and the tax he had to pay.
There was Deacon Ira Patterson and Squire Ezry Goff,
There'd never been a chairman who could seem to shet 'em off,
But the Mister Moderator that I'm tellin ye about,
He'd jump, s'r, like a cricket, give the table top a clout,
And I ain't got words to tell to ye the awful way he'd frown
When he'd holler: "Shet that tater trap! Set down, I say, set down!"
And—did—they—set?
Waal, now—you—bet!

Whang, whang, whang!
It was just a stiddy bang
When they didn't tend to bus'ness in the way they ought to do.
When it come to moderate,
Warn't a critter in the state
That had so good a notion how to rush town meetin's through.

—Lewiston Journal.

PRINCE'S PRIDE AND PEACOCK FEATHERS.

A Story of High Life.

I am a working woman and accustomed to being out at all hours. I am accustomed also to all people and all things, and nothing frightens or astonishes me.

When, therefore, I sat one night in the Pennsylvania railroad depot, Jersey City side, I was aroused to no interest at all by the appearance of a tall, slender, elderly woman of elegant bearing with a young baby. The woman came in, sat down beside me, then got up, hesitated, placed the baby in the seat and came back.

Taking particular notice of her for the first time, I saw that she was of graceful, even dignified, carriage, with refinement of face and figure—a lady from boots to bonnet. She seemed in such uncertainty that I spoke to her.

"Can I be of assistance to you?" I asked.

"Yes and no," said she hesitatingly. "I have lost my railroad ticket. Could you—would you—let me leave my baggage here one minute by the side of you?"

"Certainly," I said.

At this she deposited her satchel, umbrella, shawl and baby in the seat by my side and walked over to the ticket office.

The baby, a little thing not over a year old, leaned against me comfortably, and I chatted to it as a woman will. When I turned to look at the ticket office, the woman was not there, and, leaning forward in the seat, I glanced down through the door to the ferry entrance beyond without seeing her.

A minute later the gong of my ferryboat was clanging, but I could not leave, for the woman had not returned to take her baby. To make my story short, I sat there until the ferryboat had gone many times and until many new sets of passengers had come and gone from the ferryhouse, but my woman returned not.

Then, taking the baby, I stepped over to the ticket office. "Did a woman with a baby—I mean without a baby—buy a ticket here—a tall, gray haired woman?"

The clerk looked at me superciliously. "I do not recognize any one from that description," he said.

"This baby was left with me an hour ago," I said, "and I am looking for the woman."

"You had better go over to the New York side," said he. "Your woman probably crossed an hour ago. Take this boat, and probably you will overtake her."

So with the baby, the hand satchel, the shawl and the umbrella I crossed the Jersey ferry and landed at Cortlandt street, New York. But here I could not get any satisfaction, for no one had seen my woman, and no one would take the baby. At the suggestion of a policeman I took a cab and drove to Bellevue hospital, only to be told that Blackwell's island was the place for a waif.

"But Blackwell's island is across the river," I said, "and I am here."

"Then take it to the police station," suggested the Bellevue official.

I took the baby, which by this time had slumbered comfortably in my arms, to the police station, but the official could do nothing for me.

"The baby was not found in our precinct," said he, "and I must refer you elsewhere. I think," he added, "that as it was found on the Jersey City side you will have to find a place for it in the public institutions of New Jersey. Better take it home tonight and start out again in the morning."

As it was now midnight, I took his advice. I carried the baby home, and there, with the help of my old caretaker, we fixed a little bed for it on the sofa and made it comfortable. My caretaker, dear old woman, after she had recovered from her surprise, warmed a little food for the child and soothed it to sleep as best she could.

The next morning bright and early I started out on my quest for a home for the baby, but not until I had amused myself with it for an hour, admiring its pretty ways and wondering how any one could have the heart to forsake it and particularly how such a refined woman could do so cruel a deed.

As I said, I am a busy worker. I am a newspaper woman, and before going on my private mission I called upon my chief and told him of my find.

"That would make an excellent newspaper story," said he.

"Yes," said I, "and you can publish it. Put the child's picture in the paper, but leave out my name. Maybe we can trace the woman quietly."

But we could not trace the woman; neither could I find a place for the child abandoned in a ferryhouse. It was as though she had been born in midocean—a child without a town or a habitation. So in a few weeks, partly by fate and partly because I had become attached to the child, I found myself—a newspaper woman—in possession of a baby about a year old. The little girl was pretty, and I liked her. She was beginning to talk and to walk, and before I had had her a week we began to be afraid that some one would claim her. But no one ever did.

My chief knew of the acquisition to my household, but said nothing. He is a wise man and allows his subordinates to do as they will, provided their loyalty to his newspaper is unswerving.

One day, the 1st of June, the chief sent for me and said: "I want you to go to Newport for the season. Lady Blackburn and her daughter are to be there. They have just come over from Europe and are to be the lions of Newport society. Her ladyship is an American, you know, but her daughter was born abroad. She is to be introduced into society this summer, and it is expected that she will make a brilliant match before the season is out."

"Who is Lady Blackburn?"

"I do not know exactly," he said. "I cabled over to Berlin to find out something about her, as I understand she was there some time ago. All I could ascertain from our correspondent there was that a certain Lady Blackburn and daughter were part of the American colony at Berlin last season. They were very quiet. The daughter had made an unfortunate match or something of that kind and did not go out. They suddenly disappeared."

"Where did she get her title?"

"From the dead Blackburn. His ancestor was knighted three generations ago for a service. The title died with him, but in this generation the widow, an ambitious Montana woman, has taken it up, and as she has money she is going to make the most of it."

"You want me to go to Newport?"

"Yes; go there and give her ladyship a fine write up."

As I started away the chief called out: "Don't take the baby with you. She's too young to enter society."

I went to Newport, to the Rock House, without the baby. I found the entire hotel in a state of anticipation, for her ladyship was expected any day, and a retinue of her servants had arrived ahead of her.

Here I heard great stories of Lady Blackburn, such as I had never heard before, and I soon learned that she had gone to Europe in her youth, had married abroad and had recently inherited money from her father in Montana. She was about to return to this country with her daughter to become the queen of American society.

The daughter, the Honorable Constance, was beautiful and fit enough to reign over any belle in Newport.

The entire second floor in the Rock House was engaged for Lady Blackburn, and the Honorable Constance and three of the best carriage houses were put in commission for her ladyship's blooded horses.

The day of her arrival at Newport I wrote a full account to my newspaper at home and had the satisfaction of knowing that we had scored a "beat," for no other newspaper had such a full account of the coming of the distinguished woman to Newport.

I had a glimpse of her ladyship on the day of her arrival as she was coming up the steps. She was a tall, slender, gray haired woman, with a distinguished bearing, and by her side, smaller, though with scarcely less distinction, walked the Honorable Constance. Later I saw the young woman's face. It was sweet, though inexpressibly sad, and I, with my experience of the world, said to myself, "The Honorable Constance looks like a woman with a past."

In a few days all Newport was alive with the arrival of the Blackburns. Cards and carriages arrived at the Rock House at all hours of the day, and the name of the Honorable Constance, the beautiful heiress, was on every lip.

It had been decided that Constance would make her debut in society at the home of Mrs. Senator Gray, who is one of the most elegant women in Newport society. Then she and her mother, having met all Newport, could entertain at a grand presentation ball at the Rock House.

I must say this much for her ladyship—that never in the course of my editorial career have I been treated with more consideration. Though I had never met her, I received each day from her pen a very nice programme of the day's doings.

On her arrival I had sent her my card, with the name of the paper I represented engraved upon it, and her ladyship had informed me, in a very elegantly worded note, that was written on very elegantly engraved note paper, that she would be pleased at any time to render me any assistance in her power in the way of gathering society news.

So every morning I received from the pen of her secretary a full account, which greatly facilitated my work.

The Honorable Constance, like all girls of 20 who are not yet in society, was passive in this, but I thought she was sadder than she ought to be considering her elegant coming debut, and when I saw her, as I often did, walking toward the ocean in company with only a maid I wondered that she was so depressed.

One evening, seeing her and her mother seated on the public balcony after bidding farewell to their guests, I thought I would venture, considering their kindness, to approach them and pay my respects. As I stepped up behind them I saw that they were engaged in a deep conversation and found that I was in earshot without intending it.

"If we could only find it, mamma, if we could only find it," Lady Constance was saying.

"It was stolen, I tell you, stolen! I searched the papers and offered rewards, though you were too prostrated with grief to realize it, but it was never found. Why can you not give it up for lost, or do you want to spoil everything? You are only 20 and—why can't you give it up?"

"They must have lost a valuable jewel," I said to myself, but somehow I had a feeling that it was not a jewel they meant.

The day of Lady Blackburn's ball was the busiest day Newport has ever seen. Never will I forget it. All the morning caterers and decorators were coming to the house to add to the elegant preparations made by the host of the finest hotel in the world.

All the afternoon carriages were arriving, bearing immense bunches of bouquets and baskets of orchids. The Hon. Constance Blackburn was to be launched into society under the auspices second to no other debutante that ever stepped out at Newport.

My plan for reporting the ball was this:

During the morning I had written a complete account of the preparations. In the afternoon I obtained the list of the invited guests, and toward evening I made a note of the bouquets and those who had sent them. All these I telegraphed to my chief in New York.

At 9 o'clock I would visit the ballroom, and, having noted the costumes of the ladies, I would wire them to my chief to be added before the paper went to press.

At 5 o'clock I determined, for fear of being left out at some important detail, to visit Lady Blackburn and pay my respects to her. I thought this would be a good time to thank her for her kindness and to ask for additional details regarding the ball. Up to this time I had never met her ladyship.

I was ushered into the Blackburn suit of rooms, and there, in the most luxurious corner of the summer parlor, I sank to rest amid elegant cushions to await the arrival of Lady Blackburn, to whom I had sent my card.

It was only a minute before I heard the rustle of her gown. She was not yet dressed for the ball. She had her arms full of favors, and on each side of her were manservants, also carrying flowers. They stopped at a small table at my side.

"You can lay the favors there, James," said her ladyship. "And you, John, place yours over on the table."

It was plain that Lady Blackburn did not know she had a guest.

"Now," said she, "I will leave these here, and I will come back for them in just a minute."

Something in the sound of her voice brought me to my feet, and she laid her burden by my side and stepped back. I turned and looked at her. For one minute we two women stood face to face!

I took the midnight train for New York that very night. I had something I wanted to tell my chief.

"It is a good story," he said, "but we could never print it. Lady Blackburn is a leader in society, and the Honorable Constance is engaged to be married to the wealthiest catch of Newport. The announcement came over the wire tonight. It was made at the ball. It seems the Honorable Constance only met him at Newport, but money, youth and beauty fixed the match. I guess we had better let it drop."

"Yes," I said; "perhaps so, especially for my own family."—Exchange.

CLEVELAND'S
Superior Baking Powder

ANTIQUATED methods of raising cake or biscuit with home-made mixtures of cream of tartar and soda, or saleratus and sour milk, are no longer used by the best housekeepers.

The best housekeepers use Cleveland's Baking Powder instead of the old methods.

Its scientific composition insures uniform results. By its use the finest flavored, most wholesome food is produced with less trouble and at a saving of time and money.

CLEVELAND BAKING POWDER CO.,
NEW YORK.

Care must be taken to avoid baking powders made from alum. Such powders are sold cheap, because they cost but a few cents per pound. Alum is a corrosive acid, which taken in food means injury to health.

Uncle Sam as a Publisher.

One thing that is mounting up rapidly is the official literature of the government. Most citizens complain if the president's message fills more than one page of the average newspaper, but they fail to remember that behind that message are thousands of reports and tons of documents. Indeed, if the average man were to attempt to read everything the government publishes in one year he would have to devote about a half a century to the task, taking eight hours a day for the work of reading. Hundreds of these volumes are beautifully prepared with plates and maps that are works of art. Although the government printing office and the government engraving plant are the largest in the world, yet a great deal of work is done by private firms. Simply a resume of the reports would fill a very large book.—Saturday

Dangerous Etiquette.

Old world privilege and restriction reign supreme in Spain, where there is a law that no subject shall touch the person of the king or queen.

Alfonso XIII nearly suffered a severe fall from this rule in his childhood. An aunt of his made him a present of a swing. When he used it for the first time, the motion frightened him, and he began to cry, whereupon a lackey lifted him quietly out of it and so, no doubt, preserved him from falling.

The breach of etiquette, however, was flagrant and dreadful. The queen was obliged to punish it by dismissing the man from his post. At the same time she showed her real feelings on the subject by appointing him immediately to another and better place in the royal household.

In another case a queen of Spain nearly lost her life in a dreadful way owing to this peculiar rule. She had been thrown when out riding, and, her foot catching in the stirrup, she was dragged. Her escort would not risk interference, and she would have been dashed to pieces but for the heroic interposition of a young man who stopped the horse and released her from her dangerous position.

As soon as they saw she was safe her escort turned to arrest the traitor who had dared to touch the queen's foot, but he was not to be seen. Knowing well the penalty he had incurred, he made off at once, fled for his life and did not stop until he had crossed the frontier.

She Rode Free.

A woman who had come out of the west, where she had been a cow girl on a ranch, was boarding a car in this city recently. She had just placed her foot upon the step and was preparing to take another step to the upper platform when, with a furious "Step lively!" the conductor pulled the strap. The car jerked forward, and the western woman swayed back for a minute, then just caught herself in time to prevent a bad fall upon the cobbles.

She confronted the conductor with angry eyes—eyes that had looked undismayed into those of mighty horned monsters of the prairies.

"What do you mean by starting the car before I was on it?" she asked.

"Can't wait all day for you, lady," the conductor snarled. "Just step inside there."

In a moment the western woman, with a backward golf sweep of the arm, lunged for the conductor's head. He dodged. The blow sent his hat spinning back into the track. The woman entered the car and sat down. She was flushed, but dignified. While the other women passengers were rather startled, they all knew just how she felt. Then the car stopped, while the conductor went back for his hat. The western woman rode free that time.—New York Sun.

Lost Hat Stories.

The London Globe has been collecting a series of lost hat stories, of which the following are specimens:

A father and son were standing at the entrance to Old Chain pier at Brighton when the dear little boy tumbled into the dancing waves. A bystander, accoutered as he was, plunged into the sea and, buffeting the waves with lusty sinews, succeeded at last in setting the dripping child at his father's feet. "And what hae ye done wi' his hat?" said papa.

A correspondent sent the following narrative: A festive bluejacket was seen from a ship in Malta harbor dancing on the top of the parapet wall at Fort Ricasoli. First his hat blew over, and then, leaning over to look for it, he lost his balance and fell after it—a sheer drop of 30 feet or more. The surgeon on duty was landed with a party to bring off the remains for identification. They found them crawling about on hands and knees and inquired if he was seriously hurt. "Hurt be blowed!" was his reply. "Where's my hat?"

The man who tells you all he knows isn't half so bad as the man who tries to tell you all he thinks he knows.—Somerville Journal.

The Genesis of a Patriot.

One night in 1776 the Duke of Gloucester, the royal brother of George III, then hiding from his kingly brother's wrath in Paris, was regaling a table party of aristocrats at the expense of the king of England with a trenchant account of the "Boston tea party." His cynical sympathy was expressed for the American rebels, and he dwelt upon their need for recruits to fight against his brother. The table laughed at the tale, which was the first the most of them had heard directly on the preposterous ambitions for freedom of the new world colonists. Among the company was a silent, solemn young soldier who had listened intently to the recluse until the dinner was finished. Then he strode across the room to the duke.

"I will join the Americans! I will help them fight for freedom! Tell me how to set about it!" he cried, his sallow, listless face now aglow with a fire none of his idle comrades had ever seen there before.

It was Lafayette, the 19-year-old marquis, who was the despair of his family because he seemed always in a drowse. Coming from one of the noblest houses of the empire, he was married to a lady of high degree and was already a father. His wife had been his love, but now freedom became the stronger passion, and for more than 60 years he was to follow its cause. This was the genesis of Lafayette.—Edward Page Gaston in Woman's Home Companion.

Nominating a President.

Until the constitutional amendment of 1804 the president and the vice president were voted for on the same ballot, the man with the second highest number of votes becoming vice president. The presidential electors have not always been chosen by popular vote.

Before 1800 it was the general custom for the state legislatures to choose the electors, and it was not until 1828 that presidential electors were chosen in nearly all the states by popular vote. As late as 1876 the Colorado legislature chose the three presidential electors to represent that state. There is nothing in the constitution to prevent any state legislature naming its own electors without appeal to the people provided such a method of election is prescribed by the state laws.

From 1800 to 1824 presidential candidates were chosen by the members of congress in caucus. In 1824 the electoral college failed to make a choice from the candidates so submitted, and the matter went to the house of representatives. Four years later Tennessee's legislature nominated Andrew Jackson without any reference to the congressional caucus. His opponent, John Quincy Adams, was nominated in the old way, but that was the end of presidential nominations by congressional caucus.—New York Sun.

Only a Misunderstanding.

Several years ago, in a well known wholesale house in a big manufacturing town, an old bachelor bookkeeper, who had been many years with the firm, suddenly announced that he was to be married.

The partners gave him a week's holiday, and his fellow clerks raised a little purse and presented it to pay the expenses of his wedding trip.

A couple of days after the wedding one of the members of the firm went down to a seaside resort, and there, lounging about the parade and apparently enjoying himself immensely, he saw his recently married old bookkeeper, but alone.

"Where's your wife?" asked the principal.

"She's at home," was the reply.

"But I thought you had money given you for a wedding trip?"

"So I had," was the reply, "but I didn't understand that it was intended to include her."—Pearson's Weekly.

Legal Advice.

Lawyer—Why didn't you come to me? I could have given you some good advice.

Mr. Kraft—I don't believe it. Any advice you'd give would be necessarily poor or you'd sell it, and the kind you sell is too dear.—Philadelphia Press.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, JUYL 27, 1900.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

With Congressman Knox as a candidate the Republicans have a tried and true candidate. They know what he can do.

The Democrats are hoping that Mr. Knox will be turned down and Butler Ames substituted. This in itself ought to warn all Republicans that any substitution for Congressman Knox is likely to prove fatal to Republican success. Mr. Knox has carried this District three times. Even under the most trying circumstances, which existed in 1898, he carried it by a safe majority. It will be remembered that at that time Mr. Knox was blamed for the non-appearance of the much-heralded advance agent of prosperity. Notwithstanding this heavy handicap he carried the District and he can do it again. With such a strong candidate as he, it seems foolish for Republicans to talk of swapping horses.—*Lawrence Telegram.*

A majority of the Republicans of the Fifth District feel that Mr. Knox is good enough for them, and the *Telegram* may rest assured that there will be no "swapping horses" this year. Nobody disputes that Butler Ames is a smart and worthy young man, but his turn for Congressional honors don't come until 1902. He will be riper and better fitted for the place by that time.

THE MAYOR SEES IT.

Among the reasons given by Mayor Davis for vetoing the new schoolhouse order last week was the following:

"Another matter that should be taken into consideration in connection with this question is the possible and even probable loss to the city of the income derived from the sale of liquor licenses, amounting at the present time to about $16,000 annually. When you consider that the last two elections showed a margin of less than 125 votes for each election in favor of licensing the sale of intoxicating liquors the uncertainty of the income from this source must be apparent."

Mayor Davis sees, as many others do, that the days of liquor licensing in this city are numbered. Indications point to an anti-license majority at the next municipal election. Men who heretofore have voted for license are outspoken against is. They will vote the way they talk. Property owners and friends of sobriety and good order have had all they want of legal rumselling. The no-license ranks are filling up.

A DIVIDED HOUSE.

The Democratic Party is divided on the shipping question, one part favoring subsidies and the other part favoring the purchase of foreign (and which means British) ships with which to build up an American merchant marine. Each of these factions have had their say in Congress, but the Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, who was also Chairman of the Platform Committee at their recent convention, secured the insertion of a plank condemning the ship subsidy bill, in order, in that indirect way, to whip those of his Party associates in Congress who disagree with him into active opposition.

☞ On July 30 to August 4, inclusive, the Boston Lodge of Elks are to hold a Carnival and Fair at Combination Park, Medford, for which extensive preparations have been made. A souvenir programme of over 80 pages, handsomely illustrated with portraits of prominent Elks, scenes to be enacted at the Fair, and other pictures, amply set forth the attractions which have been arranged for the public, and provides all necessary information respecting the great amusement event. Among the features worthy of especial mention will be horse racing day and night; music and dancing; firstclass vaudeville entertainments; fireworks; Rough Riders; athletics; gymnastics; wonderful acrobatic feats by men and women, etc. There are many Elks in Woburn and it is safe to say that our city will be well represented at the Grand Carnival and Fair of the Boston Lodge at Combination Park next week.

☞ Judging from the tone of our Winchester correspondent's remarks on Congressman McCall's attitude on the postoffice removal question we conclude that he is losing ground in some parts of his District. We have suspected for some time that the Republicans would weary of him, for the methods which he has chosen and practiced have always savored of a disposition to conciliate Democrats rather than to promote Republicanism. His senseless opposition to the Administration ought to result in his decapitation this fall.

☞ It is fair to presume that a large number of Woburn's citizens who are natives of the Pine Tree State will attend the "Maine Old Home Week," which will begin on Aug. 6 and close the 13th, next. Governor Powers and his committee have issued a great number of invitations to nonresidents to attend the mass meeting to be held at Portland on Aug. 7, and families all over the State are baking pies and frying doughnuts with which to regale the Prodigal sons and daughters during the festival week.

☞ Judge Pickman lays claim to several Lowell Delegates to the Congressional Convention and is feeling very nicely over the situation. An emissary of his visited this city last week and, after consulting several of our leading Democrats, expressed the opinion that many Woburn Republicans would favor his nomination, and that his standing with the Party here was encouraging.

☞ Strictly in conformity with his promise, Mayor Davis vetoed the schoolhouse bill last week, which no doubt ends the matter for this year. He adduced several reasons for declining to approve of the measure, chief of which was the poverty of the city. He claims that we cannot afford to build a $100,000 schoolhouse at the present time.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

The Johnsons—To Let.
Hammond & Son.—Cutdown.
B. & C. S. R. Co.—Pet. and Order.
J. G. Maguire—Mortgagee's Sale.

— Locke, tuner, telephone, this page.

— Sunday was in very deed a lovely day.

— Miss Daisy Holdridge is visiting friends in Connecticut.

— Miss Eva Grothe is having a nice outing at Beverly.

— Mr. Harry G. Hartwell and family are visiting here.

— Mrs. H. A. Dickinson is having a fine time at Manchester.

— Special policeman Henchy is substituting for officer French.

— Mrs. Henry F. Davis is passing a pleasant vacation in Maine.

— Miss Bertha Estabrook was the guest of friends in Lynn last week.

— Men's $2.50 Mackinaw straw hats now $1.50. Hammond & Son.

— Mrs. Dr. D. F. Murphy of Chicago was in this city a few days ago.

— Mr. E. S. Watson of the High School corps of teachers is visiting in N. H.

— Boys' wash suits reduced from $2 and $2.50 to $1.50 at Hammond & Son's.

— Mr. W. H. Ward and wife and Miss Emma Proctor are at Southport, Maine.

— 8.00 A. M.: July 27, 1900: clear, wind N. W., temp. 64. Beautiful morning.

— Mrs. Charlie Taylor of Pleasant street returned from Ogunquit, Maine, last Saturday.

— Children's $1.00 straw hats—wide brim and nobby—now 39c at Hammond & Son's.

— Mr. William H. Cummings is quite sick. He has not been real well for a year or two.

— Rev. and Mrs. Marquis of Detroit, Mich., will pass the heft of their vacation by the seaside.

— Miss Carrie L. Morrill and Miss Mabel Smith have gone to Waterville, Maine, to spend their vacation.

— Officer French is improving but will not be able to resume his duties on the police force for some weeks.

— Varney says Taylor brought home from Ogunquit Saratoga trunks filled with photographs of scenes down there.

— Messrs. J. W. & E. F. Johnson advertises two good tenements on Montvale avenue near Main street for rent.

— Mrs. John H. Hovey of 19 Church avenue returned from a short outing at Marblehead Neck early this week.

— All kinds of repairing at Leathe's. Our $2 50 hand welt calf shoes for men are equal to any $3 advertised shoes.

— Concord River possesses attractions for Mr. Gordon Parker and Dr. Rogers, who have been camping on its shores.

— Section Director Smith's New England Weather and Crop Report, ending July 23, is favorable for Massachusetts crops.

— The Knights of Columbus are to hold a field day at Wakefield on August 11, and the Woburn Knights will be there in full force.

— Mrs. Clara McLean of Winn st. and her sister Miss Mary McArthur left last Tuesday for a tour of the British Provinces.

— Supt. Crilley and his men have put in more large hydrants on Main st. this week. One of them is close up to the JOURNAL office.

— A game of baseball will be played on City Park to-morrow between nine of the City Dads and an equal number of City Hall incumbents.

— A party consisting of Mrs. M. C. Cotton, Miss Blanche Grant, Annie C. and Carrie A. Richardson are at Webhannett, Wells, Maine.

— Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Estabrook are entertaining Mrs. W. T. Ellis and daughters, Mrs. Brackett, and Miss Ellis, all of Brattleboro', Vt.

— Mrs. George H. Taylor and her bright little daughter Marion of Pleasant st. left here last Monday for Laconia, N. H., for their vacation outing.

— Mrs. A. A. Dow of Arlington Road spends her vacation at the Algonquin, St. Andrews, Passamaquoddy Head, near the Bay of Fundy, N. B.

— William H. Clancy, a Woburn boy, is with the Company of U. S. Marines which left the Charlestown Navy Yard last Saturday for China.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf

— Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Parker are getting a great deal of comfort out of life just now at Winthrop Beach, where they are happily located for a few weeks.

— Mrs. Bond of Arlington Road and her daughter are at Southport, Maine. The lady took along to that charming seaside resort her dog Biglow Gemmer.

— Mrs. Emma H. Wright has returned to Swampscott and is visiting her good friend, Mrs. Maria Winn, there. Mrs. Winn is not very smart this summer.

— Going on a vacation? Don't forget the big trunk room in the basement of Hammond & Son's. Trunks from $2 to $15. Dress suit cases from $1.50 to $10.00.

— The Woburn Assessors are entitled to unstinted praise. The tax rate for 1899 was $19.20 on $1,000; this year it is $17.80, a decrease of $1.40 on $1,000.

— Having arranged everything shipshape at Wobegon Camp, Newfound Lake, Bristol, N. H., Frank H. Sawyer has returned from there to await further developments.

— Mr. John Lynch, Clerk of Committees and Secretary of the Board of Health, has nearly recovered from the attack of menginitis which he suffered last week and which kept him confined to his home several days.

1817 1900

CARPETS.

Every purchaser of Carpets—whether for the smallest room or the biggest hotel—wants his mind satisfied on three points, namely:

PRICE—QUALITY—STYLE.

It is because we convince our customers as to every one of these requirements that we confidently expect YOUR patronage.

John H. Pray & Sons Co.,
658 Washington Street . . . BOSTON.
Opp. Boylston Street.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

NOTICED THE CROWDS?

At the BIG GREEN FOUNTAIN these days? Wonder why?
You won't wonder if you only try the inducement there.

HUNTLEY'S, "The Prescription Store,"
417 MAIN STREET.
Successors to PARKER, THE DRUGGIST.

Hot Weather Goods.

G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street. - - - - - - - Woburn

— Men's suits $8.88 worth $15.00; all new fresh goods. Hammond & Son.

— Dr. John Caulfield, the dentist, is spending his vacation at Cottage City.

— Fred Percyval Lewis, organist at the Unitarian church, is spending the present vacation days at Taunton.

— Out of the three applications for Street Railroad franchises it seems Woburn ought to get some benefit. The Ward 7 route is preferred by the people of that part of the city.

— W. R. Lang, of the Centre Railroad station, has got back from the Paris Exposition and is now in New Hampshire. He will soon return to his post of duty at the station.

— John W. Johnson, Esq., and family are at Falmouth, on the Cape, where they expect to tarry until the summer heat gets a setback. They speak well of that seaside retreat.

— Mr. and Mrs. Charles Munn will supplement their summer visit to Buzzard's Bay by a tarry of some weeks at Nanepashemet. Mrs. Munn has recovered her health and is smart again.

— Miss Clara M. Ryder, one of the postoffice clerks, left here last Monday for a fortnight's visit at her old home on Cape Cod. She is one of Capt. Wyer's standbys, and deserves a joyful vacation.

— Mr. Herbert W. Munn of Bennett street is building a fine residence for himself and family on the Mudge estate, which has been cut up into residence lots, at Swampscott. It is said to be a delightful site for a dwelling.

— At the meeting of the Flower Mission last Friday afternoon 356 bouquets were contributed, many of them by little girls who take a deep interest in the Mission. Hart & Co's Express take the flowers to Boston free.

— Wobegon Camping Club, a fine set of young men, are making preparations for their annual summer outing on the banks of Newfound Lake, N. H. Some of the members, a vanguard to put things in order, are already on the ground.

— Mr. George E. Fowle has been engaged by Mr. George A. Simonds to build his residence on Pleasant street and Arlington Road, which means that it will be well and honestly constructed. When it is completed Mr. Simonds will have one of the best homes in the city.

— Frank T. Buchanan, salesman at Munroe's clothing store, who was seriously injured in a bicycle collision on the 4th, is getting well rapidly and will soon return to his post of duty at the store. Fourth of July has been an unlucky day for Frank for three years past.

— For delicious peach icecream, made from the fruit, the place to find it is at Crawford's. Last Wednesday Crawford, whose Main street parlors are a favorite resort of the best judges of rare and toothsome ices, made the first peach batch of the season, and it was fine.

— "Goodyear" would be an appropriate name for the Montvale school. Goodyear lived over there, a poor man, when he discovered a process for vulcanizing india rubber, which discovery made him famous and rich. The JOURNAL gave a history of him and his invention years ago.

— Mr. George F. Eaton was installed as Station Agent of the B. & M. Railroad Company at the Centre last Monday. He has been in the Boston local freight office several years and is a good railroad man. He is a relative by marriage of the Sweetsers and Thompsons of this city.

— At 4 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, near the close of one of the hottest days within the memory of the Oldest Inhabitant, a copious and refreshing shower of rain was vouchsafed to the thirsty earth in these parts, and to the comfort of a long suffering people. It was a delicious change and everybody enjoyed it.

— No doubt exists in anybody's mind that Mr. John E. Buck is the mainstay at the City Treasurer's office, but it is doubtless true that Mr. John C. Buck, the nominal Treasurer, will be able to get on and manage the Department reasonably well during the absence of John E. who is having a glorious good time at Plymouth.

— The dead grass in the old Park street cemetery will be the cause of burning up the city if something isn't done. When Mr. Edward Simonds had charge of that old burying place he never let a summer go by without mowing the grass on it, and it was never a menace to the surrounding buildings. Now it is otherwise.

— Supt. Brackett is determined that no persons, made boisterous, vulgar and profane by overindulgence in the use of intoxicating liquors, shall ride on his electric cars to the annoyance and disgust of respectable patrons. He had one of such fellows arrested and fined $10 the other day. May that case serve as a warning to others.

— A. B. Penney of the U. S. Marine Corps who was wounded at the Tientsin, China, battle, lived with his family on Eastern Ave. in this city, and was formerly an employee of the leather factories here. The official report of the fight enumerated the killed, dangerously wounded, and wounded, and Penny was included in the latter class.

— Wednesday, August 8, is to be observed by the business men of this city as Traders Day, when all places of traffic will be closed to customers and their proprietors leave to enjoy a bit of a skylark and beach dinners. It is not likely that there will be an organized exodus of traders, although not many are expected to spend the day at home.

— The guests at the Page graphophone party were: Mr. and Mrs. George E. Tripp, Stella Preston, Carrie Ingerson, Maud Smith, Mary Hammond, Kattie McQuillen, Bessie Scrivens, Blanche Scrivens, Blanche Tripp, Loda Page, Burmice Page, Everett Howard, Randall Flagg, Charles Hunt, Charles Conant, Earl Page.

— If our correspondent succeeds in getting the malodorous nuisances down the railroad tracks abated the people may build a monument to his honor that will beat the Count Rumford one all hollow. At anyrate, our correspondent is on the right track and the people will encourage and stand by him in his crusade against the nuisance referred to.

— Mr. John Cole Andrews of the *News* returned late last week from a trolley trip to New York City and an all-rail continuation of it to Philadelphia. Between Boston and New York the journey was nearly all made by street cars, and necessitated only one mile of foot travel. The trip was a pleasant one and Mr. Andrews enjoyed it very much.

— A correspondent asks: Did Conductor W-l-y of the Reading & Billerica line really lose his electric car in the Wilmington Woods? And did he have to get an ox-team to haul it out?" We possess no personal knowledge respecting that event, but Mr. George W. Nichols, the watchmaker, of this city, says he was one of the Veterans who were on the car at the time, and that the history of the affair has been correctly given to the public. It is surmised that the Reading *Chronicle* might throw light on the subject if so disposed.

— Rev. Mr. Burlingham, Rector of Trinity Episcopal church, is preparing for his vacation.

— Boys' blouse suits in serges, cheviots and cassimeres reduced to $3.00. Hammond & Son.

— Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Barker, and Misses Mary and Bertha Barker, are taking their hot weather outing at Bath, Maine.

— After a fortnight's housing with tonsilitis Mr. Winthrop Hammond is able to be at his store again, as sound and well as ever.

— Mr. Parker Richardson, member of the Faculty of the State Deaf and Dumb College of Texas, and wife are visiting relatives and friends in this city.

— Rain and mud forced a postponement of the band concert which was to have been given on the Common last Wednesday evening. Many people were sorely disappointed, but it could not be helped.

— The smart rain of Wednesday afternoon continued all night and through Thursday. It was welcome. The ground was thoroughly soaked, and the change in temperature was highly agreeable.

— Last Friday Annie, daughter of Mr. David Cunio, the Main street fruiterer, and Mrs. Katerine Cuneo, died quite suddenly at the home of her parents, No. 6 Madison street, this city, aged about 10 years, of heart failure. She had not been in the best of health for some time, but her death was unexpected and proved a severe blow to her family and friends.

— Mr. James McDonald has practiced the art of piano tuning in this city many years with success. He is a masterworkman and enjoys the confidence of the people. He retains his customers, and his business increases from year to year. Mr. McDonald is now engaged in putting pianos in perfect tune preparatory to going away on a summer vacation. May he enjoy it.

— Mrs. Fort Staples of 43 Franklin st., this city, is greatly enjoying her summer outing at Jupiter Point, Salem, a famous locality for clams and other salt water edibles. But for the absence of Mr. Staples her joy and happiness would be perfect down there. Harlow, the grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Staples, is passing a delightful vacation on the farm of Mr. E. P. Marion, this city.

— Mayor Davis is to be commended for his efforts to give employment to the laboring men of this city. It will greatly strengthen his candidacy for a third term, which he is not seeking, but will accept. His late step towards building Cambridge street in connection with the State is in the right direction, and the idea of having the work done by Woburn laborers is a good one.

— William Fred Davis, Jr., don't pretend to deny that John Elmer Buck is boss of the links when he (Davis) and Capt. John P. Crane are absent. He would not detract one iota from Mr. Buck's well earned fame, but gives him credit for being a good golfer. While this is true, when the question of championship is under discussion, why, of course—well, that's another story.

— The backing and filling by the City Council and petitioners for a franchise for the street railroad gap between North Woburn and Wilmington has a tendency to raise doubts concerning the construction of that piece of road this season, the necessity for which is great and constantly increasing. It is to be hoped that a franchise will soon be granted, and work on the short line begin.

— Some of the Woburn cottagers at Nahant are: Captain Jacob M. Ellis and family; Judge Charles D. Adams and family; Mr. Edward Caldwell and family; Mr. William R. Bartlett and family; Mr. James McGrath and family, and others. Mr. E. F. Hayward, who spent a part of last week at the cottage of Capt. Ellis, reported that great happiness reigned among the outers while he was there.

— An attempt was made last Wednesday night to burglarize the store of Hammond & Son. The thieves tried to make an entrance by cutting out a window on the alley leading to the rear of the building and had made considerable progress when, as the evidence seemed to show, they became frightened and fled before finishing the job. No great damage was done, and the burglars got nothing for their pains.

— A recent issue of the *Standard* at Anaconda, Montana, contained a whole page of portraits and biography of Francis Murphy, the famous temperance advocate, and his wife, who were doing a great work in that remote region while enroute to Australia as temperance missionaries. They held huge meetings here about four years ago and are well and affectionately remembered by many of our people.

— For the benefit of the readers of the JOURNAL who are affected by the internal revenue laws attention is called to the fact that all special taxes are due July 1st and if they are not paid before August 1st a penalty of 50 per cent will be charged. Deputy Collector Moody will be at the Central House, 440 Main street, this city, on Monday, July 30th, from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. to receive application and payment of all special taxes.

— Next Monday Rev. Dr. Scudder of First church and Mrs. Scudder will start for the Adirondacks for a season of rest and recuperation. When last seen they had not decided on the exact locality of their sojourn, but the address will be given in next week's JOURNAL. Mr. Scudder proposes to put in 4 or 5 weeks in fishing, boating, loafing and resting. They are to be entertained next Sunday at Little Boar's Head, where Mr. Scudder will preach, by our esteemed friend, George H. Gilbert, Esq.

— The Seventh Anniversary of the Swedish Lutheran church will be held Sunday, July 29, at 7 p. m., with the following musical programme:

Vocal Solo. Thou, O Lord, Art My Protector. Saint-Saens
Rev. N. E. Kron.
Song. Troster mitt folk. Chr. Palmer
Choir.
Vocal Solo with Guitar acc. Selected
Mr. Ernst Anderson.
Song. The Heavens Declare. H. R. Palmer
Choir.
Violin Solo. Fantaisie Pastorale. Singelee
Mr. Paulson.
Song. Russian Vesper Song.
Choir.

The public are most cordially invited.

The Cut makes the fit;
The Fit makes the suit;
The Suit makes the man—so far as appearance goes.

It is our pride that no expenditure is spared—either in respect to materials or intelligent workmanship—in the manufacture of the

HIGH-GRADE CLOTHING

with which our name has been identified for so many years.

☞ Garments are made in our own *clean* workrooms in the same building in which our salesrooms are located—constantly, therefore, under our own careful supervision.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY,
400 Washington St.—BOSTON—400 Washington St.

"By Jove, this is fine. I will have one, daily, from now until snow flies."

Hot Chocolate Sauce With Ice Cream,

served at THE PILL BOX, called forth the above heartfelt compliment.

Tired and Hot humanity at **Whitcher's** Soon Cooled and Refreshed.

The Coolest Store in Town.

PIANO TUNER REPAIRER AND REGULATOR
LOCKE

CORRECT PIANO TUNING AND REPAIRING,
BY FRANK A. LOCKE.
24 YEARS EXPERIENCE.

Tuner in Woburn for a great many years. Every unison, octave and chord so evenly balanced and smoothly tuned as to make the harmony on your piano an exquisite pleasure to listen to. No jagged, rough, harsh, uneven chords so often left by tuners. Recommendations from manufacturers, dealers, teachers, colleges and the musical profession. Prices reasonable.

Boston Office: 179 Tremont St., Boston. Telephone 17-2 Jamaica.
Woburn Office, Moore & Parker's, 375 Main St.

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DR. GORDON'S MALARIAL TABLETS

THE BOMB
That Deals Death to Disease.

Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets

Recognized medical authorities concede that Pneumonia and Grippe are the outcome of the malarial germ. It is here (the root of the evil) where Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets arrest the cause of disease, and hence are recognized as reliable by the medical fraternity. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take.

For sale by druggists everywhere, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price—if your dealer can't supply you. 50c. a Box.
EDWARD C. CHURCH, Boston, Mass.
GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Wholesale Agents.

— A few days ago Mr. Waterman Brown, B. & M. Gatetender Emeritas, visited the Museum of Tufts College to view the articulated remains of "Jumbo," P. T. Barnum's famous elephant, killed in a railroad smashup in Canada on Sept. 15, 1885, and subsequently placed in the Museum aforesaid, which was a present from Barnum to Tufts College, where the huge frame has been on exhibition ever since. Although the visit partook somewhat of the nature of a pilgrimage to a shrine, or a "last tribute of respect," Mr. Brown enjoyed it highly.

— Messrs. E. F. Hayward and Thomas Salmon sailed from Boston at 2 o'clock, P. M. last Friday for Yarmouth, Halifax, and other Nova Scotia cities, for rest and pleasure. Mr. Hayward had not fully recovered from his late severe illness and his physician, Dr. Robert Chalmers, advised him to take the trip, and as Mr. Salmon, who has plenty of money, wanted him to go, he could not resist the temptation and so sailed away over the ocean waves. The couple will probably visit Charlottetown, P. E. I., and other points of interest in the Maratime Provinces before returning.

— Capt. C. P. Jayne swooped down on the Editorial Sanctum Sanctorum at 3 o'clock Wednesday afternoon to impart the information that it was the hottest day of the season. "Important it true." He had just come from inspecting the steamer John Endicott, which met with the rubbers a few days ago, and kindly notified us that the boat would resume its regular trips to Plymouth next Sunday morning leaving Snow's Arch Wharf at the usual hour. The Captain thought he would go down on the John Endicott about Monday next to examine the spot where our Pilgrim Fathers first landed on reaching this country.

— Rev. Charles A. Wight of Platteville, Wisconsin, was for a time a classmate of Mr. Scudder's at Yale College. Illness compelling interruption of his studies he joined the class of 1882 of which he was the leading literary man. He occupies a position of high regard and wide influence among Wisconsin Congregationalists. He will be heard at the First Church next Sunday morning in the absence of the pastor, who is to preach at Little Boar's Head. Mr. and Mrs. Scudder are for that day guests of George H. Gilbert, Esq., of Winchester, whose summer home is Seaside Lodge, Little Boar's Head, N. H.

— At a meeting of the Malden traders this week it was voted to hold their 29th annual outing at Portland and Old Orchard Beach, Maine, on Wednesday, August 8. They have extended a cordial invitation to the Woburn traders and citizens generally to accompany them on this trip. A special train will leave Reading station on the day of the outing at 8.35 o'clock and the fare for the round trip is only $1.50, children half price. As it is "Home Week" in Portland it gives an opportunity to those having relatives and friends there a chance to visit them at a very low cost. Woburn was well represented last year on this outing and it is hoped that Woburn will be well represented again this year. Those wishing to go can take electric cars to Reading. Bicycles and baby carriages will be carried free.

— Things brought good prices at the Graves auction sale yesterday.

— Mrs. L. A. Sylvester and daughter Helen are at St. Johnsbury, Vt.

— Col. R. J. W. and Mrs. Phinney have gone to St. Andrews, N. B., for an outing.

— Mr. Fred H. Rogers, of the First National Bank, is passing a pleasant vacation down on the Cape.

— Mrs. Abby W. Watson has returned from a six weeks trip through the West, taking in Chicago and Milwaukee.

— Organist Hood of First Church and Mrs. Hood leave here next Monday for North Woodstock where they will remain through vacation.

— On June 26 Lieut. Homer B. Grant of the 26th Regiment of Volunteers stationed in the Philippines was registered at the Grand Hotel, Yokohama, Japan.

— Our friend, Mr. Harrison Bates of Winchester, will celebrate the 88th anniversary of his birthday next Sunday, July 29, by attending church, as has been his custom from youth. His health is very good, considering his great age, and he is a smart old gentleman. His daughter, Miss A. R. Bates, is spending a well earned vacation with her sister at Walpole.

— Mr. M. Downs of Cummingsville is canvassing for a book which everybody ought to have. It is entitled "Men and Issues of 1900," and treats of Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates, the platforms on which they stand, and their more notable public utterances. The book contains 600 pages, 96 portraits of statesmen, and 35 expert writers furnish the text. It is handsomely printed and bound and sold for $1.75 and $2.50, according to binding. It is, to all intents and purposes, a National Portrait Gallery, the standard-bearers of all parties being included, and a work which all men who would vote intelligently this fall should read. Call on Mr. Downs.

— Mr. Edward F. Bryant of Pullman, Illinois, and family reached here from their Western home last Saturday. The wife and young ones are pleasantly located at York Beach, and the head of the family is hustling in Woburn and Boston among people who are glad to see him, preparatory to leaving for Pullman next Monday. For a dozen years, or more, Mr. Bryant has filled a responsible financial position in the Pullman Company, the authors and finishers of the celebrated Pullman Railroad Sleeping Cars, and it looks as though he would spend his days there. Among the many "Woburn Boys" who have, in years past, gone out into the world and successfully made their way on the stage of life, Mr. E. F. Bryant enjoys a worthy place. He was young when he left here, but with intelligence, willing hands, and honest purpose, he has earned and enjoys a creditable position in Chicago business circles.

— On August 1 prox. a distinguished party of 17 Woburn and Brookline men and women will leave Boston for the far wilds of New Brunswick. The Woburn people are Mayor and Madam Davis and their son William F. Davis, Jr., and the Brookline addition of 14 will be marshaled and led by our most excellent friend and former respected fellow citizen, Dr. W. P. Defriez, a flourishing practitioner in the richest town in America. The party will proceed to Calais, Maine, cross the St. Croix River to St. Stephens, N. B., and thence, by boat, hoof and jumper, 30 or 40 miles into the heart of the wilderness. At the end of the journey they will go into camp where another esteemed friend of ours, Mr. Herbert B. Clewley, hunts and fishes every autumn, which is popularly known as the "Clewley Camp." The occupation of the party, when once located in the primeval forests, tented on the lakeside, with streams near by abounding in fish and woods with game, may be safely left to the imagination of our readers. It is supposed, however, that Mayor Davis will declare martial law and suspend the writ of habeas corpus as soon as the party strike the woodland glade that is to be their temporary home.

MISS BANCROFT
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BUTTER?

Call and examine our quality and price.

Best Creamery Butter
23c. per lb.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

Every dollar circulating in the United States is what Mr. Bryan calls a 200-cent dollar. This is better than the 50-cent dollar that he wants to give the people.

During the fiscal year just closed, says the Commissioner of Navigation, but one steamship has been built in the United States exclusively for our foreign trade.

No National ticket ever nominated gave more general satisfaction to its party and more trouble to its opponents than the one named by the Philadelphia convention.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts.

Since Mr. Bryan began to tell the people four years ago that what they wanted was more money, they have added at the rate of $11,267,500 per month, or about $433,365 for every working day.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

SALVATION ARMY.—Meetings every evening at 8 o'clock. Every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 3 and 8 P. M. No. 26 Montvale Ave.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—7th Sunday after Trinity.
Holy Communion at 9.45 A. M.
Morning Prayer at 10.30.
Evening Prayer at 7.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Spirit." All are welcome.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. Charles A. Wight of Platteville, Wisconsin, Sunday School at 11.45 A. M. Evening Worship at 7. Union Service under the auspices of the Christian Endeavor Society. Prayer Meeting Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M.

METHODIST.—Preaching by the pastor Rev. Frederick Woods, at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. At 5.45 Epworth League. General Prayer Meeting at 7 P. M. Class Meetings Tuesday, at 7.45 P. M. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.45 P. M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. C. B. Crane D. D. Subject: "Trust." Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor Meeting at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "The Speech of the Dead." Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7.45.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN.—6th Sunday after Trinity. At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "The Holy Mount."
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 7 P. M., Seventh Anniversary of the Church. All are invited.
Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

SCAND. EV. FREE CHURCH.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Young People's Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.
Ludwig Akeson, Pastor.

Married.

In Woburn, July 17, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Claude W. Thompson and Annie Connors, both of Woburn.

In Winchester, July 17, by Rev. J. Russell, Chesley Fitzgerald of Woburn, and Mary Brandom of Winchester.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, July 12, Bernard G., son of Thomas and Catherine Matthews, aged 1 year, 2 months, 28 days.

In this city, July 14, Charles Luther Parker, aged 49 years.

In this city, July 20, Annie Cuneo, aged 10 years, 8 months.

Shirt Waists,
Summer House Dresses,
and Wrappers.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

Protection is at Stake.

"There is not a state in the Union today," said Senator Lodge in his speech before the Republican national convention, "which could be carried for free trade against protection." There is not a free trader in the country who possesses a degree of discernment worth consideration who does not know that this statement is absolutely true.

As Senator Lodge said further on in his speech, "never was a policy more fully justified by its works" than our tariff policy. And it has been justified in every state in the Union and in every section of every state. The more wily of the free traders are by raising side issues attempting to make the people of the country forget or overlook the fact that the tariff issue is involved in the coming Presidential election.

With a rampant free trader like Bryan, however, pitted against President McKinley, who is and for long has been the very head and front of American protectionists, the continuance of our protective policy is just as much at stake as if there were no other issue before the country. As the people of the country value their comfort and prosperity they want to make no mistake about that fact.

Troubles Of A Minister.

To benefit others Rev. J. T. W. Vernon, of Hartwell, Ga., writes: "For a long time I had a running sore on my leg. I tried many remedies without benefit, until I used a bottle of Electric Bitters and a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, which cured me sound and well." Sores, Eruptions, Boils, Eczema, Tetter, Salt Rheum show impure blood. Thousands have found in Electric Bitters a grand blood purifier that absolutely cures these troubles. Satisfaction is guaranteed or money refunded by Huntley & Co. druggists. Large bottles only 50c.

A Nuisance.

EDITOR OF WOBURN JOURNAL:—Now that the city authorities can no longer devote their whole time and energy to boulevard schemes, perhaps they might be induced to consider the advisability of so abating the nuisance near Green street as to render it possible for passengers to travel from Fowle street to Main without holding on to their noses. It is a fact that the stench from the old Skinner tannery is such that passengers have recently been obliged to do this. Within a week some strangers to Woburn were heard to exclaim "How terrible!" "How do they stand it to live in Woburn?"

Is it strange that with such a greeting few people take up their residence in Woburn? All the boulevards in the Metropolitan District would not be an antidote to such a smell, and if Woburn is to grow it will not be until such nuisances as the above are effectually stopped. Can't something be done so that foul smells may not be the first greeting to persons coming into the city on the cars?—CITIZEN.

A Poor Millionaire

Lately starved in London because he could not digest his food. Early use of Dr. King's New Life Pills would have saved him. They strengthen the stomach, aid digestion, promote assimilation, improve appetite. Price 25c. Money back if not satisfied. Sold by Huntley & Co., druggists.

Republican Strength.

The platform of the Republican party this year is as strong as was the demand of the people for the unanimous nomination of McKinley and Roosevelt. Of the President it said: "Walking untried paths and facing unforeseen responsibilities, President McKinley has been in every situation the true American patriot and the upright Statesman, clear in vision, strong in judgment, firm in action, always inspiring and deserving the confidence of his countrymen." In asking the people to indorse the Republican party for its record of business prosperity, stable currency and patriotic Americanism it should be remembered that the threat to prosperity has always existed in the ranks of the Democratic party as well as in its incapacity to properly manage our public affairs. The strength of the Republichn platform, the strength of the two candidates that represent it and the unanimity with which both were indorsed by the Republican party at Philadelphia will insure a more sweeping victory than was given for McKinley and prosperity in 1896.

Square A Circle.

The Kansas City convention attempted to square a circle when it tried to construct a sound-money-free-silver platform and nominate a pair of free silver-sound-money candidates. The two things will not mix. One is right and the other is wrong; and no amount of word juggling, wool pulling, hedging or evasion can deceive the people. Those who sincerely believe in the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, without awaiting the aid or cooperation of any other nation on earth, should vote for Bryan, for he is pledged to that very thing. All other citizens of the Republic, no matter what their previous political affiliations may have been, should and must unite against that financial heresy, which, if adopted, would plunge the country into a state of business anarchy, such as has never been experienced by any people since the invention of coined money.

Literary Notices.

The SELF CULTURE MAGAZINE will, with the September number and subsequent issues, be known as MODERN CULTURE. This change of title was postponed until the end of the current volume to enable the New Owners to acquaint themselves with the preferences of their patrons. The new title has been so generally endorsed by the public that it is now adopted by the owners. Every effort will be made to keep MODERN CULTURE in touch with the best thought of the day. American topics treated from the American point of view will be given especial prominence; but as modern culture includes all that is of permanent value in ancient learning so American culture must be informed and broadened by contact and comparison with the best enlightenment of the Old World, and MODERN CULTURE will be cosmopolitan in the best sense of the word. Subscription, as hitherto, $1.00 only per year, or 10 cents per number. Modern Culture Magazine Co. Nos. 719, 720 Caxton Building, Cleveland, O.

A Prisoner Among Filipinos is the title of Lieut. Commander James C. Gillmore's account of his extraordinary experiences in the Phillipines, which begins in the August MCCLURE'S. Lieut. Gillmore was captured by savage tribes while out in a small boat with a scouting party on the East coast of Luzon. He had more than one narrow escape from death. For several months these men traveled hundreds of miles through the heart of Luzon, enduring unspeakable hardships, with no prospect of escape from an awful fate at the hands of bloodthirsty Togals. The illustrations by W. R. Leigh after the author's own sketches are marvelously graphic. The mid-summer fiction number of MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE will contain contributions by Frank H. Spearman, Jack London, Ian Maclaren, E. S. Martin, and others, in addition to several special articles of unusual interest. The cover, by Louis Loeb, is one of the most attractive that this magazine has ever had. S. S. McClure Co., 141 East 25th street, New York.

Notice To Wheelmen.

There's positively no need to endure discomfort by reason of chafing, sunburn, insect stings, sore and perspiring feet or accidental bruises. You forget these troubles in using Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Infallible for Pimples, Blotches, Skin Eruptions and Piles. Sold by Huntley & Co., druggists for 25 cents.

WINCHESTER.

Chief of Police McIntosh and family are spending their vacation at Burlington.

Supt. Freethy has been taking a Sunday School census and is highly pleased with its results.

Editor Wilson of the *Star* pays a handsome and well deserved tribute to the ability and good work of Hon. Fred Joy as State Senator.

Mr. Frank A. Cutting has been chosen President of the Middlesex County National Bank to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Lewis Parkhurst.

The parties who are trying to start a second newspaper here are meeting with poor encouragement, so I hear. The promoters are offering stock for sale in a proposed company, but up to date only a very few shares have been shoved onto our people. The fact is, the substantial men and women of Winchester are entirely satisfied with the *Star*, whose proprietor is a worthy and popular citizen who makes one of the best weeklies in the suburbs of Boston.

The action, or non-action, of Congressman McCall on the removal of the postoffice in this village has aroused the indignation of many of our best people. Without properly consulting public interests the office has been transferred to a site more remote from the business centre than the former location and its patrons have been seriously inconvenienced thereby. Congressman McCall could easily have prevented this, but he refused to lift a finger until the mischief had been done, and it is no wonder that many leading citizens are indignant at his course. It will cost McCall votes in this town, and may in other sections of the District. The fact is, McCall's estimate of himself is far above that of the thinking portion of his constituents.

On June 1, 1896, the total circulation of money in the United States was $1,521,583,283, a little less than $500,000,000 being in the form of gold and gold certificates. On July 1, 1900, the volume of money in the country was $2,341,899,180, of which $2,062,425,496 was in circulation. In four years the enormous sum of half a billion dollars gold has been added to the people's money. This is in excess of all the silver mined in the United States at a ratio of 16 to 1—since 1896.

A London cable says that "Nobody in England ever speaks of McKinley as anything but an uncompromising champion of American ideas and policies." His renomination was received in England without enthusiasm and with quiet reserve. It was different when Grover Cleveland was nominated to head the Democratic ticket.

STOP

It is not necessary to suffer with Headache

Stopache

Will Stop

25c. at

F. P. BROOKS'
Drugstore,
361 Main St.

(Written for the WOBURN JOURNAL.)

Old Schoolboy Memories.

IV.

After Dr. Cumston, our next teacher was a Mr. Kimball, whose first name I do not recall, if it was ever known to me. He was rather sentimental, and failed in the tact so essential to a teacher. It was not long before the model school became something quite the reverse, and being unable to control the boys after they had once got away from him, the School Committee stepped in and Mr. Kimball stepped out. We heard of him once after his departure, as being married on board the Maid of the Mist, the little steamboat that used to paddle up to the foot of Niagara Falls where the passengers could feel the spray of the great cataract. How the marriage contracted under such romantic conditions endured the test of time we never learned.

It was a sad day for the boys of our school when Kimball retired and Dr. David Youngman took his place. He was a member of the School Committee and kept a drug store in South Woburn. This was before the town of Winchester was even thought of. I have never fully forgiven the Committee of that day for permitting Dr. Youngman to have his will with the school. The boys needed a strong hand to be sure, but they did not require the lessons in brutality that this teacher gave them. His hair was red, his temper was hot, and his disposition was devilish. He had spent a portion of his life in Kentucky and was familiar with the treatment accorded refractory slaves in that Commonwealth. He gave us the same sort of medicine.

He walked into school the first morning, carrying a rawhide whip about four feet long, over an inch in diameter at one end, and tapering to the size of a little finger at the other. His fierce countenance and his savage weapon struck terror to the hearts of the small boys and aroused a rebellious spirit in the minds of the big ones. To-day, a man who would use such a whip upon a horse would be punished in court for cruelty to animals. Let us be thankful that civilization has advanced since 1848, not only in Old Woburn but throughout Massachusetts, and the Youngman method of discipline is only a horrid memory.

Youngman was quite impartial in his brutality. He had all the offences graded from one blow of the rawhide up to almost the point of disablement, and if there was a boy who went to school to him and escaped punishment he cannot be alive now. Dr. Youngman died in Boston five years ago. It is a sad record, that the only impression the master made on the mind of a young lad, who was not a great sufferer under his rod, was the feeling he believed the slave might have in the presence of a brutal overseer.

The rule of the rawhide continued only one term, and it was succeeded by something far better morally as well as physically, for as the boys were flogged less they studied more, and learned things that were for their advantage. E. W. Bartlett was a teacher whom the scholars soon learned to respect and love. He was a gentlemanly fellow, quite particular in the matter of dress and wore whiskers that he was very fond of stroking. He had very much higher ideals than some of his pupils, whom he felt obliged at times to address as "shameless boys," and he did his best to bring them up to his standards. His badge of authority was a piece of rattan, and it was very seldom that he felt obliged to use it. When he did it was effective as the slave whip, more so in fact, for there were fewer punishments and better order under Master Bartlett's gentle sway than under the previous reign of terror.

As I remember him, Master Bartlett was a progressive teacher, of the Cumston class of instructors, and we learned much under his methods. He took great pains to correct our pronunciation of geographical names, but was not wholly successful in getting us to adopt that which prevails in foreign countries. We had a very good outfit of philosopical apparatus, and once a week were given the benefit of a lecture with experiments. Electrical discovery had not reached its present advanced stage, but there were several experiments which he performed that are still remembered, sending a shock through a whole class, being one of the most striking. His air pump demonstrations always excited interest. The boys would furnish a bladder, which they would beg for at the butcher's and he would stretch it across the wide mouth of a glass jar, and when the skin had become dry and hard he would exhaust the air from the jar and burst the bladder. He was once asked to put a mouse in the receiver and kill it by exhausting the air, but this he declined to do, because he did not wish to give the children an exhibition of cruelty. There is more to be said of the school during the Bartlett regime which will interest some of your readers.

O. S. B.

It Dazzles The World.

No Discovery in medicine has ever created one quarter of the excitement that has been caused by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It's severest tests have been on hopeless victims of Consumption, Pneumonia, Hemorrhage, Pleurisy and Bronchitis, thousands of whom it has restored to perfect health. For Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Croup, Hay Fever, Hoarseness and Whooping Cough it is the quickest, surest cure in the world. It is sold by Huntley & Co. who guarantee satisfaction or refund money. Large bottles 50c and $1.00. Trial bottles free.

The passage of the ship subsidy bill means work for Americans. Its defeat means work for foreigners. Naturally the Democrats at Kansas City who prefer cheap foreign labor to American labor oppose the ship subsidy bill. Of course they believe in buying foreign (chiefly British) ships with which to build up an American (?) merchant marine, rather than the construction of American-built ships for that purpose.

Subscriptions received from the popular loan issued in connection with our war with Spain amounted to $1,400,000,000 within thirty-one days. This was seven times as much as the amount of bonds offered. It was a very different result from that accomplished under the last Democratic Administration, when our bonds were hawked about the world at high rates of interest.

Within two years this Republican Administration has realized, in cash or its equivalent, the sum of $124,421,671 on account of the Pacific Railroad indebtedness to the United States Government. More than one-half the money collected was for accrued interest that had not been paid.

Mistakes In Christening.

At Ramsbury Manor, England, there once resided a poulterer's family of the name of Duck. The third son was to be christened, and the mother wanted the name to be William. Just before starting for church the nurse ran up stairs to the father, who was laid up with gout, to tell him they were off. "What be going to call un, nurse?" "Missus says it's to be William," was the reply. "William be blowed!" said the invalid. "Call un plain Bill!" In accordance with these laconic instructions the nurse gave the name of Plainbill to the clergyman, and the infant was christened accordingly.

In an even funnier way is the queer Christian name of Mr. Ono Tichiner of Peckham accounted for. When his parents and sponsors arrived at the church, his name had not been settled upon, and when the clergyman said, "Name this child," one of the friends said "John," and another said "Oh, no!" meaning not John, and, as no one else spoke, the clergyman thought that was to be his name and baptized him Ono. The full account of the baptism is contained in Blanck's "History of Camberwell."

A clergyman's son vouches for the following: "My father was baptizing a boy of 6 years of age. The names given were Benjamin Joseph. After the ceremony he said to the boy, 'You have two very good names, and you ought to be a good boy. How did you come by them?' 'Please, sir,' said the boy, 'we was twins, and the other died!'"

Easy For Him.

"You understand, of course," pursued the lawyer, "what is meant by a 'preponderance of evidence?'"

"Yes, sir," replied the man whom he was examining with reference to his qualifications as a juror.

"Let me have your idea of it, if you please."

"I understand it, I tell you."

"Well, what is it?"

"Why, anybody can understand that."

"I would like to have your definition of it."

"I know what it is, all right. When I tell you I know what a thing is, I know it. That's all there is about that."

"Well, what was the question I asked you?"

"You ought to know what that was. If you've forgot your own questions, don't try to get me to remember them for you."

"I don't want to hear any more of that kind of talk," interposed the court. "Answer the questions addressed to you by the counsel."

"Judge, I did. He asked me if I knew what it was, and I said I did."

"Are you sure you understand what is meant by the term 'preponderance of evidence?'"

"Of course I am, judge."

"Well, let us hear your idea of it."

"It's evidence previously pondered."—Chicago Tribune.

No Time to Waste.

"I'm a business man," he said brusquely, "and I've no time to waste. I want to marry your daughter. Can I have her?"

The merchant gasped.

"You seem to be in a good deal of a hurry," he suggested.

"I am," replied the suitor. "As I told you, I am a business man. I made up my mind that I wanted a wife, and I started out to get one. I've secured the refusal of two girls this morning, but my option expires in 24 hours, and if I can't have your daughter I want to close with one of them before it's too late. Do I get her?"

"No."

"Good. There's nothing like having a clear understanding. One of the others lives in the next block, and the other is half a mile away. I'll take the nearest, save a good ten minutes of valuable time and get back to my desk in time to look over the late mail. There's no use letting the minor affairs of life encroach on one's business. Good day, sir."—Chicago Post.

Yucatan Ruins.

"Apropos of the wonderful ancient ruins in Yucatan," said a New Orleans college professor, "there is one very fortunate circumstance which has protected them almost entirely from spoliation by the Indians. It is currently believed by the natives all through that part of the country that the ruins are haunted and that devils will carry away anybody who attempts to molest them. This superstition has been encouraged by explorers and is a better safeguard than a picket of soldiers."

A Gem of London Humor.

"Well, goodby, Mr. Green. It was so nice of you to come. It does father such a lot of good to have some one to talk to."

"I was delighted to come, Miss Brown, but I'm afraid I'm not much of a conversationalist."

"My dear Mr. Green, don't let that trouble you. Father's ideal listener is an absolute idiot, with no conversation whatever, and I know he has enjoyed himself tremendously tonight!"—London Punch.

Didn't Know Dore.

In discussing the want of comprehension of one branch of art for another Mr. Sutherland Edwards says that when Gustave Dore began to illustrate the "Idylls of the King" Tennyson did not even know him by name.

"I wonder what they are going to do with my 'Idylls' next," he said to a friend. "They have now got a man called 'Dore' (without the accent) to illustrate them."

There is a basis for the claim of the epicure that he can distinguish between American made and French or Italian made macaroni, spaghetti, vermicelli, nouilles, etc. The Italian and French makers employ in their manufacture a special hard wheat grown only in Taganrog, Russia.

Costly Violins.

The current value of Stradivarius violins in London is said to range from £80 to £800. In Stradivarius' own time one Cervetto of London received a consignment of the master's instruments which he was commissioned to sell for £4 apiece. But he was obliged to send them back, as no Englishman at that time would buy them at any such figure. Stradivarius himself is said to have asked a price of 4 louis d'or for each of his violins.

Her Prospects Good.

"Do you think he can support you in good style after you are married, dear? I hear he is worth nothing."

"I know Harold isn't rich, mamma, but he has his life insured for $20,000, and I could get along quite comfortably on that."—Chicago Tribune.

Giving Them the Slip.

An impecunious man in Kansas City practically lives on bananas. When he eats them, he throws the peels just outside his office door. That's the way he gives his creditors the slip.—Kansas City Star.

Curious African Customs.

Among the human sacrifices of the delta of the Niger, says Count de Cardi, young girls occupy the most honored place. They are at regular periods offered up to the gods, and instead of shrinking from this horrible doom they accept it with pride and gratitude. Nothing is refused to these girls while they are alive. If one of them sees a handsome dress or ornament on a woman and expresses a desire to have it, the woman must give it to her. Men are also sacrificed, though not for religious reasons, and they welcome death as eagerly as the girls. Count de Cardi once tried to save one of these victims, but instead of thanking him, the man reviled him so bitterly for interfering and scolded the bystanders so heartily for delaying to carry out the sentence that they promptly stopped his mouth by killing him.

The worst insult which one woman can offer to another is to hold out the right hand in front of her with the index and middle finger forming the letter V. This means, "You will become the mother of twins." When twins are born in this region, they and their mothers are killed, as a rule, and when a mother dies in giving birth to a child the latter is also killed and buried with her. It is not superstition which impels the negroes to dispose of motherless infants in this heartless fashion, but the great difficulty of rearing them. Altogether, the information which Count de Cardi has gathered during his residence of many years in this portion of Africa is of rare value, especially to anthropologists.

He Remembered Them.

"By the way," said the man who had stopped at a farmhouse to water his horse, "15 years ago a poor boy came this way, and you took him in."

"Yes?" queried the farmer, somewhat surprised.

"You were kind to him," went on the stranger; "you fed him, gave him words of encouragement and an old suit of clothes, put a dollar in his pocket and sent him on his way rejoicing. He told you at the time that he never would forget your kindness. Am I right?"

"I reckon you are," replied the farmer.

"He said that if he prospered he would see that you never had occasion to regret your kindness to a poor, struggling lad."

"Land's sakes!" exclaimed the farmer's wife excitedly. "It sounds almost like a fairy tale, don't it? Why, you must have seen him."

"I have," said the stranger, "and he sent a message to you."

"What is it?" they both asked expectantly.

"He told me to tell you that he is still poor."

As the stranger drove away the farmer went out and kicked the pump viciously, while his wife threw a rolling pin at the chickens.—New York World.

What They Deserved.

Not very long since an exceedingly well dressed man about 35 was charged in a north London court with being drunk. He promptly paid his 10 shillings' fine and went away. A fortnight later a stylishly dressed woman was charged with a similar offense. As she gave the same name and address I concluded they were husband and wife. So I called on them, and my visit was repeated several times. They had a very nice home, kept two servants and had four children. I noticed a bonny lad of 8, as I saw him several times. Some months later I got a letter as follows:

> Dear Mr. Holmes—You know my Jack, the 8-year-old. I am sorry to say that he has got into bad ways—steals money from us, stops out late and is very disobedient. Can you get him into any training home or institution of any kind, where his evil propensities will be cured? Kindly oblige us in this.

I could not resist the temptation to reply as follows:

> Dear Sir—I know of but one cure for Jack's evil propensities, and that is a thorough application of the horsewhip to both parents.

—Contemporary Review.

Conscience the Coward.

Murderers uncaught suffer awful agonies of fear when alone with their consciences, but when apprehended, tried, convicted, sentenced and incarcerated they become callous to fear. Jailers tell me this is the general rule. There is an acquitted murderer in this city, once a leading politician, who has not been able to sleep alone in a dark room these 29 years. A light must be kept burning and an attendant is constantly on guard. A Wall street broker, who has "done" every one of his most faithful friends, dares not go to bed in the dark. He keeps a light burning in his room and one in the hall, leaving the door open. In the small hours of the morning he awakens his family with pitiful cries. The city man who is not afraid of the darkest alleys, who will brave thugs and stable gangs at any hour of the night, is in a panic when alone in a forest.—New York Press.

Pulpit and Pew.

In his "Lighter Moments" the late Bishop Walsham How tells of a lady, a great admirer of a certain preacher, who took Bishop Magee with her to hear him and asked him afterward what he thought of the sermon.

"It was very long," the bishop said.

"Yes," said the lady, "but there was a saint in the pulpit."

"And a martyr in the pew," rejoined the bishop.

Not a Fault Finder.

"You are not one of these men who find fault with the cooking at home?"

"No," answered Mr. Meekton; "I don't exactly find fault, but occasionally I do feel called on to apologize for the way things taste when Henrietta gets home from the club. You see, I never could learn to make good coffee."—Washington Star.

Started Too Soon.

A stout German woman descended from a Third avenue car. She had a baby on her left arm, and a small boy clung to her right hand. Just as she started to step from the footboard the car started, and down the three fell in a confused heap, with the baby apparently at the bottom. Two or three women screamed, and the car stopped, but before any one could go to her assistance the woman was on her feet and, with her two charges, had made her way to the curb. "Ach!" she said in answer to the sympathy of an onlooker. "Yah, der car it start already too soon yet!" Then she went on her appointed way.—New York Tribune.

The Next Best Thing.

"I trust," said the new member of the school committee, "that you do not hold out to your pupils the misleading hope that each of them may be the president?"

"No, indeed," replied the dominie, "but I do not think that I err on the side of improbability when I teach them that each has a good chance of being a presidential possibility."—Harper's Bazar.

Suicides and Crossroads.

It has been suggested that suicides were buried at crossroads because it was usual to erect a cross at such places. Those who were excluded from holy rites were buried there as the place next in sanctity to consecrated ground. It was an old superstition that the devil danced at crossroads and that the erection of a cross thereat would prevent such unseemly practices. From this or some other superstition, such as the fear that his ghost might walk the earth, arose the custom of driving a stake through the suicide's body.

These plausible theories have gained many advocates, but it is more likely that burial at crossroads was intended as a mark of indignity. The temples, or rather altars, of the heathen Teutons were mostly at the junction of crossroads. The place of execution was there, and criminals were sacrificed to the gods; hence suicides were buried at the crossroads to give as strong an impression as possible of heathen burial. Probably, too, the publicity of such a spot, which insured the fact that a great number of people would become directly aware of the degrading consequences of the crime, had a good deal to do with its selection.

A curious fact in this connection is to be found in Plato's Laws (book ix, chapter 12). The murderer of any of his near kin, after being put to death, was "cast out of the city, naked, in an appointed place where three roads meet, and let all the magistrates, in behalf of the whole state, carry each a stone and hurl it at the head of the dead body."

"Norma" and Liberty.

In an air in the opera of "Norma" the theatrical censor went so far as to cancel the word "liberta" (liberty) and substitute for it the word "lealta" (loyalty). * * * Signor Ronconi, the famous baritone and a great public favorite, having, in the ardor of his role, forgotten the above mentioned emendation, was imprisoned for three days in order to refresh his memory.

Not long after, singing the line in the "Elisir d'Amore" describing how a peasant enlisted, "Vende la liberta, si fe soldato" (He sold his liberty to be a soldier), he waggishly altered it to "Vende la lealta, si fe soldato." This variation in the text was received with lively applause by the public, who always warmly welcomed anything that savored of political opposition.

The next day the poor singer was summoned by the head of the police to receive a reprimand for having said that "loyalty could be sold," to which Ronconi replied by observing that a few days before he had been taught in a way he was not likely to forget that "lealta" ought always to be substituted for "liberta."—Pietro Orsi's "Modern Italy."

The First Early Evening Paper.

The plan of this Paper not being generally known, the Proprietors most respectfully take the Liberty of submitting the following Sketch of it to the perusal of the Public.

The Noon Gazette will be regularly published every day at Twelve o'Clock and will contain all the actual news of the Nine Morning Papers, cautiously and faithfully selected from them. Every Species of Misinformation and Untruth will be guarded against with the utmost care, and the Communication of real authenticated Intelligence only will ever be the grand Object of this Print.

Besides the Advantage of having all the News of the Nine Morning Papers comprized in one, the Noon Gazette will contain a Postscript with every Article of important Intelligence that may arise on the Morning of its publication, so that as well as a universal Morning Paper, this Print will be found little, if at all, inferior to any Evening Publication.—From The Noon Gazette and Daily Register, 1780.

Not a Member.

Employment in a library does not always imply the possession of extensive knowledge. This is evidenced by an anecdote related of a rector of a rural English church in London for a visit. A knotty theological point had presented itself for solution which required reference to the authorities. Being a guest of the Athenæum club, whose extensive library was always a feature of interest, he resolved to make use of it. Approaching an attendant who, it happened, was but recently employed, he asked "whether Justin Martyr was in the library."

"I don't think he is a member, my lord," was the solemn reply, "but I'll go and ask the porter."

While Chairman Jones, of the Democratic National Committee, secured the adoption of a shipping plank in the Kansas City platform denouncing the ship subsidy bill, he was afraid to insert his pet remedy for our maritime decay of purchasing foreign (chiefly British) ships with which to do our foreign carrying under our own flag.

Jell-O, The New Dessert,

pleases all the family. Four flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts. Try it to-day.

The war with Spain served to demonstrate something more than the military and naval strength of the United States. It brought to light the vast resources and wealth of this country.

Under this Republican Administration, coaling stations for the use of the American Navy are in process of erection at Hawaii, Samoa, Guam, Manila and Porto Rico.

DESCRIPTION

Filed in the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth and Clerk of City of Woburn, pursuant to the provisions of Section 1, Chapter 440, Acts of 1893, "An Act to protect the Owners of Cans, Bottles, Boxes, Siphons and Fountains used in the sale of Milk, Cream, Soda Water, Mineral and Aerated Waters, Ale, Beer, Ginger Ale or other Beverages."

Name of person or corporation, FOREST H. DIXON.

Principal place of business, 70 Bedford Street, Woburn, Mass.

Nature of business transacted, Bottling and Canning Milk.

Kind of receptacles used, Tin Cans and Glass Bottles.

Description of the name or names, marks, device or devices used. On Bottles, F. H. Dixon, Registered, Woburn. On some cans, F. H. Dixon, Registered stamped on shoulder of can. On other cans F. H. Dixon, Registered, stamped on shoulder of can a letter "D" made of copper plate soldered on shoulder of can.

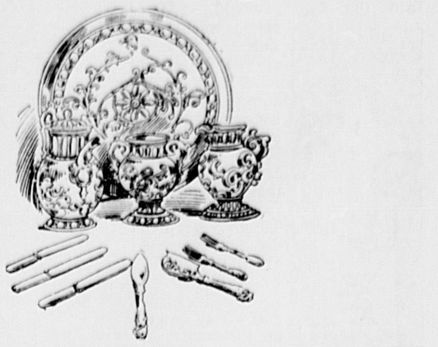
In witness whereof I have hereunto signed my name this fourth day of May, in the year nineteen hundred.

FOREST H. DIXON.

To Let.

The two tenements at No. 6 Montvale Avenue, one of ten rooms including bath, and one of six rooms including bath; or will let both together as a lodging and boardinghouse. Both bath rooms have modern plumbing and fixtures.

Apply to J. W. or E. F. JOHNSON.



Silverware for Wedding Presents

A complete line of the celebrated COLONIAL PATTERN always in stock.

Fine Repairing a specialty.

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers.

CITY OF WOBURN.

WOBURN, July 26th, 1900.

To the Honorable Mayor and Board of Aldermen of the City of Woburn:

The undersigned, a majority of the Directors of the association for the formation of the Boston and Concord St. Railway Company, hereby respectfully petition for a locaton of tracks with convenient and suitable turnouts and switches, commencing at the westerly side of the B. & M. tracks on Pleasant street, Woburn, at a point nearly opposite the Public Library, thence westerly along Pleasant street to Burlington street, through Burlington street to Bedford street, through Bedford street to Cambridge street, through Cambridge street to Russell street, to the dividing line between the City of Woburn and the Town of Lexington, with right to erect the necessary poles and other structures and to operate the same with electricity.

(Signed.)
CHAS. S. CUMMINGS, 2d,
ROGER W. BABSON,
L. GUY DENNETT,
ERASTUS H. SMITH,
GEORGE F. MEAD,
FRANK E. COTTON,
OLIVER M. DENNETT.

In City Council, July 26, 1900.

Upon the foregoing petition it is Ordered, that fourteen days notice be given that the City Council will on **Thursday, Sept. 6th, 1900,** at 8 o'clock, P. M., take into consideration the expediency of granting the prayer of the above petition, when any parties who object thereto may appear and be heard.

Said notice to be given by publication of a copy of said petition, with this order thereon, at the expense of the petitioners, in the *Woburn News* and WOBURN JOURNAL.

Passed.
A true copy,
Attest: JOHN H. FINN, Clerk.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by E. Russell Emery and Abby P. Emery, his wife, in her own right, to Marshall M. Tidd, dated March 10th, 1891, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2027, Page 516, which mortgage was duly assigned by said Marshall M. Tidd to Susan K. Ellis by assignment dated April 12th, 1894, recorded with said Deeds, Book 2268, Page 67, and thereafter assigned by said Susan K. Ellis to Helen Josephine Ellis by assignment dated July 24th, 1900, recorded with said Deeds, Book 2834, Page 61, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises hereinafter described, on

Monday, August 27, A. D., 1900,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows:—A certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on the northerly side of Fowle street in said Woburn and bounded and described as follows, viz:—Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises on said Fowle street at land now, or formerly, of one Merriam; from thence the line runs northerly on and by said land of Merriam about eighty five feet to a corner; thence westerly still by land last named about twelve feet and nine inches to land of Julius F. Ramsdell; thence northerly by said land of Ramsdell about forty-one feet to land of A. J. Haynes; thence northeasterly by said land of Haynes and by land of one Duren about one hundred and thirty seven feet to land now or formerly of William Kemmick; thence southerly by land of said Kemmick and by land of Herbert I. Bryant about one hundred and seventy-one feet and eleven inches to said Fowle street; thence westerly by and with said Fowle street ninety-eight feet to the point of beginning; being the same premises conveyed to the grantee by Eli Jones. The premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, outstanding tax titles and assessments, if any, thereon.

$100.00 will be required to be paid by the purchaser at time and place of sale; other terms announced at sale.

HELEN JOSEPHINE ELLIS, Assignee
and present holder of said mortgage.
J. G. MAGUIRE, Attorney.
Woburn, Mass., July 26, 1900.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Bernard McHugh, and Rose McHugh, wife of said Bernard McHugh, in her own right, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts to Leonard Thompson, dated January 15, 1886, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1734, Page 512, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises on

THURSDAY, August 16, 1900,

at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described as follows, namely: A certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, containing about eighty-three hundred square feet, be the same more or less, and bounded and described as follows, viz:—Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises on the easterly side of Conn street, and at land of William Bradley; thence the line runs easterly by land of said Bradley about one hundred and sixty-seven feet to land of Michael McHugh; thence northeasterly by land of said McHugh, sixteen and 50-100 feet to an angle; thence northerly by same land thirty-seven and 20-100 feet to a stake at land of Rose Dunn; thence westerly by land last named one hundred and seventy-two feet to Conn street aforesaid; thence southerly by and with said Conn street forty-six and 40-100 feet, to the point of beginning.

Two hundred dollars will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale, other terms at sale.

MARIA L. THOMPSON and L. WALDO THOMPSON, Executors of the will of Leonard Thompson, deceased, present holders of said mortgage.
J. W. JOHNSON, Attorney.
Woburn, July 19, 1900.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss:

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of Charles F. Harris, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Phebe O. Harris of Wilmington, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth day of September, A. D., 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventeenth day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Barnabas Richardson, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

ALONZO L. RICHARDSON, Adm.
Woburn.
July 18th, 1900.

Bicycles
— AT —
First Cost.

As it is our custom not to keep Bicycles on hand after the 4th of July, we shall sell out the wheels we now have at Wholesale Prices.

None but good wheels in stock.

C. M. Strout & Co.
Dow's Block, 322 Main Street.

"GOT A GRIP"
on the public's confidence in selling
GROCERIES
that are FIRST CLASS, and we intend to keep it, by upright dealing and well chosen stock.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street - - WOBURN
Telephone 133-2.

— AT —
Linnell's Market
YOU
will find a complete line of
FRESH
Vegetables.

406 Main Street, Woburn
Telephone, 128-6.

To Let

At 353 Main Street, a suite of six rooms. The apartments are all light and airy and afford a beautiful outlook upon the Common, including the City Building, three Churches, the Savings Bank, and the Public Library. The building is new and finished in up-to-date style, and furnished with all modern conveniences; large closets, bath-room, &c. No coal is needed for fuel. A large gas-range of latest pattern with hot water tank supplies every facility for doing housework. This suite is exactly adapted to a small family desiring a home at once central, genteel and cosey.

Apply to O. F. BRYANT,
371 Main St., Woburn.

For Sale.

Houses and Lots, Nos. 14, 15, 16, 17, 20 and 22 Cleveland Avenue. Also, Lots Nos. 11, 13, 24 and 26. Said houses have gas and all modern conveniences.

Prices and terms reasonable.

APPLY TO
W. H. CUMMINGS,
Cleveland Ave. Woburn Mass.

DOMINION LINE
Royal Mail Steamers

Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.

Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by

JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS.

Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

Dr. C. H. BUSS,
DENTIST
385 Main St., WOBURN
Telephone 71-3.

Room and Board.

A lady willing to be company for an aged lady a small portion of the time, may obtain a front room, with good board and home privileges, for four dollars a week. Pleasant grounds and piazzas. References exchanged.

Address L. P. J., JOURNAL Office.

For Rent.

A Tenement of eight rooms at No. 9 Johnson Street, with all modern conveniences, four minutes to depot and postoffice. Rent $20 per month.

E. H. RICHARDS,
25 Fairmount Street.

Low Rents.

HOUSE No. 650 Main Street, 8 rooms, ($12.50) twelve dollars and fifty cents per month.

Also, HOUSE, No. 16 Wyman Street, 6 rooms, ($8) eight dollars per month.

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
415 Main Street

A PEEP

Into the future would sadden many a happy woman. The misery of marriage often results from ailments which maidenly modesty kept hidden. When doctors are at last consulted they frequently fail to help. They do not understand the root of the trouble. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has cured in thousands of cases where doctors entirely failed.

"I had been a great sufferer from female weakness," writes Mrs. M. B. Wallace, of Muenster, Cook Co., Texas. "*I tried four doctors and none did me any good.* I suffered six years, but at last I found relief. I followed your advice, and took eight bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and four of the 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I now feel like a *new woman.* I have gained eighteen pounds."

"Favorite Prescription"

MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG AND SICK WOMEN WELL.

AN UNCANNY REGION.

DEATH VALLEY, WHERE NO LIVING THING CAN LONG SURVIVE.

This Scene of Numberless Tragedies Is One of the Most Remarkable Places of the Western World—The Most Arid Spot on Earth.

Death valley is probably the most unique natural feature in California. It is located in the southeast corner of Incyo county and is inclosed by the Panamint mountains on the west and the Funeral range on the east. It is 75 miles long and at its narrowest point but eight miles wide.

At one time, most probably, it was the bed of an ancient river. The lowest depression is 200 feet below sea level, but above this rises Telescope peak, 11,000 feet high, of the Panamint range, and directly opposite the Funeral peak, which reaches an altitude of 8,000 feet. During the winter these peaks are covered with snow.

This remarkable valley was discovered in 1850 by a party of immigrants, many of whom lost their lives in the attempt to cross it. The name has clung to it also as being the scene of numberless tragedies. Early in its history traditions of gold and silver deposits of wonderful richness within its boundaries persuaded many adventurous persons to undertake the hazardous experiment of its exploration. The number who have lost their lives in this desolate field is undoubtedly great. Pursuing the mirage of rich deposits of precious metals, these adventurous prospectors succumbed at last to the intolerable heat and the agonies of thirst.

The range of the thermometer is probably greater in Death valley than elsewhere in the western hemisphere. In winter the temperature is way below zero, while in July and August the thermometer ranges for weeks at 137 degrees above, frequently rising several degrees higher. For weeks at a time the lowest temperature observed exceeded 100 degrees. The daily heat burns every vestige of vegetation. The Spanish bayonet, a plant that flourishes under the most arid conditions, here barely survives, while the mesquite, with its long roots penetrating deep into the earth in search of scanty moisture, just manages to exist.

A party of enterprising agriculturists once experimented with growing fruit and vegetables in this region, anticipating large profits in the early marketing of their crops. The attempt was a complete failure, the intense heat withering the plants, notwithstanding copious supplies of water and the most skillful cultivation. In the higher altitudes of the Panamints there are numerous valleys with flowing streams. In these fruits are cultivated and reach the market two months before the California products mature.

The prevailing winds in Death valley are from the west. Though originating in the Pacific ocean and saturated with humidity in traveling the intermediate distance, they are intercepted by the lofty peaks of four ranges of mountains, which absorb all of their moisture, so that by the time they reach the valley all humidity has disappeared. The blasts are as if heated in a fiery furnace, and no living thing can survive the intense heat. Even birds indigenous to the region die.

It is in the months of greatest heat that the sandstorms of Death valley are most deadly. They rage with intense fury, obliterating the landscape and dimming the light of the sun, withering the scanty vegetation and covering the trails deep in powdered dust. At all times the aspect of the valley is superlatively desolate. No spot on earth surpasses it in aridity or tophet-like heat.

During the heated term an hour without water means death. Meat becomes putrid in an hour. Eggs are cooked in the blistering sand. Water is only palatable by means of large, porous, earthenware jars, common to all hot countries, suspended in drafts and reduced in temperature by means of the rapid evaporation of the moisture from the outside.

The belief that the borax marshes are the remains of the vast lake which once filled the valley is supported by traces of water line found 600 feet above on the mountain sides.

In general appearance all borax marshes are alike. They are located at the point of greatest depression and from a distance look like deposits of salt or snow. Under the surface is common wet clay or water of varying depths. These deposits are generally circular in form and appear as though once they were craters. Borax was created by contact of boracic acid in gaseous form, with the lime and soda of the surface. At Teels marsh, Nevada, borate of lime appears in the form of balls imbedded in clay along with soda, salt, etc., but at Columbus these are found in sandy soil. Sometimes these balls are decomposed, underlying the soil, which is removed and the borate shoveled out. Deposits of crude borate of soda are found in Nevada and in Death valley at the Monte Blanco mines.—Scientific American.

HUMOR IN ENGLISH SIGNS.

Apt Quotations Used by Tradesmen to Attract Attention.

There is quite a harvest of wit and wisdom to be gleaned by the observant eye from the notices with which tradesmen seek to attract custom, and it might also be worth the while of out of the way things to make a collection of these wayside gems, many of which blush almost unseen. Many of the cleverest of these notices which the writer has added little by little to his collection consist of really witty adaptations of well known quotations and proverbs.

An enterprising cycle dealer in a Yorkshire town, whose name is Nettle, turns his prickly cognomen to business account in this singularly apt quotation from "Henry IV," "Out of this nettle danger I pluck the flower safety," while a costumer in the same town, whose sympathetic name is Love, informs his customers in letters half a foot long that "Love hath a large mantle." If capacity be a virtue in mantles, Mr. Love deserves to have a large sale.

A provision merchant, again in a north country town, turns the same name to useful account by this announcement, which "speaks for itself:" "George Herbert says 'Love is a personal debt,' but this Love's terms are strict cash."

Business rivalry often develops quite unexpected resources of wit and wisdom in men of business. A few months ago a grocer and provision dealer called Little had a practical monopoly of the custom of a small town in the Midlands, when, to his natural annoyance, a rival settled in the place and opened a shop under the name of John Strong. Within a few days this dignified protest appeared in the outraged grocer's window: "Man wants but Little here below" (Goldsmith). But the newcomer was a man of at least equal learning and powers of quotation, for on the following day this supplementary notice appeared in his window: "Nor wants that Little long" (Goldsmith).

A similar story is told of two rival tobacconists, the latest comer of whom was named Farr. He opened fire on his opposite rival by placing in his window this notice: "The best tobacco by Farr." Within a few hours his rival's window blossomed into one large announcement: "Far better tobacco than the best tobacco by Farr."

Perhaps smarter still were the rival notices of two watchmakers, one of whom was called I. Wise. Mr. Wise had adopted as his business motto, "He is Wise that's wise in time." To this the newcomer retorted by this quotation from Wordsworth: "He is oft the wisest man who is not Wise at all."

Many business men make attractive advertisements by humorous play on their names when they lend themselves to this purpose. The proprietor of a wayside inn in one of the home counties makes clever use of his name, Day, to attract custom. On a swinging sign, under a highly colored picture of the rising sun, appears this legend in gilt letters:

> Won't you come into my parlor,
> Gentle stranger, pray,
> For you'll have to travel farther
> To pass a happier Day.

Another publican who boasts the curiously inappropriate name of Isaac Drinkwater has adopted this motto: "I. Drinkwater, but my customers drink the best of ale."

Mr. Knott, a draper in a west country town, makes this appeal for custom: "Many drapers are extortionate in their prices. I am Knott." And not many miles from Mr. Knott is a village tinker whose name is Dunn and whose modest motto is, "What is done is done, but it's not well done unless it's done by Dunn."

By no means the least clever of these humorous trade announcements was that of a bookseller called Hart who supplied for many years all the books used in a local grammar school. Mr. Hart's business motto was this couplet:

> Who in life's race would fain a good start
> Should always get his "books by Hart."

—London Tit-Bits.

The Ungrateful Cuckoo.

To hear the cuckoo's cheery note you might think he had the clearest conscience in the world. He can have neither memory nor moral sense or he would not carry it off so gayly. We say nothing of the "raptores," who are a race apart, but the most disreputable of birds, as a rule, are guilty of nothing worse than peccadillos. The jackdaw will steal for the mere fun of the thing, for he can make no possible use of plate or jewelry, and sometimes under temptation may make a snatch at a pheasant chick. Sparrows are, of course, notorious thieves, but they rank no higher in crime than the sneaking pickpockets. But the cuckoo, so to speak, is a murderer from his cradle. He violates the sanctity of a hospitable hearth. His first victims are his own foster brothers, and before he tries his wings on the first flight he is imbrued in fraternal blood, like any Amurath or Bazajet.—Saturday Review.

A Colossal Luminous Crab.

Indian journals tell of a luminous crab captured by a dredge of the Zoological society of Calcutta in the Indian ocean about a mile off the coast and 45 fathoms deep. It is nearly two feet in diameter, and its longest claws are about a yard in length. It has projecting eyes, like those of a lobster, and is very voracious. It was put into a tank of sea water, and in two hours it devoured some 50 other crustaceans and fishes. When darkness came, it proved phosphorescent, emitting peculiar white rays and illuminating the whole tank. The crab was sent to the aquarium at Calcutta. Luminous flowers, fungi, worms, fishes, etc., were known to science, but not, we believe, a crab, or, at least, one so large, before.—London Globe.

The Biggest Department.

The largest department of the government is that about which there seems to be the least public interest. It is the department of the interior, and each of its eight divisions—patents, pensions, general lands, Indian affairs, education, railroads, geological surveys and census—has ten times as much work as any cabinet office had 100 years ago. At the head of each of these divisions there must be a man of broad experience and active mind. In addition to his other duties, the secretary of the interior has charge of the national parks and the supervision of hospitals and eleemosynary institutions.—Saturday Evening Post.

Her Damaged Horn.

"Well, well," remarked the maiden all forlorn to the cow with the crumpled horn, "you remind me of a bicycle that has been in collision with something."

The cow ceased ruminating long enough to inquire, "Why?"

"I observe," said she, "that one of your handle bars is twisted."—Philadelphia Press.

The Truth

about women's ills can be frankly told by one woman to another.

Remember that Mrs. Pinkham is a woman. Remember that her advice and medicine have cured a million women of weaknesses peculiar to their sex.

Remember that no man ever sees a letter written to Mrs. Pinkham for advice, that the letter is opened, read and answered by women, and no testimonial ever published without special permission.

Remember that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the recognized safeguard of woman's health.

Remember these things when some other remedy is suggested, and remember them when you want advice. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass.

Beginning a Habit.

"Buffalo" Jones, who caught and tamed great numbers of the wild animals of the plains, knew perfectly well how his life received its first bent in that direction. He says in his "Forty Years of Adventure:"

When a lad of 12, I was sent to the woods with the hired man to saw off logs. My father was to come with a sled in the afternoon and haul the logs to mill. As we were working I looked up into a tree and saw a fox squirrel swinging on a limb. I dropped the saw and climbed.

Soon the beautiful little creature was high up in the branches, and when I pursued him to the end of a limb he gave a spring and caught in the boughs of another tree. So I descended and climbed that other tree, and, as the squirrel repeated his tactics, I did mine until the greater part of the day was gone.

At last the little fellow took refuge in a hole in a large bur oak. I thrust in my hand, seized him and held on, even though his long, sharp teeth nearly took off the end of my finger. I kept a firm grip until I reached the ground. Then I put him into my pocket and pinned it together with some honey locust thorns.

When my father returned and found no logs to load, he demanded an explanation. That was duly given, and then a boy of my size received a good thrashing, meanwhile managing to keep his cap over the squirrel to protect it, preferring to receive the blows himself.

I tamed that squirrel and loved him, but finally I sold him for $2 to a gentleman who had a crippled son. That transaction seemed to fix in me a ruling passion which has never deserted me, and I began catching and taming wild animals.

Customs of the Aztec People.

The Aztecs, the most civilized people of the new world at the time of its discovery, had a curious marriage custom. The ceremony was performed by a priest, who took the hands of the bride and bridegroom, asking them if they would marry.

He then took a corner of the woman's veil and the man's robe and knotted them together, and so they were led to the bridegroom's house. A fresh fire was then kindled on the hearth, and around this fire the priest caused the bride to go seven times. The wedded couple then sat down together, and so was the marriage contracted. An inventory was also made, which the father of the bride afterward retained, of all the man and wife brought together, of furniture for the house, of land, of jewels, ornaments and clothes. Then if it chanced that the couple were divorced (as was common among the Aztecs when man and wife did not agree) they divided the goods according to the portion each had brought to the other, both man and wife having liberty to marry again whom they pleased. Of the children of the marriage the daughters were given to the wife and the sons to the husband. It was enacted upon pain of death that the divorced couple were not again to remarry.

A Blunt Excuse.

There is a story of an English clergyman who had taken temporary duty for a friend and who had the ill luck to injure his false teeth during the week. The plate was sent to the dentist for repairs, a faithful assurance being given that it should be returned by Sunday's post, but the dentist or the post proved faithless.

With the assistance of the clerk the clergyman managed to stumble through the prayers, but felt it would be useless to attempt to preach. He therefore instructed the clerk to make some excuse for him and dismiss the congregation. But his feelings may be better imagined than described when, in the seclusion of the vestry, he overheard the clerk in impressive tones thus deliver the excuse:

"Parson is very sorry, but it is his misfortune to be obliged to wear a set of artful teeth. They busted last Wednesday, and he ain't got them back from London today, as he was promised. I've helped him all I could through the service, but I can't do more for him. 'Tisn't any use for him going up in the pulpit, for you wouldn't understand a word he said, so he thinks you all may as well go home."

Spanish Nicknames.

One of the peculiar ways in which Spanish differs from English is in the names the language gives to all people with a certain infirmity or peculiarity. A blind man is referred to as el ciego; a man with but one eye is a tuerto; a pug nosed man is chato; one who is cross eyed is a bisojo; a cojo is a lame man, and a manco has but one arm; if he is humpbacked he is a jorobado, if baldheaded a calvo, and if his hair is very short he is a pelon. The feminine titles for the same classes are the same, with the exception that they end in "a" where the masculine terminate with "o." These short names are used most commonly. In fact, they are applied as nicknames in many cases, and especially among the lower classes persons are addressed or referred to only by these names.

Knew She Was Ugly.

The Duchess of Orleans, mother of the regent who governed France during the monarchy of Louis XV, was notorious for her ugliness. She wrote:

"From early youth I knew how ugly I was and hated to have people look sharply at me. I never cared for dress, as I knew that diamonds and ornaments would only attract attention to me. Once Countess Soissons asked me why I never turned to look at a mirror in passing, as every other woman did. I told her I could not endure the sight of my own face.

"As a girl I must have been very ugly. I had little, blinking eyes, a pug nose and a big mouth with thick lips. My face was broad and fat and my figure short and stumpy. Nobody would have tolerated me except for my good disposition.

"I don't suppose that there was in the whole world another pair of hands as ugly as mine. The king often told me so, and I laughed, for I was resolved always to laugh at my hideousness. I must confess that I had to laugh very often.

"What surprised me most was that any one could fall in love with me. I was notoriously the ugliest woman at court, yet I was married at 19.

"I often asked my husband if the sight of me were not repulsive and what he had seen in me that induced him to fall in love with me. I never got a satisfactory answer, but I think that I must have had some other attractions which outweighed my ugliness."

On Reading Aloud.

It is a distinct loss that reading is so badly taught and that so few people know anything about the magic of the poets in their use of sound. We read almost exclsively with the eye, although poetry is primarily intended for the ear. Shakespeare wrote almost exclusively for the ear, and we remain unmoved by the wonderful vibration of his great passages until we hear them.

Poetry ought always to be heard first and read afterward. If the best of Browning is sympathetically and intelligently interpreted by the voice, the much discussed obscurity is not in evidence. Many people find, for instance, a little difficulty in getting the clear and full significance of "The Portrait of the Last Duchess" when they read it for the first time, but it fastens itself instantly on the imagination if it is well read.

A good deal of time now devoted to commentaries and text study might profitably be given to reading the text aloud without note or comment. A work of art slowly discloses its full meaning, and familiarity with it is the first condition of comprehension.—Hamilton Mabie in Harper's Bazar.

London Bakers, 1310.

In 1310 we find the following Bow bakeresses accused of selling halfpenny loaves deficient in weight: Sarra Foting, Christina Terrice, Godiyeva Foting, Matilda de Bolingtone, Christina Prichet, Isabella Sperling, Alice Pegges, Johanna de Countebrigge and Isabella Pouveste. One wonders why the husbands were not summoned. In a similar case in 1316, when Agnes Foting's bread was seized, it was "adjudged that her bread should be forfeited and given to the prisoners in Neugate because her husband did not come to avow (own) the bread." Are we to assume that in the absence of the husbands the bread was merely forfeited without the infliction of a fine?

An indication of the importance of the breadmaking business is also found in an enactment of the reign of Henry III to the effect that "every cart of Bremble (Bromley-by-Bow) or Stevenhethe (Stepney) that comes into the city with bread shall pay each day 1 halfpenny."—Gentleman's Magazine.

Birds and "Old" Coins.

A French physician lately had an opportunity to observe a pointe de Paris which had been lying for several days in the stomach of a child and found that the gastric juice had acted upon the smallest particles of the article, blunting the blade and point and giving the medal a brown color. In this manner might be explained the process used in Italy to produce old coins and medals. Large birds are made to swallow roughly stamped coins with the image of Tiberius or Caligula. After awhile the animals give off again the coins, upon which meanwhile an appreciable layer of patina has formed. This result is apparently due to the action of the gastric juices.—Jeweler's Circular-Weekly.

His Musical Sense.

"What is your favorite opera?" asked the foreign gentleman.

Mr. Cumrox was about to answer "The Mikado," when he observed that the eyes of his wife and daughter were upon him. Then he assumed an air of nonchalance and answered:

"Oh, I don't care particular about the names of cigars or the titles of operas. I like to change around. I just tell 'em to give me a 25 cent cigar when I feel like smoking, and when I want music I enjoy any old $5 a seat opera."—Washington Star.

Early and Late.

Plodder (at 6 a. m.)—Hello, Rounder! What are you doing up so early?

Rounder—Hello, old fel! What are you doing out sho late?—Philadelphia

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON V, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JULY 29.

Text of the Lesson, Luke ix, 28-36. Memory Verses, 33-35—Golden Text, Luke ix, 35—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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28. "And it came to pass about an eight days after these sayings He took Peter and John and James and went up into a mountain to pray." The last of "these sayings" not only in the previous verse here, but also in the verses immediately preceding in the parallel accounts in Math. xvi, 28; Mark ix, 1, is that some of those standing by should not taste death till they had seen the kingdom of God; therefore in the transfiguration we may look for the fulfillment of that saying, and Peter so speaks of it in II Pet. i, 16, 17. Matthew and Mark each say "after six days," while Luke says "about an eight days," so that evidently six full days intervened, with a part of two others, and each statement is strictly correct, as are all statements of the Holy Spirit.

29. "And as He prayed the fashion of His countenance was altered, and His raiment was white and glistening." The other accounts say that His face did shine as the sun, and His raiment was white as the light, shining, exceeding white as snow. The glory that was in Him shone forth for this little moment. When John saw him on Patmos, 60 years after His ascension, he saw His countenance as the sun shining, in His strength, His eyes as a flame of fire, etc. (Rev. i, 13-16), and so overpowering was the sight that John fell at His feet as dead.

30. "And, behold, there talked with Him two men, which were Moses and Elias." The only two others who had ever fasted 40 days and 40 nights—Moses on two occasions and Elijah once (Deut. ix, 9, 18; I Kings xix, 8). Of these two Moses had died, and his body been buried (Deut. xxxiv, 5, 6), but I infer from Jude, 9, that he had on the Mount of Transfiguration his risen body. The devil hates to lose the body of a saint. Elijah had been taken to heaven without dying (II Kings ii, 11), and on this occasion Moses represents the dead in Christ, who shall rise first, while Elijah represents the living saints, who shall at the coming of Christ to the air be caught up without dying to meet the Lord (I Thess. iv, 16-18).

31. "Who appeared in glory and spake of His decease which He should accomplish at Jerusalem." If we had not been told, how we should have wondered and have wished to know what they talked about! Now that we know, how much does it really interest us, and do we see that one of the greatest topics in heaven is the sufferings of Christ, and doubtless another is the glory to be yet revealed (Luke xxiv, 26; I Pet. v, 1). These two men, with millions of others, had been enjoying something of the bliss of paradise by virtue of this sacrifice about to be accomplished, and all who shall ever enter the kingdom of God will do so only by virtue of this death and resurrection.

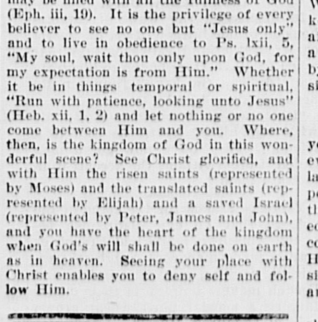
32. Although the disciples were heavy with sleep, they kept awake and saw His glory and Moses and Elijah (see R. V.). In Gethsemane these same three actually slept for sorrow (Luke xxii, 45); the flesh is so weak that neither the sufferings of Christ nor the glory of Christ affect us as they should. What a comfort it is that He knoweth our frame and remembereth that we are dust (Ps. ciii, 14). Let us not, however, pity ourselves and say we cannot help it, but rather seek to be ever filled with the Spirit (Eph. v, 18), that we may know Him better, appreciate Him more and be ever occupied with Him.

33. Peter is again to the front talking about things of which he knows nothing and saying things not knowing what he says. The order of events was probably as follows: Jesus ascends the mountain to pray, with Peter, James and John accompanying; while praying He is transfigured, and Moses and Elijah appear and talk of His exodus, the disciples being heavy with sleep; the disciples, keeping awake, see His glory and Moses and Elijah; Moses and Elijah about to depart, Peter speaks; the cloud overshadows them and they fear; God speaks, and the disciples fall down; Jesus touches them, and they arise and see Jesus only.

34. The story of the cloud in connection with the presence of God is one of the most helpful Bible studies, tracing it from being Israel's guide and oracle and protector and avenger in the wilderness to the ascension and return of Christ, with all the intervening references easily found in a concordance. Those who have eyes and heart for Him see Him everywhere, and to such there need be no fear, for He is ever saying "Fear not" from Gen. xv, 1, to Rev. i, 17. "Be not afraid; only believe" (Mark v, 36).

35. "And there came a voice out of the cloud saying, This is My Beloved Son; hear Him." Math. xvii, 5, says that the voice added, after "Son," "in whom I am well pleased." The same voice and the same words as at His baptism, with the additional words, "Hear ye Him" (Math. iii, 17). Moses and Elijah and all the prophets spake of Him (Acts x, 43), and unless we hear Him and not them we miss the right voice. He must in all things be pre-eminent; the Lord alone shall be exalted (Isa. ii, 11, 17; Col. i, 18). Peter also quotes the Father's words concerning His Son (II Pet. i, 17), and they carry us back to Isa. xlii, 1, "Behold My servant, whom I uphold, Mine elect, in whom My soul delighteth."

36. "And when the voice was past Jesus was found alone." Mark ix, 8, says that they saw no man any more save Jesus only with themselves. What more could they need or desire, for "in Him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily, and we are complete or filled full in Him" (Col. ii, 9, 10), and in Him we may be filled with all the fullness of God (Eph. iii, 19). It is the privilege of every believer to see no one but "Jesus only" and to live in obedience to Ps. lxii, 5, "My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from Him." Whether it be in things temporal or spiritual, "Run with patience, looking unto Jesus" (Heb. xii, 1, 2) and let nothing or no one come between Him and you. Where, then, is the kingdom of God in this wonderful scene? See Christ glorified, and with Him the risen saints (represented by Moses) and the translated saints (represented by Elijah) and a saved Israel (represented by Peter, James and John), and you have the heart of the kingdom when God's will shall be done on earth as in heaven. Seeing your place with Christ enables you to deny self and follow Him.



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Sawdust Graduates.

Most of the circus acrobats and not a few of the rough and tumble comedians of the stage who have graduated from the ring were reared and learned the rudiments of their business in the lumber towns of the northwest. In the "business" these are known as "sawdust towns" on account of the sawmills, which are their chief industry. There are many of these in Wisconsin and Michigan and several in Iowa that have turned out the bulk of the acrobats and tumblers in the business.

In the "sawdust towns" the small boys have exceptional facilities for learning to turn somersaults and handsprings in the great beds of sawdust that surround the mills. Soon they begin to try the more difficult feats they see done in the shows that visit the towns. After school hours they tumble until it is time to go home and do the "chores." From out of them all there generally rise two or three boys who get the knack of the acrobatic feats, and these work in constant rivalry, each trying to excel the other.

One day along comes a circus, and the best boy tumbler applies for a job and shows what he can do. Perhaps he is given a chance as a "top mounter," or the top man in a pyramid act, because he is light and active. When he gets older, heavier and stronger, he may become an "understander," or the man who holds a mountain of men on his shoulders. And thus he gets to the show business.—Exchange.

Do You Eat Out or In?

The number and variety of knives and forks that now grace a well equipped and formal dinner table may well dismay one unused to such a variegated display of cutlery and silver. There are forks for the oysters, for the fish and for the roast and forks as well for anything else that may be served. There are also knives to correspond to the forks that may be needed. These implements that social convention decrees to be necessary to convey food to the mouth are usually laid out in formidable rows on either side of the plate.

The other evening a simple western maiden at her first eastern dinner surveyed her supply of knives and forks with growing trepidation. Her common sense told her that they were laid out in the regular order in which it was intended that they should be used, but nothing in her experience had taught her which was the right end of the row to start in with. Finally, in despair, she sought help from her next door neighbor, a prominent physician.

"Say, doc," she questioned anxiously as she pointed at the offending objects, "do you eat out or in?"—New York Tribune.

Wanted to Warn Him.

Sir Algernon West tells this story in his "Recollections:" One day the late Sir George Campbell, who had a very strident, loud, rasping voice, called on Sir Algernon, who was then secretary to Mr. Gladstone, to talk over the land question.

After he had been in conversation about three minutes the office keeper appeared, bearing the card of an M. P., who, he said, was very anxious to see Sir Algernon. The latter said he was sorry to be engaged. In another minute he appeared with the card of a well known peer who was most desirous to have a word with him. Again the latter said he was too busy to see him just then. In another minute the man again came in with a huge card saying the lord mayor and sheriffs of London wanted to speak to Sir Algernon West very urgently in the next room.

Sir Algernon apologized to Sir George and went out to such great dignitaries. When he got out of the room, the office keeper startled him by saying, "There ain't nobody here, sir, but I was afraid a madman had been shown in to you by mistake, and I wanted to warn you, sir."

A Spree on Sixpence.

An excellent Scotchman had for 37 years brought home his full wages every week, says the Newcastle (England) Chronicle. Once at the end of the period he gave his wife sixpence less than the full amount. This so distressed the thrifty woman that she went to consult the meenister on the subject. He tried to comfort her by saying that sixpence in 37 years was not a large amount.

"It's na the money a'm thinking of," she replied, "but a'm fearing that Mac has been taking to drink and betting, maybe, and other worldly pleasures."

Sheridan's Wit.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan was one day dining with Lord Thurlow when his lordship produced some fine Constantia which had been sent him from the Cape of Good Hope. Sheridan, who saw the bottle emptied with uncommon regret, set his wits to work to get another.

Failing in his attempt, however, he turned toward a gentleman seated farther down and said, "Sir, pass me up that decanter, for I must return to Madeira since I cannot double the Cape."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Hard Woods In Paraguay.

Quebracho is one of the profitable woods in Paraguay. It yields an extract used for tanning leather. The forests of Paraguay are full of it. The export of quebracho is very considerable, going principally to Europe, though much is sent to the United States as a product of the Argentine Republic, being shipped via that country.

Cattleman or Gambler.

"One day last fall," said a well known Montana capitalist, "I was riding on a train in my state and got to be on pretty fair terms with the train boy by buying a few of the things he had to sell. It was not a very formal kind of a train, and when the boy had finished his rounds he came over to sit with me and 'chin a bit,' as he said. I was willing enough, as he was a sharp lad and there was nobody else to talk to, and he went right at things.

"'Do you know,' he said, 'that I can tell by looking at a man mighty near what he is. Now, there's that fellow over there in the corner; he's a Chicago drummer. I can tell him by the way he lets his money go and the flip style he has when he talks to people. And that chap over there with the silk hat on; he's a preacher from a country town, I'm dead sure, and I'll go ask him if you say so.'

"I didn't say so because I didn't care a continental, and the boy went on with his descriptions of the people on the train. At last I asked him what he thought I was. I had on a pretty flashy suit of light stuff and was thinking I was looking pretty well, so I was willing to risk the boy's venture. He looked me over for a full minute very carefully.

"'Well,' he said at last, 'you've got a sloo of money, but I ain't dead sure whether you are a cattleman or a gambler.'"—Washington Star.

The Center of the Earth.

Of late years the general view has been that the interior of the globe, though partly liquid, is for the most part solid. Some have considered that a section through the earth would show the following:

(1) An outer solid envelope, (2) a semifluid envelope, (3) a fluid envelope, (4) a semifluid envelope, (5) a solid nucleus. No. 1 results from a reduced temperature only, No. 2 from a pressure and temperature not quite sufficient for liquidation, No. 3 from a temperature sufficiently high to produce complete liquidation, No. 4 from a pressure so great as to prevent even the terrific heat which most certainly exists deep down in the earth from completely liquefying the material on which it works, and No. 5 from a pressure which overcomes completely the liquefying power even of the maximum heat of the interior.

This pressure is estimated to be at the center of the earth 7,180,593,750 pounds to the square foot, a pressure so enormous that no known substance could fuse beneath it. Even hydrogen at the highest possible temperature would under such conditions become as hard as a diamond. Hence it seems probable that, far from there being a vacuum at the center of the earth, there is a basis of intensely solid matter there.—Pearson's Weekly.

He Wanted a Drink.

Some years ago Colonel Crisp was in New York, and being in attendance at a certain notable political gathering in Madison Square Garden was called upon for a speech. And did he accept? Well, rather! Running his fingers through his hair, adjusting his vest and pushing up his coat sleeves, he started in to sprinkle eagle feathers all over the stage. Now, the colonel is a stout man and has a thirst in proportion. In the course of his passionate harangue he became very warm and asked that some water be provided. In compliance with the request a diminutive pitcher and dainty little glass were brought and placed before him.

Colonel Crisp looked at it intently for a few moments, and then "What is this?" he thundered.

"W-w-water," timidly answered one of the vice presidents.

"Young man," bellowed the colonel, his nostrils quivering with suppressed rage, "either bring me a bucket and a gourd or lead me to the branch."—Kansas City Independent.

Complete Extinguishment.

Rupert—It was a strange case! He left the club one night to go to the opera and was never seen or heard of afterward.

Harold—Disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up, eh?

Rupert—More so, if possible. In that case he might have left his hat above ground or there might have been a crack left to show where he disappeared, but this fellow, mind you, disappeared as completely as if he had married an authoress.—Puck.

She Was Willing.

Young Biffkins—Before you give me your answer, Miss Ethel, I want to tell you that I haven't a penny I can call my own, but my father is quite wealthy, and only yesterday he said our home was sadly in need of a woman's guiding hand.

Miss Ethel—Well, you might mention to your father that I would not be averse to accepting a position as mother to his only boy.—Chicago News.

Not of That Nationality.

The Londoner tells the story of a gentleman who was much annoyed by having his head pinched during the operation of hair cutting. The barber apologized and explained that there was an unusual bump there.

"Are you a phrenologist?" asked the patient.

"No, sir," answered the barber. "I'm a Swede."—London Globe.

His Own Trap.

There is a young man in the pension office who is buying a house on the installment plan at a town somewhere between this city and Baltimore, and his dear little wife lives out there. It is his wont to come in early of a morning and to go out again on the 5:30 train when his day's work is done. A few days ago he met an old friend from Chicago, and, yielding to the entreaties of that old friend, he decided to spend the evening in town. He was so afraid wifie would feel hurt if she knew that he had deliberately planned an evening's good time without counting her in that he manfully resolved to deceive her. Accordingly as he came away from the office he went to a telegraph office and sent this message to her:

"Unavoidably detained. Missed 5:30 train. Will be out later."

It was a great deal later when he reached his happy home. Wifie met him at the door, and there was a look in her eye that every married man learns to know and instinctively to dread.

"Did you get my message precious?" he asked as he kissed her tenderly, holding his breath meanwhile as a precautionary measure.

"Yes, dear," she made answer, and when a woman calls her husband "dear" that way you can cut loose from the weather bureau and prognosticate a few things on your own hook. "Yes, dear, I received your message. Here it is."

There it was, sure enough. It was marked as plain as plain could be, "Received at 4:23." He hadn't thought of that.—Washington Post.

Nature as an Armorer.

There are few departments of human life where man has been so entirely anticipated and at the same time surpassed by the lower animals as in the invention of armor.

His cunningest devices of the mailed fist order were none of them original. If you examine a fine and fully developed suit of plate armor in the form which it assumed at its highest zenith in the fifteenth century, you will find that the trunk and limbs were completely inclosed in a splendid fitting, jointed case of iron plates, all exquisitely polished. The suit as a whole was a triumphant product of the armorer's art.

Yet if you look at a lobster's tail you will see at a glance that all these clever devices of man's imagining had been invented and patented long before by nature and that the elaborate workmanship of the Plantagenet craftsmen who cased knight and horse for the battlefield or the tournament in glistening metal was but a poor imitation of the ineffable skill with which the unheeded crustaceans of the time protected every vulnerable portion of their bodies from the assaults and attacks of their submarine enemies.—Strand Magazine.

An Old Salt's Stories.

The captain of the brig was much disliked by his officers, and, being ill with yellow fever and likely to die, the first lieutenant used to drill the marines in the burial service on the deck over the captain's cabin by way of cheering him up, the corporal giving his orders in a loud voice thus: "The corpse is now a-coming up the 'atchway! Reverse harms!" The skipper ultimately recovered.

The commander of a certain gunboat used to say that, having no doctor on board, he mixed the medicines provided in a chest into two bottles, and whenever any of his crew happened to be sick he drew an imaginary line across the man's stomach, and according as the pain was above or below that line he gave him a dose out of No. 1 or No. 2. He claimed that no man ever came to him twice, which was very likely.—"Hurrah For the Life of a Sailor," by Vice Admiral Kennedy.

Trouble In the Church.

The Kennebec (Me.) Journal says: "They made a strenuous matter of religion in the good old days, as is shown by this extract from the diary of Charles Creamer of Waldoboro, under date of June, 1828:

"'Sunday there was a knockdown in the Congregational meeting house between the Congregationalists and Universalists. The Universalists came off victorious. I was there. Saturday night the pulpit was guarded all night by men with clubs. Sunday was the great day. Both parties occupied the church, and there were great music and singing. Afterward the Congregationalists bought out the Universalists, and there was no more trouble.'"

Explained.

"Maw, what's de difference between er politician and er statesman?"

"Well, honey, a mushroom's good, ain't it?"

"Yes, 'um."

"And a toadstool is pizen, ain't it?"

"Yes, 'um."

"And dey bof look alike?"

"Yes, 'um."

"Des same difference from a statesman to a politician."—Brooklyn Life.

A Hustler.

This is the letterhead of an Iowa lawyer:

—— ——, LAWYER.

Practices in every court on the western hemisphere. Perfects titles and buys and sells mortgages. Makes loans and collections. Am the red-headed, scar faced, freckle begrimed legal Napoleon of the slope and always in the saddle. Active as the wild, untamed feline. Fierce as a lion and gentle as a dove.

"AND WITH GOOD ADVICE MAKE WAR."

Public Library Box 516 1Jan99

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. L. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, AUGUST 3, 1900. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 35.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect JUNE 25, 1900.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.14, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.39, 8.00, 9.10, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.28, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.22, 7.04, 7.34, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, 8.42, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.46, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 12.00, 4.52, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.33 8.28, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, *9.30, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.28, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.28, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 8.28, 6.33, 11.11, A. M., 6.42 P. M., Saturdays only. Except Claremont.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.28, †11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, ‡6.33, 8.28, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.28, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.28, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P. M.

*To Nashua only.
†To Franklin only.
‡Weirs only.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.21, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.16, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 4.03, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Jan. 1, 1900, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 and 11.15 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Wakefield & Stoneham St. R'y Co.

On and after January 1, 1900, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, then *9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester, and Arlington, at 5.15, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.30, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.45, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m., then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 8.35, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. M. LANE, Acting Supt.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00 *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

Business Cards.

Crawford's - -
ICE CREAMS
SHERBERTS, &C.
No. 412 Main St., WOBURN
TELEPHONE: 48-3.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal and Wood,
377 Main Steet.
Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

GEO. W. NICHOLS,
HAS SOLD — AND — REPAIRED
FINE WATCHES SINCE 1865.
NICHOLS
Mechanics' Building, 415 Main St.

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Return Water
from steam or hot water heating coils or raidiators below the boilers can be brought back by gravity alone. I make a specialty of such work. Let me solve your problems. It costs you nothing if I fail.
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No. 8 Middle St., Woburn.
Telephone 28-2.

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— DEALERS IN —
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Meal, Oats,
Hay, Straw,
Coal and Wood.
Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.
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Landscapes, Interiors, Machinery. Pictures Copied and Enlarged.
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Funeral Directors.
Everything pertaining to Funerals, constantly on hand.
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No. of Telephone 48-2.
Residence and Night Telephone 17-4.

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WOBURN
Real Estate Exchange,
Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents.
Office, 415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS
Room 5, Mechanics Building,
C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

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Sale, Hack, Livery and Boarding Stables.
438 MAIN STREET, - - WOBURN.
G. F. JONES, Proprietor.
Telephone 39-2.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.
Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASSWARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.
☞ SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Office: 373 Main St., Woburn.

GEORGE W. NORRIS,
Counsellor-at-Law and Notary,
MECHANICS BUILDING,
415 Main Street, WOBURN.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Business Cards.

George Durward
Choice Steaks and Roasts.
430 Main St., Woburn

DR. LEWIS
DENTIST,
FOWLE BUILDING,
353 Main St., Woburn, Mass
TELEPHONE 109-7.

JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS
P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

L. W. THOMPSON,
(Successor to L. Thompson
HARDWARE!
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No. 437 Main Street, Woburn.

CIVIL ENGINEER
and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street, BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass.

TELEPHONE 6-3,
LAWRENCE READE,
Sexton of St. Charles Church.
Undertaker & Funeral Director,
241 Main St., Woburn

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

Banner Ground Floor Studio.
The Best Work in All Varieties known to the art we are prepared to do in the best manner, as we have the finest arranged Studio in this part of the State. Give us a call before going elsewhere and see for yourselves.
F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

THE HILLS OF HOPE.

"What saw you, child, on the hills of hope
(Where none may go that be overwise)
That a shining joy fades lingeringly
Out of the deeps of your eyes?"

"The hills of hope are roses and snow,
And the glad air of its own self sings,
And the dull world hid in the mists below
Is a gray, forgotten dream of things,
And, oh, but my heart was light and gay
When I walked on the hills of hope today!"

"What saw you, child, on the rainbow hills
(Where none may go that be overwise)
That you lay your cold little hand in mine,
With the shadow of fear in your eyes?"

"On the farther side of the rainbow hills
Is a forest of dead trees black and bare,
And a river cold as the river of death
And the ghosts of dead joys wander there,
And, oh, but my heart was terrified
Today at that cold, dark river side!"

"Now be not afraid, little child, for see
The dream is gone, and the warm sunshine
Is bright on the paths of every day,
And your hand is clasped in mine."
—Charlotte Lowry Marsh in East and West.

THE DEATH CHAMBER.

A Strange but True Tale.

By Frederick R. Guernsey.

There used to be, perhaps it still stands, an old hacienda house down in the state of Guerrero which, for many years, held an evil repute as a place of sudden and inexplicable death.

The state is now undergoing the process so familiar in Mexico, known as "opening up" by railway construction. Few people used to go down into that region of heat and mystery; few came up from it to the capital city, for intercourse was difficult, a matter of stage riding over mountain roads liberally strewn with rocks, or else, in the lower country, deep with dust in the autumn and winter and, later on, as the rainy season advanced, there was mud—mud up to the bellies of the horses. To many parts of the state one had to go on horse, or, better, on mule back. There is no beast as safe as a mule, except for the fallen rider, to whom the unholy hybrid, before bolting, stops to administer a parting kick.

The house I have mentioned was on a large tropical estate devoted to sugar cane, out of which much aguardiente was made, and to various hot country products of local consumption, for the bad roads placed a prohibitory charge on transportation. You approached the house through great fields green with the cane, over a road which, though a private way, was none of the best, and finally you reached an avenue of orange and pepper trees and saw near at hand the low, one story white stone house and the plantation buildings, stables, sugar mill, peons' quarters, etc. Back of the house rose a fringe of lofty palms, whose clash during a gale was as of the sails of windmills allowed to run at will. The house seemed so calm and cool and wholly delightful! The traveler, weary of the long ride, gazed with delight on the whiteness, palm shadowed. It was an oasis of comfort in a desert of blinding sunshine. It gave promise of rest for man and beast, of cool water and rural plenty.

Such was the hacienda of Valverde. The saints in heaven know that it was a pleasant looking place. Don Diego Prado and Maria Naranjo, his wife, were a quiet, hospitable couple of 45 and 40 years respectively, with several children grown to a companionable age, which means much in such a solitary place.

Travelers were welcome at Valverde; they brought the news of the outer world, and months after their departure their peculiarities of face and figure, dress and gesture, even their quaintnesses of speech, were subjects for conversation over the dinner table, or when the family gathered in the inner patio for an evening chat, the master of the house tranquilly smoking—a large, good natured man, quiet for lack of themes to set his tongue a-going. Maria Naranjo was voluble, fond of company, and enthusiastically hospitable; so much so that Don Diego used to say that she would welcome a blind mule gone astray on the roads.

There were several guestrooms, usually furnished with the proper and decent simplicity of the hot country, cot beds with just the canvas to lie on, thick "frazadas" for the cool nights, as it is often very chilly in the tierra calienta after the sun goes down and night advances, a chair or two, a bureau and a small German looking glass warranted to make one wish he had never contemplated his features therein. One could hardly use the glass for shaving without danger of cutting off an ear. The floors of broad red tiles, unglazed; the walls whitewashed so you could see, even with the feeble light of a candle, if there was a scorpion crawling about, suggesting how inscrutable are the decrees of Allah who embodies one intelligence in a horrid, creeping thing, and another in that strange biped, man, that is as a god walking the earth, and, as we all know, always and everywhere the glory and justification of the immense time given to his evolution.

The room of honor for distinguished people was a large one with two iron grated windows looking out on a large courtyard and a door which you closed at night, and then placed across it, the ends resting in each its hole, a great beam for perfect security against intruders. There were at least six chairs of Austrian bent wood, light colored, two of them comfortable "mecedores," or rocking chairs, and there was even a sofa of the same material, one of the finest products of human ingenuity.

The bed was a masterpiece of brass, with a great canopy surmounted by some sort of carved crown, as if designed for an emperor happening by and asking lodging for the night. The bed foundation, as it were, was composed of boards painted green and laid across the frame. And there was a mattress, very thin and hard, as is proper in tropical regions, if you employ so essentially strange a thing at all. A faded but ample rug was stretched at one side of the bed so that aristocratic feet need not touch the vulgar brick tiles on getting into bed at night or on arising in the morning, when the yellow sunlight filled the room, from the big patio. The room was pleasant, and one would not imagine it had had so sinister a history. Within six years three people had occupied it and had been found dead in the morning, and no one could say what had extinguished the lamp of their life. There was Don Carlos Arispe, who was a planter, living 60 miles away, and who had been lodged in the room of the canopied bed as a due tribute to his social consequence. He was 60 years old, and it was believed that he died of heart disease. Then came a lawyer from the City of Mexico, from the faroff city of palaces, on his way to Acapulco to arrange some business.

Surely so grand a personage as a licenciado of the capital of the federation must be lodged in the grand room! He, too, died in the night, inexplicably. Still he was fragile and had been exposed to the sun a great deal, and the transition from his somber, cool and smoky office in the capital to hot roads and coarse fare was believed to have affected his brain. The servants said it was a case of cerebral congestion due to "insolacion," or overexposure to the sun. For ten months nobody was placed in the room till there came, one spring afternoon, a robust young man, a surveyor for a foreign company, accompanied by two mozos. He was a man of consequence, for he wore a pearl handled Massachusetts made revolver, and so, without giving heed to the grim history of the room of the canopied bed, he was placed there, and as he undressed that April night he whistled as only a happy German may and sang songs of the fatherland.

When old Ponciano, a house servant, went to call the surveyor in the morning, he was cold in death. His mozos viewed the remains, and in haste they rode off to bring the judge, who lived 20 miles away. He barely got there in time, for in the tierra caliente burial follows close on death. The judge pronounced it a case of sudden death (oh, legal sapiency!) due to organic cardiac derangement—at least that is what his high sounding phrase implied, and the sonorous sound of the words satisfied the dead man's faithful servants and all the onlookers. There was no sign of a wound on the fair body of the young man. He was buried that night out in the little cemetery where had preceded him two other victims of the fatal bed.

Nearly six years had elapsed since the first of these sinister happenings when, just after the close of the rainy season, the roads having hardened, there arrived from Acapulco a young married couple on their way to the City of Mexico. They were accompanied by six armed mozos, and all were well mounted. The young man, the Captain Felix Delmonte, and his bride were most charming people. The officer had just taken to himself a wife, having received news of the death of an uncle, a wealthy man in the federal capital, who had made him his sole heir. It was a somewhat unusual thing to marry at the "very root" of a kinsman's death, but Soledad Marquez was an orphan, and the officer was madly in love with her and hoped to make arrangements to leave the service and settle down with this lovely young woman in the City of Mexico, there to enjoy the new wealth. Soledad was a tropical beauty, a daughter of the sun and the sea, a girl of the Pacific coast and with eyes deep, dark and dreamy, fit to fascinate a king. They asked accommodations for themselves and their escort for the night, and Don Diego and his wife were only too glad of their company. There were a grand supper that night and much merrymaking, and all the news of the great and famous port of Acapulco was retailed, to the intense interest of Don Diego and his household.

How it came about that the young couple were assigned to the room of the canopied bed is told thus: They were first shown to a small room in which two cots had been placed for them and expressed their thanks for the lodging in the gracious Mexican way when Dona Maria, feeling a housewifely pride in the fact that she had a grander room to show, remarked, "I could give you another recamera, but"—

"But what?" inquired Captain Delmonte, and he added: "For myself I don't mind, but this little woman is very tired, and perhaps you have a mattress on which she could better rest. Excuse the trouble I'm giving you."

The married pair were shown the grand room, and Maria exclaimed, "What a very pretty bed!" The good wife dared not relate the story of the room, being ashamed, as she afterward remarked, and then, too, she reflected that the mattress was a new one and the room had been cleaned and newly whitewashed. The young couple seemed so radiant with happiness, so strong and full of the joy of life, that Dona Maria told them to take the room and to say well their prayers on retiring. They laughed and promised to do so. Then she went to Don Diego, who, being a practical man, listened to her words of foreboding and laughed, saying: "The spell will be broken by this happy pair; they bring love and life and everything gladsome with them. Don't think more about it, woman, and let us have a breakfast fit for our guests. To bed, to bed, and let us be up betimes!"

It was a lovely late October morning, the air touched with just a distant suspicion of a chill; the sun, big and white and glorious, rose from above the tops of the great sawlike ridge of mountains, the palm trees swayed in the breeze, and there was a contagious joy in all nature. Repeating her prayers, Dona Maria asked the blessing of heaven on the young people and went out to see her maids and make sure of a grand breakfast, so the travelers might start away with pleasant memories of the hacienda of Valverde. There was a commotion in the huge kitchen, where the morning repast was preparing according to the direction given to the "ama de llaves" the night before by the careful Maria.

Seven o'clock came, and the young people were not astir, though the mozos of the escort were long before up and had had their coffee. Eight o'clock came, and Maria felt a sinking of the heart; a horrible clutching sensation seized her bosom; she grew faint and called for water; then, feeling better, she went to the big patio, tapped lightly on the door of the grand room and listened, her heart thumping.

No reply! Then she knocked louder, and then again with more force, and no answer came. She almost dropped, and cold sweat covered her body. Old Ponciano came hobbling along, his face worried. "Get up on that chair and look in the window," said Maria faintly. The old man did as he was bid, and said, "They are still sleeping"—

Then he jumped down, and his face, though very brown, became blanched with fear. He recalled the young German surveyor, the lawyer and Don Carlos Arispe.

Then came the master of the house, Don Diego, tall, strong, and his face somber. He was choking with apprehension. He, too, looked in the window and shouted.

And there was no reply.

Then he tried the door, and, luckily, the young people had not put up the wooden beam. He went in, and touched the sleepers. They moved not. They were—sleeping the last sleep!

Don Diego was a strong man, but he felt deadly ill. "Demons haunt this accursed room!" he cried out. Then, Ponciano having called the men of the escort, they came and entered the room. Astonishment was depicted on their faces. They refused to believe that the captain and his bride, so calm in death, were not asleep. They groaned in spirit, and one of the men shouted in Captain Delmonte's ear: "Captain, get up! It is nearly 9 o'clock." But the captain was far away.

The same judge who had been sent for before was summoned. The judge came late in the afternoon. He recalled his previous visit, and yet he said: "No suspicion can attach to you, Don Diego, nor to your wife or servants. This is an act of God; this room, this bed, they are accursed. Let us remove the bodies; they may be buried in the morning, and next day I will draw up papers relating the mystery of this room, which should be barred, never to be opened again."

The men of the escort wept like children; they were good loyal fellows, and fond of the captain and his bride. Old Ponciano was so overcome that he fell in an ataque and died incontinently. A whisper went about that he was a poisoner, and that his heart had accused him! So the servants gossiped.

At 5:30 in the morning the young couple were buried in the presence of the judge who also presided over the interment of Ponciano, not without some feeling of suspicion in his heart regarding the old man. But Don Diego said: "Ponciano served my father before me. He was the soul of honor, though poor and a servant. No, no; let us take down that bed, for so, perchance, we shall ease our minds, though I believe that the room is filled with demons."

Late in the afternoon the judge and Don Diego, with the men of the escort, went to the grand room. It was bright, as is the wont of windowed rooms after great tragedies. Servants began to take the bed to pieces, trembling with superstitious horror. When the canopy was removed, everybody was petrified and felt turned to icy rigidity. Concealed in the top was a nest of tarantulas! They scattered as disturbed, these demons in reality, and the men ran out of the room, fearing them. Here was the long kept secret of the fatal room. These creatures had descended at night and killed their victims and then returned to their nest in the canopy.

All was duly set down by the judge and attested by all the witnesses. And this closed the grewsome chapter of horrors at the hacienda of Valverde.—Boston Herald.

A Story From Dublin.

It was at a Dublin dance. What lent additional luster to the occasion was the expectation that a certain important peer would put in an appearance and, of course, dance with certain fortunate damsels. The guest of the evening was, however, late. An excellent and fussy person saw a very pretty girl sitting out dance after dance. He went up and, speaking to the mother, observed:

"It is quite a shame that your pretty daughter should be sitting out in this way. You must really let me introduce her to some nice young men who will give her all the dancing she wants."

"Whist!" cried the mother. "Be aisy; I'm kaping her cool for the earl."

A Curt Reply.

The postmaster of Round Up, Kan., recently received notification from the department in Washington that he would be compelled to give a larger bond for the faithful performance of his duty, as the business of his office was increasing. The postmaster draws a salary of $25 a year, and he returned the department's letter with the word "Nit" written in red ink at the bottom. At last accounts the postmaster was doing business under the old bond.

Some Ink and a Shirt.

I once remember having a noted London doctor out at sea for a little amateur fishing. He would like to see a loligo cuttle caught, he said. I warned him of what was likely to happen when gaffing was on, but he did not care. "Surely," he said, "I can dodge such guesswork as this must be for so short a time."

I felt dubious as to the result, seeing his white shirt was a prominent object through his having such an open vest. Finally a cuttle took the bait, and as I drew it toward us the doctor lost all thought of himself and his adornments in his admiration of the movements and the beautiful eyes of the creature when in an instant, as I gaffed it, the whole ink charge struck him in the throat and sadly blackened his white habiliments.—Contemporary Review.

A good book and a good woman are excellent things for a man who can appreciate their value, but too many men judge both from the beauty of their covering.—Chicago News.

Where the sun does not enter the doctor must go.—Italian Proverb.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

No other aid so great to the housewife, no other agent so useful and certain in making delicious, pure and wholesome foods, has ever been devised.

ABSOLUTELY PURE

There are imitation baking powders, sold cheap, by many grocers. They are made from alum, a poisonous drug, which renders the food injurious to health.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

SOME COLD WEATHER.

Stories Which Some Army Officers Tell About the Northwest.

"No, I didn't," protested the lieutenant at the Army and Navy club.

"Didn't what?" inquired a captain.

"Why, these fellows here say I said the cold was so intense out in the northwest one winter that I saw the candle flames freeze stiff, and the farmers sold them for strawberries."

"Didn't you say it?" inquired the captain kindly.

"No, sir; I did not."

"Then I'll say it for you, sir. It happened when I was out there 20 years ago, and then again when I was there three years ago. That same winter one of my men was frozen to death in a peculiar manner. I was going to send him ten miles to the railroad station, and, the day being sharper than usual, I gave him a big drink of some whisky I had in my tent. He took a tremendous long dram and started away. A half hour later I remembered it was St. Louis whisky, and at once feared the worst and sent our surgeon after him. But, alas, it was too late. A post mortem examination showed that the whisky was frozen solid, thus causing death.

"How sad!" sighed a retired colonel, who had had years of experience in the northwest, wiping his eyes. "I almost had an even more dire disaster than that happen to my whole force on one occasion. I was a lieutenant at the time and was out with ten men on a scouting expedition in January. We were on the way back and had reached a point not far from the post where some planks had been piled up with which to build a shack as soon as spring opened. We were not more than 20 miles from the post and went into camp so as to get a good early start in the morning and reach home before dark. We used the planks for extra shelter, because it was bitter cold and getting colder every minute, with indications of a blizzard. At the first streak of day the wind was blowing a gale, and by the time it was light there was a hurricane, and the boards were flying every which way. Tents couldn't stand it at all and had gone long ago, and it looked very much as if the whole squad would be frozen right there. If we could have built a hut of the boards, we might have stood a chance. But there wasn't a nail within 20 miles of us, and the only hammers we had were our bayonets. Necessity, however, is the mother of invention, and during a lull in the storm I noticed some sharp little icicles on some roots under a sheltered bank a foot or so above the little stream that ran by. At once I got one of them, and, taking the hilt of my sword for a hammer, I found I could drive it into the plank.

"'Saved!' I yelled, and at once gave the command for all hands to hustle those planks together while the lull lasted and to gather in all the icicles obtainable and nail the boards up with them. The men thought I was crazy for a minute, but only for a minute, and then, with a hurrah, they went for planks, icicles and bayonets, and in 15 or 20 minutes we had nailed together a shack three or four feet high, so the wind couldn't strike it so hard, and wide enough for all of us. We got into it just in time, for presently the storm came again, and it was something terrific. Twenty-four hours later it seemed quiet outside, and I made an investigation and discovered that we were under about six feet of snow, but were all right, as the wind had fallen and the sky was clear, though it was intensely cold. We got out at once, and, after a terrific day's march, we reached the post. Four weeks later I went back to our camp—Salvation camp, we called it—and found that those icicles were still frozen so hard that they held the shack together fully as well as nails of the same size would have done."

Nobody after that said a word—words seemed so inadequate.—Washington Star.

Trying It on the Typewriter.

A young Chicago matron who presides over a charming home on the North Side told me a characteristic story about Joseph Jefferson which deserves to be embalmed in print.

"Several years ago," said she, "when Mr. Jefferson was preparing his autobiography, he was obliged to do a great deal of the work while on tour. A publishing house with which I was connected at one time recommended me to him as an amanuensis who had considerable experience in the preparation of manuscript for publication and I joined the actor in St. Louis.

"Mr. Jefferson would spend several hours every night after the play in making notes of what he wanted to say. The next afternoon he would dictate to me. Usually he would ring in a great collection of memoranda jotted down on envelopes and scraps of paper, and sometimes he would appear with a newspaper whose margins would be literally covered with queer figures and hen tracks. Walking up and down the floor, he would dictate to me slowly in that cracked Rip Van Winkle voice of his, and I could follow him easily on the typewriter.

"One day, when we met as usual for work at the Southern hotel, he seemed to have prepared more elaborate notes than usual, and instead of walking about the room he sat down quite a distance away from me and began to dictate the chapter treating of his closing Australian experiences. There was a pathetic quiver in his voice as he spoke of the many happy days he had spent in that faraway land, among comparative strangers, and added that he hoped his book would come to them as a sort of handclasp between friends who would never meet again in this life.

"It was very affecting. My eyes grew misty, and I had to stop writing. Suddenly I felt a kindly hand on my head, and Mr. Jefferson's voice said: 'That's what I wanted. Cry all you want to, my girl. I cried myself last night when I wrote that, but I was afraid no one else would. I guess it will do.'"—Chicago Times-Herald.

Under Water.

Strange acquaintances are to be made under water. H. Phelps Whitmarsh, who for a time adopted the calling of pearl fisher in Australian waters, tells this story of meeting a submarine monster:

"It was a muddy day, and everything in consequence looked blurred and exaggerated. In the yellow distance I saw an immense dark object moving slowly toward me. As it came nearer I made out a central body with several great arms, or feelers, waving rhythmically. My heart was in my mouth.

"I felt sure it was an octopus. Then, when I was about to stir up the mud at my feet to avoid being seen, I discovered that the enemy was nothing more than a fellow diver. The feelers I had imagined were his arms, legs and lines.

"A shadowy giant about 12 feet high, with huge hands and a head like a small barrel, was approaching. He walked slowly, his heavy boots raising the mud behind him like a cloud of dust, and his great central eye gleamed darkly. Although I knew him to be a man, it was with difficulty that I refrained from taking to my heels. At sight of me he, too, was startled, but he quickly recovered, and we shook hands. Then we nodded, grinned, showed each other the state of our bags and parted."

A Jolly Funeral.

An Italian doctor named Louis Cortusio, who died in the eighteenth century, left some curious instructions as to the manner of his burial. This gentleman, by his will, forbade his relations to weep at his funeral on pain of being disinherited and appointed him or her who should laugh the longest and loudest the principal heir and legatee. Not a stitch of black was to be displayed either in the house in which he should die or in the church in which he should be buried. They were both to be strewn with flowers and green boughs on the day of his funeral. Instead of the tolling of bells lively music was to accompany his body to the church, and 50 minstrels were to march with the clergy sounding their flutes, trombones and trumpets. The bier was to be carried by 12 marriageable girls clothed in green, to each of whom the testator bequeathed a sum of money for her dowry. Lastly, no one in the procession was to wear black. All these orders were absolutely carried into effect.—Household Words.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, AUG. 3, 1900.

☞ The Paris Exposition does not seem to lessen travel on the Boston & Maine Railroad System, the trains of which, running seaward, are loaded with humanity seeking rest and comfort. The System reaches every desirable summer retreat in Northern New England, and when sea breezes no longer attract, pleasure seekers will betake themselves to the mountains and woods of the more northern sections and keep the roads still on the jump. The Managers of the Boston & Maine, at their grand headquarters in the Northern Station, Boston, make a study of providing superior traveling accommodations for their thousands of patrons and to inventing schemes for the comfort and pleasure of vacationists and others. D. J. Flanders, Esq., the General Passenger and Ticket Agent of the Company, has had years of experience in that office, and no man connected with New England railroads enjoys a greater degree of popularity than he does. His business is to accommodate and satisfy the traveling public, and in this he is entirely successful. Just now Maine's coast is lined with visitors from every section of the Union. No State presents so many and such rare seaside attractions. There are fashionable resorts galore, but the small towns, the fishing hamlets, and rural countrysides, are also alive with summer outers. The B. & M. takes these great crowds to their myriad destinations, for its lines run in all directions and reach everywhere.

☞ Mr. William J. Hobbs, for 15 years General Auditor of the Boston & Maine Railroad Company, and during the same period General Auditor of the Vermont Valley, and Sullivan County Roads, has just been promoted to the office of Comptroller and General Auditor, for which important position nearly 28 years experience has eminently fitted him. He entered railroad service as a clerk in 1872, and by intelligence and fidelity has won his way to his present position, which is virtually that of Treasurer of the Company, and for which he is entitled to credit. The Boston dailies, reporting the promotion of Mr. Hobbs, say: "His appointment as Comptroller enlarges his duties, puts him in charge of the Accounting Departments, places great responsibilities upon him, and gives him a considerably larger salary." He is a thoroughly educated railroad man, and a faithful officer of the B. & M. corporation. Friends congratulate Mr. Hobbs on his well deserved good fortune.

☞ The Gypsy Moth authorities have been looking over the ground lately. While deeply lamenting the refusal of the Legislature to make an appropriation to carry on work against the Moth this year, the Committee said last Monday: "While the conditions as a whole were not alarming, they found one colony in Burlington, near the Woburn line, which developed last year, in very bad condition, caterpillars by the thousands ravaging. It is useless to attempt to do anything with this colony at present, but when the eggs are laid it is probable that active measures will be taken."

Verily, a bad kettle of fish!

☞ Mr. E. C. Foster has won his way to the office of Manager of the Eastern Massachusetts Electric Railway Company's aggregation of street railroads by merit alone. For years before this great combination, which comprises all the lines in Eastern Massachusetts excepting those of the Boston Elevated Company, he was General Manager of the Lynn & Boston, which, under his able administration, was one of the most prosperous roads in the State. The promotion of Mr. Foster to his present responsible position was well deserved.

☞ Mayor Davis has a right to congratulate himself on a material reduction of the rate of taxation this year. His aim has been to conduct the city's finances with the greatest degree of economy consistant with the public interests and thus to reduce taxation and lighten the burdens of the taxpayers. This commendable object has been secured by him. The figures of the Assessors show a reduction of $1.40 from last year's rate, which is a far better exhibit than was expected. It will increase the Mayor's chances for a third term.

☞ President McKinley, as the constituted representative of a great Republic, has lifted the yoke of oppressive imperialism from the shoulders of 850,000 Porto Ricans, from 1,500,000 Cubans, and 10,000,000 Philippinos. He has freed more subject colonists from the tyranny of Spain than Washington delivered from the oppression of Great Britian, yet in view of these facts of history Bryan would have the country believe that it must choose between him an Emperor.

☞ We have heard, but do not know how true it is, that Representative Butler Ames of Lowell, aspirant for Congressional honors, has been circulating among his Woburn friends this week. A gentleman who lately declared that he should vote for the reelection of Congressman Knox acted as Mr. Ames's guide and introducer. At least such was the report. We regret that Mr. Ames did not find time to call on the JOURNAL.

☞ Last Sunday King Humbert of Italy was shot and almost instantly killed by an Anarchist at Monza near Milan while he and the Queen were on a visit there. The name of the assassin is Gaetano Brazzi, an Italian, who, it is said, was selected from a colony of Anarchists at New York, or Patterson, N. J., to go to Italy and commit the terrible crime. All Europe was deeply shocked on receipt of the news of the assassination of the King.

☞ Notwithstanding the fact that grass and gardens in the suburbs suffered severely because rain was so long delayed, the season's crop of gypsy moths promises to be of remarkable proportions.—*Boston Journal.*

Sure!

☞ It is as good as settled that the foreign Ambassadors are alive and fairly well at Pekin, China. This assurance will not, however, stop the allied armies from striking and taking that city; indeed, it is reported that they are already on the way to it. The Administration now have but little doubt that Minister Congor is alive and penned up in Pekin.

☞ The imports and exports of Porto Rico for the month of May, 1900, were each about 100 per cent. greater than for the corresponding month of the year 1899. This is the poverty and distress which the Democratic platform said the Republicans had doomed the Island.

☞ The Republican State convention for the nomination of candidates for State offices and Presidential Electors will be held at the Boston Theatre, Boston, on Oct. 4.

☞ Representative Arthur E. Roberts of Reading was in this city last Saturday. He was not looking after his "fences," for they are all right at this end of the District.

☞ The National and many of the State elections take place about three months hence. That gives time enough for a hot fight.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Yates & Co.—Dis. Notice.
Lexington & Boston St. R. Co.—Pet. & Order.

— Locke, tuner, telephone, this page.

— The days have decreased in length 53 minutes.

— Cora M. Buxton is outing at Worcester, Mass.

— The first Monday of September is a legal holiday.

— City Clerk Finn hasn't felt overly smart this week.

— Very good dogdays weather has prevailed this week.

— Tuesday, July 31, 2 p. m.: from 87 to 90 in the shade.

— Miss Edith L. Woodward is visiting at West Henniker, N. H.

— The City Council are enjoying a layoff to last through August.

— The Assessors will finish their tax books in about two weeks.

— Quite a number of people have asked us who "O. S. B." is.

— Aberjona Colony initiated several members last Wednesday evening.

— Henry Smith and family have gone to the Provinces for a month's outing.

— Mr. Fred F. Lowell, salesman at Hammond's clothing store, is taking a vacation.

— Dr. Lewis and wife will go to Centreville, Cape Cod, for two week's vacation.

— Mrs. James S. Cassidy and Master Anthony Cassidy are at No. Attleboro for a visit.

— With nearly everybody away on vacation August will be a dull month in this city.

— Particular attention is asked for the dissolution notice of Reed & Yatee in this paper.

— Mrs. S. F. Hathaway and daughter Helen have returned from a fine visit at Beverly.

— Mr. James Begley is outing at Vezie, Maine, where he found a wife a few years ago.

— Whitcher is going to capture that kodak advertisement prize of $50 "as sure's shootin'."

— Mrs. T. F. McCormick and Miss Katherine McCormick are visiting at Woodstock, Md.

— Mrs. Junkins and her daughter, Miss Alice M., have returned to their home in this city.

— The Methodist church and Sunday School went on a picnic to Salem Willows last Wednesday.

— Mrs. Lillie Bailey will go to Bath, Maine, next Monday for a visit during the hot weather.

— It looks as though Cummingsville would have an electric road one of these days, if not sooner.

— Captain Thomas Mulkeen and Officer McKenna of the police are taking their annual vacation.

— The Nashua, N. H., Annual Fair will be held on the Driving Park in that city on Sept. 3, 4, 5, 6.

— Harry A. Turner, Co. E, 43d Reg't, Capt. Hanson's Co., now in the Philippines, don't like soldiering.

— Read Whitcher's ad. for this week. It is a stunner. He is making the fur fly on Kodaks this summer.

— The City Council have fixed the assessment for watering streets at 4 cents per linear foot on the abuttors.

— Mr. William Ellard of Lynn, formerly of Woburn, was the guest of Mr. Gilman F. Jones last Wednesday.

— Edward T. Mulkeen went to Washington, D. C., last Tuesday, and will go from there to the Adirondacks.

— Judge John G. Maguire and Mrs. Maguire will leave in about two weeks for a season of vacation pleasure.

— A good many of our people will go on the Portland and Old Orchard excursion from Reading next Wednesday.

— Miss Alice M. Junkins has resumed her clerical duties at the freight office of the B. & M. Railroad in this city.

— All kinds of repairing at Leathe's. Our $2.50 hand welt calf shoes for men are equal to any $3 advertised shoes.

— The Italians of this city grieve mightily over the murder of King Humbert, who enjoyed their love and esteem.

— Rev. George M. Gerrish, one of Woburn's bright young men, and family are visiting relatives and friends in this city.

— Copeland & Bowser, with Dorr as "man behind the gun," are closing out present stocks preparatory to a big fall trade.

1817 1900

CARPETS.

Every purchaser of Carpets—whether for the smallest room or the biggest hotel—wants his mind satisfied on three points, namely:

PRICE—QUALITY—STYLE.

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Only 10 Cents.
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Successors to PARKER, THE DRUGGIST.

Hot Weather Goods.
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street. - - - - - - - Woburn

— Postmaster Wyer and family went to Northern N. H. early this week.

— Mr. Cecil Duncan, druggist clerk at Brooks's, is visiting St. Johns, N. B.

— Mayor Davis and family left here for their vacation outing last Wednesday.

— Yesterday morning, August 2, the temperature was 50. How was that for a change?

— A large party of Woburn people went to the Isles of Shoals to-day with Mr. J. Howard Nason.

— Mr. Alfred Willoughby of Newton was in this city yesterday. He was looking and feeling firstrate.

— The daughters of Rev. Dr. Wood of the M. E. church, were guests at the Ex-Gov. Bullock residence, Boylston, last week.

— The St. Charles baseball team and the St. Augustines of South Boston played a smart game in this city last Saturday afternoon.

— The Social Democrats will hold a meeting on the Common Saturday evening. It will be addressed by Ernest C. Peabody of Haverbill.

— The present address of Rev. Dr. D. and Mrs. Scudder is Adirondack Lodge, North Elba, Essex Co., N. Y. They are there for their vacation.

— Mrs. W. A. Andrews of Sunnyside Poultry Farm, Button End, retails dressed poultry, eggs, etc. Her goods are all right and prices reasonable.

— A few years ago Pine Bank, Malden, was Woburn's favorite picnic grounds. Latterly the beautiful place is seldom mentioned by our people.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— Mr. A. H. Whitford, General Secretary of the Rochester (N. Y.) Y. M. C. A., has been visiting his former home, relatives and many friends here.

— At a meeting of the City Council last Saturday evening the Mayor's veto of the new schoolhouse loan was sustained. That ends the matter for this year.

— Mr. Henry F. Davis, of the firm of J. T. Freeman & Co., don't know but that he will take a little trip Down East soon. His wife is summering in Maine.

— Mr. and Mrs. Arthur A. Brooks of Arlington Road have gone to Little Deer Isle, Maine, for their summer outing. They expect to remain there until Sept. 1.

— You can smell the hay as you look at the panoramic pictures in Whitcher's window. "A whole loaf" of the White Mountains makes his new Kodak a dandy.

— The Board of Health have bought the pipe with which to drain the Town Meadow. If they don't find they've got an elephant on their hands we shall miss our guess.

— President Blodgett of the City Council is Acting Mayor of this city, and will fill the honorable post until Mayor Davis returns from the wilds of New Brunswick.

— West Side people will be glad to get rid of the old John Cummings piggery over there. Fire nearly destroyed it the other morning. It has been a nuisance for years.

— B. Frank Waldron, the insurance agent, Leonard Davis, and J. Frank Fowle of the Board of License Commissioners, were camping out at Plymouth last week.

— To fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Thomas Begley Mr. Bryan McSweeney has been appointed Deputy Tax Collector. He will make a good one.

— Mr. Walter Widgery starts today for Hillsboro' Bridge, N. H., where his wife has been visiting for a few weeks past. Mr. Widgery will be away about a fortnight.

— Mr. William W. Wade, Water Registrar, Mrs. Wade, and the children, are expected home from Gloucester today. They went down early this week to get some seabreezes.

— Mr. D. Wilbur Brown of Nichols's Corner is very much interested in the proposed electric road through Cummingsville to Lexington, and will work for its success.

— Hope it will be cooler than at present for Maine's "Old Home Week." It occurs to us that the last part of September would be more fitting for such a celebration than August.

— Mrs. Charles M. Strout and her son Percy T. Strout are at Northport, near Belfast, Maine, for a few weeks of comfort. Northport is one of the nicest seashore resorts in Maine.

— Miss Mary F. Godkin, clerk in the City Collector's office, has made up her mind to rest during the present vacation season, and will, therefore, give beaches and mountains a wide berth.

— Mr. McDermott, Chief of Police, will enjoy his vacation at Woods Hole, a favorite resort of his Capt. Thomas Mulkeen will be at the head of the Depatment during the absence of the Chief.

— Since leasing the Fitchburg Railroad the number of men employed by the Boston & Maine Railroad Company has been increased to 22,293. The weekly payroll amounts to $185,000. A great army.

— Miss Addie R. Godkin will leave tomorrow for Northern Vermont, where she will remain through the month of August. A visit will be made to St. Albans, Vt., and some of the Lake Champlain summer resorts.

— Miss Flossie Morse left her home at Mr. Sullivan Simonds's last Saturday for York Beach where she will join Miss Minnie Simonds. The young ladies will remain at that popular seaside resort through August.

— Of course everybody realizes that the reduction of the tax rate for 1900 was purely the result of a parsimonious, cheese-paring, treatment of much needed permanent improvements by the City Fathers. Look at our roads!

— Rev. Charles A. Wight of Platteville, Wisconsin, who occupied the sacred desk of First church so acceptably last Sunday, has lately received a call to become pastor of the Congregational church at Hallowell, Maine.

— Mayor Davis says that the city will be given the privilege of bidding on the construction of the Cambridge street State Road, and that if the bid meets with the approval of the Commissioners Woburn labor will construct it.

— Woburn and Stoneham have $5,000 slices of the State Highway Appropriation, Reading has $2,000, Winchester is on the list, while Wakefield with 10,000 population seems forever out in the cold.—*Reading Chronicle.*

— Rev. Dr. March takes a lively interest in the news from China because he has, in years past, visited the missionaries in Pekin and other cities and localities of that country where the strife of warfare and bloodshed is now going on, and learned not a little of the Chinese in their homes and at their occupations. He tells many entertaining stories about those pagan people.

— A New York gentleman has given the Lowell Textile School $35,000 with which to erect a new building to be called Southwick Hall. Mr. William W. Crosby of this city, who is Principal of the School, is not feeling very badly over its good fortune.

— Messrs. S. F. Trull, William Beggs and F. B. Richardson have petitioned the City Council for an order to widen Main street between Church and Charles streets. The hearing is set for Sept. 20. The petition ought, by all means, to be granted.

— As a trespasser in the town of Stoneham I would move that the town authorities be allowed to spend their $5,000 for a State road at once. If there is any town in the State more in need of a real road I would like to know it.—*Boston Record.* Ah, that so?

— Woburn is considering rebuilding Cambridge street from the Winchester line. If this should be done then there will be a first class road from the Centre of Woburn to Boston. Winchester is now preparing to rebuild this street to the Woburn line.—*Winchester Star.*

— Miss Florence M. Stetson of Woburn has just returned from Toledo, Ohio, where she has been visiting her cousin, Miss Alice G. Melvin, of that city. Miss Stetson is one of Woburn's most charming young ladies and her many friends and glad to welcome her back again.

— The Woburn JOURNAL says, "Our Golf Club wastes no time on tyros. Shoo fly." Well, Mr. JOURNAL, your Club might learn a few points in the game of golf by coming to Winchester that would be to the advantage of the players.—*Winchester Star.* There's gall for you!

— The WOBURN JOURNAL credits Mayor Davis with having done more toward annihilating kitchen barrooms than any of his predecessors. It is said on good authority that it is very nearly impossible to find a place in the city where the liquor laws are violated. —*Reading Chronicle.*

— Last Monday morning, at the close of a pleasant fortnight's visit to his old stamping ground and home of his boyhood days on Cape Cod, Mr. Fred H. Rogers resumed the duties of teller of the First National Bank. He was as brown as a berry and appeared to be very supple.

— Mr. Hannon, B. & M. Station Agent, was in this city last Wednesday and reported that the Malden Merchants Day excursion to Old Orchard and Portland bids fair to be the biggest thing in the excursion line out of jail. He said that rafts of Woburn people are going. Fair, round trip, $1.50.

— The finest location for an electric road would be from the railroad crossing on Pleasant st., through Arlington Road, around the base of Horn Pond Mountain to Cambridge st., and over that to Arlington Common. It is the prettiest drive in this vicinity, and a good many people live on the route.

— Hon. Joshua B. Holden of Boston visited friends in this city, of which he is a native, last week. He is at his summer home in Billerica where, with a plenty to eat and drink, good health, and surrounded by agreeable associates, he is taking comfort, as has been his wont in years past. Long may he wave.

— North Pond in Oakland, or Smithfield, Maine, continues to be a favorite resort of many Woburn young men. Last week a camping and fishing party went down there consisting of Fred Fowle, Elbridge Gerry Barker, Jr., Leo Maguire, Edward Johnson, Fred Dow and Charles A. P. Bartlett, and enjoyed it greatly.

— What this city ought to do is to adopt Ald. H. N. Conn's plan hire $100,000, and build roads. The longer people think of it the more they are inclined to regard favorably that scheme. Once get some roads that are roads and for years to come no more will be heard on the vexed question. But the patching system will never do the business.

— These are famous days for fishing in Horn Pond. Some good catches are made, but oftener boys are seen trudging home with a solitary hornpout, or redfin, or perhaps a couple of little suckers, strung on an alder twig, happy and contented, with a fish supper in prospect, to say nothing of the glory of their piscatorial achievements. Well, the boys enjoy it.

— Mr. Henry M. Aldrich and family of Montvale avenue, including Miss Gladys, a Smith College Sophomore, and Raymond, a Harvard University student, leave here on Monday, Aug. 6, for Southport, Maine, a delightful coast town of the Pine Tree State. They will meet many nice Woburn people there and a pleasant outing is assured for them.

— Mr. Ervin Hatch of Sunnyside Farm, Buttonend, is talking strongly of going down to Wells, Maine, soon. He was born and raised in the Elm Brook District of that town and still has relatives and friends there. Many years have elapsed since his last visit to the old home and naturally there occurs a rise in his spirits when contemplating and making preparations for another one.

— The weekly report, ending July 31, of J. W. Smith, Section Director, Boston, of the New England Section of the U. S. Climate and Crop Service, is favorable for crops of all kinds in the States covered by him. The heavy rain of July 25, 26, was a godsend to them, and since those dates a great improvement has taken place. The report makes it plain that New England farmers have little or nothing to complain of in the matter of crops.

— Mr. John Lynch, Clerk of the Committees, and Census Enumerator, guesses the population of Woburn on June 1, 1900, was more than on June 1, 1895. He sets the gain at 150, while others chalk much higher. Our idea has been that the 1900 Census would show a shrinkage in Woburn's population from 1895, and have felt that if we had held our own it would be doing remarkably well, considering the hard times that have prevailed here during the last two years. Mr. Lynch's conclusion is based on calculations rather than on facts.

HOW DELIGHTFUL TO FIGHT AGAIN THE BATTLES AS WE TURN THE ALBUM LEAVES.
THE SCENES ARE EVER BEAUTIFUL
FOR KODAKS MAKE THEM SO.
THIS NEW PANORAM INTENSIFIES INTEREST
FOR YOU ARE NOW ENABLED TO HAVE A
Whole Loaf Instead of a Morsel.
ONE PICTURE 2¼x7 or 3½x12 | One for $16, others CHEAPER
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Tuner in Woburn for a great many years. Every unison, octave and chord so evenly balanced and smoothly tuned as to make the harmony on your piano an exquisite pleasure to listen to. No jagged, rough, harsh, uneven chords so often left by tuners. Recommendations from manufacturers, dealers, teachers, colleges and the musical profession. Prices reasonable.

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For sale by druggists everywhere, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price—if your dealer can't supply you. 50c. a Box.
EDWARD C. CHURCH, Boston, Mass.
GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Wholesale Agents.

— Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan Simonds of Church ave. are at York Beach for August.

— Mr. Jones's "Commonwealth," Daniel Kerrigan, driver, took a large party of Burlington people to Crescent Beach last Tuesday.

— Minister H. C. Parker of the Unitarian church, Mrs. Parker, and the children, leave today for Duxbury, where they will remain until about Sept. 1.

— The Woburn Brass Band had charming weather for their concert on the Common Wednesday evening. A great crowd listened with pleasure to a supurb musical entertainment.

— Mr. E. F. Hayward returned from a fine trip through the Provinces last Saturday evening. It did him good. Mr. Thomas Salmon, his traveling companion, got home at the same time.

— The alarm from box 31 at 9.10 Monday morning was caused by the explosion of an oil stove in the house of Nathan Melindy on North Warren street.

— Grand Union Picnic of the Fifth, Seventh and Eighth Congressional Districts of Socialist Labor Party at Suntaug Park, Lynnfield, Saturday, August 11, afternoon and evening.

— Dr. Lewis's dental rooms in Fowle's new brick block are as fine and pleasant as any suite of the kind in this county. He is doing an excellent business, and is the right kind of a man every way.

— Mr. Frederick A. Flint (Gage & Co.) goes to Camden, Maine, next week for his annual vacation. For 21 or 22 consecutive years he has made Camden, a most delightful resort, his summer home and nowhere else would a vacation seem at all like a vacation to him.

— A party of 50 Woburn people went by special car to Crescent Beach last Wednesday evening in charge of Mr. M. W. True, leaving Woburn at 6 o'clock and arriving at the Beach at 7 30, where all enjoyed themselves until 10 o'clock, at which time the car left and arrived safely home at 11.30.

— At the close of a most delightful outing of three weeks duration Mr. Charles W. Hill, salesman at the fashionable clothing house of Gage & Co., returned to his post of duty Wednesday, healthy, happy, and in fine fettle for business. He passed a large share of his vacation at Thomaston, Rockland, Camden, and other noted points on the Maine Coast, where he enjoyed himself as he never did before.

— Some days since three members of the Innitou Canoe Club of this city, namely, Charles M. Howe, Harry V. Dimick and Everett Buckman, made a canoe trip of note. They started on Upper Mystic Lake, paddled over Lower Mystic Lake into Mystic River under the boulevard, highway and steam road bridges to Boston harbor, thence along the East Boston water front to Jeffries Point, Harbor View, Cottage Park and Winthrop. The return trip was made the same day.

— During the month of August the First church of Christ, Scientist, which usually meets in G. A. R. Hall, Savings' Bank Block, will omit its services. The readingroom established by this church in Room 4, Mechanics' Building, will be open every weekday afternoon from two to five o'clock. Everybody is cordially welcome to make use of the literature of Christian Science there to be found, and any information about this most interesting religious movement will be gladly given by the attendant.

— The Carnival and Fair of the Boston Lodge of Elks at Combination Park, Medford, July 30 to August 4, inclusive, has been a tremendous success this week. Thousands and thousands of people have gone through the gates and enjoyed the great variety of splendid entertainments inside. As the best of the wine was kept for the last of the feast, so the Carnival Managers have reserved the choicest attractions for this afternoon and evening and Saturday—the latter especially will be a gala day and night.

— The business men of this city are looking ahead to next Wednesday, August 8, with fond anticipations, for that date has been decided on for Merchants Day. It is an annual midsummer festival which our traders and manufacturers and those of other towns and cities indulge in, generally with much pleasure. It is a "movable feast," but is usually held in August, when beach dinners are supposed to be in their prime, and boiled clams are at their best. Business houses will be closed on Wednesday next.

— Tomorrow, Saturday, Mr. S. Franksford, Mrs. Trull, Miss Bertha and Master Clifford Trull will leave for a visit to the Maritime Provinces, and expect to be gone two or three weeks. They will sail from Boston to Yarmouth, N. S., and from there their itinerary includes Halifax, St. Johns, and the beautiful river of St. Johns to Frederickton, Charlottetown, P. E. I., Digby, and other points of interest in those delightful Provinces. For a charming sea voyage and land tour no section surpasses Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edwards Island, and the Trull family propose to see it all and enjoy its beauty, temperate climate, and other attractions before returning to their home in this city.

— High School Class '99 held a delightful reunion with one of its members, Mr. Guy E. Marion, a Tufts College Sophomore, at his home, the residence of Ex-Ald. E. P. Marion, 47 Lowell st., last Friday evening. About 20 of the Class were present and greatly enjoyed the social event. The evening, from 8 30 to 11.30, was spent in dancing in the barn, which was finely decorated with flags, bunting, etc., for the occasion. Excellent music was provided for the dancers, and a merrier party of young people it would be hard to find. A nice luncheon consisting of palatable delicacies, including icecream and temperance punch, provided by Crawford, the popular Woburn caterer, was served during the dancing and keenly relished. The reunion was one of the pleasantest and most satisfactory that any of the Woburn High School Classes have ever held.

— From the remarks which we hear made the conclusion is reached by us that Woburn will be well represented at the Old Home gatherings in Maine next week. Many natives of old "Dirigo" are residents of this city and it is believed that scores of them contemplate a visit to their former homes during the "Week." Once on a time there was a large and flourishing Pine Tree Club here and it must be that not a few of the members are still alive and cherish a love for the homes of their childhood that will induce them to respond in person to Governor Powers's invitation to come to Portland and celebrate. The "Week" will begin on Aug. 6 and end Aug. 13. Dr. Seth W. Kelley, the Poet of the Pine Tree Club; Partridge, Nason, Strout and others, its Orators; Mayor H. C. Hall, its Toast Master—the best that ever was—should muster their forces and see to it that there are no natives of Maine left in this city next week.

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Call and examine our quality and price.
Best Creamery Butter
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TELEPHONE 109-6.

— A large number of Woburn people will accompany the Malden, Melrose, Wakefield and Reading traders on their excursion to Portland and Old Orchard, Maine, next Wednesday, August 8. Tickets are now on sale at the Woburn railroad station and Mr. C. C. Andrews, the ticket agent, will furnish full information. The Woburn traders can take electric cars to Reading, where the special train will leave at 8.35 o'clock on the morning of the outing. There will be no postponement as the train will run rain or shine. Bicycles and baby carriages will be taken free. The round trip ticket is only $1.50, children 75 cents. Notices have been put in store windows describing the outing, and by the outlook now it is thought over 200 Woburn people will go with the party. Mayor Dean of Malden, Mayor Gould of Melrose, and other city officials, will accompany the party. Two or three parties have engaged special cars on the train.

— On July 15, 1900, the Woburn Light, Heat and Power Company, by its Treasurer and General Manager, Mr. L. R. Wallis, issued an important circular to the public, which, no doubt, will be studied with interest by the patrons of that establishment. The document treats of illumination by electricity and goes on to state and demonstrate wherein the Company propose, by a revised schedule, or the adoption of new rules of computation, to give "an opportunity to everyone to purchase electric current at a price never before believed to be even a possibility by any central station management." The aim of the Company is to increase its sales of electricity for lighting, and to accomplish that end a reduction of price has been determined on. It ought to be able to increase its output many fold, and that can be done by putting the price of it within the reach of all householders and tenants. Instead of trying to explain Manager Wallis's plan as set forth in his circular letter we advise the public to read and study it for themselves.

— There was a great fight on the 11.20 P. M. train from Boston to Woburn last Tuesday. The train reaches here at 11.50, and the fellows fought all the way out, except one, who was taken by the Winchester police when that hamlet was reached.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts.

The Democratic party is the tail to the Populistic kite this year.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

SALVATION ARMY.—Meetings every evening at 8 o'clock. Every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 3 and 8 P. M. No. 26 Montvale Ave.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—8th Sunday after Trinity. Morning Prayer at 10.30. No Evening Service during August.

METHODIST.—Preaching by the pastor Rev. Frederick Woods, at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. At 5.45 Epworth League. General Prayer Meeting at 7 P. M. Class Meetings Tuesday, at 7.45 P. M. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.45 P. M.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN.—8th Sunday after Trinity. At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "Wise and Foolish Builders." Sunday School at 12 M. At 7 P. M., First Anniversary of Rev. N. E. Kron's Pastorate. Reception of New Members. All are invited.
Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

Married.

In this city, July 25, by Rev. Henry C. Parker, Herbert J. Boutwell of Woburn, and Marguerite E. McAllister of Winchester.

In this city, July 27, by Arthur E. Gage, J. of P., Albert Melanson and Margaret Muse, both of Woburn.

In this city, August 1, by Rev. Henry C. Parker, Leon Sturges Webber of Somerville, and Louisa Rachel Foster of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, July 24, John Edward Connolly, aged 8 years, 10 months, 11 days.

In this city, July 26, Margaret Hickey, aged 34 years, 7 months, 9 days.

In this city, July 26, Patrick McHugh, aged 50 years.

In this city, July 27, Georgie, son of Myron and Etta Glazier, aged 1 month, 21 days.

In this city, July 29, John H. Murray, aged 39 years.

In this city, July 31, James, son of John and Sarah Gaffney.

Shirt Waists,

Summer House Dresses,

and Wrappers.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

City Council.

The Board held an adjourned meeting on Thursday evening, July 26. President Blodgett occupied the Chair.

Petition of Boston & Concord Street Railroad Co. for permission to build a line from near the Public Library to the Lexington town line via Cummingsville, and a petition from D. Wilbur Brown and others in favor of the same, was received and hearing ordered on Sept. 6.

Petitions were received from N. E. Tel. & Tel. Co. to erect poles; John Maloney et als. for sewer on Montvale ave. and Eaton ave.; and statement from Board of Healte concerning sewer on Prospect st.

Request received from Board of Public Works for $1,000 to extend water mains on Lexington and N. Maple sts.

Order naming 27 streets to be watered ordered to a second reading.

From Com. on Police and Licenses. —That petition of H. J. Boutwell to run job wagons be granted. Adopted. —On petition of Lapidus Bros. for junk license, and of Geo. Johnson for musician's license, leave to withdraw. Adopted.

Order, establishing rate for street watering at 4c. per lineal frontage foot to be assessed upon estates abutting on streets to be watered, was read once and ordered to a second reading.

Order, appropriating $3,000 for expense of street watering, to be repaid by receipts to be derived from abutters under assessment act, was read once and ordered to a second reading.

Voted that City Engineer ascertain cost of sidewalk on Middlesex street.

Order appropriating from $20,000 loan $75 for completion of sidewalk on Bedfor street was referred to Com. on Finance.

The Mayor sent in a letter received by the Commissioner of Public Works July 26, bearing date June 28 and signed by Thomas Emerson, Secretary of the School Committee, calling the Commissioner's attention to the order of State Inspector White against the use of the High School hall as an assembly room, and asking that it be attended to before the opening of the next school year. Received and ordered placed on file.

Adjourned to first Thursday in September.

They Struck It Rich.

It was a grand thing for this community that such an enterprising firm as Huntley & Co., druggists, secured the Agency for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, the wonderful remedy that has startled the world by its marvellous cures. The furor of enthusiasm over it has boomed their business, as the demand for it is immense. They give free trial bottles to sufferers, and positively guarantee it to cure Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, and all Throat and Lung Troubles. A trial proves its merit. Price 50c and $1.00.

Woburn Club Won Laurels.

Last Saturday, June 28, the Woburn Golf Club met and vanquished the Bear Hill Golf Club at Wakefield in a masterly manner.

It was the Woburn Club's first contest with a foreign Club and right handsomely they acquitted themselves.

The Bear Hill Club is, as compared with Woburn, an ancient institution; they were at home on their own field; and yet they couldn't hold a candle to the athletes on this side of the Aberjona.

It was a great game. Here are the items:

Woburn	Holes up	Bear Hill	Holes up
Wright	5	Waite	—
Hovey	—	Jones	3
Chalmers	3	Smith	—
Clewley	4	Greenough	—
Sawyer	4	Driver	—
Maguire	9	Wales	—
	25		3

Woburn wins by 22 holes up.

Astounded The Editor.

Editor S. A. Brown, of Bennettsville, S. C., was once immensely surprised "Through long suffering from Dyspepsia," he writes, "my wife was greatly run down. She had no strength or vigor and suffered great distress from her stomach, but she tried Electric Bitters which helped her at once, and, after using four bottles, she is entirely well, can eat anything. It's a grand tonic, and its gentle laxative qualities are splendid for torpid liver." For Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Stomach and Liver troubles it's a positive, guaranteed cure. Only 50c at Huntley & Co.'s drug store.

Approves of It.

The Winchester *Star* applauds Governor Crane's veto of the bills appropriating $955,000 for new parks and boulevards, although it loses Winchester a large slice. The Governor has adherred closely to the professions made in his inaugural address, his recommendation concerning the metropolitan park system being that no new work be undertaken until the taxpayers in the district know what the apportionments of the expenses were to be. —*Reading Chronicle.*

The Baltimore *Sun* proclaims President McKinley to be a weak candidate. The Baltimore *Sun* is a very deliberate institution, and it may be that it has not yet had the time to look at the election returns of 1896.

Boss Croker snarls and makes a cheap bid for votes by declaring his objection to American troops fighting under an English Admiral. He would probably prefer to witness the murder of American citizens.

(Written for the WOBURN JOURNAL.)

Old Schoolboy Memories.

V.

Our schoolroom in Master Bartlett's time was a pleasant place for study. The building now appears from the outside about as it did when it was erected. There were two doors opening on Common street, each leading into an entry where the hats and over clothing was hung, and stairways led to the second floor which was occupied by the "High School." The eastern was the boy's entry, and the western was used by the girls. The schoolroom was supplied with double desks, with aisles running between the rows. The back seats were preferred for various reasons, not the least being that they were farthest from the teacher's eyes and ears. At the beginning of a term the large boys and girls were always sure to be on hand early, and on the opening of the doors a rush would be made to secure the coveted back seats. Sometimes they were not permanently held until after a tug of war, which occasionally reached the proportions of a fist fight. All around the room were blackboards for use in arithmetic lessons. In the space between the two entrances was a platform, one step higher than the school floor, on which all the recitations were heard. The glass in the lower half of the windows fronting on the street was painted so that the pupils would not have their attention diverted from the lessons. At the rear of the room were two recitation rooms where the Assistants, Miss Ingraham and Miss Snow, heard some of the classes recite. There were several circular openings in the ceiling that furnished ventilation. A bell in the belfry was rung by a rope that came down to the rostrum, where the teacher used it after recess. The bell was rung by the boy who took care of the schoolhouse,—janitor I suppose we would call him now,—half an hour before school, and tolled for five minutes just before school begun.

Master Bartlett wore spectacles that were all the time slipping down, so that between stroking his whiskers and adjusting his glasses he had his hands full. He was a man of fine sensibilities and it annoyed him to see the boys doing things they should be ashamed of. Later experience has brought to the mind of more than one the conviction that Master Bartlett was right when he gave us those much needed lectures.

Saturday being a half holiday, the usual lessons were suspended in the forenoon, and we had general exercises of some sort. Not infrequently it was a spelling class, and you might whisper it to those having charge of schools to-day, that a little more attention to spelling would be very beneficial. The entire school took part in this exercise and then most of the scholars were good spellers. The boys would line up on the east side and the girls on the west, the head spellers meeting in the middle of the rostrum and the lines extending down the outside aisles to the rear of the room. When a word was missed it passed along to some one who could spell it and the successful one moved up beyond the one who first missed. When by this process of evolution the most proficient had gradually reached the rostrum, the teacher would begin to give out words at the lower end of the line and when a word was spelled wrong the delinquent took a seat. I remember one occasion when the line was reduced to three, two girls and myself. We stood the hard words for quite awhile, and then one of the girls drew out. The remaining two continued spelling, but at last I slipped, and the honors went to the girl. I have been under her spell ever since.

The contests connected with the old school were not always so peaceful. I remember a fight between Dan Campbell and John McGovern that was desperate and bloody. It occurred in the street before the master arrived. The honors were about even, though privately each claimed the victory, and only a few years ago Dan asked me "Do you remember the time I licked John McGovern?" Both boys later fought for their country in the Civil War, and now each Memorial Day sees their graves decorated and the little flag they so bravely upheld planted above them.

Another fight occurred in the boys' entry one morning, when the under boy drew a pocket knife and tried to stab his antagonist. The weapon was taken away from him, and he was never able to reinstate himself in the good graces of his schoolmates.

We had a picnic one summer at the foot of Horn Pond mountain, that was quite an affair. Lemonade was furnished by the tubfull, and cake and pies were contributed without stint. Games preceded the feast and also followed it. Copenhagen was the favorite and all the girls were kissed more or less as their beauty or popularity dictated. Master Bartlett enjoyed the sport as a spectator, and all the rest of us thought it was the greatest of all picnics. I never since have had so much pleasure at an outing in the woods.

O. S. B.

With the Ninth in China.

THE BOSTON JOURNAL HAS A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT THERE.

"The only New England newspaper that has a special correspondent with the American troops in China"—that is the interesting announcement which the Boston *Journal* is making. Its representative, who has been with the Ninth Regiment since the departure from the Philippines, through the landing on Chinese soil and through the battle of Tien-Tsin, in which the regiment lost so heavily, is Mr. A. G. Eames. He is a New England man with years of experience in practical newspaper work in the cities of Chicago, New York and Boston. He went with the Forty-sixth Regiment to the Philippines as the correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, and his letters in the *Journal* descriptive of the campaigning in the islands prove him an acute observer as well as a most entertaining writer.

The Boston *Journal's* designation as "The Paper with the Photographs" has become familiar all over New England.

The story of the struggle of the Church in the West is, it may be very truly said, the story of a great tragedy on the part of clergy and people, but it is through successive tragedies that men do arrive and attain, after all. The hem of the garment of Progress is dabbled with the blood of men who have made way for her by the giving up of the treasure of their hearts in order that they could facilitate her advance. In that deluge of men which has rolled ever Westward over the prairies, crept up the long slopes of the Rocky Mountains, finally beating over them in mighty waves to fall in thunderous surges of inundation on the other side, those who have led the way on the crest of the waves have been beaten into human spray, and, having so smoothed the path, are cast aside.—Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady, in the August *Ladies' Home Journal.*

Wheat, corn, oats, barley, rye, hogs, beef, eggs, pork, bacon, rice and cotton all advanced in price during June. These are McKinley prosperity facts. Cash in hand is better than Bryan's theories.

STOP

It is not necessary to suffer with Headache

Stopache

Will Stop

25c. at

F. P. BROOKS'

Drugstore,

361 Main St.

Literary Notices.

The August number of THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE contains a great amount and variety of timely and readable matter. A glance at the contents page is a revelation in the way of the comprehensive make-up of a popular-priced magazine. Despite the prevailing hot weather that has driven Washington society to the mountains and seashore, Joe Mitchell Chapple still finds many things of great interest to gossip of in his Affairs at Washington. All devotees of the noble game will be delighted with Auld St. Andrews: the Capital of Golf-Land. Art lovers will appreciate Sleep in Art, by a careful and competent critic, and What Rural Free Delivery is doing, by Perry S. Heath, First Assistant Postmaster General, explains methods and results of free mail delivery in suburban districts. A staff correspondent now with the British in the Transvaal writes interestingly of Colonization Experiments in East Africa. An article of great moment for its bearing on the present world crisis is China and the Secret Will of Peter the Great. From icebound Alaska an editorial representative writes of A Summer Cruise in the Arctic. There is a notably fine showing in the way of fiction in this number, and well sustained interest in the regular departments. It may safely be said that no other ten cent publication excels THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE and that few equal it. It is the proper thing for hot weather reading. If your newsdealer's stock is exhausted, or if he does not carry it, you may obtain it from the publishers, the W. W. Potter Co., 91 Bedford St., Boston, for the popular price, ten cents.

The Midsummer Fiction Number of MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE, with a cover, suggesting the lassitude of the season, and with a strong list of adepts in the art of story telling, produces a pleasing impression. Frank H. Spearman contributes the first of a series of railway stories. Jack London has a tale of the perilous journey of a Klondike miner and his Indian wife to obtain relief for a starving camp; this story possesses striking local color and extraordinary pathetic force. Another strong story is A Bill from Tiffany's by Josiah Flynt, the well-known explorer of tramp and criminal life, and Francis Walton. The life of metropolitan policemen and of professional thieves is graphically portrayed. Equal interest attaches to one or two stories founded on fact: to W. D. Hulbert's story of a Michigan porcupine, with illustrations; and also to Lieutenant-Commander Gillmore's account, beginning in this number, of the extraordinary hardships of his party in the wilds of Luzon, where a brutal death more than once seemed imminent. The illustrations to this article are marvellously realistic. The number also contains illustrated stories by George Beardsley, G. K. Turner, Frederic Van Rensselaer Dey, and Henry Wallace Phillips; a commencement poem by E. S. Martin, and the eighth instalment of Ian Maclaren's "Life of the Master." Mr. J. D. Whelpley also exposes the recent attempt of Russia to enter into an international wheat combination with this country.

To Save Her Child

From frightful disfigurement Mrs. Nannie Galleger, of LaGrange, Ga, applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve to great sores on her head and face, and writes its quick cure exceeded all her hopes. It works wonders in Sores, Bruises, Skin Eruptions, Cuts, Burns, Scalds and Piles. 25c. Cure guaranteed by Huntley & Co., druggists.

North Woburn.

Mr. Marshall Tidd has gone on his annual outing to New Hampshire.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Watson have gone to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia.

Miss Emma Peterson, Treasurer of the Home Club of East Boston visited in North Woburn this week.

A Large Premium List.

The list of premiums together with rules and regulations governing the Middlesex East Agricultural Association fair to be held at Agricultural Park on September 26th, 27th, 28th, and 29th are now being distributed, and in addition to increased premiums in almost every department new features are announced that will prove irresistible additions to the list of attractions. An exhibit of automobiles of every style and description will be seen together with their appearance on the track in various contests of speed and manipulation. This will be the pioneer appearance of motor carriages at any agricultural fair, and no effort will be spared to make a great success of this feature.

Much is expected of the dog show exhibition, which is also a new effort on the part of the committee to meet public demands, and many owners of high class dogs have signified their intention of competing for the valuable prizes offered.

The value of raw cotton exported in the fiscal year just ended was $241,666,165. It has never been so much since 1892 when it reached $258,461,241. Southern cotton growers will appreciate this return to the good old Republican times.

The Democratic leaders are unable to point to one act of the Republican Congress that is inimical to public interests. Unlike its Democratic predecessors it didn't take orders from the Havemeyers and other trust magnates.

Swedish Lutheran Church.

The seventh anniversary of the church, celebrated last Sunday evening was an important event. An interesting program was carried out: three songs by the choir, two organ solos by the organist, a vocal solo by the pastor, a violin solo by Mr. Paulson and a brief summary of events by the pastor. Every one was pleased with the program. Some strangers from out of town, who were present, deemed Woburn fortunate in having such eminent musical talent. The following is a brief abstract of the church's history:

Mr. Dahlin, then a student at Harvard, began to hold services here the summer of 1892. The following year on July 25, the church was organized by Mr. N. E. Kron, then a graduate student of Yale. Thirty persons joined, of whom Mr. and Mrs. John Akeson, Mr. and Mrs. Olof Pearson, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Olson, Misses Hanna Swenson and Ida Johanson, Wm. Liedman and Aug. Akeson are yet members. Sixteen have removed and four have been dropped. John Akeson has served as Deacon since the church was begun, and Olof Pearson as Trustee. The church was incorporated Sept. 1, 1893. A good deal of the time during the first years, the church was vacant and the increase slight. Yet after 4 years the membership was 77. Mr. G. S. Svensson, often called "the little fellow" by outsiders, was very successful in his labors. He is now missionary in Porto Rico. A building site was purchased during his time and the foundation laid to the church. The church was dedicated in April, 1898. Rev. Henry, who came in June 1898, was the first ordained minister in charge. After working very energetically, he left in March '99. The present pastor arrived in August '99 from New York City. The regular expenses of the church since its existence have been $8,868.61, of which ¾ have been gathered during the last three years. The property of the church is valued at a little more than $9,000, of which half is yet debt, but several hundred dollars have been paid off during the past year, and $200 since New Year. The present membership is 111, a net gain of 9 since New Year.

WINCHESTER.

This town has more than held its own in assessment for personal tax this year.

Following is a list of the newly installed officers of Waterfield Lodge of Odd Fellows: N. G., W. H. Stinson; V. G., C. W. Bell; Sec., W. I. Bates; Treas., F. S. Scales; Fin. Sec., J. Albert Hersey; Warden, Jas. Hinds; Cond., M. J. Southerland; O. G., J. A. Cowey; I. G., H. F. Newton; R. S. N. G., Jas. McLaughlin; R. S. V. G., Lea Taylor; S. S. V. G., A. E. McLellan; R. S. S., Wm. M. McKay; L. S. S., W. I. Plummer; Chaplin, Jos. McLellan.

Dr. Benjamin T. Church, a good physician and respected citizen, usually takes two vacations a year. In the winter he spends a month or two in the "horse latitudes," that is to say, in the West Indias, or other semi-tropical climes; and in summer he rests and recuperates at New England seasides. On Aug. 1, the Doctor started in his own team for a popular Rhode Island resort where, if he made his objective all right, he expects to remain several weeks, and to get all out of his vacation that there is in it. There is not a man in Winchester that knows how to rest, and how to rest hard, better that he does. I hope he will have a royal good time this summer.

What A Tale It Tells.

If that mirror of yours shows a wretched, sallow complexion, a jaundiced look, moth patches and blotches on the skin, it's liver trouble; but Dr. King's New Life Pills regulate the liver, purify the blood, give clear skin, rosy cheeks, rich complexion. Only 25c at Huntley & Co.'s drug store.

Mr. Towne now realizes just why he was nominated.

The Kansas City platform appears best under the "A Glance Into Gloom" headline.

So far no American has attempted to Edward Atkinsonize the cause of the Boxers.

Sailor Sharkey might follow a distinguished example and write a book on "The Last Battle."

The Tammany ice box will cut somewhat of a figure at the ballot box. So will the ice trust in Chicago.

Protection for American citizens abroad may always be relied upon under a Republican administration.

Happily for the ice consumers of New York, all of the judges of that state are not Tammany tainted political hacks.

The Democratic managers have rigged up an Emperor scarecrow, but it will not stampede the American voters.

In their change of mind concerning the Goebel law the Kentucky Democrats are moved by expediency and not by morality.

The Kansas City ticket and platform is calculated to make things lively at the exits instead of the entrances of the Democratic party.

The Philadelphia platform is such an acceptable document that there is naturally a little good-natured rivalry over its authorship.

Mr. Sulzer has been telling of the many things Mr. Bryan will do when he is President. Mr. Sulzer is continually exercising his imagination.

Exports of mineral oils were over $18,000,000 more in the last fiscal year than in 1899, and $33,000,000 more than in the Democratic year of 1894.

If American ships carried American foreign commerce, about $200,000,000 that is now annually paid to foreign ships would be kept in the United States.

When Mr. Croker shook hands with Chairman Jones at Kansas City the Tammany Ice Trust and the Round Bale Trust were on very good terms with each other.

It might be well for Bryan to arrange with his publishers to get out a limited edition of "The Second Battle," and begin to prepare matter for explaining how it happened.

The shortage in the country's stock of lumber simply means that the lumbermen underestimated the extent of the building operations. Building activity always accompanies prosperity.

Senator Bacon has been pounding away at the Philadelphia platform. Senator Bacon is the gentleman who recently distinguished himself by not being able to tell the difference between toadstools and mushrooms.

President McKinley describes Republican Imperialism as follows: "To the party of Lincoln has come another supreme opportunity which it has bravely met in the liberation of 10,000,000 of the human family from the yoke of imperialism."

Grant and the Dying Soldier.

In The Century General Horace Porter relates the following story in his "Campaigning With Grant." The incident occurred during the attack on what is now called "Hell's Half Acre," near Massaponax Church: General Grant had ridden over to the right to watch the progress of this attack. While he was passing a spot near the roadside where there were a number of wounded, one of them, who was lying close to the roadside, seemed to attract his special notice. The man's face was beardless; he was evidently young; his countenance was strikingly handsome, and there was something in his appealing look which could not fail to engage attention, even in the full tide of battle. The blood was flowing from a wound in his breast, the froth about his mouth was tinged with red, and his wandering, staring eyes gave unmistakable evidence of approaching death. Just then a young staff officer dashed by at a full gallop, and as his horse's hoofs struck a puddle in the road a mass of black mud was splashed in the wounded man's face. He gave a piteous look, as much as to say, "Couldn't you let me die in peace and not add to my sufferings?"

The general, whose eyes were at that moment turned upon the youth, was visibly affected. He reined in his horse, and seeing from a motion he made that he was intending to dismount to bestow some care upon the young man I sprang from my horse, ran to the side of the soldier, wiped his face with my handkerchief, spoke to him and examined his wound, but in a few minutes the unmistakable death rattle was heard, and I found that he had breathed his last. I said to the general, who was watching the scene intently, "The poor fellow is dead," remounted my horse, and the party rode on. The chief had turned round twice to look after the officer who had splashed the mud and who had passed rapidly on, as if he wished to take him to task for his carelessness. There was a painfully sad look upon the general's face, and he did not speak for some time. While always keenly sensitive to the sufferings of the wounded, this pitiful sight seemed to affect him more than usual.

Woman's Courage and Devotion.

The philosopher had been considering the matter for several minutes. It is the custom of the philosopher to give at least three minutes' consideration to his most thoughtful utterances, and in doing this he gives about two minutes more than the average man who likes to be thought a philosopher.

"It must be evident to every thoughtful person," he said at last, "that woman is really the mainstay of religion."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the man in the clerical coat, suddenly straightening up, "I don't believe I quite follow you."

"I was saying," explained the philosopher, "that woman really does more for religion, shows more earnestness and makes greater sacrifices than man does. She is more courageous and is ever ready to endure more."

"Without desiring to detract in any way from the credit that is due to woman," said the man in the clerical coat rather stiffly, "I must say that I would be glad to learn where you get the facts upon which you base such an assertion. Women have done much in the missionary field, they have ably assisted in spreading the gospel, but men have been at the head of every such movement and have directed and led it. Furthermore, it is man who occupies the pulpit and teaches the gospel; it is man who gives his life up to the church; it is"—

"That's just it," interrupted the philosopher. "I was about to call attention to that in proof of my assertion. In view of all that is expected and all that has to be endured, in view of the crosses and worries and snubs that must be received with smiles, you surely must admit that it requires a nobler spirit and more courage and self sacrifice to marry a minister than to be one."

The man in the clerical coat started to say something, but he thought better of it. When one has the losing end of an argument it is better to let go of it than it is to try to hang on.—Chicago Post.

An Odd Incident.

A curious incident happened one Sunday to a lady in a neighboring village.

The husband of a Mrs. Lewis is the superintendent of the Sunday school in the little town, and it has been her habit to call at the school at about the hour of closing to walk home with him. On the day mentioned, as she was approaching the church, one of the pupils said to her, "Hurry up, or you will be too late," but did not mention what she might be too late for.

At the door she met another little girl, who said: "Oh, hurry, Mrs. Lewis! You are just in time."

As she entered the room a minister, in his clerical robes, stepped in front of the prayer desk and said:

"Let the candidates for matrimony come forward."

To the astonishment of Mrs. Lewis, her husband and one of the young lady teachers responded to the invitation, and here is a point where the novelist could put in some dramatic work. Mrs. Lewis might have screamed, fainted or have done anything startling, but, horrified as she was for the moment, her judgment told her that there must be some reasonable excuse for the apparently inexcusable situation, and there was.

More deliberately, and with considerable embarrassment, a couple no longer young came forward to be married. They had come from a distance, without any friends attending them, and had been directed to the Sunday school to find a minister.

The other couple had been requested to act as witnesses. Mrs. Lewis says she could not have suffered more for the moment had her husband really deserted her, for, to all appearances, he had done so.—New York Tribune.

Well Paid Bullfighters.

Bullfighters in Spain make greater profits than even opera singers in America if the figures given by El Gaulois are correct. That paper reports the earnings for last year of some of the leading artists of the bull ring as follows: Guerrita, for 68 appearances, 306,000 francs; Reverte, for 38, 143,500 francs; Mazzantini, for 29, 131,000 francs; Bombita, 129,000 francs; Algabigno, 115,000 francs. Counting the value of the bulls and the cost of transportation, it is estimated that Spain spends annually 5,000,000 francs on bullfights. The matadores, of whom there are 23, killed 1,218 bulls last year.

The Opener.

Fuddy—So Bender made the opening remarks at the dinner last night. Do you remember what he said?

Duddy—The opening remarks? Oh, yes. He said, "Who's got a corkscrew?" —Boston Transcript.

The ports of New South Wales are the freest on the globe, and in none of the Australian colonies are there any discriminating or differential duties.

The Eagle Got the Fish.

At this junction of the thoroughfare and Island lake on a dead pine more than 100 feet high sat a white headed eagle. In the air a large fishhawk was sailing over the water looking for his dinner 200 or 300 feet below him. What penetrating orbs of vision nature has endowed this bird with! There, he gives his lightninglike shot to the water, seems almost submerged, only to reappear with a four pound pike in his talons. Slowly he rises, going toward the woods, where he hopes to enjoy his well earned meal, but he has reckoned without his host. The king of birds has been watching his every movement and, if found successful, is in readiness to exact that tribute which the stronger always demands and compels from the weak.

Almost quick as thought the eagle is pursuing the hawk, and for a little while a merry chase it is. But the eagle is the master, and the hawk instinctively feels it, as after a sudden, violent swerve, only just to evade the terrible claws of the now enraged eagle, he drops the prize and slowly flies to the other end of the lake.

There is no need for haste now, as the master was after tribute, not the hawk. Payment having been made by relinquishing valuable property, the eagle once more displays his wonderful activity by catching the pike before it strikes the water and then as leisurely to cover to gormandize.—Forest and Stream.

Straw Horseshoes.

Straw is put to strange uses in Japan. Most of the horses are shod with straw. Even the clumsiest of cart horses wear straw shoes. In their case the shoes are tied around the ankles with straw rope and are made of the ordinary rice straw, braided so that they form a sole for the foot about half an inch thick. These soles cost about a half penny per pair, and when they are worn out they are thrown away. Every cart has a stock of fresh new shoes tied to the horse or to the front of the cart, and in Japan it was formerly the custom to measure distance largely by the number of horseshoes it took to cover the distance. So many horseshoes made a day's journey, and the average shoe lasted for about eight miles of travel.

The Lobster.

A scientist has entered a protest against the use of the term "lobster" as an epithet implying lack of skill or courage. He says that lobsters on the Nova Scotian coast draw up in battle array and fight for hours according to thoroughbred rules, the coast being littered with claws and other evidences of dismemberment when the struggle is over.

A Heroine.

In a cemetery on the banks of the St. Lawrence river, near Prescott, is an epitaph saying that the stone was "erected to the memory of Elizabeth Richardson, who heroically defended the life of her lover by sticking a pitchfork in a mad cow's nose." The heroic Miss Richardson was 38 years old when she died.

If a man has a good scheme and makes money out of it, people call him a genius; if he loses, they call him a fool.—Chicago News.

Rascality would have a much harder row to hoe if it were not for fools waiting to be victimized.—Chicago Democrat.

The Word "Salary."

The way languages are built up is very interesting, and the derivation of the word "salary" is curious as well. In ancient times Roman soldiers received a daily portion of salt as part of their pay. "Sal" is the Latin for salt, and when the salt was in course of time commuted for money the amount was called salarium, or salt money; hence our word "salary" and hence, doubtless, the expression "not worth his salt"—that is, not worth his "salt money," or salary.

Jell-O, The New Dessert,

pleases all the family. Four flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts. Try it to-day.

Knife Fork and Spoon Experience

Over half a century of it is one of the reasons why goods stamped

"1847 Rogers Bros."

the product of this long experience are best. They are sold by leading dealers. For catalogue No. 234 explaining points of interest to buyers, address the makers

International Silver Company,
Meriden, Conn.

Take no substitute
Remember 1847

DESCRIPTION

Filed in the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth and Clerk of City of Woburn, pursuant to the provisions of Section 1, Chapter 440, Acts of 1893, "An Act to protect the Owners of Cans, Bottles, Boxes, Siphons and Fountains used in the sale of Milk, Cream, Soda Water, Mineral and Aerated Waters, Ale, Beer, Ginger Ale or other Beverages."

Name of person or corporation, FOREST H. DIXON.

Principal place of business, 70 Bedford Street, Woburn, Mass.

Nature of business transacted, Bottling and Canning Milk.

Kind of receptacles used, Tin Cans and Glass Bottles.

Description of the name or names, marks, device or devices used. On Bottles, F. H. Dixon, Registered, Woburn. On some cans, F. H. Dixon, Registered stamped on shoulder of can. On other cans F. H. Dixon, Registered, stamped on shoulder of can a letter "D" made of copper plate soldered on shoulder of can.

In witness whereof I have hereunto signed my name this fourth day of May, in the year nineteen hundred.

FOREST H. DIXON.

Dissolution of Co-partnership.

The co-partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned under the firm name of Reed & Yates has been dissolved by mutual consent.

The business will be continued by J. A. Yates & Co., at 320 Main street, Dow Block, who will pay all bills against Reed & Yates, and collect all bills due them.

TIMOTHY F. REED.
JAMES A. YATES.

Woburn, Aug. 1, 1900.

To Let.

The two tenements at No. 6 Montvale Avenue, one of ten rooms including bath, and one of six rooms including bath; or will let both together as a lodging and boardinghouse. Both bath rooms have modern plumbing and fixtures.

Apply to J. W. or E. F. JOHNSON.

Silverware for Wedding Presents

A complete line of the celebrated COLONIAL PATTERN always in stock.

Fine Repairing a specialty.

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers.

CITY OF WOBURN.

Boston, July 28, 1900.

To the Honorable Mayor and Board of Aldermen of the City of Woburn:

GENTLEMEN:—Your petitioners, the Lexington & Boston Street Railway Company, a corporation duly organized under the laws of this Commonwealth, and operating cars in the towns of Arlington, Lexington, Bedford, Billerica, Concord and the City of Waltham, desire to present this amended petition for a route between the City of Woburn and the Town of Lexington, as follows:—

Beginning at the westerly side of the Boston & Maine tracks on Pleasant street in the City of Woburn; thence through Pleasant street to Burlington street; thence through Burlington streeet to Bedford street; thence through Bedford street to Cambridge street; thence through Cambridge street to Lexington street at the corner of Russell street and Russell street to the dividing line between the City of Woburn and the Town of Lexington, with the necessary curves, turnouts and track connections, as shown on plan to be filed with the City Clerk of Woburn.

Also, the right to erect the necessary poles and overhead wires for the operation of their cars by electricity.

LEXINGTON & BOSTON ST. RY. CO.

By a majority of its Board of Directors:

SYDNEY HARWOOD,
ALDEN E. VILES,
E. P. SMITH,
LEONARD A. SAVILLE.

Upon the foregoing petition, it is Ordered, That fourteen days notice be given that the City Council will on **Thursday, Sept. 6, 1900,** at 8 o'clock, P. M., take into consideration the expediency of granting the prayer of the above petition when any parties who object thereto may appear to be heard. Said notice to be given by publication of a copy of the above petition with this order thereon, at the expense of the petitioners, in the *Woburn News* and WOBURN JOURNAL.

In City Council, July 28, 1900.
Passed.
A true copy,
Attest: JOHN H. FINN, Clerk.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by E. Russell Emery and Abby P. Emery, his wife, in her own right, to Marshall M. Tidd, dated March 10th, 1891, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2027, Page 516, which mortgage was duly assigned by said Marshall M. Tidd to Susan K. Ellis by assignment dated April 12th, 1894, recorded with said Deeds, Book 2268, Page 67, and thereafter assigned by said Susan K. Ellis to Helen Josephine Ellis by assignment dated July 24th, 1900, recorded with said Deeds, Book 2834, Page 61, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises hereinafter described, on

Monday, August 27, A. D., 1900,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows:—A certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on the northerly side of Fowle street in said Woburn and bounded and described as follows, viz:—Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises on said Fowle street at land now, or formerly, of one Merriam; from thence the line runs northerly on and by said land of Merriam about eighty five feet to a corner; thence westerly still by land last named about twelve feet and nine inches to land of Julius F. Ramsdell; thence northerly by said land of Ramsdell about forty-one feet to land of A. J. Haynes; thence northeasterly by said land of Haynes and by land of one Duren about one hundred and thirty seven feet to land now or formerly of William Kemmick; thence southerly by land of said Kemmick and by land of Herbert I. Bryant about one hundred and seventy-one feet and eleven inches to said Fowle street; thence westerly by and with said Fowle street ninety-eight feet to the point of beginning; being the same premises conveyed to the grantee by Eli Jones. The premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, outstanding tax titles and assessments, if any, thereon.

$100.00 will be required to be paid by the purchaser at time and place of sale; other terms announced at sale.

HELEN JOSEPHINE ELLIS, Assignee
and present holder of said mortgage.
J. G. MAGUIRE, Attorney.
Woburn, Mass., July 26, 1900.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Bernard McHugh, and Rose McHugh, wife of said Bernard McHugh, in her own right, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts to Leonard Thompson, dated January 15, 1886, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1734, Page 512, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises on

THURSDAY, August 16, 1900,

at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described as follows, namely: A certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, containing about eighty-three hundred square feet, be the same more or less, and bounded and described as follows, viz:—Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises on the easterly side of Conn street, and at land of William Bradley; thence the line runs easterly by land of said Bradley about one hundred and sixty-seven feet to land of Michael McHugh; thence northeasterly by land of said McHugh, sixteen and 50-100 feet to an angle; thence northerly by same land thirty-seven and 20-100 feet to a stake at land of Rose Dunn; thence westerly by land last named one hundred and seventy-two feet to Conn street aforesaid; thence southerly by and with said Conn street forty-six and 40-100 feet, to the point of beginning.

Two hundred dollars will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale, other terms at sale.

MARIA L. THOMPSON and L. WALDO THOMPSON, Executors of the will of Leonard Thompson, deceased, present holders of said mortgage.
J. W. JOHNSON, Attorney.
Woburn, July 19, 1900.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS:

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of Charles F. Harris, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Phebe O. Harris of Wilmington, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth day of September, A. D., 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventeenth day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Barnabas Richardson, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

ALONZO L. RICHARDSON, Adm.
Woburn.
July 18th, 1900.

Bicycles

— AT —

First Cost.

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Can't be made by foul hands and clean, pure blood can't be made by a foul stomach. The blood is made by the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. When these are diseased they contaminate every drop of blood made from the food they act upon, and this contamination is carried through the whole body. It may settle in the liver, kidneys, heart or lungs but the root of the disease is in the stomach. Cure the stomach and you cure the disease. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the organs of digestion and nutrition perfectly and permanently. It purifies the blood, and so by curing the cause of disease, cures many forms of disease in organs remote from the stomach.

"For the past sixteen years I have had torpid liver and indigestion and tried many doctors and patent medicines but I could not get a cure," writes Mrs. Simeon Suggs, of Clyde, Sabine Parish, La. "Three months ago I thought I would try Dr. R. V. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and his 'Pleasant Pellets.' I got six bottles of each and I received a good result in a week, and to-day I am cured sound and well. The symptoms were coated tongue, specks before the eyes, disposed to be cross and irritable, foul stomach, bad taste in the mouth, tired feeling, a feeling of dread or fear, headache, yellow skin, etc. These symptoms did not all appear at once. If sufferers from such troubles will take Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Pleasant Pellets' as directed in pamphlets wrapping bottles, they will bring back the bloom of life as it did with me."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure biliousness and sick headache.

THE EGOIST.

I am the weathercock! Listen, good people,
Listen to me!
Proudly ye placed me here high on my steeple,
King of the air and prince of the sea!

I am the lord of the winds that blow
Round the compass and high and low!
When I swing to the east, it blows from the east.
I call and call
Till the storm rack drives o'er the moaning sand,
And the rain lash scourges the shivering land,
And the good mast splits in the shrieking squall,
And I did it all—I did it all!

When I swing to the north, it blows from the north.
I call and call
Till it blears the lake with a film of ice
And whitens your autumn paradise,
And you trudge to church to your knees in snow,
Poor little people that flock below
To worship me on my steeple tall,
For I did it all—I did it all!

When I swing to the west, it blows from the west.
Hurrah for my westing wind!
There is health and life for the world and his wife
When I feel in a rollicking mind.
Oh, the steer is glad as he grides the earth
With the share of the wallowing plow,
And the plowman dreams of the husking's mirth,
The shocks and the bursting mow!
Oh, the wind is true to its master's call,
For I did it all—I did it all!

When I swing to the south, it blows from the south,
And Tom stole a kiss from Prue,
And Bob bussed Kate on her red, red mouth
Because the south wind blew!
Oh, hearts grow kind in the warm south wind,
With the boys and the girls at play,
And many's the wedding that would not have been
Had the wind blown a different way!
Thus I hold the world in my gracious thrall,
For I did it all—I did it all!

—Joan Mowatt in New York Times.

A COURT MARTIAL.

General Gomez and several officers of his staff were taking their after dinner nap—"siesta" is the Spanish word for it—when there was a commotion in the thick chaparral between them and the narrow, rugged road which ran all the way from the mountains to the western coast of Cuba.

The thorny underbrush was pulled and tossed about until the billowy surface seemed to be swept and lashed by a storm.

Pedro, the watchful sentinel who was guarding the sleeping general and his companions, clutched his rifle with a firmer grip. He knew that a struggle was going on in those tangled bushes and vines, and the men who were headed in his direction might be either friends or foes.

"Quien sabe?" was Pedro's low voiced comment, after his keen eyes had taken in the situation.

The noise of the scuffle or skirmish in the chaparral suddenly died away, and the sentinel heard only an occasional oath, but the moving tops of the bushes warned him that the strangers were approaching him.

"They swear like the pious defenders of our holy cause," said Pedro, "but that is no sign. There are Spanish devils who can outswear the Cubans, and even the pig dog Yankees have learned the trick. Carrajo is a word which will soon belong to all languages."

Perhaps it would be well to awaken the general. Gomez was with a small scouting party, and after their hurried dash into the enemy's territory the tired troopers were enjoying their first nap in a week.

While the soldier was considering the matter his commander solved the problem for him. The rebel general has a way of sleeping with one eye open, and his little catnaps are easily disturbed.

"What is it, Pedro?"

The vigilant guard quietly told his wakeful general about the movements and suspicious noises in the chaparral.

By this time all of the officers and soldiers, some 30 or more, were wide awake and ready with their weapons to resist an attack or make a dash into the forest.

"Captain Vando and his men are to meet us here," said Gomez, "and it is about time. The only Spaniards in this vicinity are dead ones. Their friends did not even bury them when they left last week. You may rest assured that Vando is the man who has broken our siesta."

With a rush and a swish a dozen men plunged out of the bushes into the comparatively open space occupied by the general and his followers.

Their faces and their uniforms were unmistakably Cuban, and Captain Vando and his commander lost no time in embracing each other in the most affectionate fashion.

The newcomers had with them a fettered prisoner—a tall man with a dark, stern face, who wore the uniform of a Spanish captain. Gomez looked at him curiously as he listened to a whispered report from Vando.

Then he frowned and his eyes flashed fire.

"Carrajo!" he hissed between his teeth. "A good day's work, Vando. I'll not forget it."

The Spaniard in the captain's uniform said nothing, but looked about him with a haughty stare.

"What can we do for Captain Lopez?" asked General Gomez, with a pleasant smile.

"Release me, restore my weapons and my horse," said the prisoner. "I was on a peaceful mission, visiting a sick friend, when your men ambushed me on the road. They have treated me with great indignity, but let that pass. Give me my liberty and I promise to say nothing of your movements in this district."

"It gives me great pain to refuse your request," replied Gomez courteously, "but we have given your case our careful consideration for the past six months, and the main object of our recent scouting expeditions was to capture you. You see, captain, you are not an ordinary guerrilla. You have a gang of the worst cutthroats and robbers in all Cuba. You have never met us in a fair fight. All of your work is done in the dark. You destroy the homes of peaceful farmers, murder and rob wounded prisoners, assault helpless women, and Captain Vando reports that when you were captured you had on your person the watch and the handkerchief of a Red Cross nurse, a young woman who was outraged and murdered by you and your ruffians two nights ago."

"It is a lie," shouted the Spaniard. "I found the handkerchief in the road—the watch I bought from a soldier."

"Mistakes will occur in wartimes," answered Gomez calmly, "and I may be mistaken now, but I am willing to swear to the truthfulness of Vando's report."

"I must go with you, then, and be tried by court martial, I suppose?" said Lopez.

"You will be tried by court martial," responded the general smilingly. "Your trial is in progress now. This is a court martial, and it is formal and orderly enough considering the fact that we are in the enemy's country, liable to be killed at any moment by your ambushed robbers. Yes, captain, this is a court martial, and from what I know of your record, together with Vando's report, the only thing to be done is to pronounce and execute the sentence of the court. Bind him to that tree!"

Two stalwart Cubans dragged the Spaniard to a tree and quickly bound him so that he could not move.

"This is murder," said the prisoner, "and you will suffer for it."

"War is a bad thing," remarked the general softly, with a sad look in his big black eyes, "and murder is a part of it. I lie awake nights mourning over the terrible things we find it necessary to do, but they have to be done all the same. Any messages, captain?"

"No, curse you. I would not trust a message to you!" was the excited answer.

"Hear him!" said Gomez, turning to his comrades. "This man is evidently not a gentleman. He is unpardonably rude. Would you like to pray, captain?"

The prisoner pulled at his bonds and broke out with a torrent of profanity.

"Rope or bullet?" snapped the Cuban grimly.

"Bullet, curse you!"

"Very well, just to please you; but you deserve the rope," said the other.

"My body!" interrupted Lopez. "Will you see that it is sent to Havana?"

"I beg your pardon," said Gomez, "but you are asking too much. We must leave this spot at once. Time's up. Adios!"

The general stepped aside with a wave of his hand. The Spanish captain held his head erect, facing his fate, scowling and defiant.

The firing squad which had been detailed for the work stepped forward, and when their rifles rang out the prisoner's head fell back. Every bullet had pierced his heart.

The Cubans brought their horses from the surrounding bushes and mounted in some haste.

"Shall we bury him?" asked Vando.

"Did he bury the murdered Red Cross nurse?" was the question asked in return by the commander.

"No, general. He left her body to the vultures."

"What a devil!" the other muttered. "Forward, men! Here we go!" and the raiders rode off through the forest, leaving the corpse of the guerrilla tied to the tree waiting for the vultures!—Wallace P. Reed in Atlanta Constitution.

Sealed Orders.

The custom of having warships sail "under sealed orders" has arisen from the desire of maritime powers to prevent their plans from becoming known to the enemy.

In the American navy such orders come from the president and are delivered to a commander of a ship or squadron by a confidential messenger, who knows nothing of their contents.

Sometimes they are in cipher, but they are always sealed with the official seal of the navy department, and the package cannot be opened until the time marked on it, which is usually several hours after the hour of leaving port.

By this precaution the newspapers are prevented from disclosing prematurely the movements which may be of the greatest importance and the spies of the enemy are rendered useless so far as their ability to discover the secret of such movements is concerned.

Sailing under sealed orders is now the common naval practice in time of war.

These instructions are found in the packet of "sealed orders," which is opened when well out to sea.

When John Law Boomed It.

A milliner happened to come to Paris about a lawsuit. She was successful and invested the proceeds in speculation, and she amassed in a few months a sum which converted into our currency represents nearly £5,000,000. No class of the community escaped the infection. Two of the ablest scholars of France are reported to have deplored the madness of the times at one interview, only to find themselves at their next meeting bidding for shares with the greatest excitement. The scene of operations was a narrow street called Quincampoix, and the demand for accommodation may be judged from the fact that a house which before yielded about £40 a year now brought in more than £800 a month. A cobbler made about £10 a day by letting out a few chairs in his stall, and a hunchback, who is celebrated in the prints of the time, acquired in a few days more than £7,000 by letting out his hump to the street brokers as a writing desk.—Professor Nicholson's "Money and Monetary Problems.

No Longer Anxious.

Reggy—Do you ever, Miss Geraldine, think of marrying?

Geraldine—Not any more. I've joined the Don't Worry society.—Philadelphia Call.

An Obliging Tradesman.

Mrs. Youngwife—I want five pounds of sugar, please.

Dealer—Yes, ma'am. Shall we send it for you?

Mrs. Youngwife—No, I'll take it with me if it isn't too heavy.

Dealer—I'll make it as light as possible for you, ma'am.—Philadelphia Press.

LIKE MANY OTHERS

Clara Kopp Wrote for Mrs. Pinkham's Advice and Tells what it did for Her.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have seen so many letters from ladies who were cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies that I thought I would ask your advice in regard to my condition. I have been doctoring for four years and have taken different patent medicines, but received very little benefit. I am troubled with backache, in fact my whole body aches, stomach feels sore, by spells get short of breath and am very nervous. Menstruation is very irregular with severe bearing down pains, cramps and backache. I hope to hear from you at once."—CLARA KOPP, Rockport, Ind., Sept. 27, 1898.

"I think it is my duty to write a letter to you in regard to what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me. I wrote you some time ago, describing my symptoms and asking your advice, which you very kindly gave. I am now healthy and cannot begin to praise your remedy enough. I would say to all suffering women, 'Take Mrs. Pinkham's advice, for a woman best understands a woman's sufferings, and Mrs. Pinkham, from her vast experience in treating female ills, can give you advice that you can get from no other source.'"—CLARA KOPP, Rockport, Ind., April 13, 1899.

Horses In Battle.

One of the most curious sights to be seen in a cavalry charge is the various riderless horses galloping in the line in perfect order. At the charge of Balaklava the front rank of one regiment was composed to a great extent of riderless animals, their masters having dropped one by one. It would seem that in the excitement of the moment the horses lose all conception of what is happening around them and probably fail to notice the fall of their riders.

The return of riderless horses to camp is an almost certain sign of defeat. When a cavalry charge is successful, the horses will, as I have said, all keep up together, even though they have lost their riders, but when a force is routed the first news of ill omen to those in the rear will be the return of the horses with empty saddles and stirrups dangling free. No more sorry sight can be imagined. To illustrate the callous feeling these animals have under fire a case which happened at Ladysmith during the siege may be cited. A farrier sergeant was engaged in shoeing an officer's horse in the open ground behind the stables of a hotel and had already put one or two nails into the shoe when a shell came screaming through the air. The next moment the missile burst five or six yards away from where the sergeant and the horse were standing, and the splinters flew around both, but failed to touch either. When the smoke had cleared, the horse was to be seen with its foot still in the man's apron, quite undisturbed by the incident.—Pearson's Magazine.

Buying a Fan In Spain.

This is how a Spanish senorita bargains for her fan, according to Miss Katharine Lee Bates, who spent some time in Spain studying the people and customs of that sunny clime:

There is nothing sordid about it. Her haggling is a social condescension that at once puts the black eyed young salesman at her mercy.

"But the fan seems to me the least bit dear, senor!"

He shrugs his shoulders and flings out his arm in protest.

"Ah, senorita! You do not see how beautiful the work is. I am giving it away at 6 pesetas."

She lifts her eyebrows half incredulously, all bewitchingly.

"At 5 pesetas, senor."

He runs his hand through his black hair in chivalrous distress.

"But the peerless work, senorita! And this other too. I sacrifice it at 4 pesetas."

She touches both fans lightly.

"You will let us have the two at 7 pesetas, senor?"

Her eyes dance over his confusion. He catches the gleam, laughs back, throws up his hands.

"Bueno, senorita! At what you please!"

And the senorita trips away contented with a sharp bargain, although—for Spanish gallantry, even when genuine, goes farther on the lips than otherwise—the price was probably not much more remote from what pleased the smooth tongued clerk than from what she pleased.—Youth's Companion.

An Ingenious Toper.

An eminent tragedian, given to intoxicants, was once locked up in a room at the rear of the theater to keep him in proper condition till he was called to go on the stage. One door of the compartment opened on the street, and while looking through the keyhole he saw a man passing.

Calling him up to the door, he pushed some money through a crack and instructed him to go to the public house at the opposite corner and procure a pint of gin and a clay pipe, promising to reward him for his trouble.

The man did as directed, and when he returned with the articles, the actor told him to put the stem of the pipe through the keyhole and pour the gin carefully into the bowl.

These instructions the accommodating individual also followed, and the result was that when the manager called to notify him of his turn he found him in a very happy frame of mind, but not at all in a condition calculated to add to his fame as an actor.—London Tit-Bits.

From Sky to Pawnshop.

Pawnbrokers take some curious pledges, but it is not often that they receive one from another world. A London pawnshop, however, exhibits in its window as an unredeemed pledge a magnificent aerolite, a mass of fused metal that fell, as it were, from heaven to provide a poor man with his beer. A ticket bears the statement that it was brought from the arctic regions by a sailor.—New York Tribune.

Useful Some Day Perhaps.

Husband—What! You bought an artificial arm?

Wife—Yes, dear. It was a great bargain, and—

Husband—Great Scott! What are you thinking of? You haven't any earthly use for such a thing.

Wife—But, dear, you know you travel on the railroads a great deal, and you can never tell what may happen.—Philadelphia Press.

THE HOMING PIGEON.

INTERESTING POINTS GLEANED FROM THE BREEDER AND TRAINER.

Authorities Disagree on the Question of Instinct—The Best Birds Are Those Which Are Carefully Bred and Faithfully Trained.

The peculiar faculty that enables a pigeon to return to its home from great distances is a point about which authorities disagree. The theory which is most widely accepted is that the bird is gifted with remarkable eyesight and with a memory for landmarks superior to that of any other creature. The former theory that the birds were guided exclusively by instinct seems disproved by the frequency with which even the best trained and highest bred homers have been lost in fogs. During the poultry show, when several of the pigeon fanciers were interviewed on the rearing and training of homing pigeons, one of varied experience said:

"Instinct is unerring, and the fact that the homing pigeon not only frequently errs, but at times shows great indecision as to the route it will take, proves conclusively that it is not governed entirely by instinct. There is no doubt that the birds possess a high order of intelligence, which is often shown when they become lost in a race by their return to the room in which they have been kept at the starting point.

"The color of a pigeon does not signify, but the rule in breeding is to cross the colors when practicable. In selecting homers for racing even the best fanciers are often mistaken and select birds that cannot fly 25 miles without being lost. Often the meanest looking bird, apparently without a good point, leaves its handsome rival behind. Still, there are four points always considered in selecting and breeding homing pigeons for racing purposes. These points are the eyes, the size of the head, the width of the chest and the length of the tail and wings."

In speaking of the eye, one successful fancier has this to say: "The white eye may mean cumulet, and, if so, indicates that the bird will fly high and have great endurance and wing power. If the eye is dark, the head round and the beak short and close fitting, there will be a preponderance of the owl type, and this bird will in all probability fly later at night than any other type. But, whatever the color, the ball must extend beyond the line of the head and be so placed that the bird should have a view of what is behind it as well as what is before. When a bird returns from a journey over much new territory, this protrusion of the eyeball is greatly increased, indicating to what a great strain the powers of vision have been subjected."

To the second point, the size and shape of the head, very little attention is paid by American fanciers, though the Europeans look upon it as of prime importance. It is generally conceded by Americans that the shape makes very little difference. The skull may be flat, long and narrow or high, short and wide, but it must have room for the brain, and for a large brain at that, otherwise the bird is not considered for racing honors. Particular stress is laid on this feature in Belgium and Holland.

The shape and size of the chest are of great importance. It should be full and broad. A narrow chested bird can fly no great distance without exerting the muscles which give fullness to the breast beyond their endurance. The wings and tail should be exceptionally long, as the tail acts as a rudder, and the shorter wings require much added exertion for the same amount of flying. There are some fanciers who contend that the first hatching of the season are not to be preferred for racing, but the majority pay no attention to that.

But even the best bred homers have to be trained carefully and intelligently before they are entered in races. While the physique of the average bird is well developed at the age of ten weeks, it is generally considered best to give a much longer time for the brain to develop before the bird is trained for work. Usually at the age of 4 months the first trial trip is made. He is then flown from distances between 2 and 70 miles at intervals of two or three days. Many excellent birds are lost in these trial trips, and those who return after a reasonable time are considered fit to be entered in the young birds' races. The shortest of these races is 100 miles, and birds are not supposed to have been flown more than 90 miles before taking part in these speed trials.

This system of training is supposed to accomplish two widely different results for the young bird. In the first place, it teaches them to return to their lofts, and, in the second, they develop the muscles and prepare them for the hard work which the races will require of them. For the old birds these training trips are made with the sole view of getting their muscles limbered up again and toughened for the longer races.—New York Sun.

A Queer Military Law.

When a British soldier is taken a prisoner of war, he is guilty of an offense against the queen and is liable to be put upon trial should there be any doubt that he gave up his liberty when there was really no necessity to do so. He must then prove that it was impossible for him to take any other course without uselessly throwing away his life.

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CURE SICK HEADACHE.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VI, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, AUG. 5.

Text of the Lesson, Math. xviii, 1-14. Memory Verses, 12-14—Golden Text, Mark x, 14—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1900, by American Press Association.]

1. "At the same time came the disciples unto Jesus saying, Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?" In Mark ix, 33, 34, we read that they had been disputing, by the way, about this very thing. Even after this, on the very last night at the great passover, there was a strife among them as to which of them should be accounted the greatest (Luke xxii, 24). How different they were from Him who humbled Himself from heaven to Calvary for them; who, though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, and who in His great sermon taught them "Blessed are the poor in spirit" (Phil. ii, 8; II Cor. viii, 9; Math. v, 3).

2, 3. "Except ye be converted and become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." This He said as He called a little child and set him in the midst and took him in His arms (Mark ix, 36). This phrase "little child" is in the second of Matthew translated "young child" and is there used nine times in reference to Jesus Himself in His mother's arms. As I understand it, the thought is not that of innocence, for all are by nature sinful (Eph. ii, 3), but rather that of entire and utter helplessness and dependence.

4, 5. It is so humiliating to have to acknowledge that we are helpless, and many, even among Christians, feel as if they would rather die than be dependent. What utter folly, when we are dependent upon God for life and breath and all things, and in His hand is our breath and all our ways! Acts xvii, 25; Dan. v, 23.) Since we must of necessity depend upon Him for our natural life, why not be willing to accept as His free gift that eternal life which is found only in Christ, provided for us at such infinite cost and yet given so fully and freely to every helpless one who will accept Him? (Rom. iii, 24; Rev. xxii, 17.)

6, 7. "These little ones which believe in me." We have had the phrases "little child" and "little children" four times in the preceding verses, and now we have "these little ones" three times in verses 6, 10, 14, the sixth verse telling us that He is now speaking of those who believe in Him or come to Him as the little child did, and He will not have them offended or caused to stumble. Because the devil is still at large and he has many children in this world of which he is still the prince (John viii, 44; xiv, 30; xvi, 11), offenses will come, the children of God will be hated and the godly will suffer persecution (John xv, 18-20; II Tim. iii, 12), but God will in due time see to those who touch His people (Zach. ii, 8; Math. xxv, 40, 45).

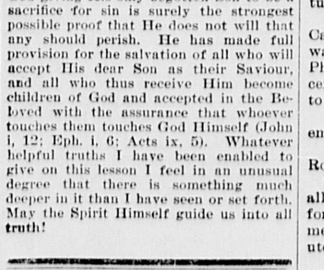
8, 9. There is everlasting fire, hell fire, prepared not for man (thank God for that), but for the devil and his angels (Math. xxv, 41). God is love and is not willing that any should perish (I John iv, 8, 16). If hand or foot or eye lead us to turn away from the Lord Jesus, who alone can save us, it were better literally to lose such members of our bodies than to keep them and perish (see also Mark ix, 43-48). The loss of sight or hearing or some affliction has often been the means of leading some thoughtless sinners to turn to God, and they have praised God for the severe dealings which have led them to flee from the wrath to come.

10. What a wondrous and little talked of truth is here! Our angels always behold the face of God. In Heb. i, 14, we learn that they minister for the heirs of salvation. From Dan. ix, 23; Ezek. i, 14, we learn that they can go and return like lightning. Our Lord seems to say, All who believe in Me are very dear to Me; they are a part of Me, members of My body, specially cared for by My Father and by the holy angels, and to despise or offend one of these little ones is to treat Me and My Father as you treat them (chapter x, 40, 42). We are ever in the presence of the angels, who have constant access to God, as well as before Him whose eyes are as a flame of fire and who searcheth all hearts and veins that He may give every one according to His ways and according to the fruit of His doings (Jer. xvii, 10).

11. "For the Son of Man is come to save that which was lost." Compare Luke ix, 56; xix, 10; John iii, 17. He who was rich became poor for our sakes that we through His proverty might become rich (II Cor. viii, 9), and those who are willing to believe on Him—that is, receive Him—He not only saves, but makes as rich as Himself (John, xvii, 22; I Cor. iii, 21-23). Believing this, we rejoice in Him and in His glory, and, knowing that all things are ours, we seek not greatness here, nor strive for pre-eminence, but, having His Spirit, we condescend cheerfully to lowly things for His sake that we may win others to Him and let Him through us seek and save the lost (John xiii, 3-17).

12, 13. See this parable of the lost sheep and the ninety and nine who went not astray repeated again in Luke xv, 3-7. He came from heaven to save sinners (I Tim. i, 15). His great humiliation and sacrifice were that the lost might not perish (John iii, 16; I John iii, 16), and He tells us that there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth. The lives of those who are saved ought to be such lives as would lead other lost ones to Him and never in any sense drive people from Him. According to this lesson, and the verses following, a believer must neither give offense nor be offended. In chapter xvii, 27, we see that our Lord would not offend those who received the tribute money, but sent Peter to get the money from the sea, even from a fish's mouth. In John xvi, 1, He tells us that He said those things (read and see what things) that the disciples might not be offended.

14. In connection with this verse see II Pet. iii, 9, and Ezek. xviii, 32; xxxiii, 11. God giving His only begotten Son to be a sacrifice for sin is surely the strongest possible proof that He does not will that any should perish. He has made full provision for the salvation of all who will accept His dear Son as their Saviour, and all who thus receive Him become children of God and accepted in the Beloved with the assurance that whoever touches them touches God Himself (John i, 12; Eph. i, 6; Acts ix, 5). Whatever helpful truths I have been enabled to give on this lesson I feel in an unusual degree that there is something much deeper in it than I have seen or set forth. May the Spirit Himself guide us into all truth!



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GRAY DAYS.

Rare days in March, when mystic vapors veil
The eastern sky with cool, delicious mist.
Deep in their shade sweet nature has her tryst
With youthful spring, and in some dreamful dale
Sighs endless love. Could we but touch the pale,
Soft curtains of the day that e'er resist
Our search! Just there, could we, unnoticed, list,
What sacred joy our conscience might assail!

Oh, days of gray! Through thy charmed atmosphere
Steals a soft kiss of comfort to my brow.
To happiness my waiting soul draws near,
Dreaming those dreams thy draperies allow.
Life may be perfect in its flowery May;
March half revels it in her days of gray.

—John Tracy Jones in Woman's Home Companion.

THE PHOTOGRAPH.

A hundred miles from Aden her majesty's troopship Idena steamed along, bound for home.

All day the fierce sun had streamed down with blazing beams, which those on board endured, cursed or grumbled at, according to their various dispositions.

The sensation of the day had been provided by a lascar stoker, who, rushing from the inferno of the engine room, leaped headlong overboard, mad for one delicious plunge into coolness after enduring the torments of heat.

"Man overboard," rang out. Engines were reversed. Ladies started from languid recumbency. A smooth faced subaltern offered 100 to 1 against "the nigger being picked up," but no one troubled to listen to him, for the water hereabouts is swarming with sharks. However, just as horror became subdued into resignation a black speck was seen still swimming vigorously. A boat was lowered, and the poor wretch was dragged back, collapsing utterly when certain of safety.

All this, however, had happened six hours ago. The incident had been discussed, commented on and capped by similar cases, and long before the dinner bell rang the customary state of boredom had again set in.

After dinner, when the sun had finally disappeared and the stars shone out of the wonderful luminosity of a southern night, some one (probably the major's wife) proposed a dance, and presently the notes of a waltz rose and fell, alluring with its languorous lilt of melancholy sweetness even those who vowed they "didn't dance" to seek out partners.

Among the many who circled around were the officer in command, Captain Assheton, and his partner, Miss Phyllis Welsh.

The ladies of the Dovecot denied that Miss Welsh had any claims to the attractive adjectives by which the men on board ship described her charming manners and face. They emphatically agreed among themselves that the only epithet she deserved was that of being "an outrageous flirt."

Whatever her character might really be, tonight more men than Captain Assheton thought Miss Phyllis Welsh looked "uncommonly fetching." Her eyelids, heavy with dark lashes, drooped as though to hide the exulting brightness of the eyes they shaded, while excitement restored the bloom which a year spent in Indian gayeties had somewhat paled.

As she glided round she breathed quicker than the heat of the evening or the motion of the dance accounted for. She wondered at her own sensations. To experience the delight, fear, rapture and doubt which it had amused her to make others feel half terrified, half charmed her.

Once raising her eyes she met full a glance from Captain Assheton, and a thrill of certainty swept away the last doubt whether or not her love was returned.

"Let's come and sit it out," said Captain Assheton; then he added, "I want to speak to you—to tell you, Phyllis"— He stopped abruptly on perceiving an orderly coming up to speak to him.

"Well, what is it?" he asked peremptorily.

"Please, sir, the doctor says Private Robinson is seriously ill."

Captain Assheton turned apologetically to his partner. "I must leave you for a few minutes. Will you wait for me here? I shall be back in five minutes."

"Yes," assented Miss Welsh, leaning back languidly in a deck chair. "I'll wait for you here if you're not too long."

Captain Assheton and the orderly strode away.

Custom had not yet steeled Assheton's heart against feeling a pang of sorrow when called to visit the poor fellows whose dying words it was his duty when officer in command to note and report.

When Tommy Atkins dies, there is no useless fuss made over the event. No loving hand clasps his to strengthen him during the last struggle. No tears fall to tell him that even he, poor fellow, has some one who will miss him. No. The doctor merely reports him "seriously ill." The officer on duty comes to stand by his bedside and note down whatever message Tommy may choose to send to mother or sweetheart waiting for him at home. Then, a few hours later, if on land, Tommy is buried in a coffin the price of which government stops out of his pay, or if he die on board ship, with some shot tied to his ankles, overboard he is dropped, to sink out of sight and join that weird company of shrouded corpses which stand upright, drifting and swaying in the currents of the sea, half way between the bottom and the surface of the ocean.

On reaching the stifling deck where the sick were crowded and the dying lay the orderly stopped beside the berth of Private Robinson.

Usually the officer in command knows nothing of the man whose dying words he has to report, but as it chanced Assheton had heard something of Private Robinson's career. He knew that Robinson was "a gentleman ranker," one of those good looking, reckless, unlucky fellows against whom fortune seems to have a spite.

As Assheton came to the side of his berth the dying man stared up with a curious expression of defiant despair. Above him, beside him, all around the deck lay other sufferers, listening and watching to hear what "the poor beggar" had to say.

It was hardly the place for confidences, and Assheton felt fully the embarrassment of the position. Robinson, however, had reached the time when the world recedes into the background of one's consciousness and what has to be done must be done at once or left forever unaccomplished.

He feebly strove to take something from under his pillow.

"Can I reach that for you?" asked Assheton gently.

"I've waited too long," said Robinson. "I intended to send this back myself, but somehow I put it off from day to day. I couldn't bear to part with it." He stopped a minute as he succeeded in lifting up an envelope, then he continued, "I want to send this back to her and tell her that though she sent me to the devil I loved her to the end." He added, as Assheton took the envelope containing the photo from him, "The address is written on the back of it."

"Is there nothing else I can do for you?" said Assheton huskily.

"Nothing. Thank you, sir," replied Robinson, and Assheton felt he was dismissed.

He turned away in silence and left the hospital deck.

As he again passed through the dancers the waltz was hastening to its conclusion, and the laughing, talking company were dispersing in search of ices and comfortable seats.

Phyllis Welsh was still sitting where Assheton had left her.

"You weren't long," she said, smiling. "What did 'Tommy' want to tell you? Do tell me all about it?"

Something in her words grated against Assheton's feelings. He sat down and replied slowly:

"He asked me to return a photo to a girl, and tell her that, though she played him false, he loved her to the end."

"Oh!" cried Phyllis. "How interesting it sounds! Have you got the photo there? Do show it to me?"

"You must not ask me to do that," said Assheton gravely.

But Phyllis was not accustomed to have her wishes ungratified. She leaned forward and looked up with her wonderful dark eyes glowing. "Will you refuse the first request I've ever made you?" she urged.

"Of course if you insist"— hesitated Assheton.

"I do insist. I must see what the girl is like. Some common, vulgar creature, I suppose, that the poor fellow idealized into a piece of perfection."

"Probably," assented Assheton dryly, taking the envelope from his pocket and producing the photograph.

With eager curiosity Phyllis bent over.

For the space of a second she stared, rigid with astonishment and dismay, then exclaiming, "Give it to me—oh, give it to me!" she tried to snatch the photograph from Assheton.

It was too late. Assheton, with blank disgust, had already recognized the beautiful likeness.

"Give it to me," she stammered.

"Certainly," replied Assheton. "It was what I promised to do."

He dropped the photo into her hands and strode away.—Temple Bar.

An Amusing Ceremony.

Shortly after landing on the banks of the Zambezi, writes Captain Gibbons in his book, "Exploration and Hunting In Central Africa," I witnessed a most amusing ceremony, in which one of my paddlers and a strange boy participated. The stranger was either a relative or a great friend of the paddler, from whom he had doubtless been separated for some time.

Squatting on their haunches immediately in front of each other each held the other's hands—left in right—shook them and gazed affectionately into his friend's eyes for some seconds. Then with the right the left hands were drawn, palm downward, to friendly lips, which half sucked, half kissed the dirty black surface thus presented.

On the completion of this second part of the ceremony the two men once more looked intently at each other, and after each had repeatedly gone through the form of spitting into the other's face they both rose to their feet and jabbered away as usual, apparently none the worse for all they had gone through.

Not Restricted.

"That gentleman who is being introduced to Miss Binks is a freethinker."

"Which is he, a bachelor or a widower?"—Brooklyn Life.

About one half of the questions of life we solve; the other half solve us.—Milwaukee Journal.

Honey For Scholars.

"Honey and bread was a great meat with Pythagoras and his scholars and counted a sufficient food for a temperate life," wrote Dr. Thomas Muffett in 1575, "for bread strengthens the body, and honey much nourisheth and also cleanseth away superfluities. "Pollo Romulus being asked by Augustus, the emperor, how he lived so long, answered, by nourishing (saith he) my inwards with honey and my outward parts with ayle. The like answer likewise made Democritus, being demanded the like question. Furthermore, it is so general a meat through Russia that the children eat it on their bread every morning as ours do butter to their breakfast; with whom and with old men it agreeth exceeding well, cleansing their breasts, opening their pipes, warming their stomachs, resisting putrefaction and engendering sweet and commendable blood. Raw honey is never good, therefore clarify it thoroughly at the fire; also let it be honey that ran and was never puffed out of the combs and of young bees rather than old, feeding upon thime, rosemary, flowers and such sweet and wholesome herbs. Then may you boldly give it as meat to young children, to cold and moist complexions and to rheumatic old men, especially in northern countries and cold climates and in the winter months."

Blackening One's Shoes.

There are men in New York today whose fortunes are not small, yet they never pay a bootblack a cent a year for shining their shoes. They are their own bootblacks, and not one is ashamed of it. You may depend on one thing—these men were reared in the country, where they were educated in the use of the brush. I said to an acquaintance some time ago, when he complained that his 12-year-old son had no exercise about the house, "Why don't you make him blacken the family shoes every morning?"

He was stunned at the suggestion. "My son blacken boots!" he wailed, throwing up his hands. "Do you think I would disgrace my own boy? I give him 10 cents every morning to have his shoes shined at the corner where I have mine shined."

I reminded him that he was teaching that boy to be an upstart and that he was giving him $36.50 a year which he stole from his friends. Blackening shoes is splendid exercise. Many a ragged street Arab is too proud to do it because of some fool father like the one mentioned, but such a father ought to be in the business instead of robbing his friends. Let every boy learn to shine shoes. He may have to make a living at it some day. There is money in the business.—New York Press.

Preparing For a "Dewel."

One of the most remarkable documents that have ever come under our observation is to be found in the case of ex parte Scoggin, 6 Tex. App. 546. Mr. Scoggin was under indictment for the murder of one William Gerrard, and an extract from a memorandum book in defendant's handwriting and found near the body ran as follows:

JOHNSON CO., TX., Jan. 24, 1875.

As this may bee the last penciling that I may ever do on earth May heaven Bless me and the man that I am going to fite, for we have been travling to geather some time and have fell out a bought the sum of $25 and have agreed to fight a dewel this Butiful night of our lord, and as one of us has to die May heven bless us, as this is the last half hour on earth with one of us, heven Preserve me now and forever. Written by Jesse Scog—, Bornd and rased in Tx. Sined by William Jirod, Bornd in Illinois.

Mr. Scoggin's piety apparently brought victory to him in the "dewel," for his adversary when found appeared to have been struck behind the ear by a 13 inch shell.—Law Notes.

O'Connell and Massey.

Laughter has been fatal to at least one bill in the house of commons. In the days of O'Connell Thomas Massey, who was a sworn foe to everything that suggested popery, introduced a bill to abolish the suffix "mas" from all words in our language and to substitute "tide," thus converting "Christmas" into "Christtide," and so on.

When he had ended his introductory speech, O'Connell got up and said: "Since the honorable member has such an insuperable objection to the word 'mas' why does he not set a good example by anglicizing his own name? In that case we should be quite willing to speak of him as Thotide Tidey."

The house rolled with appreciative laughter, and Mr. Massey never recovered sufficient courage to speak of the bill again.

Strange Affair.

"It is shameful the way Marmaduke McCorker has treated Miss Fitzperkins."

"What did he do?"

"Oh, he stimulated her to improve her mind and then broke the engagement on the ground that he was afraid to marry a woman who knew so much."—Indianapolis Journal.

What He Would Fear.

"I don't think," said the observant boarder, "that I should care to propose to a girl addicted to photography."

"And why not?" asked the cross eyed boarder.

"I should be afraid that she would seize the opportunity to develop a negative."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Lying side by side in specially prepared graves on the farm of the late Robert Bonner in New York are the remains of Dexter and Maud S, two of the greatest horses the world ever saw.

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THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect JUNE 25, 1900.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.14, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30, P. M, **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.39, 8.00, 9.10, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.28, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.22, 7.04, 7.34, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, 8.42, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.46, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 12.00, 4.52, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.33 8.28, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, *9.30, 5.26, P. M.

F r Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.28, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.28, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 8.28, 6.33, 11.11, A. M., 6.42 P. M., Saturdays only. Except Claremont.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.28, †11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, ‡6.33, 8.28, 11.11, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P.M

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.28, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.28, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

*To Nashua only.
†To Franklin only.
‡Weirs only.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M.

Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.21, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.16, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 4.03, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Jan. 1, 1900, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 and 11.15 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Wakefield & Stoneham St. R'y Co.

On and after January 1. 1900, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, then *9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30 , p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington, at 5.15, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.30, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.45, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m., then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 8.35, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. M. LANE, Acting Supt.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00 *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

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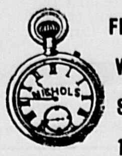

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BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

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Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
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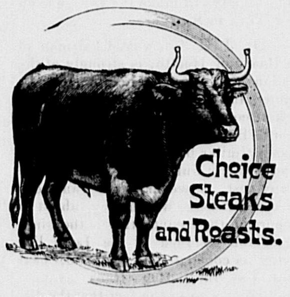
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241 Main St., Woburn

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No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

APART.

While sunset burns and stars are few
And roses scent the fading light,
And, like a slim urn, dripping dew,
A spirit carries through the night,
The pearl pale moon hangs new,
I think of you, of you.

While waters flow and soft winds woo
The golden hearted bud with sighs,
And, like a flower an angel threw
Out of the momentary skies,
A star falls, burning blue,
I dream of you, of you.
—Madison Cawein in New York Tribune.

A MARRIAGE SCHEME.

My scheme was that a marriage should be arranged between Uncle James and Miss Stubbs. Not that it was my business in the least, but that did not hinder me from interfering; nor that I thought the chief parties concerned were at all suited to each other—I never troubled my head about such minor details. I have always been fond of interfering with other people's affairs, not for their good at all, but simply for my own pleasure. I have the greatest sympathy with people who put their fingers into neighboring pies, provided they confess they do it for their own enjoyment and not for the advantage of the pies. Men do not kill foxes for food, but from love of sport. Women interfere with their neighbors for exactly the same reason. Put your fingers, dear ladies, into one another's pies, by all means, but remember that it is the finger, and not the pie, which derives pleasure from the operation. Having so much to see after in important matters, Providence seems sometimes in need of local agencies to manage minor affairs in remote country districts—at least so I thought in my young days—and I was more than ready to undertake the office of Providence's local agent. Therefore I decided that Uncle James should marry Miss Stubbs.

We met Miss Stubbs while we were traveling in Switzerland. She was a little, timid, washed out old maid. Her besetting sin was gentleness. She was too gentle for anything. Once when my brother Tom was a little boy he was naughty, and mother thought her wisest course lay in the proverbial soft answer. Tom bore mother's soft answers as long as he could, but he was but youthful flesh and blood after all, and naughty at that, so at last he exclaimed, "I wish, mother, you wouldn't be so silly and gentle!"

Miss Stubbs always made me recall that early remark of Tom's. She was so very "silly and gentle." Then she added to her gentleness gentility, which is also a trying virtue to onlookers. What with her gentleness and her gentility, she spoke so softly that one could only hear half that she said, and that half was by no means stimulating mental food. She had pale hair and pale eyelashes and pale ideas, but underneath all that the sweetest, most unselfish nature that woman ever possessed. At first I laughed at her, she seemed so dull and colorless, but as I grew to know her better I discovered many virtues and no faults in the faded little woman. She took a great fancy to me—because I was so young and strong and full of life, she said—and told me all her dreary history. Her parents were gentle people of good family, and late in life her father came into a small estate for which he had been waiting for years. But the estate was so greatly impoverished and so heavily incumbered that he was ruined by his succession to it, and he died of the disappointment, leaving his wife and only child with a miserable pittance, while the estate, which was strictly entailed, passed on to a distant cousin. Mrs. Stubbs survived her husband several years, but now she, too, was dead, and Miss Stubbs was as lonely as she was poor. There was something very pitiful to me about Miss Stubbs. She seemed to have missed all that makes life worth living, to have sat alone on the bank while the stream flowed by, and it has always seemed to me sadder to die of starvation on the bank than to be dashed to pieces by the current.

"My dear," she said to me one day when we had become intimate with each other, "don't say you want to see life—seeing is dreary work. I never wanted to see life—I wanted to live life. But I have never done either."

I took her thin little hand in mine and stroked it. "Were you unhappy when you were young?" I asked.

"Oh, no, not unhappy, my dear, but not happy either! I am not complaining, for every one was very kind to me and ready to give me little scraps of their lives to share, but no one seemed to realize that I wanted a life of my own."

"Poor Miss Stubbs!" I whispered.

"It is kind of you to be sorry for me, my dear Madge, but really I am not complaining. I have had a very peaceful lot compared with many women. But I have always had the feeling that there is such a great deal to be got out of life and that I have somehow missed it all. There is plenty going on somewhere, but I am always out of it."

"I think I know what you mean—it is dull to sit in the boxes when one wants to be on the stage."

"Exactly, and I have never even had the boxes. I have had to be content with the dress circle."

"But did you never fall in love?" I asked, with extreme boldness.

The pale blue eyes filled with tears.

"Yes, dear Madge. And I should like to tell you about it, only there is nothing to tell."

"Oh, please tell me as much as there is, even if there is nothing!" I coaxed illogically.

"If there were more to tell, I think I shouldn't mind so much," said Miss Stubbs sadly. "I'd rather have a sad story than none at all. As it is, I haven't even the right to be unhappy. That isn't, of course, equal to the right to be happy, which some fortunate women have, but it is better than nothing. Why, Madge, my youth is over, and I have nothing left to remember it by—not even a love letter. I think if I had had just one love letter, that I could keep always and read over and over again, I should be content, for then I should feel that I had one flower left out of the summer of life."

"But do tell me what happened?" I urged.

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Good Health depends upon the food you eat.

Cleveland's Baking Powder adds to the healthfulness of all risen flour-foods, while it makes the food lighter, sweeter, finer-flavored, more delicious.

Exercise care in purchasing baking powder to see that you get the kind that makes the food more wholesome and at the same time more palatable.

CLEVELAND BAKING POWDER CO.,
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There are many mixtures, made in imitation of baking powder, which the prudent will avoid. They are lower in price than cream of tartar powders, but they are made from alum and are dangerous to use in food.

"Nothing happened. I once met some one whom I loved very much, and I think he loved me, but I am not even sure of that. I sometimes feel I'd give everything I have if I could only be sure of that, but I'm not. He was a young man who had his way to make in the world, and my dear father—as I have told you before—thought a great deal of our family and position and considered the man I loved was not good enough for me. So he just put a stop to our friendship."

"And you tamely submitted?"

"What else could I do? My dear father was a very stern man, and I dared not disobey him."

And as I gazed into the timid face I realized that poor Miss Stubbs had not needed much coercion to make her give up her day dream at her stern father's command.

"What was your lover like?" I asked.

"Oh, my dear, he was the handsomest man I ever saw, with such attractive manners!" she replied.

"Was he tall?" I asked. Being 5 foot 9 myself, I had a profound contempt for little men.

"Yes, dear, and such a fine figure—nice broad shoulders, you know, and a splendid carriage!"

I could not help wondering how a fine, handsome man could have fallen in love with such a colorless nonentity of a woman, but—as I have frequently noticed—there is no accounting for tastes.

I was filled with pity for poor Miss Stubbs. It seemed so sad to go through life without ever really living, as she had done, and thus it was that my great scheme occurred to me. What a good thing it would be if Uncle James would marry Miss Stubbs and so give her some comfort at the end of her life! I said comfort because I was afraid happiness was no longer possible to her. That had disappeared forever with the vanished fairy prince of her youth. But a comfortable old age is not a thing to be despised, and at present the little woman was poor and desolate. I felt that Uncle James was an inadequate substitute for the lost hero whom Miss Stubbs had described to me, but, on the other hand, what man with the smallest pretension to heroism would throw the handkerchief to a plain, frightened little spinster of an uncertain age?

Uncle James was mother's only brother. He was a worthy, middle aged bachelor, rather short and increasingly stout, and was the apotheosis of commonplace respectability. He possessed a kind heart and a dogmatic manner, and he lived chiefly at his club and thought a great deal too much about things to eat. Tom said that his highest feelings were aroused only by pork chops, but Tom was always rather severe on Uncle James. When my uncle didn't talk about the food at the club, he talked about shares and investments, so it was no wonder that Tom and I thought him rather an old bore, though we were always kind to him because he was a relative. This, then, was the victim I yearned to offer upon Miss Stubbs' shrine, and I divulged my scheme to mother.

Mother laughed. "I should be very glad for your uncle to marry," she said, "as it worries me to think of him all alone, especially when he is gouty. But how could you expect him, or any other man, to fall in love with that faded old maid?"

"Oh, I don't expect him to fall in love!" I replied. "He is far too old. But I should like to see Miss Stubbs comfortably settled, and I am sure she would be a good, peaceful little wife. Besides Uncle James isn't exactly the sort of person to win a beautiful princess for his bride."

"Poor James! And yet he had his beautiful princess once, like other men."

"Tell me about it, mother. You don't mean that that prosaic old uncle of mine was ever in love?"

"I do, though. He was dreadfully in love once, years and years ago. He used to tell me a lot about the girl, and how happy he would be if only he could win her, though he hardly dared to hope she would ever look at him. I never knew exactly what happened, but he wrote to me saying that the thing was finally at an end and begging me never to mention Annie Lorimer's name to him again. And I never have done so."

"What a pretty name! Was she pretty too?"

"I never saw her," replied mother, "but James used to say she was lovely—a dainty, exquisite, fairylike girl, as fragile as a bit of china, with golden hair and blue eyes and a lovely complexion. She danced beautifully and was just the type to attract James, who had always been accustomed to big, strong women." Mother is quite as tall as I am, and my grandmother was even taller.

"Poor Uncle James!" I said. "It is funny to imagine his caring for anything except pork chops and safe investments."

"He cared enough for Annie Lorimer five and twenty years ago," replied mother.

When our Swiss trip was over and we were settled at home again, I induced mother to invite Uncle James and Miss Stubbs to pay us a visit at the same time. She said it was an absurd arrangement and would lead to nothing, but she sent the invitations nevertheless. Father and mother always let me do as I like and have the things I want because I am the only daughter. Girls with a shoal of sisters don't get nearly as much of their own way as I do. People always think more of an odd cup and saucer than of a whole tea set, and yet I sometimes think it must be jollier to be one of a tea set, after all.

"You are too fond of acting as an amateur providence, Madge," mother said, "but I don't mind helping you this once."

Mother always says "this once" about kind things she has done every day in the past and will do every day in the future, but she seems to think that the expression protects her from the well founded charge of overindulgence.

So Uncle James and Miss Stubbs came to stay with us. My uncle arrived first, and as he sat with mother and me in the morning room he asked, "Is any one else staying with you, Jane?"

"Only Miss Stubbs," replied mother, "and she arrives this afternoon. We met her at Lucerne, you know."

"Oh, some girl that Madge took a great fancy to, isn't she?"

"I took a great fancy to her," I answered, "but she isn't a girl. She is quite old."

"What a nuisance!" said Uncle James in his sharp manner. "I hate old women, and old maids especially."

"You won't hate her, James," said mother soothingly. "She is so quiet and unobtrusive that you'll hardly know she is in the house." Then she smiled slyly at me, and I felt my matrimonial plans foredoomed to failure.

At that moment Miss Stubbs arrived, and mother and I ran into the hall to meet her. She looked as faded and washed out as ever, and as I followed her and mother into the morning room I sighed over the futility of my well meant scheme.

"Let me introduce my brother to you," mother began. "James, this is"—But before she could finish her sentence Uncle James jumped up and seized Miss Stubbs by both hands, crying: "Why, Annie, you don't mean to say that it is you, come back to me after all these years?" And there was a look on his face that the tenderest pork chops and the safest investments had never been able to call forth.

Miss Stubbs was quite flushed and trembling all over. "And it is really you, James? I never dreamed that I should see you again."

"This is Annie Lorimer, that I used to tell you about, Jane," explained Uncle James, turning to mother, but still keeping Miss Stubbs' hands in his. "But why on earth did you call her Miss Stubbs?"

Miss Stubbs answered for mother. "They only knew me as Miss Stubbs, James. When my father came into that estate, which proved such a disappointment to him, he had to give up the name of Lorimer and take that of Stubbs, and I suppose I never mentioned that my name had once been Lorimer."

As we all sat at tea together I meditated deeply on the romantic situation and thought how sad it must be to be parted from a fine, handsome man such as Miss Stubbs had described to me and from a golden haired fairy such as uncle used to talk about to mother, and then to meet them five and twenty years afterward, transformed into a fat old bachelor and a faded old maid. But my cup of amazement was full when I heard Uncle James say:

"What have you been doing to keep yourself so young, Annie? You hardly look a day older than when I last saw you."

And Miss Stubbs replied: "You also are scarcely altered a bit, James. I should have known you anywhere."

This fairly knocked me over. It is absurd to say that love is blind. Love not only sees beauties and virtues no one else sees, but what it has once seen it sees always. It is very funny and interesting.

The next day I said to Miss Stubbs, "Whatever made you say Uncle James was tall when you described him to me?"

"Because he is tall. Don't you think your uncle is a very fine man, my dear?"

"I don't know. He always seemed rather short to me, somehow," I stammered awkwardly.

Miss Stubbs smiled. "To you, yes. But you are so exceptionally tall, you know."

Whereby I learned that height is, after all, only a question of proportion.

Not long after this Uncle James asked me in his sharp, masterful way: "What possessed you, Madge, when you told me that Annie was old? Why, she is no more old than I am."

I felt confused. "She seemed rather old to me, somehow," I stammered.

My uncle smiled. "You, yes. But you are so absurdly young, you know."

Whereby I learned that age also is a question of proportion.

On the day that Uncle James and Aunt Annie were married mother said to me, "I think that Providence helped my managing little girl with her plans this time."

"No, mother," I answered. "Providence took it out of my hands altogether and finished the business alone and did it a million times better than I could have imagined.

Mother smiled.

"You see," I continued, "my scheme was to bring two rather uninteresting, middle aged people together and insure a dull and comfortable old age for them, but Providence's plan was to reunite two true lovers who had waited for each other for a quarter of a century and make them young again and happy with the highest sort of happiness. The ways of Providence are better than our ways, after all. Aren't they, mother?"

"As the heavens are higher than the earth," said mother softly.—Woman at Home.

The Dentist Is Polite.

A North Side dentist is sure to be called "a mean man" by some of his women patrons when they learn of the trick he has practiced upon them. It happens sometimes that even a rubber dam will not stop the flow of woman's speech, and although the dentist, being a young man, is not averse to a little "pleasant talk" now and then with a patient, yet if she persists in telling him her personal or domestic history during the filling of a tooth, hindering the work, while other patients wait in the anteroom, it's a little trying to his nerves and temper. The doctor is a polite man; he does not ask the woman to stop talking, but says gently:

"Open your mouth, please."

There is silence for a few moments, when the chatter begins again.

"Open wider, please," says the dentist, more persuasively than before, and the work goes on rapidly enough until the patient seeing her opportunity starts in again where she had left off in the tale of everyday woes. The clock strikes the hour of the next appointment. The dentist seizes the most terrible of all his instruments, his look becomes threatening and his voice too: "Please, now, open your mouth very wide." The ruse succeeds, and the startled but unsuspecting woman stretches her mouth into an abysmal yawn that precludes the possibility of even a whisper.

It's a mean trick.—Chicago Tribune.

The Boys Got In.

The late Dan Rice, the famous circus man, was fond of boys and always wanted to see a lot of them in his audience. He never gave a performance, says the Cleveland Leader, when the nooks and corners were not filled with youngsters who had come in free.

One story of this sort was told by Captain George J. Grammer. At the time of the occurrence Grammer, who lived in Zanesville, O., was standing one afternoon with a crowd of other boys looking longingly into the tent, but not having the price of admission.

It was Mr. Rice's custom to stand at the door until the first grand entry of the circus people, when he would leave. On this occasion he saw the hungry look on the faces of the boys and called them around him. "You want to go in, don't you, boys?"

"Bet your life!" shouted back the youngsters.

"I'll tell you what. All the boys who are back here in ten minutes with clean faces and hands get in."

The words were hardly out of his mouth before there was a dash for the Muskingum river, and in less than seven minutes 200 clean faces and hands came back to the tent. The boys went inside with a rush.

Saved Her Life.

Riggs—Hear about Mrs. Titewadd? Told her husband she would kill herself if he didn't buy her a new bonnet.

Jiggs—What did Titewadd do?

Riggs—Got estimates on funerals, found he could save $2 by buying the bonnet and saved her life.—Baltimore American.

A self closing door spring adds to the anger of the angry man who wants to slam the door.—Chicago News.

The occupants of a balloon a mile high command a radius of 96 miles.

Look These Up.

In many educational journals nowadays we see pronunciation tests, catch words, etc., which may be valuable for technical use and yet not being needed every day in everyday talk are, like certain folks I know, chiefly interesting on public occasions. I should like to put down here a list of words that are very generally mispronounced.

Everybody knows how to pronounce them perhaps, but being such common little things, mere street waifs, with unwashed faces, nobody takes the trouble to "speak them fair." Now, to know what is our duty and fail to do it is a much more culpable thing than not to do it because we don't know what our duty is. So here they are, little, commonplace creatures, which are mispronounced every day:

Toward, again, bade, brooch, apricot, often, catch, hearth, aye, lien, greasy, sew, scare, years, idea, area, bouquet, ague, bleat, rise (noun), arctic, shone, route, gaunt, canine, juvenile, infidel, corporal, tete-a-tete, trousseau, amendment, restaurant, bicycle, were, recipe, frontier, depot, process, recess, romance, tirade, essay, tarpaulin, won.

The above are in common use and of common abuse. Some of them of course come from our sister, France, and people are likely to say that they are not expected to pronounce foreign words correctly.—Texas School Journal.

A Natural Lighthouse.

Stromboli, one of the Lipari islands, has constantly and usefully performed the function of a lighthouse for at least 2,000 years. Circular in outline, the island culminates in a conical shaped elevation, due to past volcanic agency, which rises to the height of 3,090 feet above sea level and is visible over an area having a radius of more than 100 miles. During the day masses of vapor are seen issuing from a point high up the mountain side, and at night successive displays of red light, varying in duration and intensity, somewhat resemble those of the gigantic flashlight on the coast. The flashes last from under one to over 20 minutes, gradually increasing to a ruddy glow and as gradually fading away.

This island is referred to by several very ancient writers as the great natural pharos of the western Mediterranean. Now it serves the same purpose for the constant stream of traffic passing to and from the French and Italian ports in the gulfs of Genoa and of Lyons, through the straits of Messina, for which Stromboli acts as a "leading" light. To such an extent is this the case that, although the other principal islands of the Lipari archipelago are marked by lighthouses, nothing of the kind is placed upon Stromboli.

A Dream That Came True.

"Talking about dreams," said Mrs. Smith as we sat around the parlor, "I once had a very strange experience. I dreamed that I was just stepping out of my house for a walk when a funeral passed by. A man with a cap marked nine and a red scar running across his forehead jumped from the hearse and, approaching me, asked, 'Are you ready?' 'No,' I replied, and with that I awoke.

"A few months later I was stopping in Chicago. I was on the top floor of one of the big houses and just about to step into the elevator when I remembered another thing I wanted to buy. I stopped and looked through my notebook. 'Down!' exclaimed the elevator boy, and then asked me, 'Are you ready?' 'No,' I answered, and the door closed.

"The next instant a great crash was heard, and the occupants of the elevator were dashed to an untimely death.

"The cap of the boy bore the figure 9, and he had a red scar running across his brow."—San Francisco Chronicle.

That Boy.

"Mamma, does money make the man?"

"I am sorry to say it does sometimes, Tommy."

"Money will make a man go anywhere, won't it?"

"I suppose so."

"If it was down in Cuba, would money make a man go to raising mangoes?"

"Don't bother me."

"Do monkeys eat mangoes, mamma?"

"I presume so. I wish you wouldn't talk so much."

"Then, if money makes the man go to raising mangoes, and monkeys eat mangoes, don't the monkeys make the mango go"—

Whack! Whack!

"Ouch!"—Chicago Tribune.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, AUG. 10, 1900.

DO THE OPPOSITE THING.

Who do the Democrats of this District favor for the Republican Congressional nominee? Colonel Ames, to be sure.

Every editorial of the Democratic press is favorable to Colonel Ames and belittles Congressman Knox. Why? Is it because they wish the Republicans to name their strongest man? Hardly; it is because they are doing all in their power to aid in the nomination of Colonel Ames, thinking him a much less dangerous opponent than Congressman Knox. Every article in the Democratic press of this District is inspired with the purpose of encouraging Colonel Ames's candidacy.

The whole thing is so apparent that it is a wonder the Ames men do not realize that in pushing their man against Congressman Knox they are doing the thing that Mr. Flynn's supporters wish them to do.

Nothing would delight the Democrats more than to see Mr. Knox defeated for the nomination. They know his strength and dread it. Three times they have tried to defeat him, but in vain. Now they hope to see him defeated by Republicans to satisfy the ambition of the man from Lowell.

They will not be gratified. The Republicans of this District are not in the habit of playing into the hands of Democrats, and they are not going to be hoodwinked into it now.

While the Republicans may not please the Democrats by renominating Congressman Knox they will be doing the best thing for the District, State and Nation.—*Lawrence Telegram.*

Which is sound doctrine. It is also true.

☞ Prima facie it would appear as though Mayor Davis is entitled to credit for his effort to obtain work for our laboring men on the proposed Cambridge street State road, and in so far as that is his cardinal idea he certainly deserves praise for it. To the present time he has been the principal mover and motor in arranging for building the road by the workmen of this city, and his labor seems likely to be crowned with success. But this matter of the Cambridge street State road needs to be carefully and intelligently looked into by the taxpayers of this city. To obtain the contract for building it our city must put in a bid lower than any other concern. With local labor common sense teaches us that the city cannot do the work as cheaply as if done by regular contractors. What follows? A loss by the builders. But, they say, the State contributes $5,000. Well and good, but will that extricate them from the "hole?" Suppose the city bids $4000; the State gives $5000; the cost, with home labor, and, worse, home management, is $8,000. Then the city finds itself in the sleds to the tune of $3000. Who are to make up that sum to the public—to foot the bills, and square the deficit? The taxpayers. A costly luxury, all will say. The town of Winchester persued this plan for a like purpose, and how did it come out? With the best Roadmaster in the State, having power to hire and discharge help on his own motion, the town was mulcted in the sum of $1000. If Woburn builds the road will she get out of it at a loss much greater than Winchester experienced under similar circumstances? Will some of our level headed taxpayers take the pains to investigate this business and try to find out where Woburn will land if she builds the road?

☞ With the exception of two years, years productive of distress, hunger, bankruptcy and panic, the destiny of the Nation has been partially or entirely under the control of the Republican party ever since the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln in 1861. During these forty years the country has advanced by leaps and bounds in population, wealth, material, social and intellectual development. The trans-Mississippi region has been converted from buffalo ranges to imperial States, bridges have been thrown across mighty rivers, railways have been built over the mountains, millions of homes have been created, schools without number have been built, colleges have been endowed, human liberty has been extended, the verdict of the ballot has been respected (in Republican States), and the Republic has a deeper hold on the affections of its citizens than ever before, and compels respect abroad.

☞ Hon. John W. Kimball, State Auditor, is a candidate for re-election. That he will be chosen hardly admits of a doubt. There will be two other men in the field for the office, or are now, the friends of whom are reporting the story that Mr. Kimball promised last year not to be a candidate this, but the story is not true. He made no bargains or promises last year to anyone, and goes before the people again on his merits. He will get there all right.

☞ Elwny G. Preston, Esq., was one of the guests at a luncheon given by the Boston Chamber of Commerce Committee on the Isthmian Canal to a body of distinguished gentlemen connected with that enterprise, at the Union Club, last Tuesday. Mr. Preston has for several years been Secretary of the Chamber.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

W. Hazlett—For Sale.
Mid'x E. Ag. As.—Fair.
H. L. Hanson—For Sale.
Tremont Theatre—Opening.

— Locke, tuner, telephone, this page.

— Last Sunday was a charming day.

— Annie E. Bancroft is visiting in N. H.

— Thomas J. Begley is vacating in New Hampshire.

— There was another good rain last Wednesday.

— C. Walter Marion and family are at Salisbury Beach.

— Mr. M. M. Shaw and family are at Plymouth, N. H.

— There was a nice little sprinkling of rain last Tuesday.

— Read the notice of a cottage house for sale by W. Hazlett.

— Labor Day comes on Sept. 3. Are all hands ready for it?

— Mrs. James E. Fowle and son Selwyn are visiting at Lynn.

— Police Officer French is making good progress towards health.

— Officer McKenna has returned to duty from a pleasant vacation.

— Please read the advertisement of Tremont Theatre in this paper.

— E. E. Foss and family are enjoying themselves at Popham Beach.

— It was over 90 in the shade yesterday afternoon and very muggy.

— Dr. Kelleher, City Physician, has returned from a pleasant vacation.

— A tennis contest will be held on the Mt. Pleasant courts tomorrow.

— Mr. Frederic A. Flint left here for Camden, Me., last Wednesday.

— The Catholic parish of Montvale will soon give a grand Lawn Party.

— Mrs. James E. Cutler and Miss Isabelle Cutler are at Marshfield Hills.

— Miss Florence Munroe is stopping at Nahant. Her mother is also there.

— Frank Buchanan has his coat off once more at Munroe's clothing store.

— Miss Eliza A. T. Kendall is visiting friends at Grafton near Worcester.

— Mrs. Seeley and daughter Annie are taking their summer outing on Cape Ann.

— The Woburn Brass Band gave an openair concert at Reading Wednesday evening.

— Mrs. Jennings's Employment Office is doing considerable business these days.

— The showers between 2 and 3 o'clock Monday morning didn't so much as lay the dust.

— Dr. J. P. Carroll, 16 Winn st., leaves Aug. 11 for a two week's vacation at Onset Bay.

— There was a fine rain Tuesday night, and it was cloudy and comfortable on Wednesday.

— The family of Mr. George S. Hudson of the Boston *Herald* are at Onset until Sept. 15.

— Men about the railroad station think the new Agent, Mr. George F. Eaton, is a good one.

— Mrs. Geo. H. Newcomb of 23 Mishawum Road is enjoying sea breezes at Green Harbor.

— Mr. Fred Whitford of Buffalo, N. Y., has been visiting the Maine coast for a week or two.

— The present address of Organist Hood of First church and Mrs. Hood is at North Woodstock, N. H.

— Charlie A. Jones, Esq., of the Five Cents Savings Bank, and family went to York Beach last week.

— We thank Mr. A. C. Floyd, of the Treasury Department, Washington, D. C., for valuable documents.

— Mr. and Mrs. James McDonald, excellent people they are, have departed for their summer outing.

— After a splendid European tour Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Burdett have returned to their home in this city.

— Mrs. Putney of Putney, Georgia, has been visiting here two or three weeks with relatives and friends.

— J. W. Smith, Section Director, Boston, speaks well of Massachusetts crops in his report ending Aug. 4.

— Mr. Edward E. Parker is piping the new watchhand factory of Winn & Co. in Winchester, near Montvale.

— It rained hard all Wednesday at Old Orchard which spoiled the sport of the Malden and Woburn excursionists.

— Mrs. Dr. Bickford is at Bethlehem, N. H. Dr. J. H. Hutchings and wife are also there among the mountains.

— All kinds of repairing at Leathe's. Our $2.50 hand welt calf shoes for men are equal to any $3 advertised shoes.

— Mr. Leonard B. Buchanan of Church ave., on Electrical Engineer of note, is away this week taking his vacation.

— A Socialist Labor oration was delivered on the Common last Saturday evening by one of the chief speakers of the party.

— The alarm from box 39 at 11.45 Tuesday evening was a slight fire in Brown & Gifford's repair shop off Water street.

— Mrs. Capt. Cyrus Tay and her daughter Irmy, the piano teacher, expect to go to Tamworth, N. H., for their vacation.

— Louise Wyman and Myra Kimball are at Edgartown. Harlow Seeley is also enjoying the delights of that beautiful summer retreat.

— The South End Club will give a grand Lawn Party on the Hudson street grounds on August 30. A fine programme is being arranged for it.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf

— Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Simonds, Miss Minnie Simonds, and Miss Flossie Morse are at York Beach. The JOURNAL had it erroneously Sullivan Simonds.

— It is expected that the two 'companies who want to build electric roads from Woburn to Lexington by the way of Cummingsville will put up a strong fight for the franchise.

— Masters James E. and Edwin L. Agnew, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Agnew of South Boston, are here visiting their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Edward I. Andrus.

— According to the annual report of Chief Fire Engineer Littlefield there were 132 fire alarms in this city during 1899, and that the amount of property destroyed was $152,000.

— Mr. Fort Staples went with the excursion party to Old Orchard last Wednesday. His uncle owned the farm on which the famous seaside resort now stands and built the first hotel—The Old Orchard House. Mr. Fort Staples used to live there.

FROM THE ORIENT

CARPETS

Goods right—prices right—workmanship right—everything right.
We do by far the largest business in Boston in

Carpets and Upholstery.

What do you suppose the reason is?

JOHN H. PRAY & SONS CO.,
658 Washington Street, 658
Opp. Boylston St.,
BOSTON.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

PRESCRIPTIONS.

EVERYBODY—at some time or other—is interested in good prescription service. That's the kind we offer, and these are the elements that go to make it up. Pure drugs; exact weights and measures; intelligence, in combining medicines. We never slight quality, nor do we ever require untrained employees to handle prescriptions.
Think this over and take your prescription to

HUNTLEY'S, "The Prescription Store,"
417 MAIN STREET.

Hot Weather Goods.

G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street. - - - - - - - Woburn

— Mrs. Helen L. Hanson advertises her 40-acre farm on Lexington and Cambridge streets for sale. It is one of the best in Woburn and ought to sell readily at a good price.

— Nowhere else can such large, lucious peaches be bought as at the popular fruit store of Crovo Brothers. All the choicest fruits in the market are kept by them and sold cheap.

— Quite a number of our people joined the Malden Merchants Day excursion to Portland and old Orchard last Wednesday, and many more would have done so but for the prospect of a rainy day.

— At the deeply regretted close of altogether the finest summer vacation on record Miss Clara M. Ryder, of the postoffice force, returned from Cape Cod a few days ago, and is now at her post of duty.

— The City Solicitor has submitted a written opinion to the City Council in which he decides that the jurisdiction of the Cemetery Commissioners does not extend beyond the confines of Woodbrook.

— Frank Sullivan of this city was in the half-mile Novice Bicycle race at Combination Park last Saturday, and also in the one mile Amateur race. Several Winchester wheelmen also contested for the prizes.

— Dr. Charles H. Buss has gone to Intervale, N. H., for his vacation and his dental rooms will be closed until Sept. 1. He has earned a fine long outing and rest, for he has put in a good deal of work during the last year.

— A number of delegates from the Innitou Canoe Club, and several who were not delegates, attended the great meet of the American Canoe Association at Windemere, Canada, last week. The presumption is they had a very merry time.

— Morris & Wise, the Penny Photographers, at 435 Main street, over Thompson's hardware store, are doing a fine business. They have 100 people a day, and are about to enlarge their quarters here. They have also opened a branch studio in Wakefield.

— The Black Horse Hill Band of Mercy had its annual picnic last Saturday on the beautiful grounds of Mrs. Page Eaton, at Central Square, Woburn. The day was delightful and the children had a merry time, with no mishaps of any kind.—*Winchester Star.*

— In this issue of the JOURNAL may be seen an advertisement of the Middlesex East Agricultural Association's annual Fair to be held on their spacious grounds in Wakefield and Reading. The Fairs of the Association are the best and most largely attended of any in Eastern Massachusetts.

— Supt. Brackett of the No. Woburn electric railroad is bound that profane or intoxicated persons shall not be allowed to ride on his cars, and last week one such fellow was in court and fined $10. Supt. Brackett's action will meet with the hearty approval of the riding public.—*Winchester Star.*

— The venerable and highly respected citizen, Mr. Levi W. Cooper, is making his annual visit to Taunton, where he used to live and do business. There is no fish in the sea or river that tastes so good to Mr. Cooper as Taunton alewives. Many friends welcomed him to his former home last week.

— The managers of the Flower Mission in this city respectfully request the presence of ladies at First Church vestry on Friday afternoons from 3.30 to 4.30 in the interest of the Mission. It is hoped that as many of them as possible will contribute flowers, but their visit will be appreciated whether they bring offerings or not.

— By kindly going out of the State for a spell, yes, out of the country into the Queen's Dominions, Mayor Davis has given President Blodgett of the City Council an opportunity to take kindergarten lessons in the art of running the Mayor's office preparatory to permanently assuming its duties, responsibilities, and emoluments next January.

— The Dorothy Brewer Chapter of the D. A. R. of Waltham visited North Woburn Thursday and were entertained at the Rumford House by invitation of Miss Hosmer. They also visited the Public Library and the Statue of Count Rumford. Waltham for many years conducted a course of scientific lectures in his name at Rumford Hall.

— Tomorrow Lawyer John P. Feeney and his two sisters, Margaret E. and Katherine A. Feeney, go to Old Orchard for a fortnight's outing. His law business has compelled the Esquire to postpone his vacation comforts to this somewhat late day; but he hopes to get a good rest at Old Orchard, and his sisters are contemplating the outing with great pleasure.

— It is safe to say that Woburn was never more thoroughly drained of its population than it is at the present time. In addition to the regular vacation the Old Home Week in Maine has drawn heavily on our city and materially swelled the exodus. It is reckoned that the number of regulars greatly exceed that of any former year, indicating that money is plenty.

— Among the outing parties Grocers' Day, was a trolly trip to Marblehead by 43 people of Woburn in a special car of the North Woburn Street Railroad in charge of Conductor Powers and Motorman Flynn. The car left Woburn at 9.30 a. m. and arrived at its destination at 11.30. After having a fine dinner the party went sight seeing in the ancient town until 6 o'clock, at which time the car left for home.

— Mrs. E. V. Bridgham and her sister, Miss Lydia J. Valentine, left their Court street home last Monday to go down and participate in the joys of Maine's "Old Home Week." Their headquarters are at Cumberland Mills, just out of Portland, in Westbrook, or near it. It was their intent to visit familiar scenes up along the Androscoggin River, and to derive as much pleasure from the trip as possible.

— Mr. Isaac M. Phillips has been promoted from train baggage man to passenger conductor by the B. & M. Railroad Company, an advance which he well deserved. Mr. Phillips is an old employee of the road and by good and faithful work has fairly earned his promotion. He has always been popular with the traveling public, and will no doubt fill the office of conductor to the satisfaction of everybody concerned.

— James Rooney of New York city is, from a worldly point of view, one of the most successful of the young men who have graduated from the JOURNAL composing room in the years that are gone. He is right in every respect. James has been an employee in a large printing establishment in New York City several years, and is forging ahead finely. He is now visiting his home and friends here for a couple of weeks.

— Mr. Frank A. Partridge and family returned from a delightful summer outing on Littlejohn Island, Casco Bay, a few days ago. They enjoyed it highly. Mr. Partridge thinks Littlejohn Island the best spot on the planet for a hot weather vacation, and many Woburn people and others agree with him. The Lord Proprietor of that most lovely of the 365 islands in Casco Bay is Mr. Frank C. Nichols of this city, a gentleman who sells the best of ice at reasonable rates, and is well esteemed by his neighbors.

— Reports from the tanneries lead to the belief that a great deal of leather is being made here at the present time. The General Managers of the American Hide and Leather Company, Messrs. Cottle and Lund, are hustling these days, so it is said, and rushing business at their factories for all it is worth. If the workingmen are sharing in the prosperity of the leather industry here everybody will be glad of it.

— Strange to say, no patrolman is on the business part of Main street from 4 to 7 in the morning. What is Mayor Davis thinking about? That is the exact part of the day when a policeman is most needed along the business front. Chief McDermott is not to blame for it; he can do nothing; but how about the Mayor? A big petition is about ready to present to him to have the wrong rectified. The idea!

— Considering the character of the work done by the watering carts, and they are not to blame for not doing it better, 4 cents a linear foot for the service by the city seems tolerable steep. The daily stint laid out for the carts includes a good share of the city and it is next to impossible for them to do it in a proper manner with the force at present employed. The simple fact is, most of the streets are not more than half watered.

— Mrs. Mary E. Plannett, her niece, Miss Bertha B. Smith, and Miss Olive L. Hinckley, left here yesterday for Sanbornton, N. H., for a prolonged visit. All three of these ladies passed their vacation at the same place in 1899, and Mrs. Plannett has made it her summer headquarters for many years. When they left yesterday they were anticipating a fine time picking blackberries, which are just now ripening off up there.

— It will come to many of our readers in the nature of a shock, as it did to us a few days since, to learn that the condition of Mayor Davis's magnificent piece of macadam road in lower Main street has recently demanded repairs! If the Mayor had been willing to share his authority with Supt. French this would not have happened. Supt. French has no discretionary powers. But just think of it—repairs already!

— Mr. John T. Trull, Mrs. Trull, Miss Evelyn, and Charles and Horace Trull, all of No. 2 Auburn st., are guests of Hotel Mattaquason, Chatham, Cape Cod, for the vacation season. Chatham is a favorite seaside resort and one of the best on the Atlantic Coast. While not situated at the tipend of the Cape, it commands one of the broadest and noblest sea views, and furnishes the most delicious sea breezes, in all the land. The Trull family will no doubt greatly enjoy their outing there.

— The Warren Academy Free Industrial School, under the management of Mr. Willis S. Carter, will close on Thursday, Aug. 16, with a public exhibition of its work, to which the people are invited and earnestly requested to attend. The reception of visitors will begin at 9 o'clock a. m., and continue to 12, during which time the products of the different departments will be displayed for inspection. The attendance this year has been larger than ever before, and the progress made by the students highly satisfactory.

— The first song of the katydid heard in this city this summer was rendered on Monday evening, August 6. Stick a pin there. According to the old and generally truthful saying the first frost of the season should put in appearance on Sept. 17, for it is always just six weeks after the first melodious chanting of the katydid that "Jack" announces his advent. It would be well for young people to make a note of this, if for no other reason than to discover just how much reliance can be placed on this old "saw," and deduce from it answers to others.

— The electrical storm between 11 and 12 o'clock Monday night was in some respects a corker, to use an expressive but not very cultured phrase. The lightning was almost continuous for half an hour and intensely vivid; the wind blew nearly a gale, necessitating a hasty closing of windows; but there was not a drop of rain, and only in the far distance was the low booming of the thunder heard. It was a singular storm, purely electrical, and although it did much damage away to the north of here no reports of any in this city came to hand Tuesday morning. It was cooler after the flurry.

— Lawyer Herbert E. Riley, who is Chairman of the Woburn School Board, expects to pass his vacation at North Conway in the upper regions of New Hampshire. It is at North Conway that Superintendent Thomas Emerson of our schools shines brightly in the character of a yeoman. He is one of New Hampshire's most widely known and successful farmers. It is not correct to think that agricultural products cannot be raised at North Conway. True, it is situated far towards the polar regions, but is nevertheless a good wheat and oats country, and maize, with proper nursing, yields a fairly good crop. In the matter of "yaller-eyed" beans no soil or climate can produce anything more favorable.

— In the course of two or three weeks Rev. Frederick Woods, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church in this city, beloved of his congregation, will leave for Moosehead Lake, videlicet, "The Outlet," where he has enjoyed his annual vacation for nearly or quite a quarter of a century. He loves dearly that wild and picturesque country and is never happier than when personally imbibing its manifold charms. Mr. Woods, when so disposed, goes to Lily Bay, Roach River, and other fine fishing grounds, and never tires of it. Indeed, he says the delights, the quiet, the repose, of "The Outlet" and its wooded and stream coursed environments, grow on his love year by year, and he hopes to be able to enjoy its beauties and blessings for a long time to come.

— Rev. James H. Roberts of Hartford, Conn., who is supported as a missionary in China by First church in this city, had a narrow escape from death at the hands of the Chinese troops. A dispatch from Troitzkosawask, Siberia, says: "Seven American and missionaries from Pekin, with their families, have arrived here. They escaped from Pekin, and were chased across the sand and mountains of the Gold desert for 400 miles, suffering fearful tortures from the hot sands, exposure and lack of food and water. The Russian Governor of Translaikali sent out 500 Cossacks, who galloped south 400 miles into the desert, and rescued them. The cavalry gave them food and shelter, and brought them to Troitzkosawask, where they are receiving care at the hands of the authorities." Among these was Rev. Mr. Roberts, the news of whose safety was received with rejoicing by First church here.

"TAKE THIS TO THE DRUGGIST YOU HAVE THE MOST CONFIDENCE IN."
THE PILL BOX
recently was presented with a *Prescription* bearing the above, and *IT* takes this method to thank the people of Middlesex County for the honor conferred.
Eternal Vigilance and Exactness will ever be its *watchword* when ministering to suffering humanity.

U Know the location.
Next to the P. O.

CORRECT PIANO TUNING AND REPAIRING,
BY FRANK A. LOCKE.
24 YEARS EXPERIENCE.
Tuner in Woburn for a great many years. Every unison, octave and chord so evenly balanced and smoothly tuned as to make the harmony on your piano an exquisite pleasure to listen to. No jagged, rough, harsh, uneven chords so often left by tuners. Recommendations from manufacturers, dealers, teachers, colleges and the musical profession. Prices reasonable.
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Recognized medical authorities concede that Pneumonia and Grippe are the outcome of the malarial germ. It is here (the root of the evil) where Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets arrest the cause of disease, and hence are recognized as reliable by the medical fraternity. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take.
For sale by druggists everywhere, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price—if your dealer can't supply you. 50c. a Box.
EDWARD C. CHURCH, Boston, Mass.
GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Wholesale Agents.

— Mrs. W. E. Sherman, her two sons, Robert and Edward, and Miss Edith Rooke, of Singapore, are visiting Mrs. Sherman's brother, Mr. Edward E. Parker, and other relatives and former acquaintances in this city. They will stay here during the summer, and it is expected that the son Robert and Miss Rooke will remain some time and attend our city schools. Miss Sherman went to Singapore with her husband and children about 10 years ago and has since made her home there. She likes that city and prefers it to a residence in this country. She visited her former home here three years ago, and had previously returned to see her people here. Although her home is near the equator Mrs. Sherman has suffered more from the heat here during the last fortnight than in the same time at her home. It takes about 50 days to make the voyage from New York to Sinapore.

— Dr. J. H. Conway, Chairman of the Board of Health, is strongly of the opinion that Town Meadow can be drained and put into shape a for public park at comparatively small cost. Mr. George Buchanan of the Board entertains a similar belief. Some practical minded men think it cannot be drained at any cost, however large, and one piece of evidence which they submit in support of their contention is the sinking of the roadbed of the Loop line during its construction in 1885, near what was then Rag Rock avenue. They point also to the fact that the distance from the surface of the ground to the bottom of the Harrison avenue railroad abutments is greater than that from the surface to the rails that lie on top of the abutments. The engineers were obliged to go many feet down through sand and water before finding a foundation for the stone. However, experiments seem to indicate that Chairman Conway and Mr. Buchanan are correct in their position.

— The annual playday of the Woburn business men, called Merchants Day, is not all glee and gladness, as might be supposed, but with many of them it should better be called Labor Day. It is generally preceeded by a week of hard planning on how it shall be spent, an exhausting mental work, and when completed not always satisfactory. Generally speaking, there is no organized outing, the character of which is more often determined by individual preferences and prejudices. The men, with their families, scatter all over the lot, mostly to the beaches, although it must be confessed that groves, watersides, and trolly trips get their share. The threatening clouds last Wednesday morning deterred many from enjoying the Boston & Maine Portland and Old Orchard excursion, as had been lotted on, and thus they missed a good thing. When the day is over and night approaches, the men, women and children come back weary, hungry, and generally cross. Perhaps that was the case last Wednesday.

— A few rods from Martin's Corner, East Woburn, just over the Winchester line, in Winchester, Winn & Co. have their watchhands factory. The proprietors have recently erected a large brick building, 3 stories, and furnished it with all modern improvements, to accommodate their work. The labor is nearly all performed by young women, a large number of whom are employed by the Winns. The business of manufacturing watchhands was began by these gentlemen perhaps 20 years ago, in a modest way, it having first been established at Waltham by men long since retired, and of them purchased by the senior member of the present firm. It has grown to be the only establishment of the kind of any importance in this country, and is perhaps the only one in the world. The sole employment of the firm is making hour, minute and second hands for watches, for which there is an immense demand from the great factories of the country. Necessity compelling the invention and manufacture of tools for the delicate work, and all this having been done by the Winns, building up the manufactory has been a gradual and somewhat slow process; but success has been secured, and the proprietors are now doing a great business.

— It would be a hard job to make Mr. C. M. Strout believe that he ever had before in his life such a splendid time as he did at the State Day in Portland of the Maine "Old Home Week." Didn't he enjoy it, though?

— The Social Labor party of this city will go on a picnic at Suntaug Park, Lynnfield, tomorrow.

— 8 A. M., Aug. 10, 1900: just 80 in the shade: cloudless: wind west. Hot day before us.

— A woman was badly bitten by a Pleasant st. dog the other day. The dog was killed.

What A Tale It Tells.

If that mirror of yours shows a wretched, sallow complexion, a jaundiced look, moth patches and blotches on the skin, it's liver trouble; but Dr. King's New Life Pills regulate the liver, purify the blood, give clear skin, rosy cheeks, rich complexion. Only 25c at Huntley & Co.'s drug store.

North Woburn.

Miss Susie McDevitt is quite ill.

Miss Amy Thompson is visiting Miss Eva Dearborn at Ashland.

Mrs. Edward Marion and son are visiting with Mrs. Dockham.

Miss Mabel and Master Frank Perkins are visiting with Mrs. Knapp.

Miss Lena French has been home from Worcester for a few days and has returned.

The beautiful flower garden it Miss Sarah Buck's on School street attracts much attention.

The Christian Endeavorers of North Woburn enjoyed a moonlight ride to Revere Beach this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Perkins and little Elmer returned this week from a visit to New Hampshire.

Boston Theatres.

THE TREMONT.

Manager Schoeffel will inaugurate the next regular season at the Tremont Theatre on Monday evening, August 27, with the first presentation in Boston of Eleanor Merron's charming rural play, "The Dairy Farm," which was one of the greatest successes of last season, and comes with the prestige of runs of 109 nights in New York and 133 in Chicago. No play has received a greater degree of approval from the best class of theatre goers. The scene is laid in a little village in Northern New York in the decade preceding the Civil War, and the work has been pronounced a perfect picture of the period, a time remote enough to be picturesque, yet recent enough to be remembered, with the charm of distance idealizing it, by many play-goers of to-day. The story is extremely fascinating and of great dramatic power. The costumes of the period are faithfully reproduced, and an entirely new outfit of beautiful and picturesque scenery has been provided for the Boston engagement, which is for four weeks only.

To Save Her Child

From frightful disfigurement Mrs. Nannie Galleger, of LaGrange, Ga., applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve to great sores on her head and face, and writes its quick cure exceeded all her hopes. It works wonders in Sores, Bruises, Skin Eruptions, Cuts, Burns, Scalds and Piles. 25c. Cure guaranteed by Huntley & Co., druggists.

William H. Cummings.

At about 8 o'clock Tuesday morning, August 7, 1900, Mr. WILLIAM H. CUMMINGS died at the home to that time occupied by him, No. 22 Cleveland ave., in this city, after a long illness. His death had been momentarily expected for several weeks. His age was 60 years.

Mr. Cummings a was Veteran of the Civil War, serving in Company G, Fifth Regiment, and was a member of the Grand Army of the Republic. He was a good citizen, husband, father, and neighbor. He was a carpenter and joiner by trade, and was at one time engaged in real estate business.

The deceased left a widow and four grownup sons who deeply mourn his death.

The funeral was held yesterday afternoon and largely attended. The burial was at Woodbrook.

The Republicans are thoroughly committed to the shipping bill now pending in Congress. Commanding the party's support, it is the only measure that could be put through Congress. Without proposing any remedy for the lack of an American merchant marine the Democrats content themselves with merely opposing the pending shipping bill.

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
☞ Class Lessons if desired.
12 Franklin St., Woburn.
Tuesdays and Fridays at 153 Tremont Street Boston.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
—IN—
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue. WOBURN

What are You Paying for
BUTTER?
Call and examine our quality and price.
Best Creamery Butter
23c. per lb.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

It is not believed that Mr. Bryan's new farm is worked so thoroughly as it is photographed.

The dictatorial attitude of Boss Bryan at Kansas City is very suggestive of imperialism.

Bryan should establish a rigid censorship over his thinks, or there will be trouble before November.

The Republicans have no party perfidy and dishonour to hamper them in their victorious campaign.

Hon. Adlai Stevenson was originally a green-backer. Mix this with 16 to 1, and what will be the product?

At the next fusion in Nebraska the Democrats will doubtless be called upon to apologize for presuming to exist.

It is to be hoped that the Boxers are not as deeply interested in Bryan's election as the insurgents in the Philippines.

Hon. Don M. Dickinson predicts "that Bryan will not get within two million as many votes as he did in 1896."

There are sixty different tribes in the Philippines and the anti-expansionists demand that they all be turned over to Aguinaldo.

If farmer Bryan held his hoe in the wrong hand the farmers will soon get on to it when the moving pictures are on exhibition.

"Bryan, Adlai, Aguinaldo, Agoncillo and Anti-Everything" will not be an attractive combination for the American voters.

Since the adoption of the gold standard in Japan the currency of that country has been freed from constant fluctuations in its exchange rate.

The Democratic attempt to haul down the Fourth of July will be every bit as popular and successful as the Democratic effort to haul down the flag in the Philippines.

Foreign shipping representatives in the United States, and their principals abroad, are elated at the anti-shipping bill expression in the Democratic National platform.

Even the dormant conscience of modern Democracy forbids the party leaders to appeal to the shades of Jackson and Jefferson for endorsement of their present vagaries.

The Republican administration goes to the country upon its accomplishments. Incidentally, it will be materially strengthened at the ballot box by the mistakes of the Democracy.

What Lincoln accomplished for the black man, McKinley is doing for the brown man, and as the African has erected monuments to the memory of their great emancipator, the Filipino when he realizes the work accomplished for him will build monuments to the memory of his liberator.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

SALVATION ARMY.—Meetings every evening at 8 o'clock. Every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 3 and 8 P. M. No. 26 Montvale Ave.

METHODIST.—Preaching by the pastor Rev. Frederick Woods, at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. At 5.45 Epworth League. General Prayer Meeting at 7 P. M. Class Meetings Tuesday, at 7.45 P. M. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.45 P. M.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN.—9th Sunday after Trinity. At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "Faithful in Little Things."
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 7 P. M., Closing Festival of Vacation School.
All are invited.
Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

Married.

In this city, by Rev. Daniel March, Hosea J. Foster and Annie (Hadley) Wallingford, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, August 7, William Henry Cummings, aged 60 years, 5 months, 2 days.

Shirt Waists,

Summer House Dresses,

and Wrappers.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

(Written for the WOBURN JOURNAL.)

Old Schoolboy Memories.

VI.

We learned geography by singing it, in Master Bartlett's school. We used Pelton's outline maps, and his system of teaching the science was by making the pupils familiar with the appearance of the divisions of the earth, and to familiarize them with names by versification and the singing of the words to familiar tunes. Auld Lang Syne, Old Granite State, Bonny Doon, Long, long ago, Bruce's Address, Home, sweet home, Haste thee Winter, Rose of Allandale, Merry Swiss Boy, Flow gently sweet Afton, and From Greenland's Icy Mountains, were the tunes to which we sang the names of the countries, States, capitals, rivers, oceans, mountains, etc., of the world. The novelty of the thing caught us at once, and it did not seem so much like a task to be learning a new song each day, as it was to try to commit the geographical names without the musical accompaniment. Even to this day, the simple doggerel that was fixed in my mind by the Pelton system, helps me out in locating some geographical place or name. I do not know why the system is not still in vogue, for it seems rational, and judged by the lasting impression it made upon those who studied it can be regarded as a success. There has always been a great rivalry among publishers, as the pockets of the parents of scholars well know, and a good thing is shoved aside by a persistent agent, to make way for something that will benefit the promoter, whether it advances education or not. It was so then, is now, "and ever shall be," so long as importunate salesmen can influence easy going committee men.

The apparel of boys and girls was more different in those days than now, and when one of the girls came to school wearing a new pair of boys long legged boots, some of us were disposed to make sport of the innovation. But she was a spunky little miss, and when one of the boys became too annoying she went at him with both feet, and gave his shins such a kicking that he never troubled her again.

Our school was a fair representation of the world at large, in which the good, bad and indifferent have their due proportions. As a sample of the good I may mention the fact that one noontime, the girls assembled in Miss Ingraham's room and held a prayer meeting. A religious revival was in progress at the Baptist church about that time, and the incident was an echo. When school was called to order some of the girls were laboring under considerable excitement. Master Bartlett had been informed of the cause, and addressed the school in a manner that calmed the girls and prevented any unpleasant demonstration on the part of the boys. His kindly tact, and his tender regards for the feelings of those who had participated in the meeting, marked him as a man of broad charity with the instincts of a gentleman. His attitude made a strong impression on the school, and his hold upon the pupils was greatly strengthened.

Master Bartlett did not like to have the fire bell ring too long. One day a fire broke out, and "the Orthodox bell" across the Common rang out the alarm. When the master thought that enough noise had been made, he sent one of the boys over to tell the man to stop ringing. The boy ran across to the meeting-house, and before he could say a word, the ringer shouted, "Here, catch hold of this rope and keep her agoing!" "Where is the fire?" asked the boy, and the man replied as he started away on the run, "The old Ten Diamond." The house known by that name stood where the Shaw house, corner of Main and Davis streets was afterwards built. It had been the homestead of the Plympton family years before, but was then a tenement house, largely occupied by Irish families. It was near the home of the boy, and he started in to continue the alarm with great vigor. Presently a second boy was dispatched to stop the bell and bring back the first messenger. Boy No. 1, turned the rope over to No. 2, and started for the fire. On arriving on the scene he found that his father was out of town and his mother was nearly exhausted carrying water to keep her house from catching on fire. Instead of chiding him for "hooking Jack," she wanted to know why he had not come sooner. The next day she fitted him out with an elaborate note to the teacher which mollified Master Bartlett's righteous anger. He never afterwards tried to stop the ringing of the firebell.

A rumor gained credence in the school that "Old Bartlett's going to leave." You may have noticed that scholars apply the word "old" to their teachers without regard to its fitness. Some one suggested that we ought to give him a present, and a committee was chosen to raise funds for the purpose. The proposition was to give him a silver goblet, and the plan was carried out. A handsome solid silver cup was purchased from the freewill offerings of the pupils. (Plated ware was not much in fashion for presents, and the real thing was none too good.) One of the girls made a nice little presentation speech that made most of the other girls cry, while we "shameless boys" grinned at the spectacle. The master made an appropriate reply, but there was a quaver to his voice and moisture in his eye, that told of the feelings of his heart. Not to be outdone in generosity Master Bartlett secured the second floor of Young's Tavern and gave us a nice party. There was no orchestra to furnish music for dancing, but we raced and romped over the smooth floor of the hall, and had a nice time, which wound up with an elegant treat. And Master Bartlett went his way, where I never knew, but a few years later we heard that the gentle master who taught us so faithfully had gone to his reward. I doubt if there are 20 men and women now living in Woburn who went to school to E. W. Bartlett, but those who are still here to answer will agree with me that he was one of the best teachers they ever had.

O. S. B.

The Girl and Her Vocation

"Every girl, no matter what her station or prospects, should acquire some useful art or profession, should learn to do some one thing so well that it shall have a value in the great world-market, and in her hour of need suffice to make her a bread-winner," writes Margaret E. Sangster, in the August *Ladies' Home Journal*. "The world has an abundance of mediocre workers, but it can never have a superfluity of those who have added to native endowment discipline and conscientious training. Probably the best gift which could be bestowed on most girls in any station or occupation would be what on the turf is known as staying power. Many of us begin with enthusiasm, but we give out before the end of the day. To adopt a line of conduct, to choose a special study, or to decide on a course and stick to it, is in each case to deserve success, if not always to insure it. The path of life is strewn with the wrecks of those who began but did not hold on their way. She who would make her mark in this workaday world, and gain her prize, must be steady and persevering in the face of every discouragement, with belief in herself and in God."

Doubtless Chairman Jones will look upon his predictions as the paramount feature of the Democratic campaign.

Literary Notices.

The August number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE will be found especially good in its illustrative features and literary contents. A beautiful poem, An August Day, opens the number and there are two travel sketches, The Peasants of Cortina, and Here and There in Ireland. Some fine illustrations add to the attractiveness of these articles. A timely paper is Boston's Cuban Guests, telling of the Cuban teachers' visit, their religious character etc. Through the courtesy of the authorities permission was obtained to take special photographs of the teachers at work in the class rooms at Harvard. In the Catholic Interest in the Coming Election, James E. Wright sounds a note of warning. Rev. John Talbot Smith contributes a paper on Catholics and their Converts, and Rev. Louis O'Donovan discusses the Catholicity of Tennyson. There are some short stories and sketches, notably a pathetic little study by S. M. O'Malley, and much other interesting matter to complete the number.

Astounded The Editor.

Editor S. A. Brown, of Bennettsville, S. C, was once immensely surprised "Through long suffering from Dyspepsia," he writes, "my wife was greatly run down. She had no strength or vigor and suffered great distress from her stomach, but she tried Electric Bitters which helped her at once, and, after using four bottles, she is entirely well, can eat anything. It's a grand tonic, and its gentle laxative qualities are splendid for torpid liver." For Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Stomach and Liver troubles it's a positive, guaranteed cure. Only 50c at Huntley & Co.'s drug store.

WINCHESTER.

The postoffice has been moved.

Police Officer Dotton is on his vacation.

Fishing parties from this town are numerous.

The new Playground is soon to be a living know-so.

Winchester Lodge, U. O. W. initiated some new members last week.

The tax rate of this town for 1900 is $16.20, a reduction of 10 cents.

It is thought that Representative S. W. Twombly will be re-elected this fall.

It is rumored that our Village Improvement Society is to be revived and set to going again.

Who says Winchester is not up to date? We have a night lunch cart, thank ye, and the *Star* don't like it just a little bit.

The *Star* says Congressman McCall will be renominated without opposition, and rejoices thereat. The *Star* thinks McCall about the best there is.

They Struck It Rich.

It was a grand thing for this community that such an enterprising firm as Huntley & Co., druggists, secured the Agency for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, the wonderful remedy that has startled the world by its marvellous cures. The furor of enthusiasm over it has boomed their business, as the demand for it is immense. They give free trial bottles to sufferers, and positively guarantee it to cure Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, and all Throat and Lung Troubles. A trial proves its merit. Price 50c and $1.00.

It is a good thing that the Democratic party has no reputation to lose for accuracy of statement. Facts are stubbornly against them. They are wrong on silver. They are wrong in predicting distress in Porto Rico. They are wrong in predicting the doom of the Republic in the event of McKinley's re-election, and they are wrong by about a million and a half votes in their forecasts as to the election of their candidate in November.

The Democratic Memphis Commercial-Appeal admits that Mr. Bryan means 16 to 1, and has no patience with those Democrats who are trying to ignore the issue and take up the cry of "Imperialism." The Commercial-Appeal is not over-enthusiastic for the Kansas City ticket, but it prefers to be honest with its readers, no matter how distasteful the task may be.

The Hon. E. Ellery Anderson, the leading representative of the former Southern men who make New York their home and represent the large interests of the South, has declared his opposition to the Kansas City ticket. He declares that the Democratic party had far better suffer defeat than assume the responsibility for a Bryan administration.

The Hon. James M. Beck, of Philadelphia, one of the leading lawyers of that city, announces that "I am no longer a Democrat. I don't believe in free silver, nor do I believe in hauling down the flag in the Philippines." It must be conceded that Mr. Beck has executed a very intelligent and business-like exit from the party of Bryan and Aguinaldo.

The Republican National platform declares in favor of legislation for the upbuilding of American shipping in the foreign trade. The Democratic National platform opposes such legislation, and suggests no remedy for our present maritime decadence.

STOP

It is not necessary to suffer with Headache

Stopache

Will Stop

25c. at

F. P. BROOKS'

Drugstore,

361 Main St.

Swedish Lutheran Church.

Next Sunday evening, the children who have attended day school will have a closing festival. A few general questions on the courses studied will be given and in addition, the children will sing solos and choruses and render appropriate recitations.

The special sermon to have been delivered last Sunday evening will be given next Sunday evening a week instead. Last Sunday evening the pastor was incapacitated by temporary illness.

Three young ladies were received last Sunday.

We renew our faith in the policy of protection to American labor.—Republican Platform.

The Democratic platform renews its faith in foreign labor.

The Hon. James Hamilton Lewis has been doing a little "paramounting" on his own account, and announces that he holds the Administration responsible for the attitude of the Boxers.

There is not a free trade newspaper in the United Strtes that does not warmly commend the Democratic National platform plank which opposes the passage of the shipping bill.

Mr. Bryan made the platform upon which he desired to stand. The gentlemen who are trying to twist its meaning by the "paramounting" process are acting wholly upon their own responsibility.

Governor Roosevelt's mother was a Georgian and his uncles served in the Confederate navy. He fought side by side with Southerners in Cuba, and is an emblem of the type that joins North and South.

If the 16 to 1 proposition is not an issue why was it placed in the Kansas City platform? If that plank is dishonest and doesn't mean what it says what must the public think of the remainder of the structure?

The confessed wisdom and justice of America's position with regard to the present Chinese trouble is a tribute to the ability of the administration, whose purpose is justice guided by firmness and tempered with mercy.

Mr. Bryan has much to say of "Imperialism," an "Emperor" and the abolition of the Fourth of July. Yet he was the first man to inaugurate and maintain a supreme dictatorship over an American political organization.

"I was a Democrat and a bolter in 1896," declares the Hon. Thomas M. Waller, of Connecticut, "and as the situation has not changed, I am a Democrat and bolter still." The Democratic editors have devoted many columns to abject failures to answer this Connecticut Democrat.

Some of Mr. Bryan's injudicious friends are trying to show that his support of the Paris treaty, like his 16 to 1 plank in the Kansas City platform, didn't mean anything. Mr. Bryan's friends should step to one side and permit their candidate to appear as a candid man in some matters.

The Tammany Ice Trust is coining fever and thirst into such handsome profits that their Mayor is receiving an annual dividend of $35,000 on his stock. This is no political canard, for the Democratic Mayor confessed it under oath on the witness stand.

Jell-O, The New Dessert,

pleases all the family. Four flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts. Try it to-day.

Nebraska's Many Birds.

Nebraska is distinctively the bird center of the United States. It contains more species than any other state in the Union, and ornithologists who have studied its feathered possessions have classified 417 distinct species that may be seen within its boundaries. Of these 225 species breed here and the remainder are migrants, who drop in on us at certain seasons and then pass on to their breeding grounds.

The natural features of Nebraska are largely responsible for this remarkable variety of feathered population. It includes a diversity of country that offers attractions for hundreds of songsters. For instance, the mocking bird and the cardinal grosbeak, which are distinctly southern birds, frequently appear in the southeastern corner of the state, and in the west we have a large number of what are usually regarded as mountain birds, but which come down from the foothills at intervals to the kingdom of Quivera.—Omaha Bee.

Cordial Relations.

Mrs. Snow—My husband has grown very fussy of late years, but he was easily pleased when we were married.

Mrs. Coldeal—He must have been.—San Francisco Examiner.

A Natural Wonder.

Buenos Ayres seems to have the largest "rocking stone" yet discovered. It is situated on the slope of the mountain of Tandil, in the southern part of the province, and measures 90 feet long by 18 feet broad and is 24 feet high. Its bulk is 5,000 cubic feet, and it weighs at least 25 tons. Nevertheless, it is so beautifully poised that a single person can set it rocking. When the wind blows from the southeast, the stone, which is pyramidal in form, sways to and fro on its foundation like the branches of a tree.

Made Its Own Funeral Toilet.

There are certain insects that have such a respect for Mrs. Grundy and are endowed with such an innate love of neatness and order that not even death, or rather decapitation, can prevent them from making one grand final toilet, which is clearly designed to give them a sedate and respectable appearance after death.

Dr. Ballion, a skilled entomologist, discovered this remarkable fact. "During one of my recent horseback rides," he says, "I frequently caught one of those large flies which annoy cattle and horses so much, and I promptly got rid of it by crushing its head. One day, instead of throwing the mutilated insect away, I placed it on the back of my hand and indolently watched it. For some seconds the insect remained motionless, but then, to my unbounded surprise, it moved its front legs forward to the place where the head should have been, and, after it had rubbed them nervously together, apparently in anguish, it began to brush its body and to smooth its wings with its hind legs. Under the gentle pressure of these limbs the body gradually became extended and the extremity curved, while the wings gradually changed their natural position and left the upper part of the body exposed. Meanwhile the hind legs continued to brush each other from time to time.

"Naturally I watched this extraordinary sight with great interest, and, in order to see the finale, I took the insect into my study, where it lived an entire day, spending the time at the ungrateful task of making its own funeral toilet."

Couldn't Resist.

An eccentric clergyman in Cornwall had been much annoyed by the way the members of the congregation had of looking around to see late comers. After enduring it for some time he said on entering the reading desk one day: "Brethren, I regret to see that your attention is called away from your religious duties by your very natural desire to see who comes in behind you. I propose henceforth to save you the trouble by naming each person who may come late."

He then began, "Dearly beloved," but paused half way to interpolate, "Mr. S., with his wife and daughter."

Mr. S. looked rather surprised, but the minister, with perfect gravity, resumed. Presently he again paused. "Mr. C. and William D."

The abashed congregation kept their eyes studiously bent on their books. The service proceeded in the most orderly manner, the parson interrupting himself every now and then to name some newcomer. At last he said, still with the same perfect gravity:

"Mrs. S. in a new bonnet."

In a moment every feminine head in the congregation had turned around.—Millinery Trade Review.

A Mystery of the Sea.

One of the most curious finds ever made from the sea was that which came to the Azores in 1858. The island of Corvo was then in the possession of two runaway British sailors. One morning there drifted ashore a craft which had evidently been frozen in the ice for a long time. It was an ancient and battered brig, without masts, bulwark or name, but the hatches were on, the cabin doors fast, and the hulk was buoyant. She had little cargo, and that consisted of skins and furs in prime condition.

No papers were found in the cabin, but it was figured that she was a sealer or trader, carrying a crew of 10 or 12, and that she had been provisioned for a year. The flour was spoiled, but the beef was perfectly preserved. She had been abandoned when frozen in an iceberg and drifted for years. The date of the letter found in the forecastle showed that the brig had been abandoned nearly half a century before. The two sailors got out the furs, which eventually brought them $4,000, and two barrels of beef and then set fire to the wreck. No trace was ever found of its name or owners.

Just an Ordinary Steak.

"When in Hamburg, we supposed we must do as the Hamburgers did, so at our first meal there we asked for Hamburg steak," said the woman. "Besides, we wanted to see how that viand would taste upon its native heath, anyway. But to all our requests, couched in our best scholastic German, the waiter shook his head. Like many another prophet, the Hamburg steak was apparently without honor in its own country. At all events, our waiter hadn't heard of it. 'Oh, well,' we said, 'just bring us an ordinary beef steak.' But, lo and behold, when the meat was served there it was all chopped up and made into small cakes—what Americans call, in fact, 'Hamburg steak!' To Hamburgers a Hamburg steak was an 'ordinary steak.' "—New York Sun.

A Good Scheme.

Mrs. Younghusband—Do you notice any difference in the milk, dear?

Mr. Younghusband—I should say so. This is a much better quality than we have been getting lately.

Mrs. Younghusband—Indeed it is. I got it off a new man, who said he would guarantee it to be perfectly pure. So I bought enough to last for a couple of weeks.

A Boom.

"The undertaker is very jolly this morning."

"Yes. Three hundred new doctors were graduated last night."—Harlem Life.

The man that talks about the newspapers misquoting him is the man that hasn't any good excuse for getting quoted originally.—Chicago Journal.

When appetite prevails over reason, the first step to make the glutton and drunkard is taken.

Easily Done.

He had been criticising her cooking, and she had grown weary of it all.

"It's always the men who don't know anything about cooking and the troubles and trials and woes of the kitchen who find the most fault," she said bitterly.

"Who says I don't know anything about cooking?" he demanded.

"If you do, you have taken precious good pains to conceal the fact ever since we were married," she retorted. "I don't believe you could tell a fresh egg from one that was hard boiled."

"That is simple," he replied with a sneer.

"How would you do it?"

"Break 'em both."—Chicago Post.

Gibraltar is 3,150 miles southeast of Washington.

The Price of Ten Cents' Worth.

Customer—Give me 10 cents' worth of paregoric, please.

Druggist—Yes, sir.

Customer (absentmindedly) — How much is it?

Druggist—A quarter.—Boston Christian Register.

They Changed.

At a dinner party the other day a well known and deservedly popular dramatist took a lady down to dinner, neither knowing who the other was. As a subject the theater was started, as it is so often under similar circumstances.

"I can't think why they have revived that piece at the King's," the lady said. "I never liked it, and it's so worn that I should have done better than that?"

"Yes," the dramatist replied, "perhaps so. It was one of my first pieces, however, and I had not had much experience when I wrote it. Let's change the subject."

The lady was quite ready to do so and wished, no doubt, that she had known who her neighbor was. He presently said:

"Are you interested in the Fenton case?" speaking of a cause celebre that was in progress.

"Yes. I've read all the evidence," was the reply.

"He'll lose it, of course," the dramatist went on. "He never could have had the faintest chance from the first. It's a marvel to me how any lawyer could have been idiot enough to allow such a case to go into court!"

"Well," answered the lady quietly, "my husband was the idiot. Let's change the subject."

How He Dealt With Cowards.

In appearance Osman Pasha, the lion of Plevna, was handsome and prepossessing, looking a born leader of men. Like Napoleon, he was always distinguished by the plainness of his uniform. He had a queer habit of always, even in battle, carrying a pencil behind his ear, butt end foremost. He was taciturn, grave, abrupt and disdainful of forms and etiquette. He hated all foreigners, especially Germans, Russians and English. As for war correspondents, he entertained the utmost detestation of them, whence the deeds of his army were never chronicled as they should have been. He had a strange method of dealing with cowards. He would send for them and publicly box their ears. When really angry, his rage was terrible.

After the sortie and the surrender he was seen to be weeping tears of rage and shame. He was, it may be, a little touched by the Czar Alexander II, who came up to him and said:

"I congratulate you on your superb defense. It is one of the finest feats of military history."

And that is the judgment of posterity.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Locusts Good to Eat.

All native African races eat locusts. With many it takes, and has to take, the place of the British workman's beef and mutton. In a good many villages sun dried locusts are an article of commerce. The Sudanese are particularly fond of them.

Before they are eaten they are toasted. The wings and legs having first been torn off, the long, soft body and the crisp head form the delicacy.

I determined not to let my European prejudices influence me, but to give the dish of grilled locusts a fair trial. I thought how John the Baptist had enjoyed them plus wild honey.

The one I was eating was rather nice. I agreed with my Arab servant that, should the meat supply fall short, a dish of locusts would be a very good substitute.

By the time I was eating the second locust it seemed to me absurd why one should have a sort of lurking pity for John the Baptist's daily menu unless it be for its monotony, and I felt convinced that I should get tired of honey sooner than I should of locusts.—Current Literature.

The Song of the Yukon River.

"There is something peculiar about the Yukon river that I have never heard of in connection with any other stream," said Captain Gray, who has been running boats on the big Alaska artery. "From the mouth of the Yukon up as far as there is any navigable water the stream is constantly singing. No matter where you are, there is a sound like that made by escaping steam. At first I used to think that maybe it came from the boiler or engines. But when we were tied up at night, with everything cold, the sound was the same. I have puzzled my brain to find an explanation of the phenomenon, but without avail. The singing goes on day and night.

"When you get up stream some distance, you can also hear the rocks rolling over the bed of the river, and this produces a most peculiar sound."—Portland Telegram.

Freaks of Explosions.

Gunpowder explosions have one remarkable feature. The bodies of persons killed in such an accident are always found without clothing, but frequently one foot will have the shoe on. This is true of horses also. If one of the feet is in the air and another on the ground, the shoe will be found torn from the foot that was on the ground and not from the other.

When men are killed in powder explosions, the foot that happens to be in the air when the shock came will be found wearing the shoe, while the other foot will be bare.

Making It Clear.

A newly appointed French mayor inaugurated his regime by a notice to the following effect:

"On the feast of our patron saint the fire brigade will be reviewed in the afternoon if it rains in the morning and in the morning if it rains in the afternoon."

Soothing.

He—Look here, Matilde, I'm not quite such an idiot as I look!

She (soothingly)—No, dear; I'm sure you're not!

Raleigh Beaten Out of Sight.

"Lord Raleigh's graceful little act of sacrificing his costly cloak so that the queen could go dry shod has been outdone by a western bride."

"What did she do?"

"On a very slippery day last winter she scattered the cremated ashes of her first husband on the front steps, so that her second husband wouldn't slip down."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Ear Test.

A novel and curious test for deafness or approaching deafness has been described by a Paris specialist. If the handle of a vibrating tuning fork be applied to the knee or other bony portion of the human frame, the sound cannot be heard by the person who possesses an unimpaired ear, but if the ear be attacked by disease then the note can be heard distinctly.

Few things are impossible in themselves. It is not so much means as perseverance that is wanting to bring them to a successful issue.—Rochefoucauld.

He Lifted the Ticker.

A London detective visiting Glasgow met a Scotch police official on the street and in the talk that followed spoke contemptuously of the ability of Scotch thieves as compared with the English experts.

Taking this as an aspersion cast on the astuteness of the Scottish police as well, the Glasgow detective was nettled and thirsted for revenge. Looking around, he espied a little fellow who had been dogging them and who was known as an expert pickpocket. Crossing the street he addressed the boy, and, pointing to the retreating figure of the English detective, he asked if he would know him again.

"Aye," replied the boy. "What aboot it?"

"I want you to lift his ticker. He says no one in Glasgow can relieve him of it."

"Ah, it's a' richt. See ony green?"

"Honor bright, Tommy! I'll give you half a crown when you deliver up the watch to me."

"Ye will? An what else?"

"Nothing else."

"Let's see, then. I'm to lift the ticker, an you're to pay half a crown for't on the spot?"

"Yes, that's it."

"An wad ye ken it if ye seen it?"

"I would among a thousand."

"Is that it, then?" And the boy, diving into his trousers pocket, displayed the identical watch and explained that he had secured it "while the gent was chaffin aboot the prigs."

Oriental Punishments.

The heathen Chinee deems the desecration of graves one of the most unpardonable of crimes, and, according to law, any man finding another in the act of robbing a graveyard may legally kill the villain on the spot without fear of consequences.

If a Turkish baker palms off a loaf of bread on you that is proved to be of less weight than it is represented, you can instruct a policeman to nail the defaulter by one of his ears to the door of his shop so as to be in full view of the passersby. The poor wretch will then be provided with a sharp dagger or knife, with which he can cut himself fee so soon as he can summon up the necessary courage required for the operation of self maiming.

In many of the oriental countries, where precious stones are looked upon as well nigh sacred objects, it is no uncommon thing for a jewel robber to be punished with death. In Tibet the penalty for falling from your horse when taking part in any military operations or public athletics is death.

One writer recalls how he saw a man shot in Montenegro for appearing at a review wearing a stained uniform.

Sacrificed the Mustache.

Thomas B. Reed at one time wore a mustache of a few straggling hairs, so often seen on the upper lip of extremely fleshy men. How Mr. Reed parted with his hirsute apology can best be told by a certain barber in the house of representatives who attended the gentleman's wants:

"One day the big man from Maine settled himself in the barber's chair and requested a shave. When the operation was completed, Mr. Reed straightened himself and asked, 'Have you any of that old fashioned pomade to wax mustaches with?'

"The barber hustled among his pots and jars and produced a French preparation in vogue a quarter of a century ago and then proceeded to wax the ends of the Maine statesman's few wirelike hairs.

"When the man of snapshot sentences arose and contemplated himself in the glass, he turned to the astonished barber and said, 'Cut this blanked blank mustache off, for you have made me look like a confounded catfish.' "—New England Home Magazine.

Old Teeth Bought.

The following curious advertisement recently appeared in a London paper: "Old False Teeth Bought.—Many ladies and gentlemen have by them old or disused false teeth, which might as well be turned into money. Messrs. R. D. and J. B. ——, of —— —— (established since 1833), buy old false teeth. If you send your teeth to them, they will remit you by return post the utmost value; or if preferred they will make you the best offer and hold the teeth over for your reply. If reference is necessary, apply to Messrs. ——, bankers, Ipswich."

Impression Correct.

"Dinguss, didn't I lend you $10 a month or two ago?"

"Shadbolt, you did. If you had a good business head on your shoulders, you would be able to remember a loan like that with absolute certainty and wouldn't have to ask anybody about it."

Frowns and passes on.—Exchange.

Up In the Air.

This cyclone story is vouched for by the Minneapolis Better Way. It is that a cow which was picketed on a rope was picked up by the cyclone and carried up the length of her rope, about 60 feet, where she remained until the storm had passed, when she quietly climbed down the rope and resumed her grazing.

Scene Painting.

A good scene painter may get anywhere from $400 to $1,000 for a scene. The average price paid to the best half dozen scene painters for a scene is $500. But there are a great many more scenes painted for $100 than $500.

As soon as a married man gets a comfortable home built he begins to worry his wife by talking about selling it.—Indianapolis Journal.

There is nobody quite so busy as the editor who tries to publish a ten page newspaper in a four page town.—Washington Post.

How It Started.

A restaurant keeper in Galena hung out the sign, "Our meals are hard to beat." A rival rubbed out the "b" in "beat." And then the fight commenced.—Kansas City Journal.

A German physician explains why red haired persons seldom seem to get so bald as others. Red hairs are so thick that 30,000 cover a head as well as 160,000 blond or 105,000 black hairs.

The Tomato.

The tomato was known up to 1830 as a "love apple" and regarded with suspicion. It originated in Spanish South America and, being introduced into Italy from Morocco, was named "poma del mori"—Moor's apple. The French called it "pomme d'amour."

After.

Willie—Pa, did Adam and Eve kick much when they was t'run out of the garden?

Pa—Well, no; not just then, but they raised Cain afterward. Now go to bed.

Silverware for Wedding Presents

A complete line of the celebrated COLONIAL PATTERN always in stock.

Fine Repairing a specialty.

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers.

Two Critics.

As my "Bed of Ferns," a large study from nature on Saranac lake, says W. J. Stillman in The Atlantic, was the first thing in which I had attempted to introduce a human interest in the landscape I was naturally inclined to consider it my most important work, and I was dismayed when Ruskin came to see me and in a tone of extreme disgust said, pointing to the dead deer and man: "What do you put that stuff in for? Take it out; it stinks!"

My reverence for Ruskin's opinions was such that I made no hesitation in painting out the central motive of the picture, for which both subject and effect of light had been selected. Unfortunately I habitually used copal varnish as a medium. When Rossetti called again, he asked me, with a look of dismay, what I had done to my picture. I explained to him that on Ruskin's advice I had painted out the figures, and exclaiming, "You have spoiled your picture!" he walked out of the room in a rage.

What a Knight of the Garter Wears.

A Knight of the Garter dressed in the regalia is an imposing sight. He wears a blue velvet mantle with a star embroidered on the left breast. His trunk hose, stockings and shoes are white, his hood and surcoat crimson. The garter, of dark blue velvet edged with gold and bearing the motto, "Honi soit qui mal y pense" ("Shame to him who thinks ill of it"), also in gold, is buckled about the left leg below the knee. The heavy golden collar consists of 26 pieces, each in the form of a garter, bearing the motto, and from it hangs the "George," a badge which represents St. George on horseback encountering the dragon. The "lesser George" is a smaller badge attached to a blue ribbon worn over the left shoulder. The star of the order consists of eight points, within which is the cross of St. George encircled by the garter.

Some Figures.

"You say that figures don't lie? Well, permit me to flatly contradict you."

"May I ask your business?"

"I'm a dressmaker."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SEPTEMBER

26
27
28
29

4 DAYS GRAND FAIR

MIDDLESEX EAST AGRICULTURAL ASSN.

READING & WAKEFIELD.

TREMONT THEATRE JAS. H. WALLICK

BEGINNING AUG. 27 Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Presents The

DAIRY FARM

A Romance of Sleepy Hollow. By Eleanor Merron.

109 NIGHTS IN NEW YORK! 130 TIMES IN CHICAGO!

For Sale.

The Hanson Farm on Lexington and Cambridge streets in Woburn, Mass., containing about 40 acres of land.

Apply HELEN L. HANSON, 134 Cambridge St., Woburn.

FOR SALE.

A Cottage House,

55 Federal St., Reading, Mass.

6 Rooms: in good order: plenty of fruit: town water: henhouse and yard, etc.

Apply to W. HAZLETT, On the Premises.

Dr. C. H. BUSS, DENTIST

385 Main St., WOBURN

Telephone 71-3.

Room and Board.

A lady willing to be company for an aged lady a small portion of the time, may obtain a front room, with good board and home privileges, for four dollars a week. Pleasant grounds and piazzas. References exchanged.

Address L. P. J., JOURNAL Office.

For Rent.

A Tenement of eight rooms at No. 9 Johnson Street, with all modern conveniences, four minutes to depot and postoffice. Rent $20 per month.

E. H. RICHARDS, 25 Fairmount Street.

Low Rents.

HOUSE No. 650 Main Street, 8 rooms, ($12.50) twelve dollars and fifty cents per month.

Also, HOUSE, No. 16 Wyman Street, 6 rooms, ($8) eight dollars per month.

C. E. COOPER & CO., 415 Main Street.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by E. Russell Emery and Abby P. Emery, his wife, in her own right, to Marshall M. Tidd, dated March 10th, 1891, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2027, Page 516, which mortgage was duly assigned by said Marshall M. Tidd to Susan K. Ellis by assignment dated April 12th, 1894, recorded with said Deeds, Book 2268, Page 67, and thereafter assigned by said Susan K. Ellis to Helen Josephine Ellis by assignment dated July 24th, 1900, recorded with said Deeds, Book 2834, Page 61, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises hereinafter described, on

Monday, August 27, A. D., 1900,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows:—A certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on the northerly side of Fowle street in said Woburn and bounded and described as follows, viz:—Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises on said Fowle street at land now, or formerly, of one Merriam; from thence the line runs northerly on and by said land of Merriam about eighty-five feet to a corner; thence westerly still by land last named about twelve feet and nine inches to land of Julius F. Ramsdell; thence northerly by said land of Ramsdell about forty-one feet to land of A. J. Haynes; thence northeasterly by said land of Haynes and by land of one Duren about one hundred and thirty seven feet to land now or formerly of William Kemmick; thence southerly by land of said Kemmick and by land of Herbert I. Bryant about one hundred and seventy-one feet and eleven inches to said Fowle street; thence westerly by and with said Fowle street ninety-eight feet to the point of beginning; being the same premises conveyed to the grantee by Eli Jones. The premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, outstanding tax titles and assessments, if any, thereon.

$100.00 will be required to be paid by the purchaser at time and place of sale; other terms announced at sale.

HELEN JOSEPHINE ELLIS, Assignee and present holder of said mortgage.

J. G. MAGUIRE, Attorney.

Woburn, Mass., July 26, 1900.

Bicycles

— AT —

First Cost.

As it is our custom not to keep Bicycles on hand after the 4th of July, we shall sell out the wheels we now have at Wholesale Prices.

None but good wheels in stock.

C. M. Strout & Co.

Dow's Block, 322 Main Street.

"GOT A GRIP"

on the public's confidence in selling

GROCERIES

that are FIRST CLASS, and we intend to keep it, by upright dealing and well chosen stock.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,

Central Grocery,

433 Main Street - - WOBURN

Telephone 133-2.

We still continue to keep

SQUIRE'S BOILED HAM

— AT —

Linnell's Market

406 Main Street, Woburn

Telephone, 128-6.

To Let

At 353 Main Street, a suite of six rooms. The apartments are all light and airy and afford a beautiful outlook upon the Common, including the City Building, three Churches, the Savings Bank, and the Public Library. The building is new and finished in up-to-date style, and furnished with all modern conveniences; large closets, bath-room, &c. No coal is needed for fuel. A large gas-range of latest pattern with hot water tank supplies every facility for doing housework. This suite is exactly adapted to a small family desiring a home at once central, genteel and cosey.

Apply to O. F. BRYANT, 371 Main St., Woburn.

DOMINION LINE

Royal Mail Steamers

Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.

Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by

JOHN LYNCH,

357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS.

Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

Get Your Printing Done At This Office

A TRYING POSITION

"My position is a *trying* one" was the joking remark of the cloak model of a fashionable firm. But there is less jest than earnest in the statement. It *is* trying to be on the feet all day, to be reaching and stooping hour after hour from morn until night. And that is a very meager outline of a business woman's day. With many such women the ordinary strain of labor is intensified and aggravated by a diseased condition of the delicate organs, and they become victims of that terrible backache, or blinding headache, which is so common among business women.

If *you* are bearing this burden, bear it no longer. For the backache, headache, nervousness and weakness which spring from a diseased condition of the womanly organs there is a sure cure in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Half a million women have been perfectly and permanently cured by this wonderful medicine.

"My niece was troubled with female weakness for about four years before I asked for your advice," writes Mr. J. W. McGregor, of 62d St. and Princeton Ave., Chicago, Ills. "You advised her to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription which she did faithfully for nine months, and now we must acknowledge to you that she is a *well woman*. We cannot thank you enough for the cure."

Sick women can consult Dr. Pierce by letter *free*. Address, Buffalo, N. Y.

A DANCING GIRL'S EPITAPH.

Here I lie and dance no more.
  Sayonara, sayonara!
With a tombstone for my door,
Here I keep unwonted state,
I that danced up to death's gate.
  Sayonara!*

Other damsels dance for you.
  Sayonara, sayonara!
Sweetest flowers that ever blew;
Curtsying crocus, iris tall.
Ah, their dances never pall!
  Sayonara!

Long I danced—too long, too long.
  Sayonara, sayonara!
Sang for you my foolish song.
Now I neither sing nor weep,
But mid iris roots I sleep.
  Sayonara!

Oh, you paid my dance with gold!
  Sayonara, sayonara!
Now a better wealth I hold—
Folded buds of silver lilies,
Golden buds of daffodillies.
  Sayonara!

Flags may curtsy to the sun.
  Sayonara, sayonara!
But my dancing days are done.
Glad they were so short a span,
Here I sleep, oh, Hime San!
  Sayonara!

—Nora Hopper in Sketch.

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*Goodby.

THE YELLOW GOD.

Tom Jenkins ran his hand through the gold that lay heaped on the floor of the shack. "Seems to me, Billy," he said slowly, "that hopin to find it is better'n finding it."

Dull gleams of light from a smoky lantern fell athwart the face of the old miner, rugged, homely, deep furrowed by time and hardships and offering a marked contrast indeed to the handsome, patrician features of Billy Bailey, his junior partner.

"Findin, Billy, means quittin. It's an end to the wants an privations I've knowed fer nigh 20 year. But somehow I've come to like these still ole mountains, an the singin of the pines an the river. They've growed like friends, an I'm never lonesome among 'em. Listen, you can hear 'em now. Maybe it's the las' time they'll ever sing fer me."

"We're goin back to civ'lization," continued Tom, unheeding the other's lack of sympathy with his reminiscent mood, "an that means separation. I know you like me, Billy. A feller couldn't want a better pardner than you've been fer the two year I've knowed you. But with your eddication, an your young blood, an your ambitions, you ain't my kind in civ'lization. We can't be the same down there. I couldn't expect it. But I think a powerful deal of you, Billy. I"—

"Oh, come, Tom," broke in his companion impatiently, "you're in the dumps tonight. Take a drink and brace up. Should think you'd look on the bright side of things now. We've worked and starved in these cursed wilds for gold until at last we've got it. Think of the city's 10,000 pleasures that this stake can buy for us. There's no life in these d——d solitudes. It's there in the crowded streets, and it can all be ours when we've got such a god—the god of gold—to see us through."

Billy laughed gloatingly in anticipation. Then once more he fixed his eyes, with a glittering intensity, on the yellow heap, which meant for him all that life can mean to a selfish, love lack nature.

"But it ain't fer me," persisted Tom. "I'm past them things. If it wa'n't fer the hope of findin the old woman down there in Frisco an makin her comfortable, I'd stay. I don't care fer the gold after all. I've found it, an my hungerin fer it's satisfied."

Billy made no answer. He had long since become resigned to the diversity of their tastes, and tonight he was in no mood for argument. He got out some materials and began to repair a rent in his coat. Tom rose presently and dumped the nuggets into a gunny sack. Then he arranged his blankets for the night.

"Put it away safe, Billy," he said jocularly. "We're already on the edge of civ'lization an must learn to be pertickler."

"I'll look after it, never fear," said the other shortly. "Good night."

Billy finished his task, but his mind was still busy with thoughts of the future. He rose and stepped out into the night. At his feet the turbulent river rushed blackly along, its foam crests gleaming like dull silver in the clear starlight. Behind him towered in silent majesty the rugged, wooded mountains. The air was heavy with the breath of the pines. But Billy saw none of the beauty of the night. The mountains awakened memories of hardships and hopelessness, the river was only a highway to civilization. He lit his pipe and began to pace up and down the shelving shore.

There was none of the stuff of which heroes are made in Billy Bailey's composition. Had the fates seen fit to continue their kindly beginning he would probably have developed into one of the horde of whited sepulchers that so largely make up what the world is pleased to term the respectable of humanity—those who observe the conventions to the letter, indulge every desire with a studied care that wins the approval of men, and, dying, are respectfully buried and speedily forgotten. On the contrary, fate had preferred giving Billy a chance to prove his mettle. His college career cut short by the melting away of his father's fortune, he awoke one morning to find himself face to face with the world, his wits his only capital.

He remembered tonight his struggles to maintain his social position, the slights heaped upon him by erstwhile boon companions, the gradual sinking away of hope until, with starvation staring him in the face, he had shipped in a vessel bound "round the Horn." On his lips were curses for the friends who had failed him, in his heart resolve some day to retaliate. He recalled his hardships on the western frontier, his final falling in with old Tom Jenkins and the hopeless search for gold until a week ago, when the gravel of a dried up mountain stream unexpectedly yielded them their little fortune and ended for him the hell on earth existence in these solitudes. His future course was plain. Mercilessly he would engage in the war for wealth. His heart must know but one love—the love of gold.

And the stake, it was not so much after all. If he only had Tom's share too! The thought startled him, and he looked furtively about as though already under surveillance. Well, why not? What was Tom to him now? The old man cared nothing for gold. He had said as much. Why not begin the task of wealth gathering tonight and double his fortune by a single coup? The skiff was all ready for the morrow's journey down the river. He could easily reach North Fork by daylight, and miles of distance would lie between him and Tom before the latter could make the trip across the almost impassable mountain trail. He weakened for a moment as he thought of Tom's almost motherly solicitude, of how throughout their wanderings the big hearted miner had borne the brunt of the struggle. Even when the treasure was discovered the old man's first words were, "I'm glad for your sake, Billy." Then he asked himself if he, too, was growing sentimental, and tonight, of all nights, on the very eve of battle.

He walked back to the house. Tom was fast asleep. The flickering light of the lantern fell aslant the corner where he lay, his powerful form half swathed in the tattered blankets, his brawny arms thrown above his head. The face, from which sleep seemed to have smoothed away the deep furrows, mirrored the rugged honesty of his heart. But the touching picture meant nothing to Billy, who watched the sleeper for an instant, and then proceeded to put his cowardly scheme into effect. It was but the work of a few minutes to gather together the things necessary for the short journey down the river and to secure the treasure for safe transportation. There was a look of cunning triumph on his face as he completed his preparations. He was thinking of the surprise awaiting Tom, who had been "fool enough to believe in human friendship."

He made a cautious step toward the door of the shack, when a slight noise, real or fancied, caused him to glance back over his shoulder. The next instant the bag of gold crashed to the floor, while Billy sank on his knees, as though felled by a blow. Tom was sitting bolt upright in bed, his revolver leveled at Billy's heart.

The two gazed at each other a moment in utter silence. Billy's eyes, fixed with the penetration born of despair, scanned the old man's face and read there reproach and pity rather than a thirst for swift revenge. This somewhat reassured him, and he rose to his feet.

"Well," he said bluntly, "what do you intend to do?"

"So," said Tom with a long breath, "I wuz mistook in you after all. To think that I gave you my friendship an you wan't worth it. What be I going to do? What do men usu'lly do when a pardner turns thief?"

"You wouldn't shoot me, Tom?"

"Why not? Men's been killed fer less 'an this, an the world wuz well rid of 'em."

Then it did mean death.

As Billy realized this his face turned ashen pale, while a palsying terror struck through him, rending his bravado mask and revealing him as the pitiable dastard he was. He cowered before the old man, pleading hysterically.

"Oh, spare me, spare me, Tom. You said you cared nothin for gold, while I—I was mad with love of it. It is my god—my heaven—my everything. But take it, take it all—only give me my life—Tom—I—I—can't—die."

"Git up," commanded the other coldly. "Don't make me despise you worse'n I do. What would you do if you wuz in my place? Shoot, wouldn't you? You'd kill me now if you had the chance."

"But think, Tom, what life means to me. I'm young and"—

"Think what friendship meant to me, Billy. I'm old."

In the momentary silence that followed the pines and the river could be heard singing their old, old song, unheeding of the strife of mortals for a scrap of the treasure they guarded. Tom heard the song, and his bitterness seemed to go out with the weird melody. The hand that held the weapon dropped listlessly to his side.

"I'll spar' yer life," he said hoarsely. "You kin go."

Billy stood a moment as though he had not heard.

"Yer free. Go!" said Tom.

The boy glanced from the old man to the bag of gold and then turned slowly toward the doorway.

"You better take yer pile now," said Tom quietly, "as I reckon you won't be comin back."

"Do you mean it?" gasped Billy.

"Certainly. Half's yourn, ain't it? There's only one thief in this camp, an—it ain't me."

Tom proceeded to open the bag and roughly divided the contents.

"You can take the boat; that goes with your half. As fer me," he added in a voice that wavered in spite of himself, "I'll do what I'd 'a' done if you'd 'a' robbed me. I'll stay awhile longer with the mountains an the river. They're uncertain sometimes, an sometimes they're dangerous, but mostwise they're better'n men."

Billy vaguely appreciated the nature of the man with whom he was dealing, yet he felt that such nobleness required some acknowledgment. He sprang forward and tried to grasp the old man's hand.

"No, no—not that!" cried Tom fiercely. "Don't touch me. The gold is yourn. Take it an go. But go quickly, Billy—fer God knows—I'm only human."—Leavenworth Macnab in Argonaut.

Answered the Inquiry.

"What did you tell those people about the flat, Eliza?"

"They asked me if it was good walking distance, and I told them it was."

"Gracious! Good walking distance from what?"

"How do I know? They didn't say, and I wasn't going to be inquisitive."—Chicago Record.

Working Women

are invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham for free advice about their health.

Mrs. Pinkham is a woman.

If you have painful periods, backaches or any of the more serious ills of women, write to Mrs. Pinkham; she has helped multitudes. Your letter will be sacredly confidential.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is known wherever the English language is spoken.

Nothing else can possibly be so sure to help suffering women. No other medicine has helped so many.

Remember this when something else is suggested.

Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass.

Her helping hand is always outstretched to suffering women.

AVERTED A TRAGEDY.

The Nerve Displayed by Daniel O'Connell at a Critical Moment.

Daniel O'Connell, the famous Irish agitator, had a contempt for physical danger. On a certain occasion a meeting had been convened, and a large crowd assembled in a room on the first floor of a building in a small city in Ireland.

O'Connell was about to address the people when a gentleman, pale with fear, made his way to the platform and hoarsely whispered:

"Liberator, the floor is giving way! The beams that shore it up are cracking, and we shall fall through in a few minutes!"

"Keep silent," said O'Connell. Then, raising his voice he addressed the assembly:

"I find that the room is too small to contain the number who desire to come in, so we must leave it and hold the meeting outside the building."

At this a few rose and went out, but the majority retained their seats. Then O'Connell said:

"I will tell you the truth. You are Irishmen, therefore brave men. The floor is giving way, and we must leave this room at once. If there is a panic and a rush to the door, we shall all be precipitated into the room below, but if you obey my orders we shall be saved. Let the 12 men nearest the door go quietly out, then the next 12, and so on till all have gone. I shall be the last to leave."

His instructions were obeyed to the letter, and he waited, patient and calm, till all had gone out in safety. Then he walked quietly across the sundering, cracking floor, reaching the door just as the shattered beams gave way. And thus, by the force of his strong will, a terrible accident was averted.—Exchange.

A LIVE COAL TRICK.

Teaches Natural Law, Yet Has All the Appearance of Magic.

No one would suppose that it is possible to hold a glowing coal on a piece of linen or cotton without burning the cloth, but that such can be done is easy for any one to prove, and at the same time the experiment teaches an important natural law. Every child knows that the telephone and telegraph wires are made of copper because that metal is a good conductor of heat and electricity, which is only another form of heat. If a poker is heated in the fire, you pick up a cloth to hold the outer end, although it has not been in the fire, because experience has taught you that the heat is connected through the metal from the fire to the outer end.

This experiment with the flaming coal is based upon this principle and the additional one that linen and cotton are poor conductors of heat. Take a globe of copper and draw a piece of cloth tightly over it so that there is not a wrinkle at the top. If the linen or cotton is closely woven, the trick is all the more certain. Then, holding the cloth tightly in place, you can safely put a glowing coal on top of the cloth, and, while it burns fiercely, the cloth will not even be scorched.

The reason is that the great conductivity of the copper draws the heat of the coal before it can burn the cloth. Do not try this experiment with a good handkerchief first, for if the cloth is not tightly drawn it may burn, but take some worthless piece of linen or muslin, and after you are certain of your experience you can astonish your friends who do not know the secret.—Washington Post.

That Date Engaged.

Some time ago a rich but ignorant woman wrote to the weather bureau in Washington saying that she was to give a lawn party on a certain day, and asking the bureau to see that it was clear on that day. To make her communication more impressive she inclosed a list of the names of several prominent people she intended to invite.

"I entered into the humor of the thing," said the weather chief, "and sent her an answer to the effect that the afternoon she designated had already been bespoken by a poor washerwoman who wanted to obtain some rainwater with which to wash clothes, and that on this account I could not possibly make it clear on that date."

Making a Billiard Ball.

It requires skilled labor to turn out a billiard ball. One half of it is first turned, an instrument of the finest steel being used for the work. Then the half turned ball is hung up in a net and is allowed to remain there for nearly a year to dry. Next the second half is turned, and then comes the polishing. Whiting and water and a good deal of rubbing are requisite for this. It is necessary in the end that the ball shall, to the veriest fraction of a grain, be of a certain weight.

The Queen.

"My wife," he said proudly, "has been known as the queen of hearts."

"No doubt," they answered. "It was because she took the knave."—Chicago Post.

He Had Too Many Names.

About two years before Mr. Sawyer retired from the senate his mail one morning contained a touching letter from a man in Maryland whose home had just been brightened by the arrival of a bouncing boy. The fond parent went on to tell that the boy would be named Philetus Sawyer Jones and expressed the hope that the child would grow up an honor to the name and the possessor of the fine traits of character that distinguished the generous hearted man whose name would be borne by himself.

Senator Sawyer went to the senate chamber with a warm glow in his heart and the determination to send that fond parent a nice big check. He felt so good that he showed the letter to Senator Allison. The Iowa man chuckled as he read it and produced a letter almost identical, except that the young prodigy was to be named William Allison Jones.

It was too good to keep, and they told the story to Senator Edmunds of Vermont. That stately old gentleman melted sufficiently to smilingly produce a letter of similar purport. Then there ensued a comparison of senatorial notes, showing that the youthful Marylander had been fairly loaded with distinguished names from Justin Morrill Jones to Don Cameron Jones. That Maryland infant received no birthday present.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Confusing.

When the matron called upon the bride of three months, she discovered her in tears.

"Why, my dear, what is the matter?" she cried.

"I want to die! I want to die!" sobbed the bride.

"There, dear, there! What is the matter?"

"It's—it's Harry!" sobbed the girl wildly.

"Has he been abusing you?"

"No-o-o, but—oh, dear, what shall I do?"

"What on earth is the matter, dear?"

"He—he—oh, I can't tell you!"

"You must. Has he been staying out late nights?"

"No-o-o!"

"Has he been drinking?"

"No-o-o!"

"Then what is the matter?"

"He—he doesn't love me any more!"

The matron drew the sobbing girl to her side.

"Now tell me all, dear," she whispered.

"When—when he c-came home last night, he didn't k-k-kiss me!" she sobbed.

"My dear," said the matron, "you'll get over that. When my husband came home last night, he did kiss me, and I have been wondering ever since what he has been up to."—Detroit Free Press.

How They Eat.

The editor of Life and Beauty, a British organ on hygiene and diet, succeeded in eliciting from a few popular writers replies on the subject of diet which they find most conducive to good work.

Hall Caine wrote: "I am afraid I have no theories on the subject of diet. If I knew anything that would be worth telling, I would avail myself of its advantages, being a constant martyr to all the troubles that attend diet."

Mr. Zangwill's answer was brief and epigrammatic, "Unfortunately I have never eaten to work, but always worked to eat."

"John Oliver Hobbes" confessed that she "tried vegetarianism for two years, but now finds that, on the whole, the ordinary diet of the country is the best."

Mme. Sarah Grand said she never drank milk. "I never forget the horrible cow," she added in explanation.

Marie Corelli answered characteristically with a quotation from "Hamlet:" "I eat the air, promise crammed. You cannot feed capons so."

Took It Away From the Jury.

There are any number of stories to be printed about Judge Caldwell, but here is one that is said to be typical: He was hearing an argument whereby an attorney for an insurance company was attempting to evade payment of insurance on a purely technical ground. Judge Caldwell interrupted him. "Let me understand you, Brother Todd," he said to the attorney. "The policy was issued?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"And the premiums were paid?"

"Yes."

"And it was not set on fire?"

"No."

"Brother Todd," said Judge Caldwell, "you can sit down. The jury will return a verdict for the plaintiff."—Indianapolis Sun.

Diplomacy In the Pulpit.

"Jes' one word," said Uncle Remus from the pulpit as the collection was 'bout to be taken; "dar's been a mighty sight ob chicken stealin 'bout here lately. Now, don' any you niggars dat help steal dem chickens put nuffin in de 'lection box. I'ze not goin hab any you 'sgracin de good Lawd dat way, nohow!"—Harper's Bazar.

A Father to Be Appreciated.

Teacher—I called to see you, sir, about your son's schooling and am sorry to say that he is behind in his studies.

Parent—That's all right. If he wasn't behind, how could he pursue them?—Boston Courier.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

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Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VII, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, AUG. 12.

Text of the Lesson, Math. xviii, 21-35—Memory Verses, 21, 22—Golden Text, Math. vi, 12—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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21, 22. "Until seventy times seven." Thus often, or possibly until such a time, did our Lord teach Peter that he was to forgive an offending brother. Peter may perhaps have thought of the three and four transgressions of Amos i, 3, 6, 9, etc., or he may have thought of the seven times of Prov. xxiv, 16, or possibly had neither in his mind, but supposed he was putting an outside limit when he asked if he should forgive as many as seven times. It is difficult for some people to forgive even one offense, but to forgive the same party three or four times would be great grace, while to forgive as much as seven times would seem more than could be required of any mortal. How very strong and strange must our Lord's reply have seemed to Peter!

23-27. "Then the lord of that servant was moved with compassion and loosed him and forgave him the debt." The servant owed 10,000 talents, or, according to the margin, nearly $1,000, but when he had nothing to pay his lord forgave him the debt. It would seem as if the law permitted poor debtors to be sold (Lev. xxv, 39, 40); and in II Kings iv, 1, we have an instance of its being about to be done, but God, through His servant, provided deliverance. One point of likeness in the parable to the kingdom of heaven is that the king would have his servants give an account of their stewardship. The kingdom of God, or, of heaven, has many stages in its coming, and then, when it shall have fully come, the will of God shall be done on earth as in heaven. When our Lord came, it was at hand, but because they killed Him it was postponed till His return. When He shall come again, He will establish His millennial kingdom and subdue all things unto Himself, and after that the kingdom shall fully come when God shall be all in all (Luke xix, 11, 12; I Cor. xv, 23-28). The present age between our Lord's rejection and His return is known as the mystery of the kingdom (Math. xiii, 11), and many of the parables, such as the seven in Math. xiii, refer to this age and its termination, for the phrase "end of the world" means the end of this age. Now at the end of this age there shall be held the judgment seat of Christ for all the saints (Rom. xiv, 10; II Cor. v, 10), and there every saved one must give account to God (Rom. xiv, 12). The question at that judgment seat is not one of salvation, for only saved people will be there; but it will be a question of service and reward.

28-30. This suggests the difference between man's treatment of his fellow man and our Lord's treatment of us. We constantly enjoy mercy from God, but are often slow to show mercy to others. We may truly say: "If Thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand? But there is forgiveness with Thee that Thou mayest be feared" (Ps. cxxx, 3, 4). When we have received mercy from God, He expects us to show mercy to others that He may be seen and glorified in us, and unless we manifest His spirit in our dealings with our fellows we are a dishonor and reproach to Him instead of glorifying Him (I Cor. vi, 19, 20; Gal. i, 24). This servant who had been freely forgiven all his debt did not manifest any gratitude for the great favor shown to him; he was not truly sorry that he could not pay his creditor and did not appreciate the forgiveness granted him.

31. Our fellows are quick to see our inconsistencies and to speak of them. When men despise those who bear the name of Christ, who are members of churches and are seen at the communion table because in business and in daily life they act like or worse than those who make no profession of godliness, I think we have an illustration of withered branches gathered by men for burning (John xv, 6) or of savorless salt trodden under foot of men (Math. v, 13). If one should ask, Are such people saved? we can only reply, God knows. If they are, it is a salvation as by fire, a destruction of the flesh that the spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus (I Cor. iii, 15; v, 5).

32-34. Notice that this is not our Lord's doing, but the man's own lord or master. The word "lord" has a small "l" which is never the case in writing the name of the Lord Jesus. The same must be noticed in the story of the unjust steward. The question is often asked, How could our Lord commend the unjust steward when He did so unjustly? Our Lord did not commend him, but his own lord commended him for his clever, though fraudulent, plan of providing for his future comfort. Our Lord drew a lesson from it and taught His people to be as wise as the children of this world in providing for the future. Now, in our lesson the man who had the great debt forgiven him has it all put back upon him and is cast into prison till he shall pay all because he showed no mercy to his fellow. Our Lord does not act in this way, that, having truly forgiven a person, He ever withdraws that forgiveness, for when He blots out our sins He assures us that they shall never be remembered (Isa. xliii, 25). But this debtor does not seem truly to have received the forgiveness that was offered to him, for if he had he would have acted differently to his fellow servant. It is like the case of the man with the one talent (Math. xxv, 28-30); he might have done well, but missed his opportunity, not knowing his Master, and so he perished. Let Balaam, Cain, Korah and Judas Iscariot illustrate.

35. "So likewise shall my Heavenly Father do also unto you if ye from your hearts forgive not every one his brother their trespasses." God loves heart work; nothing outward or formal counts for anything (I Sam. xvi, 7; I Chron. xxviii, 9). Those who truly enjoy the forgiveness of God cannot but forgive others even as God for Christ's sake has forgiven them. The most that we can be ever called upon to forgive others is but as the pence of the story compared with the thousands of talents which God forgives us; and if any forgive not others from the heart it is manifest that in their hearts they are not enjoying the forgiveness of God. In the matter of salvation the forgiveness of our sins does not depend upon our forgiveness of others, but being forgiven freely for Christ's sake our fellowship with God and joy in Him depends upon it.

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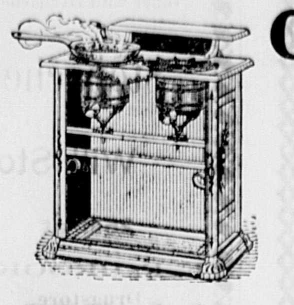

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WHEN ALL THE WORLD IS YOUNG.

When all the world is young, lad,
  And all the trees are green
And every goose a swan, lad,
  And every lass a queen,
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
  And around the world away!
Young blood must have its course, lad,
  And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
  And all the trees are brown
And all the sports are stale, lad,
  And all the wheels run down,
Creep home and take your place there,
  The spent and maimed among.
God grant you find one face there
  You loved when all was young!

—Charles Kingsley.

DURELL'S MISSION.

Rev. Icabod Durell carefully stroked his quill pen and adjusted his glasses more evenly on his nose and proceeded to write out his sermon, in which he was pointing out the error of allowing merely temporal things to interfere with those of eternal significance. Icabod was a plain, earnest man, who worked faithfully at the problems of a parish in colonial Virginia, which were much like those of every parish everywhere, only that he had come into closer touch with his people than have many ministers before and since his day.

Icabod bit his pen in hope of inspiration, but his thoughts would turn from his theme to one of the younger men in whom he was deeply interested and of whom lately he had seen but little, and he found it difficult to select texts in Genesis and Revelation exactly to illustrate his point. So he sat at his square mahogany table absorbed in thought and drew the plume of his quill pen back and forth in a reflective way across his nose.

James Hopkins came in through the open door and patiently waited for the parson to finish the sentence which he was writing. This Icabod finally accomplished and became aware of Hopkins, standing near.

"I didn't hear you," he said, apologizing.

"No matter," answered Hopkins, and both men sat down beside the big, book laden table.

"Parson, I'm in trouble," Hopkins began, "and I want your help."

"Anything I can do," said Icabod, "you know I will."

Hopkins hesitated. Then he took the plunge. "It's about Sally Daves. I suppose you'll laugh at me for coming," and he fumbled the hat in his hand, "but I can't make her listen to me, and I don't know what to do. She promised to marry me, and now she says that she never will."

The parson waited for him to go on, but Hopkins seemed to have finished all he had to say.

"And you want me to speak to her?" Icabod inquired, looking at his embarrassed caller with some amusement.

"Yes," said Hopkins, "and I want you to make her marry me. You could do it. You know I'd be a good husband, and you could talk about it—and explain things," he ended rather vaguely.

Icabod was silent. He considered a moment.

"Well, James," he answered, "I'll speak to Sally Daves for you, but she has many men to choose from, you know that, and I'm but a poor pleader. Still I'll try."

Hopkins looked appreciative and offered the parson a pinch of snuff. Then he rose, and the two men shook hands, and Hopkins went out into the summer world.

Icabod looked after him with some complacency. So it was this that had been keeping him away. He would straighten out matters with Sally Daves. The girl was a fool not to keep a man like Hopkins if once she had the luck to get him. Meantime there was his sermon, so he went back to the table and again gently rubbed his nose with his feathered pen and tried once more to get the drift of his argument.

The next afternoon Icabod rode over to the Daves plantation, where he found two of his younger brethren enjoying themselves in Miss Sally's company. With patience and long suffering he waited until they reluctantly had gone, and then he proceeded at once to deliver his message.

"And he's a worthy man, and you should be ashamed to treat him to whom you're betrothed in such a fashion," he ended.

Sally listened attentively and arranged her neckerchief.

"It's no different from the way I have treated the others," she answered at last, with no attempt to seem impressed with her own faults. "If James Hopkins would come a-wooing, let him bespeak himself and not go bothering the parson."

"It's no such great bother," replied Icabod candidly, with the air of one who waives the point merely of quantity, "only you don't seem to understand what your actions mean to James Hopkins. He's no man to be forever chasing after a woman. There are many girls in the county who'd be glad of him."

"They're welcome to him, and you may tell James Hopkins the same and give him my best good wishes," replied Sally, with all sweetness.

So the interview ended. It seemed to Icabod useless to discuss the subject further. He had done his duty, and it was nearing supper time, so he took his leave and rode away, amused and rather sorry and wondering which of the other young men was to marry the prettiest girl in the parish. Her picture came back to him as she had stood on the low piazza, one arm resting against the vine covered post, the sunshine playing on her fair hair, which had blown a little over her brown eyes, so filled with mischief. She certainly was the prettiest maiden in the parish, Icabod thought; mere candor compelled the admission, and he wondered if the tea cakes would be overdone, and accordingly applied his riding stick and hurried on toward the parsonage.

During the Sunday mooning, Hopkins came to see the parson, and when he learned the result of the interview he was much disappointed.

"Didn't she tell you why?" he asked, looking dubiously at Icabod.

"I don't believe she has any reason," Icabod answered. "Perhaps she needs to be coaxed. Go to see her yourself, man, and don't come bothering me about it."

So the next day Hopkins rode over to the Daves' plantation and again presented himself with some doubt, it is true, as to the wisdom of his coming. Sally was not to be coaxed, and the interview was short and much to the point.

"And have I a reason?" Sally asked sharply. "And haven't I told you these 20 times that I don't love you? As if that weren't reason enough!"

"You like somebody else," retorted Hopkins. "Probably you've been making promises to Ed Clark, now."

"And belike I may have, though I don't remember them," answered Sally, with no sign of resentment.

"Won't you tell me why?" again demanded Hopkins.

"No," said Sally, standing very straight and looking as severe as so fair a girl could. "No, James Hopkins, I will not tell you my reason."

Hopkins rode away in gathering wrath, and he decided once more to seek the interference of the church.

Icabod listened patiently to his tale, and then told him kindly but firmly that in view of his many duties he simply could not undertake the care of parochial lovemaking.

"But she won't tell me why," Hopkins persisted. "I'd feel better about it if I only knew her reason. I've asked her time and again, and she only makes fun of me. Won't you ask her that much? Please now, just as a friend of us both."

Icabod hesitated. It was such a bother. "Yes, I'll ask her," he said, at the same time feeling angry with himself for saying that he would.

The next afternoon found Icabod riding slowly along the shady summer lanes toward the Daves' plantation and wondering the while why a woman couldn't be frank and outspoken in such matters and save her kindly disposed friends so much needless labor.

As he came near the house he saw Sally sitting on the low piazza, her workbasket beside her, bending over some bit of sewing in her hand, a picture framed in the green vines which grew over the porch, and Icabod couldn't find it in his heart to blame Hopkins.

Sally saw him and stood up, dropping her work about her in pretty confusion.

"Thank you, father's not so sick we should be bothering you," she said, coming down the first step to greet him.

"I didn't know he was sick at all," answered Icabod in honest surprise.

"He's a little sick," said Sally. "He's gone over to the river meadow now, but I couldn't think what else could bring you again so soon. Not but that you're always welcome," she added, seeing Icabod's evident embarrassment.

He dismounted and sat down on the broad piazza bench. He might as well get through with his fool's errand and be done with it, so he said:

"I've come on behalf of Hopkins."

Sally smiled in enjoyment of the situation, but she kept silent.

Evidently she wouldn't help him, so Icabod continued, "He wants me to ask you why you won't marry him."

Sally hesitated and stroked her work with her needle.

"Do you think I ought to tell him, parson?" she asked.

"Yes, I do," said Icabod, with parochial firmness.

"Will you promise to tell him if I explain my reason to you?" Sally asked, looking squarely at Icabod.

"Yes," he answered, feeling much relieved and smiling back encouragement at the fair girl before him.

"Well," said Sally thoughtfully, "I think I'd be willing to tell you my reason, but, you see, it's not wholly my own. Suppose we leave it this way. I will think about it and I will send you word what I decide, and we won't talk about it any more, please," she ended, rising.

Icabod judged that he was expected to go, and so he took his leave. His visit was most unsatisfactory, but he had done what he could and he was glad the business was ended, so far as he was concerned. He was sorry for Hopkins, poor chap, but perhaps he would be satisfied with Sally's reason. No doubt it was a good one, for the girl seemed very sensible, and so Icabod rode back very contentedly to the parsonage.

The next morning as Icabod was writing at his big table Sally's little black boy brought him this note:

REVEREND SIR—I would be frank in this business. I purpose to marry somebody else. See II Samuel, twelfth chapter, verse 7. With respect, I am y'r obed't SALLY DAVES.

Icabod opened his Bible to the second book of Samuel, the twelfth chapter, and ran his finger down to the seventh verse and read, "And Nathan said unto David, 'Thou art the man.' " and then Icabod sat vacantly looking at the table for a long time.

"Miss Sally told me to fetch an answer," said the little black boy at his elbow.

"Tell your mistress that I will bring it over myself," said Icabod.—Boston Transcript.

A Close Call.

Once I sailed these seas, where are the cannibals, with a corpulent captain. Whenever a chief came on board the first thing he was sure to admire was the proportions of our gallant tar, and the chief would feel him and smack his own lips and turn up his own eyes at the prospect of so much fatness—going to waste, as one may say. These attentions our skipper very much disliked.

Well, one day both boats were absent trading, and it fell suddenly calm. "The old man" (the forecastle name for a skipper) and self were the only whites on board. The strong currents caught the vessel and carried her on to the rocks, and we could get no bottom a hundred yards from the shore. The underflow from the waves kept her from striking. The natives gathered on the cliffs, as ravens to a carcass, waiting for the catastrophe. I took off all my clothes, and we waited and waited for some two hours, the natives recognizing the captain and telling him plainly they would eat him at last.

The strain on our nerves may be imagined. At last the captain's gave way. "Goodby, G——, old fellow," he said. "Those beasts will have me in the ovens at once. You may escape—you are thin. If you see my old girl again, tell her I was thinking of her at the last." This was said with a gulp and a quiver in the voice. But just then the two boats came round the point, having at last heard our stern guns, and we were saved.—"Among the Man Eaters," by John Gaggin.

Where It Rains Frogs.

Every once in awhile stories are brought out about extraordinary showers of fish, of bloody snow, etc., the latest thing being of a ship captain far out on the Atlantic who ran into a dust shower so heavy he had to set his crew shoveling the dust from the decks when the weight began to get dangerous. To this be there added a tale:

It rains frogs in Arizona. The old timers believe there is no doubt of it, though they cannot explain whence the frogs were originally "lifted." But this much is straight—let there be a summer rain along the line of the southern Pacific in southwestern Arizona, and behold the next morning every little pool has a myriad of little lean green frogs with marvelous croaking powers. They don't wait for nightfall like their more civilized brothers elsewhere, but keep up the music by day as by night. They live where water comes only about once a year. They can't live over the interim under the sun baked black rocks. They assuredly haven't hopped from the Colorado river, and they are all of a size to boot. If they didn't come from the ground or from the river, they must have come from the skies.

And that's what the Hassayampers firmly believe.—Arizona Graphic.

No Chance For Him.

Three negro lads met on a street corner one afternoon, and by some queer freak of Providence each had just 15 cents. This was considerable for them, and, being so unfortunate as to have no "craps," it required much serious deliberation to arrive at just the best plan for spending it.

Finally one suggested that they place their little capital in a pool and then, each in turn, guess what was good to eat, the best guesser to take all of the money.

This plan met with hearty approval, as each one had ideas on that subject, and the 45 cents was soon in a pile. Then the first one guessed.

"Possum, sweet taters an watermelon," he said.

At this the second one reached down and began picking up his nickels, but the third stopped him with: "Hol' on dare! Let dat money 'lone!" To which the second replied:

"You think I'ze goin to guess agains' that fool nigger when he's done said all der is good ter eat?"—Types.

The Stupid Thing.

"Do you think the shortest route to a man's heart is through his stomach?" asked Miss Gabby as she prepared to exhibit her skill with the chafing dish to young Dr. Powers.

"Oh, dear, no!" exclaimed the young physician, swelling up with the consciousness of his superior knowledge. "The shortest way to the heart is by way of an incision through the left subclavial section of the thoracic parieties."

Thus is cold science wresting Cupid's weapons one by one from the hands of the fair sex.—Baltimore American.

A Prize Thought.

A teacher of music in one of the public schools of the south desired to impress the pupils with the meaning of the signs "f" and "ff" in a song they were about to sing. After explaining that "f" meant forte he said, "Now, children, if 'f' means forte, what does 'ff' mean?"

Silence reigned for a moment, and then he was astonished to hear a bright little fellow shout:

"Eighty!"—New Lippincott.

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In effect JUNE 25, 1900.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.14, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.39, 8.00, 9.10, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY—To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.28, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.22, 7.04, 7.34, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, 8.42, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.46, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 12.00, 4.52, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.33 8.28, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, *9.30, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.28, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.28, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 8.28, 6.33, 11.11, A. M., 6.42 P. M., Saturdays only. Except Claremont.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.28, †11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, ‡6.33, 8.28, 11.11, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P.M

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.28, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.28, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

*To Nashua only.
†To Franklin only.
‡Weirs only.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.55, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.21, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.16, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 3.53, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Jan. 1, 1900, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 and 11.15 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford. Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem. Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Wakefield & Stoneham St. R'y Co.

On and after January 1, 1900, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, then *9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester, and Arlington, at 5.15, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.30, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.45, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m., then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 8.35, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. M. LANE, Acting Supt.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00 *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

Business Cards.

Crawford's - -
ICE CREAMS
SHERBERTS, &C.
No. 412 Main St., WOBURN
TELEPHONE: 48-3.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal and Wood,
377 Main Steet.
Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

GEO. W. NICHOLS,
HAS SOLD — AND — REPAIRED
FINE WATCHES SINCE 1865.
NICHOLS
Mechanics' Building, 415 Main St.

J. R. Carter & Co.
Coal and Wood,
369 Main Street.

Return Water
from steam or hot water heating coils or raidiators below the boilers can be brought back by gravity alone. I make a specialty of such work. Let me solve your problems. It costs you nothing if I fail.
EDWARD E. PARKER,
No. 8 Middle St., Woburn.
Telephone 28-2.

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— DEALERS IN —
Flour, Corn,
Meal, Oats,
Hav, Straw,
Coal and Wood.
Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.
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CHARLES H. TAYLOR,
Photographer.
Landscapes, Interiors, Machinery. Pictures Copied and Enlarged.
Developing, Printing, Finishing, and all kinds of work done for Amateurs on Plates or Films.
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B. A. & C. E. TRIPP,
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Everything pertaining to Funerals, constantly on hand.
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No. of Telephone 48-2.
Residence and Night Telephone 17-4.

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Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents.
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G. F. JONES, Proprietor.
Telephone 39-2.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.
Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASSWARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.
☞ SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

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AUCTIONEER.
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Office: 373 Main St., Woburn.

GEORGE W. NORRIS,
Counsellor-at-Law and Notary,
MECHANICS BUILDING,
415 Main Street, WOBURN.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

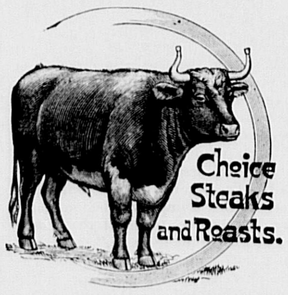
—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Business Cards.

George Durward



430 Main St., Woburn

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DENTIST,
FOWLE BUILDING,
353 Main St., Woburn, Mass
TELEPHONE 109-7.

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Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
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P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

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(Successor to L. Thompson
HARDWARE !
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies, Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No. 437 Main Street, Woburn.

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street, BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass.

TELEPHONE 6-3,
LAWRENCE READE,
Sexton of St. Charles Church.
Undertaker & Funeral Director,
241 Main St., Woburn

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

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The Best Work in All Varieties known to the art we are prepared to do in the best manner, as we have the finest arranged Studio in this part of the State. Give us a call before going elsewhere and see for yourselves.
F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

LOVE'S PROMISE.

Across the main and far away,
Where the river joins the sea,
Where blows the broom at break of day,
My true love waits for me.
His brow is sad, his eyes are sweet
And his heart both brave and true.
Oh, when, my love, shall we e'er meet,
My lonely self and you?

'Ah, maid most dear," his lips reply,
In the northland far away,
"We ne'er shall meet till eternity
Breaks through life's cloudy day.
We ne'er may take love's last adieu
Ere death begins his flight,
But I, for aye, will still be true,
And so, my love, good night!"
—New York Ledger.

THROUGH A WINDOW.

Between her and me there was a great gulf, a chasm with precipitous walls of stone. We were so near together that I could see the color of her eyes when the light shone fairly, but between us was the gulf and in the bottom of it a roaring river. In the morning the river ran southward. At noon it was full of conflicting tides that clashed and surged. In the late afternoon it ran mostly northward toward Printing House square and Brooklyn bridge. It was a river of humanity, and the gulf was the canyon of Nassau street, in New York city.

She was on the western bank and I on the eastern, 150 feet above the bed of the stream. Crossing was easy, but I could not go, because I had no errand. How could I invade the office of Stoughton & Bland and say, "Gentlemen, I have come to tell your secretary that I admire her?"

I did not think it fitting even to ask what name she bore of such acquaintances as might have been able to answer. I would not have known what firm employed her, but I could read the gilt letters on the glass door of their office when there was light behind it in the hall. It was hard to make them out, for of course they read backward to me, being glued upon the other side of the door, but I looked across so often that I should have made them out at last had they been Chinese characters.

She used to wear neat and tasteful clothes, and her hair was always just right. Her desk and the typewriting table were never in disorder, and from that I inferred that she had been well brought up, a conviction re-enforced by my observation of her bearing toward all who spoke with her. Busy from morning till night, she never seemed to be hurried or worried, and it seemed to me she never had unfinished work to put aside at the close of the day.

As spring advanced her window and mine were often open. It was then that a ray of sunshine striking down upon her one bright morning showed me that her eyes were hazel. I had thought they might be blue, for her hair was light. She was of a slender figure, not strong enough, it seemed to me, to work so hard. I noticed that her cheeks never had in them enough color to be visible from across the canyon.

The man who dictated and signed most of the letters that she wrote was a puzzling fellow. He looked not more than 35, but his hair was almost white. He was always very considerate of her, in his manner, and she obviously looked up to him as a great man. I wondered why he did not see that she needed a long rest and the tonic air of the mountains. Probably he found her indispensable in his business affairs, yet I fancied he might make that plea some day and be answered by the reaper that no mortal is indispensable.

She was very faithful in her work, and I think the young man with the gray hair appreciated it, for I often saw him praise her. It was easy enough to know when she received this commendation, for it pleased her extremely.

There were two clerks and a bookkeeper in the employ of Stoughton & Bland, and I judged that all of them were deeply conscious of the secretary's charms. The youngest of them was obviously in love with her, and he frequently got snubbed for his attentions. He was a tall and handsome youth, with corn colored hair that rolled back from his forehead in a wave which he had the good sense not to spoil with a comb and brush.

There was also a square shouldered fellow who bristled with energy. He seemed to be employed in outside work, and it was only in the early hours that he had a chance to talk with her. She treated him with sufficient cordiality to cause jealous feelings on my side of the canyon—for it pleased me to fancy myself in love with her.

Lastly, there was the old bookkeeper, who must have lived somewhere in the country, for he brought her such flowers as the florists do not sell and laid them on her desk before she came down. He would be alone in the office then, and he did not know that I was watching him from across the chasm. I have seen him spend 20 minutes in arranging half a dozen wild flowers, and then dodge quietly away at the sound of a step in the hall. In all my days at the window I never saw him address her till she had first spoken to him.

There was a day in June when she did not come to the office. A tribute of blossoms awaited her, and I could read anxiety in the old bookkeeper's back where he stood by his desk on the far side of the room, as the minutes passed on beyond the usual time of her appearance. When the gray haired young man came in, his first glance was directed toward the desk, of which the lid was closed for the first time at that hour in many months.

Immediately a messenger boy came in with a telegram, and when the head of the firm had read it he looked toward the closed desk again, so I knew what must be in the dispatch. The bookkeeper was watching over his shoulder, and by and by he plucked up courage to ask a timid question of his employer. The answer made him look very grave.

Whatever the news may have been he communicated it to the light haired youth and the square shouldered fellow in the latter edge of the luncheon hour before the chief had returned. They took it very hard, and the younger of them stood by the window afterward when he should have been at work, and he looked the picture of grief.

Yet the girl was on hand at the usual hour the next morning and was the recipient of cordial greetings, though she had to ask the bookkeeper for his. In the afternoon, when she stood by the open window for a few minutes, I thought she looked quite ill, and, worse than that, she seemed apprehensive. The blight of melancholy was on her. I fancied her as one of those unfortunates who in youth are told that there will be no maturity, that the seeds of death are planted and must grow.

Three days later she was absent again. Then I saw her on three successive days, leaving out of account an intervening Sunday. Again she failed to appear, but only for a day, and the remainder of the week she was in her accustomed place.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday passed with no glimpse of her. In the later afternoon of that last day a man who could be known for a doctor half a mile away made a long call upon the head of the firm. They conversed very seriously for a few minutes, and then drifted to general themes and laughed and puffed their cigars as if nothing were wrong. That fixed my estimate of the gray haired young man at a very low point in the scale.

There was no sign of her during the week. On Monday I saw unusual sights in the office across the way. First the old bookkeeper came in, and while he had the office to himself he sat in her chair, and I saw him shed tears. Then the young man with the corn colored hair appeared, and upon my word I was afraid to see him stand by the open window, with such a look upon his face, lest he should cast himself down to the bottom of the gulf.

A little later the three clerks, the gray haired man and an elderly person whom I took to be the second member of the firm just arrived from abroad—for I had heard a rumor that one of them had been in Europe nearly a year—assembled in conference on a plane of equality which only a mutual deep sorrow could have justified. After awhile two clerks brought in some large pasteboard boxes, which contained flowers, for though they were opened in a part of the office that my view did not well command I got a glimpse of white blossoms and green leaves.

I think those men were all sincere, but not one of them—not even the old bookkeeper—felt a grief that matched mine. Nothing just like that has ever come into my life. Perhaps I should have found nothing sympathetic or attractive in that woman if I had met her face to face, but when that meeting on this side of the grave had become impossible I pictured her in speech and in heart and soul as all that her sweet face had promised.

I longed to share with those who had known her the privilege of expressing my sorrow at her early death—indeed I resolved to do so, even at the risk of committing an impropriety. Therefore, when I saw the pasteboard boxes dispatched in the custody of the messenger boys, I hastened to intercept them on the street. It was easy enough to read the address upon the boxes, but there was no name—only a street and number in Brooklyn.

That was sufficient, however. I hastened to a florist's and gave orders for such tokens as seemed to be appropriate.

And so that was the end. The sight of her at the window day after day; a feeling of cheer from her bright presence near me, and, then the sorrow for the loss of one whose very name I did not know. I missed her heartily in those succeeding weeks.

Even so late as September I had by no means forgotten her or the incidents connected with that time of strange and fanciful sorrow. It was on the fifth day of that month when a man of familiar aspect, yet certainly not an acquaintance, walked into my office. He came slowly up to me and laid two cards upon my desk. One was my own, and the other bore the inscription, "John M. Douglas, M. D."

The name was not familiar, but the man himself I had certainly seen. Ah, to be sure! He was the doctor who had come to the office across the way, when the end was drawing near.

"That's my card, and the other one is yours, isn't it?" said he.

I nodded.

"You sent it with some flowers to 811 De Vaux street, Brooklyn, on June 28, didn't you?"

"Yes," I replied, "they were for her."

And I glanced across the way.

"Well, you probably have some rational explanation for it," said he, "but hang me if I know why you should have sent that cartload of funeral emblems to her on the occasion of her wedding. If you wished to intimate that marriage to me was equivalent to death, it was a bad joke, sir, and if you didn't then what in thunder did you mean? I've carried that puzzle with me 2,000 miles this summer, on our wedding journey, and now, by Lucifer, you've got to tell me the answer!"

I don't want to go any further with this story. It has come to a point where the recollections aroused are really too painful.—Boston Transcript.

CLEVELAND'S
Superior Baking Powder

Purest
and greatest
in strength

Cleveland's Baking Powder improves the flavor and adds to the healthfulness of the food.

CLEVELAND BAKING POWDER CO.,
NEW YORK

There are imitation baking powders, sold cheap, by many grocers. They are made from alum, a poisonous drug, which renders the food injurious to health.

One of Forbes' Scoops.

The following story illustrates the late Archibald Forbes' cleverness in getting his news reports in ahead of his fellow correspondents:

Here is a little scene: Time, near midnight, after a hard day's work. Everybody done up. "Hello, Jones," says Smith. "There's Forbes already asleep, like brass." "By Jove, yes," quoth Jones (incipient snore from Forbes). "It would take ten horses to wake him up. I'll turn in," says Jones. "Time enough to get our stuff off tomorrow, eh?" "Right you are," responds Smith.

In ten minutes the wearied warrior scribes are dead asleep. Forbes rises cautiously, passing out like a ghost, sits him down in a hidden corner with the stump of a tallow candle, writes like a whirlwind for a couple of hours, finishes with the last flicker of his dip, saddles a horse, off he goes helter skelter across the country, gallops for an hour, delivers his letter, gallops back, is in bed by 4, sleeps this time "like brass" and no mistake.

"Hello, lazy bones," exclaims Smith at 7 a. m., shaking the sleeper. "Time to be up, old man," adds Jones. "What are you up to?" quoth Forbes drowsily. "We are thinking of getting our stuff off." "The devil you are! Why hurry? Let's have another snooze."

At last Smith and Jones get their stuff off and in three days discover to their bepuzzlement that they were 24 hours behindhand. Very provoking to Smith and Jones. But if Forbes had been the victim of the little ruse he would have been the first to laugh over it and to congratulate his successful competitor.

Couldn't See the Joke.

Once Offenbach graciously accepted the invitation of some friends to visit them in Etretat. As his hosts were waiting for him at the hotel, one of them, who was very intimate with the composer, suggested:

"Let us give him a rousing welcome."

The idea was taken up and developed. One of the party possessed a collection of old weapons. This was ransacked, and some two dozen young fellows were soon equipped as halberdiers. Another mounted a donkey and waved the flag of the club.

When Offenbach's carriage came in sight, a drum beat, the halberdiers presented arms and fireworks were set off from the balcony at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

As the composer stepped to the ground a venerable old man approached and presented to him the key of the hotel on a silver platter.

Offenbach, vain as a peacock and accustomed to all sorts of queer receptions, entirely failed to see the joke, though it was as broad as anything in "The Grand Duchess" or "La Belle Helene." He took it all seriously as a tribute to his genius, and, with tears in his eyes and in a voice that shook with emotion, he murmured:

"Gentlemen, this is too much, too much!"

A Unique River.

Unique in its kind is no doubt the Mocona waterfall in the South American republic of Uruguay, situated about two miles below the mouth of the Piperi Assu river into the Uruguay. A great rock divides the river into two separate streams in such a manner that the right arm continues its flow on the original level, while the second arm falls gradually so that it finally lies 22 feet below the level of the other arm. The bed of the upper part of the river is not very deep, and the water flows partly in a right angle to the river, thus forming a waterfall of more than two miles in length.

This unique view presents itself to the traveler, however, only during the winter, for in the summer, and especially during the rainy season, the Uruguay contains such immense quantities of water that both arms form one single stream, navigable even for the largest freight steamers. The fall has been known for centuries, and a description of it was published as early as 1691 by the Rev. Antonius Sepp, a missionary from Tyrol, who spent over 20 years among the Indians of Uruguay.

THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN.

An Incident That Happened In the Franco-Prussian War.

It is a peculiar circumstance that hardened and trained troops will go through a long fight surrounded by all the horrors that are inseparable from war without flinching and with the utmost apparent callousness, and the same men will be struck terrified by a single trifling incident.

Every war of any importance, particularly wars between civilized nations, is prolific in incidents of trivial character in themselves, but so unusual and unnatural that they appeal to the natural instinctive horror of men more suddenly and intensely than perhaps the main terrors of days of carnage and surrounding scenes of suffering. Such an incident is the one, for example, which occurred at the battle of Worth in the early days of the Franco-Prussian war.

In the heat of the great battle a wing of the Prussian army was charged by the regiments of French cuirassiers in the hope of turning the wing and facilitating the falling back of the French infantry. But the cuirassiers were driven back by the unflinching Prussians. Again the cuirassiers charged, and again they were driven back by the withering fire of shot and shell.

For a third time they came down again, and as the enemy waited for them to draw nearer a horrible, blood freezing terror seized the Prussians, and for a moment it looked as if they would turn and fly or be cut down without defending themselves. But in a moment they had pulled themselves together and beaten back for the third and last time the gallant cuirassiers.

The sight that terrified the Prussians appears nothing very much in black and white. It was a regiment of cuirassiers led at a dashing rate toward them by a headless officer sitting upright in his saddle and apparently encouraging his men after having been decapitated by a cannon ball.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

WHAT ARE VOLCANOES?

They Are Not Burning Mountains as We Understand That Term.

"What are volcanoes?"

Nine out of every ten persons would immediately have an answer of some sort to the question above, for have they not a lively remembrance of having learned in their schoolbooks that "a volcano is a burning mountain, from the summit of which are sent out smoke and flames?" This popular fancy has been exploded by scientists, whose work is to explode popular fancies.

In the first place, volcanoes are not necessarily mountains. In reality they are just the reverse—that is, holes in the earth's crust. Out of these are thrown the materials which, accumulating, form the heaps which we popularly call mountains.

These are, then, the result and not the cause of the action. Neither are they "burning," as we understand the term. There is no combustion, nor any action we might reasonably call "burning."

The action need not necessarily take place at the summit, for eruptions are just as frequent at the sides or even at the base. The so called "smoke" is nothing more or less than the clouds of condensing steam which are formed on every occasion when an eruption occurs.

Lastly, the "flames," so called, are merely the reflection of the mass of molten rock and material inside the crater on the clouds of steam above, thus appearing as a glowing light. The friction, too, set up by the motion of the materials causes electricity, and hence the lightning discharges which add to the illuminating effect.—Pearson's Magazine.

Beau Brummel and His Boots.

In the "Reminiscences and Recollections of Captain Grownow" (who was himself a famous dandy) occurs the following annecdote of Beau Brummel, the time being 1815.

The dandy's dress consisted of a blue coat, with brass buttons, leather breeches and top boots, and it was the fashion to wear a deep, stiff white cravat, which prevented you from seeing your boots while standing.

All the world watched Brummel to imitate him, and order their clothes of the tradesman who dressed that sublime dandy. One day a youthful beau approached Brummel and said:

"Permit me to ask you where you get your blacking?"

"Ah!" replied Brummel, gazing complacently at his boots, "my blacking positively ruins me. I will tell you in confidence. It is made with the finest champagne!"

How Lincoln Won His Wife.

Mr. Lincoln used to take great delight in telling how he gained a knife by his ugly looks. That has been published, but I have not seen another in print telling how he gained his wife. Mrs. Lincoln was a beautiful lady, attractive, sharp, witty and relished a joke even at her own expense. She was staying with her sister, Mrs. Edwards. She had not been there long before everybody knew Miss Mary Todd. She often said: "When a girl, I thought I would not marry until I could get one of the handsomest men in the country, but since I became a woman I learned I can't get such a man, which has caused me to change my mind. I have concluded now to marry the ugliest looking man I can find."

Later on Lincoln came to town. She had never seen him before she met him on the street. She was told who he was and went home and told her sister she had seen her man, "the ugliest man I ever saw, Abraham Lincoln, and I am going to set my cap for him."

That became a common saying in street gossip. When they were married, instead of taking a bridal trip, they went to the Globe hotel, owned by the writer and occupied by a tenant. They took board at $4 a week. When he got able, he bought a lot for $200 and built a four room house costing less than $1,000. When he received $5,000 from his great railroad case, he spent $1,500 of it in putting a second story on his house, and there he lived until he went to Washington.—Thomas Lewis in Leslie's Weekly.

He Telegraphed Up One Flight.

That New York is a big city which the stranger seldom learns very well was quite forcibly impressed upon a certain well known Californian a few days ago. He visits New York twice a year and has long since learned to find his way about.

He was charging about in the business district and suddenly remembered that he wanted to telegraph to a friend whose offices are at 195 Broadway. The Californian dashed into the nearest telegraph office, wrote out his dispatch and, covering it with the coin, passed it through the wicket to the receiver. The receiver smiled.

"What is the matter?" demanded the Californian.

"Why, this is 195 Broadway," said the receiver, "and your man is up just one flight of stairs."

There was a confused period that lasted about a second, and when the Californian got his nerve back he calmly said: "I know that. Let it go anyway. I guess I can telegraph across the room or this counter if I want to and have the money. We do that thing out in California every day for a joke."

The receiver may have been bluffed, but as receivers go they are hard to impress.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Easily Managed.

House Hunter—But are you sure that the cellar is perfectly dry?

Real Estate Dealer—Oh, you may be sure of that! Never was a drop of water ever seen in it, even in the wettest kind of weather.

House Hunter—Sorry about that. Do you know I have a theory that a damp cellar is the healthiest thing in the world. In my opinion the water in a cellar absorbs noxious gases, and, besides, it so moistens the whole atmosphere of the house as to make it more grateful to the lungs.

Real Estate Dealer—Come to think of it, it was that other house on the other side of the street that has the dry cellar. The cellar in this house is never free from water. Really, sir, I think it will suit you immensely.—Boston Transcript.

Got Over the Limit.

The late Senator Sawyer of Wisconsin was a very generous giver of charity and of presents, which neither he nor the beneficiary would have cared to denominate as charity, though the gifts amounted to much the same. He told a friend one day that he was going to turn over a new leaf and try to keep his donations down to a limit that would not exceed $1,000 a month. Three months after he had announced this resolution his friend asked how he had made out.

"I started out pretty well," he replied, "and if I hadn't given an old friend of mine in Wisconsin who had struck hard luck $10,000 last month I think I should have kept within the limit."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

We're Made of Dust.

He—I could kiss the dust you walk on.

She—What's the matter with the dust that does the walking?—London Fun

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, AUG. 17, 1900.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER

Relying on the assurances given by Hon. Samuel O. Upham to his friends three years ago that he would not again be a candidate for County Commissioner, Senator Frank A. Patch of Boxboro has concluded to ask the Republicans of Middlesex to elect him to that office this fall. He is, in all respects, amply qualified for the position.

The candidacy of Senator Patch is well received by the Party in this city because he is a worthy gentleman, a stalwart Republican, and particularly because the credit of securing the $5,000 for our State road belongs to him entirely and exclusively. He alone obtained the appropriation for us and deserves our support for it. By this token, and others, Woburn Republicans will, without the least doubt, give Senator Patch a solid delegation in the County Convention.

☞ Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D. D., the eminent missionary of years ago, and founder of Robert College, Constantinople, Turkey, in which his son-in-law, Rev. Charles Anderson, formerly pastor of the North Congregational Church in this city, is Professor, died suddenly at the home of a friend in Portland which he was visiting during the Maine Old Home Week, on his return from a reception, Tuesday evening, Aug. 7. His residence was in Lexington, Mass., where the funeral was held last Saturday. He was nearly 90 years old, having been born in the Province of Maine, Massachusetts, in 1811. A gentleman of Woburn told the writer of this item that he became acquainted with Dr. Hamlin at Constantinople more than 30 years ago, and that his various occupations had included that of College Professor, Architect and Builder (of Robert College), Physician, Preacher, Baker (for the British Army in the Crimean War), and General Philanthropist, and added: "Dr. Hamlin was a great man." He was well known in this city, and many people will regret that his "Reminiscences," just begun in the *Congregationalist*, has so suddenly ended.

☞ Hon. Samuel O. Upham of Waltham, member of the Board of County Commissioners, is, we are assured, a candidate for re-election this fall, as his present term expires with the close of the year 1900. It is popularly thought that the Court of County Commissioners exists outside of the pale of politics or religion; that it is free from State or other control; that it is amenable to nobody for its acts; and yet, we believe, it is conceded that the body is, in some degree, a useful one; that it has, at times, rendered valuable public service; and that no member has discharged his official duties more acceptably, in years past, than Commissioner Upham.

☞ The charges against the Metropolitan Park System at this date aggregate the sum of $8,317,500, and to take care of it, and to provide the Commission with money, the sum of $521,805 is necessary. This amount, now to be raised, is to be divided equitably among the 28 towns and cities included in the Metropolitan System. A Board of Court Commissioners are to make the division. The Boston *Record* figures that Woburn's share of the tax will be $5,291; Winchester's $3,984; Stoneham's $2,472; Arlington's $4,488; Wakefield $3,739, and so on.

☞ What is Mr. Bryan's plan for the disposition of Philippines? The only inference from his speeches is that he would let loose fair promises and honeyed words, and on the strength of these would withdraw the American troops from the Philippines. What would prevent, after withdrawal of the American troops, the same horrors in Manila that have visited Pekin? What would become of the natives who had helped to suppress the Tagal insurrection after they were thus left to the devices of the Aguinaldo, whose cruelty did stop at the murder of his own generals?

☞ The Knox men in Reading do not regard with any seriousness the canvass that is being made in behalf of Butler Ames. This is one of the Congressman's strongholds. — *Reading Chronicle.*

Nor anywhere else in the District except at the Colonel's headquarters in Lowell.

By the way, the Colonel should keep a sharp eye on some of his Woburn disbursing agents, else his electioneering funds will not be placed where they will do the most good.

☞ The hearty offers of support which Mr. Wood receives on all hands in his campaign for the Senate must be pleasing, not to say flattering, to him. He encounters no opposition in any part of the city, except from a mere handful of uninfluential persons, and a solid Woburn delegation for him to the Senatorial convention is assured.

☞ The Allies have taken Pekin.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

City—Hearing.
City—Reg. of Voters.
J. G. Maguire—Citation.
E. F. Johnson—Citation.
C. A. Welch—Mort. Sale.
C. A. Welch—Mort. Sale.
C. A. Welch—Mort. Sale.
C. A. Welch—Mort. Sale.
C. A. Welch—Mort. Sale.
J. G. Maguire—Tax Notice.
Burdett's—Opening of College.

— New moon next Friday, Aug. 24.

— Locke, tuner, telephone, this page.

— Yesterday gave a grand good rain.

— Miss Helen Cook is at The Weirs, N. H.

— Don't fail to read the ad. of Highley & Co.

— Miss H. E. Durward is visiting at Windsor.

— 8 A. M., Aug. 17, 1900: A lovely morning.

— Fine pears and delicious plums at Crovo Brothers.

— Miss Alice M. Grammer is rusticating at Falmouth.

— Dr. H. G. Blake and family are at Kennebunk Beach.

— Thomas J. Begley is rusticating at Mt. Vernon, N. H.

— Mrs. Bertha Taylor and her daughter are at Salisbury.

— The Registrars of Voters will hold a meeting tomorrow evening.

— Dr. P. A. Caulfield is spending his vacation at Old Orchard.

— Last Tuesday the City Treasurer hired $10,000 at 3.30 percent.

— Mr. and Mrs. Everett P. Fox were visiting in Maine last week.

— Fitz & Stanley advertise a summer beverage that takes the cake.

— Miss Florence E. Barrett, teacher in the Union street school, is at Hawley.

— Mrs. George C. French is at Bradford, Vt. Her children are with her.

— The visit of Rev. Dr. Scudder and wife in the Adirondacks has cut short.

— The Kad-Mah Club will give a moonlight party on Monday evening, Sept. 3.

— The Highway Department have begun work on Salem st. Not a day too soon.

— Nothing was done at the special meeting of the Aldermen last Saturday evening.

— C. M. Strout & Co. sell an oil stove that is "warranted not to rip, rag, or ravel."

— Mr. Charlie A. Jones and family have returned from York Beach, their summer resort.

— Lawyer John P. Feeney and his sisters Maggie and Katie are at Old Orchard for pleasure.

— Dr. C. H. Buss, dentist, and his sister, Miss Dora B. Buss, have been out on vacation this week.

— Water Commissioner Elwyn G. Preston and family are at Holderness, N. H., for their vacation.

— City Auditor Barrett is sticking close at his desk unmindful of the fact that this is vacation season.

— Mrs. C. Willard Smith and family entertained Miss Eunice Martin of Syracuse, N. Y., last week.

— Miss Ethel M. Gurney of Church ave., stenographer at 99 Summer st., Boston, is enjoying her vacation.

— Mrs. George H. Taylor and her daughter Marion have got back from a nice visit among the Granite Hills.

— Mrs. Annie Lewis, the pianoforte teacher, and Mr. F. Percyval Lewis, organist, are at Manchester, N. H.

— Captain William C. Parker and Mrs. Parker are at Orr's Island, Maine, enjoying themselves very much indeed.

— Dr. Peck of Worcester, recently of this city, was in town last week renewing acquaintance with old friends.

— Have C. M. Strout & Co., put your furnaces and parlor stoves in repair for the winter before the fall rush.

— All kinds of repairing at Leathe's. Our $2.50 hand welt calf shoes for men are equal to any $3 advertised shoes.

— Mr. E. F. Hayward is enjoying sea breezes at the cottage of Capt. J. M. Ellis on the shores of famous Nahant.

— Mrs. Alvah Buckman and party have returned from Wells, Maine, where they passed a pleasant vacation season.

— The Board of Health have commenced to drain Town Meadow. We trust their fondest anticipations may be realized.

— Mrs. Judge Charles D. Adams of the School Board is enjoying the family cottage at Nahant very much this summer.

— The National Band are to give a course of three concerts on the Common, beginning Wednesday evening, August 22.

— The alarm from box 54 at 12.40 A. M., last Tuesday, was for a fire in the blacksmith shop of R. F. Wash on Main street.

— The family of Mr. Luke Warren Fowle are at York Beach, one of the fashionable summer resorts on the Maine Coast.

— Mr. Fred Stanley, of Fitz & Stanley, Boston Branch, and his wife went to Intervale, N. H., last Monday for a vacation.

— There was a beautiful procession from St. Charles church last Wednesday, it being the Feast of Assumption of Virgin Mary.

— Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Simonds returned from York Beach last Saturday. They left Miss Minnie and Flossie down there.

— Mrs. C. M. Strout and Percy T. Strout witnessed the launching of the great 6-masted schooner at Camden, Maine, last Tuesday.

— Postmaster Capt. E. F. Wyer returned from a visit to Northern New Hampshire last Wednesday. He says he had a pleasant outing.

— Some of our summer vacationists have already returned to their homes, and the end of the next fortnight will find about all of them back again.

— G. S. Swenson of this city, a prominent worker in the Swedish Lutheran church, is to be Superintendent of a school district in Porto Rico.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— Last Saturday was the hottest day that ever was anywhere. After dinner it was from 95 to 98, and at 6 p. m., it was plum 90. It was simply tough.

— Capt. J. M. Ellis says there is hardly any local business in his line, but that Ellis & Buswell have several outside jobs, principally for the railroads.

— The 14-year old son of Lawyer Arthur E. Gage, Clerk of the District Court, who has been a long time ill, was returned to the hospital in Boston a few days ago for further treatment. He has gained strength and weight lately and is thought to be on the road to complete recovery.

FROM THE ORIENT

CARPETS

Goods right—prices right—workmanship right—everything right. We do by far the largest business in Boston in

Carpets and Upholstery.

What do you suppose the reason is?

JOHN H. PRAY & SONS CO.,
658 Washington Street, 658
Opp. Boylston St.,
BOSTON.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

Many people think that when they require any drugstore article a little "out of the ordinary," they must "go to the city" for it. We have many such things in stock however.

WHY NOT TRY US FIRST?

We probably have them, and if we have not, we can get them for you on short notice.

THIS IS HUNTLEY'S,
"The Prescription Store,"
417 MAIN STREET.

Hot Weather Goods.

G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street. - - - - - - Woburn

— Miss Hosmer has been visiting a member of the N. E. W. Press Association at Crystal Spring Farm, Haverhill, Mass.

— Rain ceased to fall early Wednesday afternoon and the weather for a fine windup concert by Woburn Brass Band on the Common was good enough.

— E. E. Thompson, C. F. Bryant, J. R. Carter, Abijah Thompson, C. M. Strout, attended the funeral at Lexington last Saturday of Rev. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin.

— Mr. Charles H. Greeleaf of the American Express Co., left yesterday for the White Mountains on his vacation. He will remain up there a fortnight or so.

— Miss Hartshorne of New Hampshire, for several years a respected teacher in our public schools, was visiting her good friend, Mrs. Joseph F. Winn, last week.

— Mr. Thomas Moore, Sewer Commissioner of the B. P. W., and Mrs. Moore are at Canaan, N. H., where many other Woburn people are spending their vacation.

— Judge John G. Maguire and Dame M. are at Canaan, N. H., for a few weeks. They seem to think that Canaan is about the best there is out for rest and pleasure.

— Miss Irene Boone has gone to Norton where she taught her first school after graduating from the Woburn High. She is now a successful teacher in the Wakefield schools.

— Mr. Samuel E. D. Hartshorne, a bright and useful member of the Electric Light force, and Supt. Wallis's right bower, will probably visit the old home in New Hampshire soon.

— Miss Alice G. Preston and Miss Edith A. Preston of the Public Library are enjoying an outing at Dennis on the Cape, which, they enthusiastically declare, is an ideal summer resort.

— Sorry to hear that Mr. John Lynch, Clerk of the Committees of the City Council, has been under the weather again with the same complaint he had a few weeks ago, spinal meningitis.

— Mr. Charles H. Taylor is busy all the time making photographic pictures. His forte is landscapes, ancient buildings, garden parties, and rustic scenes. He is a dabster at it.

— As this would be practically a road parallel with the present No. Woburn line, there is not even a remote chance of its ever being built.—*Winchester Star.* Well, who said it would?

— Whitcher is getting his name up as a crack advertiser on camera goods. He gets special mention in *The New England Druggist* for August, with five other firms of New England druggists. Good for him!

— Dr. Harrison G. Blake and family are at Kennebunkport, Maine, an old and much frequented summer resort in York county. It is indeed, especially with Cape Porpoise included, a most charming place.

— Mr. Leon L. Dorr and wife have returned from their Down East trip. They were in Portland at the great Home Week celebration and went from there to Androscoggin County and visited Mr. Dorr's parents.

— Mr. and Mrs. John F. Towle of Peter Parley street, Jamaica Plain, sailed for Europe last Wednesday. Mrs. Towle was formerly a resident of this city and was Mr. Hagerty's Assistant P. M. for some time.

— The small boy has abandoned Horn Pond as a hopeless case for fishing purposes. They declare that it is no longer any good, but pretend to know of certain brooks not far away that "are just full of fish."

— Mechanics have thoroughly repaired and put into the best of shape the JOURNAL block this week, which enables it to do all the business that comes to it in a workmanlike manner and at greatly reduced rates.

— Col. C. W. Woodward's Reading & Lawrence Street Railway was opened for business from Reading to Andover last Monday. It was the occasion of a great public demonstration and jubilee with a brassband attachment.

— Buchanan of the Innitou Canoe Club has returned from the annual meet of the American Canoe Association at Windermere, Canada; Brigham will come tomorrow, accompanied perhaps by other members.

— Major Ambrose Bancroft and wife attended the annual reunion of the 32d Regiment Association at Nantasket lately. The Major never misses one of these reunions if he can help it, and he always has a fine time.

— Mrs. Henry Martin Eames and Miss Stella are in Oxford county, Maine, far up on the Saco, the fairest river in the Pine TreeS tate. Fryeburg is Mrs. Eames's "native heath," and the old home still attracts her like a magnet.

— Notwithstanding the rain, more than 200 people attended the closing of the Warren Academy Free Industrial School yesterday morning and were greatly interested in the exhibition of work. Rev. Dr. March made a fine address.

— Water Registrar W. W. Wade returned from the seaside last Monday morning, and has resumed the discharge of his official duties in City Hall. Mrs. Wade and the children, who are happy where they are, will come home later.

— It is encouraging to see the city authorities waging a war on street loafers. It is a step in the right direction. Bunches of loafers before saloons, on the main thoroughfares, and around the corners, give us a bad name, and rightly.

— Mr. Joseph Henchy, a College student near Buffalo, N. Y., brother of policeman Henchy, was thrown from a carriage at East Woburn last Friday and so severely injured that he had to be taken to Carney Hospital in Boston. One of his legs was broken.

— The Boston Tuesday evening papers contained an account of the arrest of five men at Dover, N. H., for breaking into a freight car on the B. & M. Road, and among them was George Hoyt of Woburn. The directory contains no such name.

— The hot wave disappeared some time Saturday night or early Sunday. The change from 95 to 65 was hailed with rapture by a long suffering and superheated people. The weather Sunday, Monday, and so on, was more than merely lovable, it was charming.

— Mr. William T. Kendall has returned from a very enjoyable trip to Somersworth, Dover, Alton Bay and the Weirs, N. H., and South Berwick, Me. There seems to be something about that trip that has charms for Mr. Kendall, for he has made it in years past.

— James E. Feeney, Esq., a rising young Limb of the Law, with tact and good knowledge of legal procedure, defended a Reading man who was arraigned last Tuesday morning in the District Court for assault with a dangerous weapon. He got his client off on easy terms.

— Mr. Waterman Brown has been in bed a week with a severe attack of malaria. Dr. Kelliher, who attends him, says the veteran railroader will come around all right. Fred Olson and William O'Reilly issue an hourly bulletin of his condition and Conductor Dick Carton consults it every time his train comes to the station.

— Supt. Brackett tells us that the town of Wilmington has granted a franchise to the No. Woburn Street Railway Co., to continue their road from the town line to the Centre, and that Woburn is sure to follow suit from N. W. to the Wilmington boundery. That makes the building of the gap a sure thing.

— Mrs. G. Edward Winn went to Thetford, Vt., last Monday for a month's visit. That fair Green Mountain town is Mrs. Winn's native place and the most of her relatives abide there. She was for some time a highly appreciated teacher in the public schools of this city. Her health is fairly good just now.

— Mr. E. C. Colman reports at the JOURNAL desk that business has been firstrate at his big horse mart and carriage respository on Portland st., Boston, this season. Last week, among other things, he sold four full pony outfits, and in carriages of all kinds he has a fine trade. Well, nobody is more deserving of it.

— The grand annual 4-days Cattle Show and Fair of the Middlesex East Agricultural Association will be held on Sept. 26, 27, 28, 29, and preparations are under weigh to make it the best one the Association has ever given. Last year's Fair was a great success, but it will be eclipsed next month, unless all signs fail.

— Tomorrow Miss Carrie W. Thompson and her niece, Miss Dora A. Winn, of Highland st., the latter the pianist of the Highland Orchestra, will leave here for Popham Beach, below Bath, Maine, which is a popular summer resort. It is probable they will pass the rest of the vacation at that watering place.

— Mr. R. P. Turnbull and his daughter, Miss Carrie N. Turnbull, left here last Saturday for the Tug Mountain House, Canaan, N. H., at which they will be guests for the coming four or five weeks. They were deeply smitten with Canaan as a summer resort on their first visit, and have since enjoyed its many and varied attractions with keen zest.

— Commodore William H. Russell, of the Russell Counter Co., returned from Atlantic City last Tuesday and was glad to get a whiff of "Boston East Wind" once more. After living through the heat of that watering place several days the future has no terrors for the Commodore. He said there were 300,000 people at Atlantic City last Saturday.

— Mr. George A. Day, Cashier of the First National Bank, has been "doing" North Conway and neighboring rural attractions this week. He took his wheel along, but just how he expected to use it among New Hampshire's granite ribbed mounts, precipitous declivities, and insurmountable bowlders, is something which no fellow can find out. But he knew.

— In this issue of the JOURNAL is published a notice of the opening of the Burdett College, Boston, to which attention is respectfully called. It need not be said by us that Burdett's is the leading business college in New England, for that is conceded on every hand. Its classes are composed of people all over the land, which is evidence enough of its popularity.

— Mr. William H. Cummings, who died last week, had been a patron of the JOURNAL many years. He was the son of Henry and Eliza Cummings, born March 5, 1840. On Sept. 17, 1863, he married Anna E. Deland, who he left a widow. Rev. T. Benton Smith of the M. E. church conducted the religious services at the funeral on Aug. 9, which was largely attended.

— Hearings on the petitions of three Street Railway Companies for franchise will be held by the City Council on the evening of Sept. 6. It is presumed that each will put up a strong fight. Two want the Cummingsville route to Lexington, and the other, Col. Woodward's, goes from Pleasant street over Lexington street, to the town line, and seemingly would not interfere with the others.

— Mrs. F. F. Putney came up from her home in Georgia a month ago for New England air and to keep cool. Her present abiding place is on Arlington Road where for a week or two she found it hotter than at her Southern domicile. Mr. Putney, after a visit of three weeks, returned to his cotton business in the South, but Mrs. Putney will remain North until the last of October among her relatives and hosts of good friends.

— Mr. Nathaniel H. Cushing of Upper Main street, this city, is doing a landoffice business in lettuce and coining money at it. He sends every day 500 dozen heads, neatly boxed, to New York City and Washington, D. C., where good prices are paid, about the only lettuce in those markets being that shipped from this part of the country. Hot weather ruined the crop in N. Y. and N. Jersey, and our Massachusetts market gardeners are reaping the benefit of it. "It's an ill wind," etc.

— On Friday afternoon lightning struck the house on the north side of Maine street, next beyond the Railroad crossing, in which the late M. T. Allen once lived. But little damage was done. It was a peculiar electrical freak. The performance consisted almost entirely of that one tremendous clap, although there were distant storms in several directions. The sky was nearly cloudless when the crack came and the bolt descended from an insignificant scud.

— Dr. H. G. Blake, Medical Examiner for this District, doubts if the name and home of the dead man found near Pine street in this city last week are ever ascertained. He had evidently committed suicide, probably in July, and was found by some young people who were berrying in the vicinity. A photograph found in his pocket was thought to be a likeness of himself, but there was no certainty of it. He was probably from the Provinces, Dr. Blake thinks.

— We observe with much satisfaction that workmen are engaged in cutting down Powderhouse Hill, or at least such was the case last Tuesday. What does it mean? Possibly the authorities have come to their senses and think it best to get stone for the roads there and have it crushed by the old crusher. The purchase of a second crusher has been a profound mystery to us for many months. No better stone can be found than that of Powderhouse Hill, and it would be a blessing to have that conspicuous eminence entirely obliterated, provided the material of which it is composed could be transferred to our streets.

— The funeral of Albert Gleason was held last Sunday at his late home on Jones's Court. Rev. James F. Doherty of St. Charles Catholic church conducted the religious services. There was a large attendance of the Boston & Maine railroad employees, he having been one for many years, and of Civil War Veterans. The pallbearers were: William H. LeBaron, J. Fred Leslie, William P. Warren, Charles J. Johnson, Edward Hoskins, Albert H. Richardson. The city Flag was at half-mast during the funeral. Mr. Gleason was a good faithful man and much respected.

— The new picture of the Baldwin Apple granite pillar, with inscriptions, taken by Mr. Taylor on the order of Mr. L. Waldo Thompson, is better than the first one by reason of containing a portrait of Col. Loammi Baldwin, who discovered the virtues of the apple, then borne on what was called the "Pecker Apple Tree," and subsequently improved by him. The pillar stands 340 feet east and a trifle south of the exact spot on which the tree stood just over the Woburn line in Wilmington. The Baldwin portrait adds to the historical value of the picture, for a copy of which we are indebted to Mr. Thompson.

— When "Wedgemere" wrote his criticism on the business circular of the Woburn Light, Heat & Power Co. for the *Star* he tackled a job which, it was plain enough to be seen, was too large for him; in other words, he "bit off more than he could chew." In last week's issue of the *Star* Mr. Wallis, Treasurer and General Manager of the Company, demonstrated very clearly the truth of the above statement. "Wedgemere," no doubt, meant well, but he didn't know. The idea prevails to some extent in the community that corporations are created for the sole purpose of cheating the public. If the idea is a correct one, the W. L. H. & P. Co. are an exception to the rule.

— Last Monday Mr. Arthur Fowle, Managing Editor of the Boston *Globe*, came up from Marblehead Neck, his summer home, and spent several hours with family connections and friends here. On May 1, 1874, Mr. Fowle became a member of the *Globe* Staff and has never left it since, footing up a continuous service of 26 years. It is doubtful if there is another Editor in Boston who has been on a paper so long without a break, unless the *Transcript*, which prides itself on the exceptional longevity of its attaches, can furnish one. An unbroken term of that length on the same journal argues well for the ability and amability of the Editor who accomplishes it. It indicates the possession of a few, at least, of the Christian graces, as well as of a good working head. Among the Boston Editorial fraternity it is said that Mr. Fowle is the peer of the best of them. He is a native of Woburn and came of sterling stock. If one would learn how much of the stock has existed here in the last 250 years let him consult Judge E. F. Johnson's Woburn's "Births," "Marriages," and "Deaths." We were happy to meet Editor Fowle during his brief visit here last Monday.

— The days have shortened 1 hour and 27 minutes.

— There was another fine rain last Monday night.

* * *

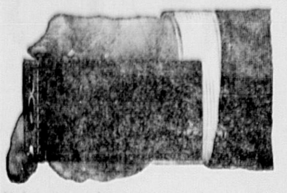
The Democratic press is telling the people that the McKinley prosperity is only skin deep. Perhaps they are right, but there is no question about the Cleveland adversity having reached to the joints and marrow of the body politic. Skin deep Republican prosperity is a thousand fold better than bone deep Democratic hard times.

* * *

Is it not rather late for the Hon. Adlai E. Stevenson to become concerned over the safety of the republic? It will be recalled that, when a genuine effort was made to destroy it, he managed to exhibit a remarkable amount of tranquility.

* * *

Kentucky's Goebelized courts are but the natural results of Goebelized election machinery.



The Pocket Kodak.

The original *daylight* loader, taking pictures 1½ x 2 inches. Weight 6 oz. Price $4.00.

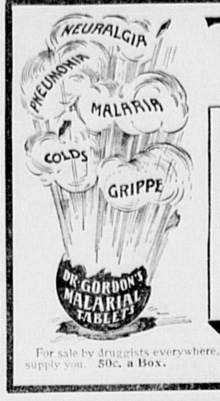
Procure your films before you go "off," for you will find it inconvenient to get them when you want them.

The Woburn Kodak Agency is,
THE PILL BOX.

CORRECT PIANO TUNING AND REPAIRING,
BY FRANK A. LOCKE.
24 YEARS EXPERIENCE.

Tuner in Woburn for a great many years. Every unison, octave and chord so evenly balanced and smoothly tuned as to make the harmony on your piano an exquisite pleasure to listen to. No jagged, rough, harsh, uneven tones. Recommended by leading piano manufacturers, dealers, teachers, colleges and the musical profession. Prices reasonable. Boston Office: 179 Tremont St., Boston. Telephone 1742 Jamaica.

Woburn Office, Moore & Parker's, 375 Main St.



THE BOMB
That Deals Death to Disease.

Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets

Recognized medical authorities concede that Pneumonia and Grippe are the outcome of the malarial germ. It is here (the root of the evil) where Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets arrest the cause of disease, and hence are recognized as reliable by the medical fraternity. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take.

For sale by druggists everywhere, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price—if your dealer can't supply you. 50c. a Box.
EDWARD C. CHURCH, Boston, Mass.
GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Wholesale Agents.

State Political Calendar.

Sept. 24, 25—On one of these two dates the Republicans of every city and town must hold caucuses for choice of delegates to the State, Congressional, Councillor, Senatorial and County conventions, and, except as hereinafter provided, for delegates to representative conventions, and for nomination of candidates for the General Court.

Oct. 1, 2—On one of these two dates, except in Boston, caucuses for choice of delegates to a Republican Representative district convention or for nomination of candidates for the General Court may be held.

Oct. 4, 10 a. m.—Republican State convention in the Boston Theatre, Boston.

Oct. 6—Last day for holding conventions for nominating candidates to be voted for at large throughout the Commonwealth; must be held before 5 p. m.

Oct. 7—Last day for designating polling places.

Oct. 7—Last day for Registrars of Voters in every city and town, except Boston, to post in each voting precinct preliminary alphabetical list of voters.

Oct. 10—Earliest day for holding Republican Representative convention.

Oct. 15—Last day for appointing election officers in towns.

Oct. 16—Last day for holding conventions for nominating candidates for State officers not voted for at large throughout the Commonwealth; must be held before 5 p. m.

Oct. 27—Registration in town closes at 10 p. m.

Nov. 1—Last day for filling vacancies among election officers.

Nov. 2—Last day for filing complaint against incorrect and illegal registration in towns.

Nov. 6—State election.

Nov. 7—Registration reopens in all the cities and towns in the Commonwealth.

They Struck It Rich.

It was a grand thing for this community that such an enterprising firm as Huntley & Co., druggists, secured the Agency for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, the wonderful remedy that has startled the world by its marvellous cures. The furor of enthusiasm over it has boomed their business, as the demand for it is immense. They give free trial bottles to sufferers, and positively guarantee it to cure Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, and all Throat and Lung Troubles. A trial proves its merit. Price 50c and $1.00.

Swedish Lutheran Church.

Thursday evening of last week about forty young people of the church enjoyed a pleasant moonlight trip on Horn Pond. After disembarking, refreshments were partaken of at the home of Mr. Peter Olson.

The closing festival of the vacation school was held last Sunday evening. Everyone seemed delighted with the entertainment. The little ones were questioned on the story of Joseph. Their recitations were well received. The collection for the evening amounted to $15.00.

Mr. Carl Moller, civil engineer of Winchester, and Miss Anna Slrindin were married at the parsonage last Saturday afternoon.

What Shall We Have for Dessert!

This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts.

North Woburn.

Mrs. Corell is recovering from her carriage accident.

Miss Ina Weston is staying with Mrs. Caroline Thompson.

Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Poole, and Mr. Eugene Poole and Harold have gone to Concord River.

To Save Her Child

From frightful disfigurement Mrs. Nannie Galleger, of LaGrange, Ga, applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve to great sores on her head and face, and writes its quick cure exceeded all her hopes. It works wonders in Sores, Bruises, Skin Eruptions. Cuts, Burns, Scalds and Piles. 25c. Cure guaranteed by Huntley & Co., druggists.

* * *

The refusal of the Idaho Democrats to incorporate the Sulzer-Lentz view of the recent mining troubles in their platform indicates quite clearly that, for campaign purposes, the material must be used a great ways from home in order to be made effective.

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
Class Lessons if desired.
12 Franklin St., Woburn.
Tuesdays and Fridays at 158 Tremont Street Boston.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
—IN—
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue, WOBURN

A Refreshing
Summer Drink
Standard
Ginger Ale
90c. PER DOZ.
A rebate of 40 cents per dozen allowed on bottles returned.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

The Canoeists.

The A. C. A. meet has been the most interesting ever held. The Innitous went into camp knowing not over half a dozen people, and now there are not more than that number they don't know. They have furnished music for the dances, accompaniments for the singers, Officer of the Day once, Picket twice, and a Judge at the races, which began yesterday.

The weather has been hot, but it is dry and breezy, so has been enjoyable; the altitude is 1400 feet, and the air is invigorating, with water not to be excelled for bathing.

There is some fishing, and Innitou has not been behind in luck. Paul Butler's party brought an 18-lb. muskalonge from Blackstone Lake, and yesterday the New York Club raised a 22-lb. salmon.

The races are on and will last thro' the week, promising many interesting events. Tomorrow night is the "Siege of Pekin." Mr. Seavey, who laid the scenery at the Sportsmens' Show, is here and is building a fort on an island opposite camp, and will bring out the display.

Many prominent canoeists are in camp, making merry for all. They have worked hard and deserve much credit.

INNITOU.

What A Tale It Tells.

If that mirror of yours shows a wretched, sallow complexion, a jaundiced look, moth patches and blotches on the skin, it's liver trouble; but Dr. King's New Life Pills regulate the liver, purify the blood, give clear skin, rosy cheeks, rich complexion. Only 25c at Huntley & Co.'s drug store.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to tender our thanks and gratitude to those kind friends who helped us to bear our late trouble and sorrow.

MRS. W. H. CUMMINGS,
F. H. CUMMINGS,
W. F. CUMMINGS,
C. E. CUMMINGS,
F. A. CUMMINGS.

The Hon. Webster Davis denies that he plagiarized one of the speeches of the late President Garfield. He explains that he merely neglected to utilize the quotation marks.

* * *

Notwithstanding the unpleasant experiences of the missionaries Chairman Jones continues to work upon Mr. Croker and Mr. Hill.

* * *

In contemplating the evidence adduced in the Kentucky murder cases the fact that $100,000 was appropriated to secure it should not be overlooked.

* * *

Mr. Bryan's experience in farming bids fair to rival his career as a soldier.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

SALVATION ARMY.—Meetings every evening at 8 o'clock. Every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 3 and 8 P. M. No. 26 Montvale Ave.

METHODIST.—Preaching by the pastor Rev. Frederick Woods, at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. At 5.45 Epworth League. General Prayer Meeting at 7 P. M. Class Meetings Tuesday, at 7.45 P. M. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.45 P. M.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN.—10th Sunday after Trinity. At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "The Judgment of the Galilean Cities."
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 7 P. M., Anniversary Sermon.
All are invited.
Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

SCAND. EV. FREE CHURCH.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "Apostasy and its prevention."
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Young People's Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Preaching. Subject: "The loss of the seven locks on a God's Nazarite."
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Preaching by Prof. Fridolf Risberg of Chicago.
Thursday, 7.30 P. M., Sewing Circle.
Ludwig Akeson, Pastor.

Married.

In this city, August 11, by Rev. N. E. Kron, Carl Gustav Moller and Anna Strindin, both of Woburn.

In this city, August 11, by Rev. Ludwig Akeson, Frederick Harris of Boston, and Hannah Erlandson of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Aug. 10, Albert Gleason, aged 55 years, 2 months, 10 days.

In this city, Aug. 11, Thomas Shinquin, aged 69 years, 5 months, 1 day.

In this city, Aug. 11, Daniel Merrill, son of Daniel and Maud Beggs, aged 9 months.

In this city, Aug. 11, Russell, son of Walter and Mary McInerny, aged 1 year, 2 months, 16 days.

In this city, Aug. 13, Winnifred May Coffin, aged 28 years, 5 months, 15 days.

Shirt Waists,
Summer House Dresses,
and Wrappers.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

(Written for the WOBURN JOURNAL.)

Old Schoolboy Memories.

VII.

My last grammar school teacher was Adino J. Burbank who succeeded Master Bartlett. He was New Hampshire born and bred, and came to us from the Lancaster Academy in that State. He wore glasses, and had a way of squinting his eyes that made you think he was very near sighted. The first day he was in school he encouraged the myopia idea and the boys made the most of it. Spitballs flew right and left, and the ceiling was stuccoed with the pulpy wads. Whisperings filled the air with sibilant sound, and all the tricks of lawlessness known to school life, and some bran new ones, were practiced on that first day. "He can't see a thing," said the bolder ones, but the more cautious thought he was a little too innocent, and the event proved them right. He heard the lessons straight enough, and impressed us with the notion that he was all right as a teacher, but a trifle too easy.

The second day opened, and Master Burbank took his place, as bland as a Chinaman. The boys, made bold by the first day's experiences, resumed their carnival, but, oh, how things had changed in a single night. He noticed the first spitball that was thrown, and with a voice that rang through the room and brought us all up straight, he said "Come up here, sir." No one stirred. "You boy in the back seat in the first aisle, I mean." There was no mistaking who the boy was, and he understood that the Master meant to have him come up front, so he went forward. "Hold out your hand," said the master, and a strong dose of rattan soon settled his case. Presently a boy was detected whispering across the aisle, and the rattan cured him of any desire to "communicate." Instead of being purblind, he had the eye of a hawk, and his record of punishments rolled up rapidly. After this episode we settled down to the opinion that he was master and that we must behave ourselves, and the school was a fair sample of good order.

On the whole, Master Burbank was inclined to be just in his discipline, but if a boy resisted, his New Hampshire blood asserted itself and in the rough and tumble mixup that followed, the boy was always sorry he began the trouble.

In addition to the ordinary grammar school studies there was a class in natural philosophy and another in algebra. They were formed in response to a desire of some of the scholars to get ahead with their studies. Master Burbank took a special interest in the philosophy class. He had a private outfit of apparatus which added to that possessed by the school enabled him to make his demonstrations exceedingly interesting. He had been a teacher of penmanship, and the handwriting of the school rapidly improved under his instruction.

A fine elocutionist himself, Master Burbank took a special interest in declamation and the boys in his school who had any talent for speaking made good progress under his training. He had the original copy of the "Return of Regulus to Carthage," a declamation that ranked with "Spartacus to the Gladiators," and both were spoken at one of our examination day exhibitions. One evening when Master Burbank had a group of boys rehearsing for the exhibition, he recited "The Maniac," with a dramatic force that I have seldom seen equalled, and with a realism that was positively startling. About this time Woburn was visited by an exile from Greece, who lectured in the Town Hall clad in the costume of his native land. He recited "Marco Bozzaris," as schoolboys were wont to speak it, and then he gave the piece as it should be declaimed. The boy who next spoke that piece in school startled the scholars, but he was praised by the master.

Master Burbank was a married man, and during his teaching in Lancaster, N. H., Mrs. Burbank was his assistant. There was a rumor that he desired to place her in our school, but Miss Ingraham and Miss Snow were too firmly established in the good graces of the Committee and the affection of the scholars for any one to hope to supplant them.

During the winter terms it was the custom to have a school sleighride. There was a large sleigh owned in town in which 40 scholars could be packed, and if the party was too large for one, as it generally was, a second sleigh was procured from another place. One of our sleighrides took us to the Boston Museum where we saw the curiosities, and enjoyed the appearance of Adelaide Phillips in "Cinderella." Another time we visited the State Prison in Charlestown.

Our playgrounds were the triangular enclosure in the rear of the schoolhouse, where the girls passed the recess, and the Common where the boys had their fun. There were town pumps at the three corners of the Common. The one opposite Leathe's store was patronized by the boys, and the pump handle was going all through the recess. The one on the western end was mostly used by the girls. The other pump, by the hayscales, was resorted to after a game of ball, or the 100-yard dash down the Pleasant street side of the Common had heated the young blood. J. B. Sawtelle kept a little shop not far from Woodbury's corner, and a stream of boys always ran in that direction at recess. Here they bought lozenges, stick candy, liquorice and tamarinds, the latter a preserve not much in use at the present day. Burgundy pitch was used for chewing, and occasionaliy spruce gum was available. The varieties of confections of those days were meagre, beside what is now within the reach of children, but we managed to spend all our pennies, and scratch for more just as scholars do now.

Well, it is high time to bring these rambling memories to a close, and perhaps no better way can be adopted than to parody the song referred to in my first paper, introducing the name of one of my old desk mates:

I've wandered to the Common, Fred,
I've sat beneath the tree
Upon the schoolhouse playing ground,
Which sheltered you and me;
But none were there to greet me, Fred,
And few are left to know,
Who played with us upon the grass,
Some fifty years ago.

O. S. B.

Boston Theatres.

THE TREMONT.

"The Dairy Farm," Eleanor Merron's play which, after more than 100 performances in New York and 133 in Chicago, is to be seen for the first time in Boston, at the Tremont Theatre on Monday evening, August 27, presents a series of pictures of country life in our grandfathers' days that are extremely realistic and truthful. The scene is laid in the little village of Hurley, N. Y., during the political campaign that resulted in the election of Franklin Pierce to the Presidency. The engagement of the "Dairy Farm" is for four weeks only, and at its termination patrons of the Tremont Theatre will have an opportunity of seeing and hearing that famous French beauty, clever commedienne and accomplished singer, Anna Held, in the funniest of all recent musical farce comedies, "Papa's Wife."

Investment Charge

— OF THE —

Woburn Light, Heat & Power Co.

EDITOR WOBURN JOURNAL, WOBURN, MASS.

Dear Sir: The change in the method of charging recently brought about by this Company is believed to be a long step in the right direction, and as the matter is one of public interest, in a way, we trust you will permit us space to explain some of the points that may prevent a fair understanding of the plan.

In the first place this plan was not offered until all the conditions had been studied, and all other methods subjected to the closest scrutiny.

As a result this "investment charge" method was found so far superior, from every point of view, and being the only plan which is consistent with the costs under which electricity is produced, that we determined upon its adoption and to change to this basis commencing with our new year.

By this method the consumer leases the right for a year to a certain demand upon the plant and as this support increases by the addition of new customers or otherwise, the "investment charge" becomes less per individual.

The patron is thus practically owner of the plant he uses without the troubles incident to the actual ownership and operation. It is co-operative to the extent that the more there are who join in the plan the less the "investment charge" will be per individual.

Under this plan the "investment charge" *stops* at a certain fixed point, while under the old plan the "investment charge" increased with the consumption; it never ceased except with discontinuance of the current, and was thus paid in such a way as to discourage those who used the service most and were entitled to the greatest benefit.

Now, having paid the "investment charge" or cost all the current used is at 5 cts. per unit, and this means that a 16 c. p. lamp costs only one-quarter of a cent per hour, or it can be used a whole evening, four hours, for one cent.

Under this plan it is possible for those who use the service freely to obtain current for less than 6 cts. per unit including "investment charge;" it thus encourages the use of electricity because it is sold under such a plan. If *twice* as much current is used this year as last, it does not, as heretofore, *double* the amount of the bill, it simply increases it *one-fourth*.

Let the errors of the past be forgotten or perpetuated by those whose business comes without effort and is sustained in spite of wrong methods, and lend your influence to a plan which is rightly conceived and which needs only the support it deserves to make it a great success to all who are in anyway interested, and one which will result in taking electric lighting out of the list of luxuries and placing it on a level where everyone can afford, not only to have it in their homes and places of business, but to *use it* as well.

The "investment charge" plan starts with 20 cts. per unit. Increased consumption decreases the price per unit. Decreased consumption increases the price per unit. The same consumption keeps the price fixed at 20 cts. per unit. Under the old plan, regardless of the consumption, the customers had no control over the price per unit.

This plan therefore divides the customers into two classes, "Wholesale" and "Retail." The wholesale customer is the one who uses his service freely, whether he uses two lamps or twenty. The retail customer is the one who uses his service sparingly, whether he uses one hundred lamps or two lamps.

It is therefore optional with the customer whether he places himself in the wholesale or retail class. If he elects to join the former, by so doing he gets a lower price per unit. If the latter he gets a higher price per unit.

The customers who did not use $20 worth of service last year are first obliged to increase their consumption in order to secure the same price per unit (20 cts.) Any increase over $20 will decrease this price per unit; $1.00 additional *decreasing it* to .175 cts. per unit; $4.00 additional to .13½ cts. per unit.

In further support of our good faith in establishing this plan we will make the following bona-fide proposition:—Excepting only those who did not use $20 worth of service last year, we hereby agree that anyone signing the contract, as offered with our plan of July 15th, and paying his bill in season to benefit by the discount, who is able to show at the end of the year that he has been asked to pay, or has paid $1.00 more for the same quantity of electrical energy used during the year from July 1, 1900, than he used for the year ending July 1st, 1900, we will furnish him with his lighting service without limit for one year from July 1st, 1901, free of all expense to him.

WOBURN LIGHT, HEAT & POWER CO.
L. R. WALLIS, GENERAL MANAGER.

Astounded The Editor.

Editor S. A. Brown, of Bennettsville, S. C., was once immensely surprised. "Through long suffering from Dyspepsia," he writes, "my wife was greatly run down. She had no strength or vigor and suffered great distress from her stomach, but she tried Electric Bitters which helped her at once, and, after using four bottles, she is entirely well, can eat anything. It's a grand tonic, and its gentle laxative qualities are splendid for torpid liver." For Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Stomach and Liver troubles it's a positive, guaranteed cure. Only 50c at Huntley & Co.'s drug store.

One of Mr. Pettigrew's Filipino friends has involved himself in a question of veracity with Admiral Dewey. It will not require a vast amount of time for the American people to make up their minds concerning this controversy.

Had the Democrats forgotten to place the 16 to 1 plank in their platform, they would have been in much better condition to carry on an aggressive campaign.

Bryan is opposed to a front porch campaign, as the collections made from the rear end of a Pullman are always much better than those made at lawn socials.

All the paid agents and attorneys of the foreign shipping interests are supporting Mr. Bryan. Fortunately the election is to be decided by voters who have the American interests at heart.

Tammany is raising a campaign fund of $2,000,000. This will naturally make a little inroad upon the profits of the ice trust.

STOP

It is not necessary to suffer with Headache

Stopache

Will Stop

25c. at

F. P. BROOKS'
Drugstore,
361 Main St.

Literary Notices.

The Master Chivalry, by Margaret Lee, is the novelette in the August SMART SET. Miss Lee has written many successful novels, notably Divorce. This latest story, the author asserts, is the strongest she has ever written. It deals with a social question of intense interest. Miss Caroline K. Duer's stories in THE SMART SET have won the admiration of all readers; another of her tales, the best she has yet written, My Niece, Mrs. Dove, appears in the August number. Edgar Fawcett contributes Learning More of Life. Clinton Ross is the author of The New Prince Hal, while Charles Stokes Wayne writes a modern New York society story entitled The One in the World. The most sensational feature of the number is the revelation of an historic mystery by Allan Upward, entitled The Secret of St. James's Palace. Leading English periodicals refused to publish this article for fear of giving offense to the Royal family. The series of short stories in the original French is continued in the present issue with a brilliant posthumous tale, Amour Perdu, by Paul Bonnetain. This series is sure to become one of the most popular features of THE SMART SET. All in all, THE SMART SET for August is by far the most entertaining number of that entertaining magazine that has yet been issued. The wit, the cleverness and the variety of this publication, are ever a matter of astonishment.

WINCHESTER.

Mr. John Maxwell has been quite ill, but is now much better.

An unusual number of Winchester people are away on vacation.

William J. Stewart is considered the best authority on roses in the State.

In his campaign for the office of President of the Senate Mr. Fred Joy has the hearty support of the *Star*.

The new Superintendant of the Intermediate Department of the Congregational Sunday School is Miss E. M. Foltz.

There is a prospect that the North Woburn electric road will be double tracked from the Centre to Symmes's Corner.

This town is a dull and lifeless place just now. "It is ever thus" at vacation time. People will begin to come back soon.

Jell-O, The New Dessert,

pleases all the family. Four flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts. Try it to-day.

Egyptian Chicken Factories.

In his volume on "Present Day Egypt" Frederick Penfield thus describes one of the interesting sights in the neighborhood of the pyramids, the incubators in the native villages. "It will be found," he says, "that the incubator is constructed of sun dried bricks and so arranged internally that the eggs, placed in mud constructed ovens on trays cushioned with cut straw, are constantly under the attendant's view. No scientific apparatus is employed by this man, not even a thermometer. He knows from experience and his own feeling how much heat is needed, and he systematically turns the eggs several times each day until they are developed into peeping chicks.

"These hatching establishments exist throughout middle and upper Egypt and in a season bring fully 20,000,000 chickens into the world that grow up to be scrawny, unattractive fowls. The industry is thousands of years old and seems conclusively to settle the question of a chicken's maternity by allocating that parentage to the hen laying the egg.

"The incubator is a foster mother only and is responsible for stifling the 'setting' instinct with Egyptian hens. The keepers of the incubators have a system of traffic with peasant farmers by which eggs are purchased outright or six live chicks given in exchange for a dozen fresh eggs."

Death to the Workmen.

It was in an art store in Fifth avenue, and the dealer was showing gilded clocks and candelabra to a customer. Pointing to one particularly handsome set, he said, "That is worth $350." Pointing to another of similar pattern, but not so handsome, he said, "That is worth $600."

"But the other one is better," said the customer.

"Well," said the dealer, "the chief value of this one (pointing to the $600 affair) is in the gilding. It was gilded by the mercury process which is now forbidden by law almost everywhere. The other one was treated with the electroplating process."

"Well, it's handsomer," said the customer. "Is it as durable? If it is, why should I pay $250 more?"

"It is practically as durable, and it is handsomer," said the dealer. "But you can duplicate it, and you can't duplicate the other. The mercury process of gilding was death to the workmen who engaged in it. They inhaled the fumes of the mercury, and in the end it killed them, and it wasn't long doing it, either."

"I'll take the mercury one," said the customer, "but the other is handsomer."—New York Sun.

The distance between Washington and Liverpool is 3,228 miles.

A NIGHT OF TORTURE

IT BROUGHT A FORTUNE TO ITS INNOCENT VICTIM.

Twice Strung Up by Lynchers, He Confessed to Murder and Was Afterward Vindicated and Recovered $25,000 From His Assailants.

Late in the fifties George W. King was the proprietor of a hotel in Oxford, 26 miles from Lafayette, Ind. In 1859 a stranger arrived at the hotel and gave his name as Dr. Rowe. He told King that he had no money and asked to be trusted for his board till he could get practice in the place, promising to pay him as promptly as possible. King consented to the arrangement, and Rowe soon became a favorite with the people on account of his companionable disposition and superior intelligence. The doctor, however, fell deeper and deeper in debt. He had been at the hotel for nearly a year when King reminded him one morning that he had not paid anything on his board bill for three months. The conversation, it afterward appeared, was overheard by some one in the hotel, though nothing was thought of it at the time.

A week after the conversation Rowe was called out late at night to see a patient and failed to return. Days passed without any word from him, and his disappearance soon was connected with the conversation that had passed between him and the landlord about the unpaid board. One night three months later a party of disguised men entered the hotel and, overpowering King, took him to a woodland adjoining the town.

He recognized the voices of several of his captors and especially of the leader, who told him that he was suspected of murdering Rowe and demanded that he confess. King stoutly maintained his innocence, and the leader of the mob ordered his companions "to string him up." A rope was placed around his neck, a dozen men pulled down a stout limb, over which the other end of the rope was thrown, and when the limb was released it carried King off his feet and left him hanging by the neck. He was nearly unconscious when let down and again ordered to confess.

After much delay he was restored sufficiently to understand what was said to him, and he again refused, declaring his innocence and saying he did not know what had become of Rowe. A second time he was strung up and a second time let down, but life was nearly extinct, and he was much longer in being restored than before.

The luckless landlord knew he could not pass through another such ordeal and live, so he consented to confess. He purposely lengthened the confession in order to gain time, and said that he and two men, named Rogers and Haggard, had poisoned some whisky and induced Rowe to drink it, and after his death they had buried him in a hollow some distance away. It was nearly daylight when the confession was made, and the lynchers determined to take King to jail in Lafayette and then arrest Rogers and Haggard.

Before the jail was reached day had dawned, and King recognized his captors as members of the Horse Thief Detective company of Benton, Warren and Tippecanoe counties, nearly all of whom were known to him. Confident of his guilt, the men made no attempt to conceal their indentity. So great was the excitement and so intense the feeling against King that he waived examination and went to jail, hoping that something would turn up to establish his innocence.

From the jail at Lafayette King addressed letters to editors of papers in Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville and other cities, setting out the circumstances of his confinement and asking them to keep his letter in the papers in hopes that it might fall under Rowe's notice. The appeal was a pathetic one and was copied into many papers throughout the northwest.

Two weeks after its first appearance Dr. Rowe rode into Oxford and, attended by a number of citizens, proceeded to Lafayette, where his appearance caused the immediate release of the accused landlord. In explanation of his disappearance Rowe said he had left his home in the east on account of domestic troubles; that he had learned that his wife was on her way to Oxford and he had determined to leave the place secretly in order to prevent her from learning where he had gone. He had gone to a little town in southern Illinois, and it was there that he learned that the man who had befriended him was suspected of his murder and was in jail in Lafayette.

As soon as King was released he brought suit against 32 members of the Horse Thief Detective company for $5,000 each and also against the company as a corporation. Thomas A. Hendricks, afterward vice president, was his counsel, but the case was not allowed to come to trial, the lynchers compromising by paying King $25,000. With this money he purchased a farm and other property near Lafayette, where he lived till his death, at the age of 78 years.—Indianapolis Correspondence.

A Natural Inquiry.

"Papa," said Tommy Treadway.

"Now, Tommy," replied Mr. Treadway, "I shall answer only one more question today. So be careful what you ask."

"Yes, papa."

"Well, go on."

"Why don't they bury the Dead sea?"—Household Words.

All men of genius are said to have eyes clear, slow moving and bright. This is the eye which indicates mental ability of some kind, it doesn't matter what.

A Turkish Admiral.

An admiral of the Turkish fleet, seasick in a storm, was disturbed by a grating noise. He inquired whence it proceeded, and on being told it was the rudder of the ship he desired it might be immediately taken off.—London Tit-Bits.

A Philosopher.

Frances Willard once wrote to a friend who had just lost a daughter: "Dear Sister Anna, how much richer are you than I! Here I sit alone without a child to die, while you are mother to an angel."

Off His Mind.

"Have you forgotten that X that you borrowed of me some time ago?"

"Oh, no; I still have it in my mind."

"Well, don't you think this would be a good time to relieve your mind of it?"

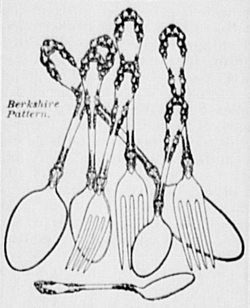
The Tartaran alphabet contains 202 letters, being the longest in the world. Some of these are really symbols to represent phrases and emotions.

Land in England is 800 times as valuable now as it was 200 years ago.

Burdett
College
Begins
Tues.,
Sep.
4.

Sessions from September 4 to June 28. Open for visitors all the year round. Prospectus Free.

Burdett College of Actual Business and Shorthand, 694 Washington St., Boston.



"Silver Plate that Wears."

Berkshire Pattern.

When You Buy Spoons

knives, forks, etc., buy reliable brands, even if they do cost a little more. They are worth the difference. If "1847" is a part of the stamp it insures genuine Rogers quality, famous for wear. Full trade-mark—

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

Sold by leading dealers. For Catalogue, No. 234, address the makers,
International Silver Co. Meriden, Conn

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of and under a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by George Raymond of Fitchburg in the County of Worcester, to John R. Watts, dated Nov. 14, 1893, and recorded with Middlesex No. Dist. Deeds, Book 250, Page 39, will be sold at public auction on the premises on

Wednesday, the twelfth day of September, 1900,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely: Certain parcels of land, situated in Wilmington in the County of Middlesex and described as follows:—Lots No. 38 to 47 inclusive in Block No. 19, Section C, as shown on the Woburn City Land and Improvement Company's Plan of land dated Oct. 20, 1888, and recorded in Middlesex No. Dist. Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans No. 4, Plan No. 135.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes and assessments thereon. Terms made known at time and place of sale.

JOHN R. WATTS, Mortgagee.
C. H. WELCH, Attorney,
194 Washington St., Boston.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Edwin W. Junkins, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for probate, by Helen P. Junkins, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving surety on her official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth day of September, A. D., 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred.

W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Regsiter.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss:

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of Hannah Callahan, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Thomas P. Callahan of Woburn, in said County, or to some other suitable person;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth day of September, A. D., 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this ninth day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred.

W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Register.

NOTICE.

Entries for the Dog Show at the Middlesex East Fair, Agricultural Park, should be addressed to D. M. Houston, Supt. Wakefield. Rules and Entry Blanks furnished on application.

For Sale.

The Hanson Farm on Lexington and Cambridge streets in Woburn, Mass., containing about 40 acres of land.

Apply HELEN L. HANSON,
134 Cambridge St., Woburn.

Dr. C. H. BUSS,
DENTIST
385 Main St., WOBURN
Telephone 71-3.

CITY OF WOBURN.

Collector's Sale

— OF —

Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., August 15, 1900.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1898, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that said parcels of real estate will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, September 22, 1900,** at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said taxes and interest from October 15, 1898, together with costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the non-payment of which each of said estate is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

JENNIE N. EATON.—About 9,800 square feet of land, with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, being Lots 3, 4, 5 and 6, Block 27, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lot 7 in said Block; easterly by Lots 2, 23 and 24 in said Block; southerly by Dexter Ave.; westerly by Chester Ave.
Tax of 1898, 3 74

JENNIE N. EATON.—About 7,350 square feet of land, with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, being Lots 9, 10, 11, Block 18, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Dexter avenue; easterly by Baldwin avenue; southerly by Lot 12 in said Block; westerly by Lots 6 and 8 in said Block.
Tax of 1898, 68 25

JENNIE N. EATON.—About 7,350 square feet of land, with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, being Lots 3, 4 and 5, Block 16, Section A shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by a private way shown on said plan; easterly by Lot 6 in said Block; southerly by Lot 2 and 12 in said Block; westerly by Chester avenue.
Tax of 1898, 25 25

MARY DOWNEY.—About 3 acres of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land formerly of Charles Choat about 60 rods; easterly by land now or formerly of said Choat about 10 rods; Southerly by land of Merrimac Chemical Company about 61 rods; westerly by New Boston street about 6 rods.
Tax of 1898, 4 68

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes for the City of Woburn.

CITY OF WOBURN.

WOBURN, MASS., July 27, 1900.

TO THE HONORABLE BOARD, THE CITY COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF WOBURN:—

We, the undersigned, do hereby most respectfully petition that action be taken relative to widening and straightening Main street, between Church and Charles streets, in accordance with plans accompanying this petition.

S. FRANKSFORD TRULL,
WM. BEGGS,
FRANK B. RICHARDSON.

Upon the foregoing petition, it is Ordered, That due notice be given that the City Council will on **Thursday, Sept. 20, 1900,** at 8 o'clock, P. M., consider the expediency of granting the prayer of the above petition, when all persons interested may appear and be heard.

Said notice to be given by publication of a copy of the above petition with this order thereon in the *Woburn News* and WOBURN JOURNAL.

In City Council, July 28, 1900.
Adopted.

A true copy,
Attest: JOHN H. FINN, Clerk.

CITY OF WOBURN.

— THE —

Registrars of Voters

Will be in session at their office in MUNICIPAL BUILDING, Common Street, on

Saturday Evening, Aug. 18,

From 7 to 10 o'clock,

to receive applications for Registration from those who desire to act in the respective party caucuses, as required by Sect. 37, Chap. 548, Acts of 1898.

Parties must produce evidence of assessment.

THOMAS E. MATHEWS,
HENRY L. ANDREWS,
CHARLES H. HARRINGTON,
JOHN H. FINN,
Registrars of Voters.

Woburn, August 13, 1900.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of and under a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Edward S. Eaton of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, to John R. Watts dated Nov. 14th, 1893, and recorded with Middlesex No. Dist. Deeds, Book 250, Page 41, will be sold at public auction on the premises on

Wednesday, the twelfth day of September, 1900,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely: Certain parcels of land situated in Wilmington in the County of Middlesex and described as follows:—Lots No. 48 to 55 inclusive in Block No. 19, Section C, as shown on the Woburn City Land and Improvement Company's Plan of land, dated Oct. 20, 1888, and recorded in Middlesex No. Dist. Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans No. 4, Plan No. 135; also Lot No. 18 in Block No. 28, Section D, as shown on said Company's plan of land dated Nov. 1, 1889, and recorded in Middlesex No. Dist. Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans No 6, Plan No. 17; also Lots 1, 2, 3, 19, 20 and 21, in Block No. 30, said Section D, excepting however from the above Lots the following Lots, namely:—Lot 18 in Block 28, said Section D; also Lots 1, 2, 3, 19, 20 and 21 in Block 30, said Section D, which have been released and will not be sold.

To be sold subject to all unpaid taxes and assessments thereon. Terms made known at time and place of sale.

JOHN R. WATTS, Mortgagee.
C. H. WELCH, Attorney,
194 Washington St., Boston.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

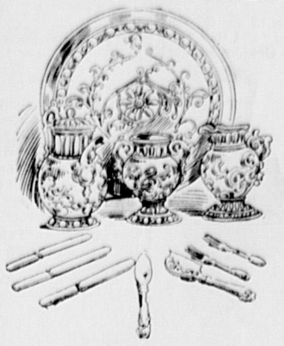
By virtue of and under a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Edward S. Eaton of Woburn in the County of Middlesex to John R. Watts dated Jan. 8, 1895, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2334, Page 348, will be sold at public auction on the premises on

Wednesday, the twelfth day of September, 1900,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular, the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely: A certain parcel of land, situated in that part of said Woburn called North Woburn and described as follows:—Lots No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 19 in Block No. 5, Section A, as shown on the Woburn City Land and Improvement Company's Plan of lands, dated December 10th, 1888, and recorded in Middlesex So. Dist. Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans No. 59, Plan No. 2.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes and assessments thereon. Terms made known at time and place of sale.

JOHN R. WATTS, Mortgagee.
C. H. WELCH, Attorney,
194 Washington St., Boston.



Silverware for Wedding Presents

A complete line of the celebrated COLONIAL PATTERN always in stock.

Fine Repairing a specialty.

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of and under a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Edward S. Eaton of Boston, in the County of Suffolk, to John R. Watts, dated Nov. 29th, 1890, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Libro 2012, Fol. 337, and with Middlesex North District Deeds, Book 220, Page 506, will be sold at public auction on the premises, on

Wednesday, the twelfth day of September, 1900,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely: Certain parcels of land situated part in Woburn and part in Wilmington in the County of Middlesex and described as follows:—

The following lots situated in Section B as shown on the Woburn City Land and Improvement Company's plan of lands dated Oct. 15, 1888, and recorded in Middlesex So. Dist. Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans No. 57, Plan No. 1, namely:—Lots 5, 6 and 14 in Block No. 8; Lots 11, 12, 13, 14, 17, 23, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34 and 35 in Block 14; Lots 16, 22, 23, 24 and 32 in Block 17; Lot 12 in Block 19; Lot 7 in Block 20; Lots 18 and 19 in Block 27; Lot 13 in Block 30; Lot 18 in Block 31; Lot 12 in Block 32; Lots 5 and 6 in Block 29; Lots 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38 and 39 in Block 28; Lots 1, 2 and 3 in Block 36 being 44 lots in said Section B.

Also, the following lots in Section C as shown on said Company's plan of lands dated Oct. 20, 1888, and recorded in Mid. No. Dist. Reg. of Deeds, Book of Plans No. 4, Plan No. 135, namely:—Lots 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 21, 22, 23, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45 and 46 in Block No. 14; Lots 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 17, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43 and 44 in Block 5; Lots 15, 20 and 21 in Block 13; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 in Block 8; Lots 18, 19, 21 and 22 in Block 11; Lots 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 and 21 in Block 19, being 99 lots in said Section C.

Also, the following lots in Section D as shown on said Company's plan of land dated Nov. 1, 1889, and to be recorded in said Mid. Registry of Deeds, namely:—Lots 15 and 16 in Block 28; also, Lots 7, 8, 9 and 10 in said Block 28; Lots 6, 7, 8, 13, 14, 15 and 16 in Block 30; Lots 1, 2 and 5 in Block 29; Lots 3, 4, 15 and 16 in Block 31; Lots 1, 4, 5, 10, 11 and 12 in Block 23; Lots 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12 in Block 24; Lots 5, 6, 7, 8, 17, 18, 19 and 20 in Block 26; Lots 1, 2 and 9 in Block 25; Lots 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14 and 15 in Block 27; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 22 and 23 in Block 21; Lots 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18 in Block 20; Lots 5, 6, 12, 13, 14 and 15 in Block 19; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 23 and 24 in Block 17; Lots 6, 7, 8, 15, 16 and 17 in Block 18; Lots 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19 and 20 in Block 16; Lots 1, 2 and 3 in Block 15; Lots 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 in Block 14; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 18, 19, 24 and 25 in Block 13; Lots 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, in Block 12; Lots 10, 11, 12, 16, 17, 18 and 19 in Block 11; Lots 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 in Block 10; Lots 5, 6, 7 and 8, 15 and 16 in Block 9; Lots 9, 10, 15 and 16 in Block 7; Lots 13 and 14 in Block 6; Lots 10, 11, 12, 13, 25, 26 and 27 in Block 5; Lots 6, 7, 22 and 23 in Block 4; Lots 12 and 13 in Block 2; and Lots 13 and 14 in Block 12, being 163 lots in said Section D.

Also, the following lots in Section F as shown on said Company's plan of land dated Oct. 1, 1889, to be recoaded in said Mid. Registry of Deeds, namely:—Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 7, 8, in Block 11; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 22, 23, 24, 25, in Block 16; Lots 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, in Block 17; Lots 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, in Block 19; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 17, 18, 19, 20, in Block 20; Lots 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 and 21, in Block 24; Lots, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 29, 31 and 32 in Block 32; Lots 12, 13, 14, 15, 16 and 17 in Block 35; Lots 5, 6 and 7 in Block 36, being 66 lots in said Section F. All said lots contain at least each 2450 square feet, being when regular 70 feet in length by 35 feet in width. The right to use all the streets and avenues laid out by said Company on said land as shown on said plans, for all the purposes for which streets are used is herewith conveyed, excepting however from the above lots the following lots, namely:—Lots 5, 6, 14 in Block No. 8; Lots 11, 12, 13, 14, 17, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33 and 35 in Block 14; Lots 16, 22, 23, 24, 32 in Block 17; Lot 7 in Block 20; Lots 18, 19 in Block 27; Lots 31, 32, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39 in Block 28; Lots 1, 2, 3 in Block 36, all in said Section B. Lots 4, 31, 33, 35 in Block 14; Lot 25 in Block 5; Lots 20, 21 in Block 13; Lots 6, 7 in Block 19, the above lots being in said Section C. Lots 15, 16 in Block 28; also, Lots 8, 9, 10 in said Block 28; Lots 6, 7, 8, 13, 14, 15, 16 in Block 30; Lots 1, 2, 5 in Block 29; Lots 3, 4, 15, 16 in Block 31; Lots 1, 4, 5, 10, 11, 12 in Block 23; Lots 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 in Block 24; Lots 5, 6, 7, 8, 17, 18, 19, 20 in Block 26; Lot 25 in Block 13; the above lots being in said Section D. Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 7, 8 in Block 11; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 22, 23, 24, 25 in Block 16; Lots 5, 8, 9, 10 in Block 17; Lots 9, 10, 11 in Block 32; Lots 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17 in Block 35; the above lots being in said Section F, which have been released and will not be sold

To be sold subject to all unpaid taxes and assessments thereon.

Terms made known at time and place of sale.

JOHN R. WATTS, Mortgagee.
C. H. WELCH, Attorney,
194 Washington St., Boston.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of and under a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by George Raymond of Fitchburg, in the County of Worcester, to John R. Watts, dated Nov. 17, 1890, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Lib. 2022, Fol. 221, and with Middlesex No. Dist. Deeds, Book 221, Page 419, will be sold at public auction on the premises, on

Wednesday, the twelfth day of September, 1900,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely: Certain parcels of land situated part in Woburn and part in Wilmington, in the County of Middlesex, and described as follows:—

The following lots in Section B as shown on the Woburn City Land and Improvement Company's plan of lands dated Oct. 15, 1888, and recorded in Middlesex So. Dist. Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans No. 57, Plan No. 1, namely:—Lots No. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 and 13 in Block No. 1 in said Section B. Lots No. 1, 11 and 24 in Block No. 2. Lots 18, 19, 20, 21, 34, 35, 37, 38 and 39 in Block No. 3; Lots 20, 22, 23 and 47 in Block No. 4; Lots 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 12 and 13 in Block 17; Lots 22, 23, 24, 25, 26 and 27 in Block 28; Lots 1, 2, 3 and 4 in Block 29; Lots 14, 15 and 18 in Block 32, being 42 lots in said Section B.

Also, the following Lots in Section C, as shown on said Company's plan of land dated Oct. 20, 1888, and recorded in Middlesex No. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans No. 4, Plan No. 135, namely:—Lots 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39 and 42 in Block No. 2; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 19, 20, 25, 26, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37 and 38 in Block No. 4; Lots 5, 7, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15 and 16 in Block No. 9; Lots 2, 3 and 5 in Block No. 11; Lots 1, 2, 3 and 4 in Block 15; Lots 13, 14, 15 and 16 in Block 17; Lots 7, 12, 13, 16, 17, 18, 19 and 20, in Block 18; Lots 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36 and 37 in Block 19, being 99 Lots in said Section C.

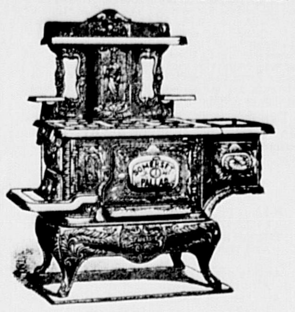
The following lots in Section D as shown on said Company's plan of land dated Nov. 1, 1889, and to be recorded in said Middlesex Registry of Deeds, namely:—Lots 10 and 11 in Block 2; Lots 8, 9, 20 and 21 in Block 4; Lots 6, 7, 8 and 9 in Block 5; Lots 5 and 20 in Block 6; Lots 13 and 14 in Block 7; Lots 11, 12, 13 and 14 in Block 8; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 13 and 14 in Block 9; Lots 10, 11, 12, 13, 16, 17, 18 and 19 in Block 10; Lots 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 in Block 11; Lots 1, 2, 21, 22, 23 and 24 in Block 12; Lots 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 20, 21, 26 and 27 in Block 13; Lots 9, 10, 24, 25, 26 and 27 in Block 14; Lots 8, 9, 10 and 11 in Block 15; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 26, 27 and 28 in Block 16; Lots 7, 8, 9, 10, 19, 20, 21 and 22 in Block 17; Lots 9, 10, 11, 12, 13 and 14 in Block 18; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 16 and 17 in Block 19; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 23 and 24 in Block 20; Lots 6, 7, 8, 9, 18, 19, 20 and 21 in Block 21; Lots 3, 4, 5, 11, 12 and 13 in Block 22; Lots 2 and 3 in Block 23; Lots 1, 2, 13, 14 and 15 in Block 24; Lots 6, 7 and 8 in Block 25; Lots 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15 and 16 in Block 26; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 19, 20 and 21 in Block 27; Lots 13, 14, 11, 12 and 6 in Block 28; Lot No. 3 in Block 29; Lots 4, 5, 9, 10, 17 and 18 in Block 30; Lots 1, 2, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 17 and 18 in Block 31; being 162 lots in said Section D.

The following Lots in Section F, as shown on said Company's plan of land dated Oct. 1, 1889 and to be recorded in said Registry of Deeds namely:—Lots 7, 8 and 9 in Block 5; Lots 1, 2, 3 and 4 in Block 10; Lots 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 in Block 16; Lots 5, 6, 7 and 8 in Block 18; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 in Block 19; Lots 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15 and 16 in Block 20; Lots 1, 2 and 3 in Block 22; Lots 7, 8, 9, 10, 19, 20, 21 and 22 in Block 26; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 in Block 30; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8, 25, 26, 27 and 28 in Block 32; Lots 7, 8, 9 and 10 in Block 33; and Lots 1 and 2 in Block 36, being 66 Lots in said Section F, excepting however from the above Lots the following Lots:—Lot 39 in Block No. 3; Lot 47 in Block No. 4; Lots 6, 12, 13 in Block No. 17; said Lots being said Section B, Lots 13, 14, 11 and 12 in Block 28 said Lots being in said Section D; Lots 7, 8 and 9 in Block 5; 1, 2, 3 and 4 in Block 10; Lots 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 in Block 16; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 in Block 19; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 in Block 32, said Lots being in said Section F, which have been released and will not be sold.

To be sold subject to all unpaid taxes and assessments thereon.

Terms made known at time and place of sale.

JOHN R. WATTS, Mortgagee.
C. H. WELCH, Attorney,
194 Washington St., Boston.



THE SOMERSET PALLAS
— AND —
GLENDALE GRAND RANGES.

Two of the most thoroughly made Ranges ever on the market. Have more useful improvements than any Range made for years.

C. M. Strout & Co.
Dow's Block, 322 Main Street.

"GOT A GRIP"
on the public's confidence in selling
GROCERIES
that are FIRST CLASS, and we intend to keep it, by upright dealing and well chosen stock.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street - - WOBURN
Telephone 133-2.

TREMONT THEATRE
JAS. H. WALLICK
BEGINNING AUG. 27
Mats. Wed. & Sat.
Presents The
DAIRY FARM
A Romance of Sleepy Hollow.
By Eleanor Merron.
109 NIGHTS IN NEW YORK!
130 TIMES IN CHICAGO!

We still continue to keep
SQUIRE'S
BOILED
HAM
— AT —
Linnell's Market
406 Main Street, Woburn
Telephone, 128-6.

To Let

At 353 Main Street, a suite of six rooms. The apartments are all light and airy and afford a beautiful outlook upon the Common, including the City Building, three Churches, the Savings Bank, and the Public Library. The building is new and finished in up-to-date style, and furnished with all modern conveniences; large closets, bath-room, &c. No coal is needed for fuel. A large gas-range of latest pattern with hot water tank supplies every facility for doing housework. This suite is exactly adapted to a small family desiring a home at once central, genteel and cosey.

Apply to O. F. BRYANT,
371 Main St., Woburn.

DOMINION LINE
Royal Mail Steamers

Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.

Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by

JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS.

Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

Low Rents.

HOUSE No. 650 Main Street, 8 rooms, ($12.50) twelve dollars and fifty cents per month.

Also, HOUSE, No. 16 Wyman Street, 6 rooms, ($8) eight dollars per month.

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
415 Main Street.

For Rent.

A Tenement of eight rooms at No. 9 Johnson Street, with all modern conveniences, four minutes to depot and postoffice. Rent $20 per month.

E. H. RICHARDS,
25 Fairmount Street.

Don't Hesitate.

There is just one thing to use if your stomach is "out of order" and that "one thing" is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The supposition is that you want a prompt cure and a lasting cure. That is why the "Discovery" is recommended as the one thing for your condition. It cures promptly, perfectly and permanently, diseases of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. It's sure to help. It's almost sure to cure. It has completely cured ninety-eight per cent. of all those who have given it a fair and faithful trial.

"About ten years ago I began to have trouble with my stomach," writes Mr. Wm. Connolly, of 535 Walnut St., Lorain, Ohio. "It got so bad that I had to lay off quite often two and three days in a week, my stomach would bloat, and I would belch up gas, and was in awful distress at such times. I have been treated by the best doctors in this city but got no help whatever. Some said I had cancer of the stomach, others dyspepsia. I have bought and tried everything I saw advertised for dyspepsia and stomach trouble, but continued to get worse all the time. About twelve months ago I was in such a condition that my friends had some fear about my recovery. It was then I wrote to you for advice. You told me that by my symptoms you thought I had liver complaint and advised the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Pellets' in connection. These medicines I have taken as directed, and am very happy to state that I commenced to get better from the start and have not lost a day this summer on account of my stomach. I feel tip-top, and better than I have for ten years."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cleanse the bowels and stimulate the liver.

THE CHILD MUSICIAN.

He had played for his lordship's levee,
  He had played for her ladyship's whim,
Till the poor little head grew heavy
  And the poor little brain would swim.

And the face grew peaked and eerie
  And the large eyes strange and bright,
And they said—too late—"He is weary.
  He shall rest for at least tonight."

But at dawn, when the birds were waking
  As they watched in the silent room,
With the sound of a strained cord breaking,
  A something snapped in the gloom.

'Twas a string of his violoncello,
  And they heard him stir in his bed.
"Make room for a tired little fellow,
  Kind God," was the last he said.

—Austin Dobson.

CONSOLED.

It was the winter before Will and I were married that Richard Deering became engaged to Miss Rhoades. Will and Richard had been almost inseparable from childhood, and the latter was an old friend of mine also.

We did not know Miss Rhoades, but Richard assured us we could not fail to like her, and Will said his opinion was to be considered, for of course it was quite impartial.

To tell the truth, on meeting Miss Rhoades we did not share Richard's enthusiasm. She had a reserved manner and was not particularly pleasing in any way. And she did not seem sufficiently in love with Richard to suit me. Indeed I went so far as to say that I did not believe she cared for him at all. I had to admit that she was fine looking, though not handsome, and she was older than Richard. He confided to Will that he was past the age to be attracted simply by a pretty face, and he had no fancy for girls in their teens. Richard was 28.

Our worst fears were soon realized. One night my betrothed did not come to see me, which surprised me much, for it was important I should consult with him about the new house.

The next morning I received a telegram from Will:

Could not come last night. Richard in trouble. Engagement broken.

It was two or three days before I saw Will, and then he came in at noon for a hurried call. He looked worn and harassed, but patiently replied to the countless questions I asked in regard to Richard's affair. It seemed that Miss Rhoades had been mistaken in the nature of her regard for him, as she expressed it. In other words, she had not really cared for him, but tried to do so, urged by her family and tempted by his wealth. Will thought there was another lover in the background, but Richard did not suspect it. The poor fellow was a complete wreck, and for the next few days Will was constantly with his distracted friend and had no time to give to me. When he did come, it was to say that he had prevailed upon Richard to go away for awhile, the latter consenting on condition that Will would accompany him.

My lover could ill afford to leave at this time, and his absence would be most trying to me, as I wanted his advice concerning the house. However, neither of us felt that we could urge any claims of our own in the face of Richard's dire need. So we reluctantly bade each other goodby. The trip benefited the heartbroken lover, and on his return he consented to take up his residence at home, and after a time resumed his customary visits to our house, though he scarcely spoke and looked the picture of despair. It was a little wearing for Will and me, for out of courtesy to poor Richard we did not like to speak of the wedding or any of the arrangements when he was present, and as our minds were naturally occupied with the topic in question our conversation was sometimes rather forced.

We had expected him to act as best man at our wedding, but it seemed more than doubtful that he would feel equal to the position in his present state of mind. We were anxious to know how he felt about the matter, and at last Will touched upon the subject.

"It is evident that you know nothing of my feelings," said Richard in an injured tone. "I shall probably never attend a wedding again as long as I live. It would be torture, agony, simply unbearable. I would do a great deal for you, but don't ask me anything so utterly impossible."

Will humbly apologized and hastened to ask his cousin to act as best man. He accepted with alacrity.

Will's sister Dorothy, a girl of 18, was to be my maid of honor. She had been abroad for the last three years, finishing her education. When she went away, she was a schoolgirl, and not realizing the change that a year or two can make at her age we were surprised to receive a photograph showing her to be a pretty and prepossessing young lady, with quite the air, as we imagined from her pose, of a society woman.

It was two or three weeks after Will's conversation with Richard in regard to the matter of best man that one evening our afflicted friend seemed a little less morose than usual. He picked up Dorothy's picture, which was lying on the table.

"What a pretty girl!" he exclaimed. "Who is she?"

"You ought to know her," replied Will. "You and she were fast friends once. She's no other than my sister Dorothy."

"That handsome girl my little friend Dorothy! Why, I thought of her as still a child. By Jove, but she's a beauty!" said Richard, with more animation than he had displayed since his engagement was broken.

It was a relief to see him something like his old self, if only for a moment, but he surprised us by conversing quite cheerfully the rest of the evening.

A few days later Will appeared in a most excited frame of mind. Richard was at the house at the time, but Will did not notice him as he rushed in exclaiming:

"Such ill luck! Cousin Henry is down with the mumps. Did you ever hear of anything so ridiculous, and the wedding next week?"

"What is to be done?" I asked blankly.

"That is more than I know," replied Will. "I dashed over to see Sylvester, but he's off to Florida next week, and then I asked Tom Flanders. He thanked me politely for my courtesy and said he hardly cared to act as a stop gap. Agreeable chap, Tom, but that was always his way—must be first or nowhere. I think I will telegraph my cousin Herbert in Philadelphia. I never fancied him much, but I must have some one, I suppose."

At this juncture Richard, who had been looking at Dorothy's picture, spoke rather hesitatingly:

"Well, old fellow, since you are in such a tight place, I'll help you out. I will act as best man."

Will stared with amazement at this unexpected offer, but slapped Richard heartily on the back.

"Will you really, though? You're an old brick!"

I wonder why men always use the word "old" as a term of endearment with each other? I suppose it is a substitute for "dear" and "darling" and all the tender terms of a woman's vocabulary.

Richard seemed embarrassed at Will's gratitude, and added somewhat apologetically:

"If I can accommodate a friend, I want to. That's about the only thing in the way of pleasure I can ever hope to have."

Dorothy arrived a day or two before the wedding. We found her even more charming than her picture, and we were all delighted with her.

I was almost too busy to breathe in these last few days, but everything was over at last. The rehearsal passed off satisfactorily, and so, my friends assured me, did the wedding. I am not authority on that subject, but at any rate everything went off according to programme. Then Will and I started away for a six weeks' trip.

After traveling about for a fortnight we settled down in a spot which was most restful and delightful. There was nothing in the way of excitement, but we thoroughly enjoyed the primitive and idyllic life of the little town.

Toward the close of our month there, however, we were glad to receive letters from our home friends. We had not encouraged them to write us earlier in our stay, and we had heard almost nothing from home.

We were not getting dull, of course, but when I said one day that I should like a long, newsy letter from one of the girls Will echoed my wish heartily.

That afternoon came a letter, not from one of the girls and not long, but decidedly "newsy," so much so that it fairly took away my breath. It ran as follows:

DEAR WILLIE—Congratulate me! I am the happiest man alive. Your sister Dorothy, the dearest girl in the world, has promised to marry me.

No time to write more now. Your friend and brother to be, RICHARD DEERING

P. S.—Perhaps it would be just as well not to mention that little affair of last winter to Dorothy. She might not understand it. In fact, I don't understand it myself now. R.

It was long before Will spoke. When he did, it was to say:

"And he calls it 'that little affair,' after all the sleep I lost for the rascal. 'That little affair' indeed."—A. J. Johnson in Waverly Magazine.

A Pictorial Illusion.

Philip H. Calderon was elected A. R. A. in 1864—the same year and at the same time as Frederick Leighton. Nor has the Royal academy ever elected two men who have been more devoted to its service. Those student days in Paris with his friend Marco, when they had rather to rough it—those doleful days of doubt when he feared he would have to give up all thoughts of art were all past. He was in a pleasant and lofty studio in Marlborough place, built at his own expense, and there were pictures on the easel that commanded four figures. His painting partook of the happy times. His touch was firm and confident, his color joyous, and he showed that in dexterity at least he was not to be outdone.

Among other things he painted, chiefly for amusement, or as a "fetch," as we used to call it, a portrait of his wife, life size, standing in a doorway with her hand on the door handle and her foot on the step, looking back over her shoulder, as though she were quitting the room. The picture was placed against the paneled wall of the studio and was such a perfect illuison that it looked, not like a picture, but a reality—so much so that genial Tom Landseer, the engraver, who called one day, made a most profound bow to it and, addressing the effigy, said, "Pray, do not leave us, madam."—G. A. Storey, A. R. A., in Magazine of Art.

No Law For Fools.

The common belief that the law will cast a special protection around the weak and feeble gets rudely shattered by a decision in United States versus Fay (83 Fed. Rep. 839), which holds that only persons of ordinary prudence are within the protection of United States revenue statutes, section 5,480, against schemes to defraud by use of the mails. The court held that a scheme by which a man was led to pay $50 for the use of an alleged superhuman power to discover a treasure hid in his field was not a "scheme to defraud" because it was "not reasonably adapted to deceive persons of ordinary prudence." This decision, says Case and Comment, would allow the safe use of the mails by all sharks looking for gudgeons. It seems not only against reason, but against the authority of United States versus Reed (42 Fed. Rep. 134), in which the court condemned a similar scheme to get money by professing to exercise a mysterious power to answer sealed letters addressed to spirits. Those who do not have ordinary prudence are the people for whom the statute is needed.

A young man seems to be willing to make almost any sacrifice for the girl he loves except to go home early and save her from a scolding next morning.—Atchison Globe.

When one woman has a secret to tell another, it always makes her mad to discover that the other knew it first.—Chicago News.

OVARIAN TROUBLES.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cures Them—Two Letters from Women.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I write to tell you of the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me. I was sick in bed about five weeks. The right side of my abdomen pained me and was so swollen and sore that I could not walk. The doctor told my husband I would have to undergo an operation. This I refused to do until I had given your medicine a trial. Before I had taken one bottle the swelling began to disappear. I continued to use your medicine until the swelling was entirely gone. When the doctor came he was very much surprised to see me so much better."—MRS. MARY SMITH, Arlington, Iowa.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I was sick for two years with falling of the womb, and inflammation of the ovaries and bladder. I was bloated very badly. My left limb would swell so I could not step on my foot. I had such bearing down pains I could not straighten up or walk across the room and such shooting pains would go through me that I thought I could not stand it. My mother got me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and told me to try it. I took six bottles and now, thanks to your wonderful medicine, I am a well woman."—MRS. ELSIE BRYAN, Otisville, Mich.

How Peary Retrieved Wild Ducks.

Lieutenant R. E. Peary, the arctic explorer, was born in Maine. He prepared himself for entering Bowdoin college at Fryeburg academy in Fryeburg, in the western part of the state. The following story of Peary's early days shows his method of overcoming obstacles:

One of his fellow townsmen while out hunting one day in November discovered a flock of ducks in a pond about two miles from the village. The man wanted the birds, but knew no way of getting them, even if his shot were effective, for he had no dog, and there was no boat in the pond. On his way home he met Peary and told him about the ducks and why he had not fired at them.

"Now," said Peary, "let's go back to the pond, and if the ducks are still there I promise to retrieve all you kill."

They returned to the pond; the ducks were undisturbed. The weather had been cold for several days, ice had formed around the shore of the pond, and the ducks were bunched out in open water, but within range. Merrill fired and killed two. Without more ado than if he were about to take a dip in the old swimming hole on a hot July day Peary removed his clothing, broke the ice with a heavy stick and swam out, picked up the dead birds and brought them to land.—Saturday Evening Post.

The Sign Painters.

The question has been asked of sign painters hundreds of times, "Which letter of the alphabet do you consider the hardest or most difficult to make?" It is but natural to make the inquiry, for to the novice some particular letters are more perplexing than others. It is most generally conceded by some experts that the Roman capital letter "R" is the most difficult. Others will say that an "S" is very hard to make, and many strongly contend that the character "&" is the hardest and most difficult of any in the entire alphabet. Practically speaking, all of these letters are somewhat difficult, and to the young beginner they are not easily mastered.

It has frequently been supposed that an artist of ability on account of his great talent in drawing would of course naturally make a good sign painter, but the experiment has been tried and given up with unsatisfactory results.

An artist may draw and paint a most beautiful picture, but when it comes to forming a perfect letter he is entirely out of the race. About 47 years ago there were five well known artists of this city who were also experts at lettering, they having learned and worked at this branch previously.—New York Times.

Venice Without Water.

Venice without water would hardly be Venice at all, but we are assured there is a possibility that the picturesque Venice of today may become a city of the past, and eventually Venice may be waterless.

According to Professor Marinelli, the regular increase in the delta of the river Po is such that in process of time the northern Adriatic will be dry, and Venice will no more be upon the sea. The annual surveys show that the mean annual increase of the delta during 70 years has been three-tenths of a square mile.

An encroachment upon the sea of three-tenths of a mile in a year means a large increase in a century. It appears that the total increase in six centuries has been about 198 square miles. The increase is continuing, and the gulf of Venice is doomed to disappear.

No immediate alarm need be felt, and it will not be necessary to hurry off to Venice to take a farewell look at the city in its present picturesqueness. Professor Marinelli calculates that between 100 and 120 centuries will elapse before the entire northern Adriatic will have become dry land.—Youth's Companion.

His Toast.

Brown was very much in love with pretty Miss Simpson and had told her so repeatedly, but in vain. She did not reciprocate. Brown's friends knew of the affair, and whenever Brown gave a toast Miss Simpson was made the subject of it. One night, when Brown and his companions were enjoying a little supper among themselves, one of the men said:

"Come, Brown, your usual toast."

"No," came the reply. "Since I can't make her Brown I'll toast her no longer."—London Answers.

Lady Betty.

In prerevolutionary days there was a woman public executioner in Virginia. At that time death sentences were respited on condition that a criminal should perform this office.

"Lady Betty," as she was afterward called, was sentenced to death for murder. She offered instead to become public executioner and held this office for many years.

It is said that on the scaffold she officiated without a mask.—Chicago Times-Herald.

When Not to Keep Books.

She decided that the only way to run a house economically was to keep a set of books, so she made all necessary purchases, including a bottle of red ink, and started in.

It was a month later when her husband asked her how she was getting along.

"Splendidly," she replied.

"The system is a success, then?"

"Yes, indeed. Why, I'm $60 ahead already!"

"Sixty dollars!" he exclaimed. "Heavens! You'll be rich before long. Have you started a bank account?"

"No-o, not yet."

"What have you done with the money?"

"Oh, I haven't got the money, you know! That's only what the books show. But just think of being $60 ahead!"

"Um, yes! But I don't exactly see"—

"And all in one month too!"

"Of course. But the money? What has become of that?"

"I don't exactly know," she said doubtfully. "I've been thinking of that, and I think we must have been robbed. What do you think we had better do about it?"

He puffed his pipe in solemn silence for a moment and then suggested:

"We might stop keeping books. That's easier than complaining to the police."—Atlanta Constitution.

The Lecturer's Blunder.

One of the institutions of New York that are praised by all the public without reserve is the course of free lectures in the public schools. These lectures are given before splendid audiences and, as a rule, by persons of veracity and intelligence. Occasionally, however, in order to get a lecture on a rare subject great risks are run.

Recently a lecture was given by a person who had been on an excursion to the North cape. Among other wonderful things he saw there was the eclipse of the sun. He gasped for breath as he told of the weirdly grand sight. He told of the streamers of fire that blazed from the obscured orb to all quarters of the heavens. But his frenzy carried him too far for a public school audience, for he declared that among the stars made visible in the midst of day he saw the planets circling in their courses. He even called the planets that he saw by name, but he made a fatal mistake. He said he saw Neptune.

This statement called for a round of sarcastic applause that he mistook for commendation, for he smiled in a happy way as it echoed through the halls. Evidently he did not know that Neptune is invisible except with the most powerful telescope.—New York Mail and Express.

Saved His Honor.

"Vat ees eet, Jean?"

"Monsieur, ze doctaire comes today to vaccinate monsieur."

"Nevaire! I vill die first! Eet ees degrading! Eet ees an insult!"

"But, monsieur, eet ees also ze law."

"Shameful! How can I suffaire a beast of a doctaire wi hees brutal weapone to stab me—me, ze Count de Mooscalonge? Nevaire!"

"But eet ees ze law, monsieur."

"Perfidious law! Ah, I have eet! I have eet now! Beautiful! Listen! You will prepaire ze swords!"

"Ze swords, monsieur?"

"Prepaire ze swords. On ze point of one sword, monsieur, ze doctaire will rub his vaccinate mattaire. See? Zen he will diffaire from me on a questione. I will feel insulted. I will challenge ze doctaire. He will accept, naming swords as ze weapons. We will fight at once, and here ze doctaire takes ze prepaired swords. See? One, two, three! Ze doctaire pricks me slightly in ze arm. Ha, ha! Honor is satisfied! I am vaccinate!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Boy's "Friend."

A boy having been taken to task for violation of school rules, the principal, a woman, told him to ask his father to call at the school. Next day the boy appeared with a rather seedy looking man whom he introduced as his father. The head of the school and visitor had a talk, and the latter promised to do all in his power to make the boy see the error of his ways. Some days later the boy was overheard saying to some of his companions: "I played a good joke on Miss Blank. I introduced a bum as me father, and she never caught on."

"Wasn't that man your father?" asked one of the listeners.

"Nope," was the answer. "He was me friend."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Family Resemblance.

A young gentleman took his little sister with him while calling the other evening at a house where he is a regular visitor. The little girl made herself quite at home and showed great fondness for one of the young ladies, hugging her heartily.

"How very affectionate she is," said the lady of the house.

"Yes; so like her brother," responded the young lady unthinkingly.—Buffalo Courier.

His Saving Grace.

"I may not like work," said the tramp, "but there is one thing I don't do."

"What's that?"

"Fritter away my money in idleness, as the newspapers say."—Philadelphia North American.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VIII, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, AUG. 19.

Text of the Lesson, John ix, 1-17. Memory Verses, 4-7—Golden Text, John ix, 25—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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1. "And as Jesus passed by He saw a man which was blind from his birth." Many blind people had their eyes opened by Him during His public ministry. It would be interesting and profitable to collect the incidents and seek to gather the lesson from each, yet each has its own setting apart from which the special lesson of the case cannot be fully learned. All the incidents of healing in His ministry speak of the kingdom where the blind see, the deaf hear, the lame walk, the dumb sing and the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick (Isa. xxxv, 5, 6; xxxiii, 24).

2, 3. It is a common thought with many, even to this day, that any and every affliction must be the result of some sin; but our Lord says not so; rather, He says that the blind, deaf, dumb and sick give opportunity to make manifest the works of God. Allowing that there would have been no sickness and no suffering had there been no sin, and that sin is the work of the devil and that Jesus came to destroy the works of the devil (I John iii, 8; Acts x, 38), every work of the devil gives the Lord the opportunity to destroy it. In due time He will destroy all enemies, even death itself, as well as him who has the power of it (I Cor. xv, 26; Hab. ii, 14).

4, 5. It was a stronger comfort to the Lord Jesus that the Father sent Him (John vii, 16, 18, 28, 29, 33; viii, 16, 18, 26, 29, 42, etc.). He came as the light of the world to work the works of God. Now that He has returned to the Father and sent the Holy Spirit with a special commission, all His redeemed are in the world as the light of the world that God may now work His works through them (Math. v, 14, 16; Phil. ii, 13). His own words to the Father in prayer were, "As Thou hast sent Me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world," and after His resurrection He said to His disciples, "As My Father hath sent Me, even so send I you" (John xvii, 18; xx, 21).

6, 7. There are blind people everywhere, blinded by the god of this world (II Cor. iv, 3, 4). The Lord Jesus is still opening blind eyes, and He often uses clay to do it. We are the clay, He is the potter, and we are in His hand as the clay in the hand of the potter (Isa. lxiv, 8; Jer. xviii, 6). We are His workmanship (Eph. ii, 10) even as that piece of clay was, and He will apply us to some blind eyes to open them if we are as passive in His hands as that piece of clay; but we must be content to be used and washed off into Siloam that He may be glorified. He rejoices to be sent of God, as we have been, and the clay was washed off in Siloam, which means "sent," and is suggestive of Himself.

8-11. The contrast between the poor blind beggar and the man walking about with his eyes open was so great that those who formerly knew him did not recognize him, and some could hardly believe him to be the same person. His own testimony was clear and convincing. "I am the man who was blind, and a man called Jesus put clay on my eyes and sent me to wash it off in Siloam, and I went and washed, and I received sight." If there was as marked a contrast between the new life and the old in every child of God, how God would be glorified! And certainly God desires it to be according to II Cor. iv, 11; v, 15, 17, and He would make it so if we were only willing.

12. "Then said they unto him, Where is He? He said, I know not." He had never seen Him and knew not whither He went after He had put the clay upon his eyes and sent him to Siloam. When Jesus found him, after the Pharisees had cast him out, and said unto him, Dost thou believe on the Son of God? he did not know who was speaking to him, but said, Who is he, Lord, that I might believe on him? Then for the first time he saw, and knew that he saw, his Lord, his healer, and he believed on Him and worshiped Him (verses 35-38).

13. "They brought to the Pharisees him that aforetime was blind." The Pharisees still live and have much to say; they are very religious, but it is all outward to be seen of men (Math. xxiii, 5), yet they are often rulers and leaders in religious matters. When any one has special blessings from the Lord or has learned to know Him intimately for their own or others' good, the Pharisees are apt to have something to say.

14. "And it was the Sabbath day when Jesus made the clay and opened his eyes." The impotent man at the pool Bethesda was also healed on the Sabbath day, and for thus breaking their Sabbath the Jews sought to kill Jesus (John v, 9, 16). They had perverted the Lord's feasts and ordinances, and by their traditions set up those of their own, according to their own thoughts, making the word of God of none effect (Math. xv, 3, 6, 9). Although Jesus had told them more than once who He was and whence He was, yet they insist upon saying, As for this fellow we know not from whence He is (verse 29), and also say, This man is not of God, because He keepeth not the Sabbath day.

15. "He put clay upon mine eyes, and I washed and do see." This is the man's answer to the Pharisees when they asked how he had received his sight. He is a good witness; he always tells the same story. He is also a bold witness (verses 30-33) and is privileged to be reviled for it (verse 28). He is very strong upon one great point, "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see" (verse 25). He had received his natural sight, and he knew it, and no one could make him doubt that. He soon after received his spiritual sight and acknowledged Jesus as the Son of God.

16, 17. "He is a prophet." As the Pharisees disputed about Christ and were divided in their opinions, they asked the man who had been blind what he had to say of Him, and this was his answer. Their condition was far worse than that of the blind beggar, for his blindness was physical, and he knew he was blind and was willing to be healed; they were blind spiritually and did not know it, but actually thought they saw (verses 40, 41), and therefore needed no healing. It is a great thing to know our true condition and be sensible of our real need, but a terrible thing to be like these Pharisees, ignorant of God's righteousness, going about to establish their own righteousness and unwilling to receive or submit to Christ as the righteousness of God (Rom. x, 3, 4).

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A JERICHO FAILURE.

THE ATTEMPT TO FORM A COMPANY OF HOME GUARDS.

Pap Perkins, the Postmaster, Tells How Bill Lapham Sprung His Scheme on the Meeting and How Lish Billings Gave It a Black Eye.

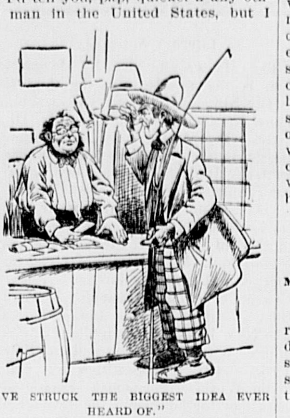
[Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.]

I was gittin the mail ready to put into the Tarrytown bag when Bill Lapham comes in. Bill runs a goose farm just out of Jericho and has bin gittin up in the world like a basswood tree. I've known fur the last year that he wanted to do sunthin smart to git hisself talked about, and when I seen him come in with his chin in the air I s'pected he'd hit it.

"Look here, pap," he whispers, though we was all alone, "I've struck the biggest, broadest, tallest, heftiest idea ever thought out by mortal man, and I'm hevin hard work to catch my breath. I'll be hanged if my head don't swim and my knees wabble over it."

"Is it how to grow geese feathers on hens?" says I, knowin he'd bin experimentin in that direction.

"I'd tell you, pap, quicker'n any other man in the United States, but I want to keep it to hit the crowd with tonight. I want the biggest, bustinest crowd to gather here tonight that the town of Jericho has ever seen. Give every man notice as he drops in today, and along about 7 o'clock I'll hev the fire bells rung and the horns tooted. Tell 'em it's a big thing, pap; tell 'em it's sunthin that's bound to jump this town over a ten rail fence and make city lots wuth a thousand dollars apiece."



"I'VE STRUCK THE BIGGEST IDEA EVER HEARD OF."

There was a good deal of excitement around town that afternoon, and when night came the crowd at the postoffice was as big as the time when war was declared ag'in Spain. Most of 'em thought Bill Lapham was goin to declar war ag'in Mexico or Canada, and everybody was lookin pale when Deacon Spooner called the meetin to order and said:

"Sons of freedom, we hev gathered here tonight to hear some remarks from our esteemed feller townsman, William Lapham, and we kin take it that them remarks will go beyand geese and goslin's. Make your p'int, Bill."

"My p'int is this," says Bill as he draws a long breath and steps out to git room. "We ar' now in the midst of the turmoil of a political campaign. Somebody is goin to be elected. I ain't sayin who it'll be, but the golden opportunity fur which Jericho has sighed is at hand. When the newly elected official takes the oath of office, he will be escorted to and fro."

"That's k'rect," says Deacon Spooner as Bill pauses fur breath. "The speaker ain't through yit, but he's made a p'int already. When he refers to the turmoil of campaign, it's not only high flown language, but a strong p'int. Go ahead, Bill."

"That escort will not only do the president proud," continued Bill, "but every man in it will be mentioned by all the papers in the United States. They'll speak of his wife and children and town and home, and he'll be a big man fur the rest of his life. He kin be elected sheriff without opposition, and if any one runs ag'in him fur the legislature they'll be snowed under. What I'm here tonight fur is to ask the questions: Why not organize the Jericho Guards? And why shouldn't the Jericho Guards be that escort?"

There was yellin and whoopin fur the next five minits, but when the deacon could make himself heard he said:

"It's a p'int, gentlemen—six or seven p'ints. I've read all the speeches ever delivered by Henry Clay or Daniel Webster, and both of 'em put together never made the p'ints our Bill Lapham has. Bein I hev the floor, I'll say I favor the idea. Yes, sir, I'm with it heart and soul. I want my name to go down fust fur the Jericho Guards, and I'm even willin to sacrifice myself and be captain of the company. S'posin we hear from Abner Jones on the subject."

"I s'pose it's known in this town that my great-grandfather was killed at the battle of Monmouth," says Abner as he gets off the counter, "though I ain't braggin about it. I'll jest say that I'm willin to die fur my country any time I'm called upon, and if I'm elected captain of the Jericho Guards I'll promise that no invader shall set foot on these shores and live for five minits."

"Thar's a p'int in that," says the deacon as he looks a bit put out. "When a man's willin to die fur his country, that's a p'int in his favor, but of course we want to hear from other patriots. How is it with you, Moses Plumber?"

"Does any man here doubt that I'm willin to die fur America?" asks Moses as he draws himself up. "My great-grandfather didn't die at Monmouth, but the blood of them seven uncles of mine that fell durin the civil war flows in my veins, and my watchword is 'Liberty or death!' As captain of the Jericho Guards you'll find me at the front, and if I don't kill at least seven invaders a week you kin bounce me out."

"The seven uncles and seven invaders is a p'int, Moses," says the deacon, "and I'm proud that we both live in the same town. Bill Lapham seems to be oneasy, and I'll ask him if he has anything more to say."

"In the fust place," says Bill, "I'd like to know if everybody is in favor of organizin the Jericho Guards."

Everybody swung his hat and yelled out that he was.

"In the second place, I'd like to know if everybody wants to be captain."

Everybody swung his hat and yelled out that he did.

"But everybody can't be," protested Bill. "I don't want nobody to charge me with bein selfish or conceited, but I'm tellin you that this idea is mine and that I'm the man to boss the Jericho Guards. I believe I'm the only man in this town who wanted to enlist to fight the Spaniards."

"Bill makes a p'int, and we can't deny it," says Deacon Spooner, "but when I offered to lead them guards to victory or death I felt that I was the man to do it. I don't want to crowd Bill Lapham out of place, but"—

"Neither do we!" yell 40 men.

"But he must see"—

"Of course he must!"

Then thar was yellin and shoutin and a great uproar, and Bill Lapham said it was a doggoned crowd, and he could lick any two of 'em rolled together. Deacon Spooner hammered on the stovepipe with his cane till he could be heard, and then he said:

"It appears as if we all want to lead the Jericho Guards and die fur our country, and it further appears as if this meetin was gittin mad about sunthin. I notice Lish Billings over by the 'lasses bar'ls. Lish, what d'you think about things? D'you want to be captain, same as the rest?"

"Noap," replies Lish in his keerless way.

"Ain't you willin to die fur your country?"

"Not by a jugful, but if I was thar wouldn't be any Jericho Guards to die with. You've all bin wastin your breath."

"How's that?"

"Thar's jest 96 men in this town," continues Lish, "and when the war was goin on and thar was talk that it might come to a draft the hull crowd of us went to the doctors to be examined. We had busts and ruptures and short legs and sprung knees. We had consumption and rheumatism and heart trouble. We was deaf and nigh sighted and toothless. Thar wasn't one blessed critter in the hull 96 who was fit to jump over a tow string or chaw peanuts, and I kinder reckon we'd better git sunthin soft to eat fur breakfast and carry each other home."

M. QUAD.

MULES, RATS AND MEN.

Miners Show Wisdom In Paying Heed to Certain Phenomena.

"Well, that isn't superstition; it's reality," and the coal mine inspector didn't seem a bit pleased with the suggestion that superstition might sometimes be responsible for the actions of miners.

"Coal miners," he went on to say, "are not superstitious. Hear noises? Of course they do, but do people suppose those noises are imaginary? It beats all how little is known generally about coal mining.

"Folks get it into their heads," the inspector continued, "that a man who will quit work in a certain part of a mine because he sees the rats deserting that section is superstitious when, as a matter of fact, he simply displays sound judgment. Very soon after the rats quit sounds will be heard, and later on a slide follows. What would have happened to the man had he credited his fears to superstition by disregarding the exodus of the rats and the subsequent noises?

"Rats are the first of a mine's inhabitants to realize danger, and then comes the mule. Man is the last. So it is only natural that he should take as positive indications of trouble the actions of the others, and he should not be regarded as a superstitious creature on that account.

"After rats desert an entry it is next to impossible to get a mule into it, not because the rats left, but because the mule realizes the danger. Left to themselves rats or mules would never be caught in slides in mines, but it is different with men, who will not follow the lead of the other two."—Denver Post.

A Cruel Joke.

A Yale Summit girl recently played a cruel joke on her mother, and this is how it happened: She accidentally found a love letter that her father had written to her mother in the halycon days of their courtship. She read the letter to her mother, substituting her own name and that of her lover. The mother raved with anger and stamped her foot in disgust, forbidding her daughter to have anything to do with a man who would write such nonsensical stuff to a girl. The girl then gave the letter to her mother to read, and the house became so suddenly quiet that she could hear the cat winking in the back yard.—Saltsbury Press.

The Cossacks of the Don.

The Don Cossacks are the finest looking race of men ever seen. Kingly in their carriage, tall and slender, lithe and graceful, their untamed spirit visible in every motion, their bearing is that of an unconquered people. Used as a living barrier against the Tartar invasions of Russia, they were never conquered. Living in what they call camps, each with his horse and gun, they are always ready to move in response to the emperor's call.

Their costume is a long, tight fitting coat reaching to the knee, having loose sleeves and a small, standing collar and with a row of ammunition pockets across the breast. The colored belt which encircles the Cossack's slender waist bristles with ornamented knives, daggers and pistols. Soft, high boots without heels and a great lamb's wool cap, with a little touch of color for the soft crown, and then the burka or long cape of hairy felt which they seem to wear in all sorts of weather complete the costume. These burkas appear to be worn on the theory that what keeps out the cold keeps out the heat. Anyway, these long black or white garments protect horse and rider equally from the rain and cold.—Self Culture.

His One Suggestion.

"Furthermore, John Henry Meeker," said Mrs. Meeker, who was standing in front of the mirror and putting the finishing touches to her toilet, "I want you to take notice that I am perfectly capable of getting ready for church without any prompting from you, and you can cough and look at your watch as much as you please—it won't hurry me a single second. Do you clearly understand that?"

"Yes, my dear," mildly replied Mr. Meeker, "though I think I could understand it a little better if you didn't have your mouth quite so full of hairpins."—Chicago Tribune.

A Probable Result.

"If people were only compelled to practice what they preach!" sighed the theorist.

"What good would that do?" demanded the practical man.

"It would make the world better, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know. I'm inclined to think that whatever changes we noticed would be in the preaching rather than in the practice."—Chicago Post.

His Shots.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I want you to be more careful about the use of firearms."

"Why, I haven't"—

"Charley, dear," she proceeded, with sweet severity, "you mustn't try to deceive me. I heard you telling yesterday about how you fell down on a long shot. If you must go in for such things, please get a gun that won't kick."—Washington Star.

THOROUGHBREDS.

Wha, Bess, you young vixen!
  Now, Nellie, your foot.
So, hoop-la! You've got her!
  The beautiful brute!
Hold her in for a moment;
  One hitch to my girth,
And I'm with you, my lass,
  For the ends of the earth.

Now, Duroc, my hero,
  Be careful, dear heart!
She is fresh as the fountain
  And rank for a start.
"You fear not?" Oh, no,
  But you like your sweet wills,
And we'll give you a breathing!
  Away! To the hills!

Oh, bathe me, ye winds
  Of the withering downs!
Brush the scent of the "functions,"
  The taint of the towns!
What is art to this nature
  Or wine to this air?
What's a picture to Nell
  And her blooded bay mare?

—Scribner's.

ABSENT TREATMENT.

The Woman Had Faith In It and Was Cured.

"My wife solemnly affirms that she will get a divorce if I say anything about it," said Jones with a smile. "But it is too good to keep, so here goes. Mrs. Jones had been ailing for some time, and, falling into the hands of one of the neighbors who is a faith curist, she became imbued with that peculiar belief. I laughed at her, but she remained firm and said she was convinced that she could be cured only through faith. As her illness was nothing serious I said nothing more, congratulating myself that I was ahead what a doctor would have charged her.

"It ran along for some time while my wife continued to gain, and at last she announced that she was fully cured.

"'Now, then, John Henry,' said she, 'I never again wish to hear you say anything about mind cure being all imaginable. I am sure that I would have been a dead woman if I hadn't taken the treatment that I did. And to think he never set eyes on me!'

"'He never what?' I gasped.

"'Set eyes on me! I took the absent treatment. I sent Professor Fake $5 to treat me by his famous absent treatment.'

"'Do you mean to say,' said I, 'that you sent a fakir $5 to treat you?'

"'That's just what I did! And to think the most wonderful thing about it was that I was aware the moment that he received my letter and opened it, although he was a thousand miles from me! Why, I commenced gaining right from that moment! It is simply wonderful! You can't deny that I am a well woman, and all through the wonderful absent treatment that I received.'

"I should have said something right then and there had I not heard the postman's whistle and gone to the door to get my mail. There was a letter for my wife from the dead letter office, and when she opened it out dropped her letter to Professor Fake. She had misdirected it, and the fakir had never received it. She says—but on second thought I hadn't better tell you what she says."—Detroit Free Press.

Two Could Do It.

Basel, Switzerland, was visited a few years ago by an adventurous Frenchman whose ruling passion is the ascent of mountains shunned by most other tourists who value at least their soundness of limb. He tried strenuously to scale the Gopaltenborn, for the sake of carrying his name upon the peak, but all his efforts were vain.

The next year he returned to the attack, and eventually, by taking many precautions, arrived at the summit. On his next appearance at the table d'hote he recounted his exploit to the company and informed them that he had planted on the spot a blue silk flag containing his name embroidered in large characters.

An Englishman, who had listened silently, rose from the table and marched out of the hotel. Two days afterward a parcel was delivered to the adventurous Gaul. He opened it and found inside his blue silk flag, which his English neighbor at the table d'hote had won from the peak by his own pluck and daring.

Had the Right Idea.

It is related on good authority, and in this case good authority means good authority—this is no Kaffirgram—that a young woman went into a music store in this city the other day and asked the clerk for a copy of "Angels Always Polished."

The clerk turned over a stock of coon songs in a puzzled way and said he was afraid that they were just out, but he could send for it.

"My teacher said you would be sure to have it," said the maiden. "It's by Handel."

Guessing is a part of the clerk's business, and he showed her "Angels Ever Bright and Fair."

It was what she wanted.—Worcester Gazette.

Famous Gamblers.

Mme. du Barry was the most famous woman gambler of the time of Louis XV, but with her it was only a pastime. But Mme. Pompadour went in with the sole object of winning if she could. It is recorded that her winnings were enormous, and that in a single game she eased the pockets of the king of 25,000 louis d'or ($125,000).

Man Compared.

If man grew as fast in proportion as a silkworm, he would be bigger than an elephant in two months. If he could navigate as fast in proportion as the average house fly, he could cross the Atlantic and back in the time it takes him to eat his breakfast. If he had as many eyes in proportion as the butterfly, he would have 40,000, to say nothing of an extra pair in his head for skylights. If he could spring as far in proportion as the spider, he could jump over the tallest tree in California, and it wouldn't bother him in the least. Man isn't the whole thing after all.—Freeport Journal.

Artificial Sponges.

Artificial sponges are made in Germany by treating pure cellulose with zinc chloride. The product swells in water and on drying becomes hard. But to prevent this action alkalihaloids are used. A pasty mass is thus obtained, which, being treated with rock salt, is then placed in a mold. When removed, it appears to be traversed by canals in all directions, and after having been washed in alcohol and water the sponge is ready for use.

Easy Choice.

"Did you have any trouble in selecting a name for the baby?"

"None at all. There's only one rich uncle in the family."—Richmond Dispatch.

"Much learning maketh a man sad," says one proverb, and another says, "A little learning is a dangerous thing." So what are you going to do about it?—Chicago News.

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THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. L. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, AUGUST 24. 1900. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 38.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect JUNE 25, 1900.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.14, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38. A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.39, 8.00, 9.10, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY–To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.28, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.22, 7.04, 7.34, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, 8.42, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.46, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 12.00, 4.52, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.33 8.28, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, *9.30, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.28, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.28, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 8.28, 6.33, 11.11, A. M., 6.42 P. M., Saturdays only. Except Claremont.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.28, †11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, ‡6.33, 8.28, 11.11, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P.M

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.28, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.28, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

*To Nashua only.
†To Franklin only.
‡Weirs only.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.21, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.16, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 4.03, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Jan. 1, 1900, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 and 11.15 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Wakefield & Stoneham St. R'y Co.

On and after January 1, 1900, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, then *9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington, at 5.15, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.30, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.45, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m., then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 8.35, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. M. LANE, Acting Supt.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00 *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 12.03. then 12.33, 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

Business Cards.

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Counsellor-at-Law and Notary,
MECHANICS BUILDING,
415 Main Street, WOBURN.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

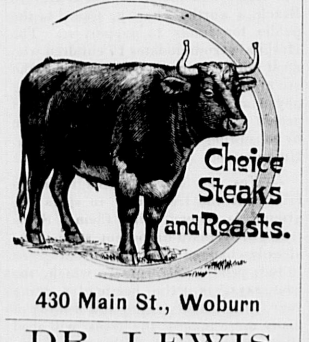
—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Business Cards.

George Durward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Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
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CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street, BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass.
TELEPHONE 6-3,

LAWRENCE READE,
Sexton of St. Charles Church.
Undertaker & Funeral Director,
241 Main St., Woburn

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
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F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

A BACHELOR'S DREAM.

Out on the porch amid the scent
Of honeysuckle rich with bloom
I sit and watch the coming night,
The fireflies dancing in the gloom.

The moon drops down behind the hill;
The shadows deepen on the floor.
I wander through the yesterdays
With one that walks with me no more.

I see an old house, long and wide,
And hear the night winds whispering, lo,
Across the fields of rustling corn
And cotton white as drifted snow.

The porch is hung with tangled vines
That hide the lovers sitting there,
Who dream and plan, with happy smiles,
For future days so sweet and fair.

I slip a ring upon her hand;
She leans on me with loving trust.
Ah, me, how long the years have been
Since that slim finger turned to dust!

And yet sometimes it seems to me
But yesternight, and once again
I sit by her and hear once more
The darkies singing in the lane.

I hear again her happy voice
Upon the night air softly fall,
And, dreaming of the life I planned,
I wonder why I lost it all.

Lose! No I did not lose it all.
She waits for me somewhere, and yet
Whene'er I dream of those old days,
My faded eyes with tears are wet.
—Adella Washer in Lippincott's Magazine.

THE HAUNTED DILIGENCE

A Tale of the Camino Real
In the Interior of Mexico.

BY FREDERIC R. GUERNSEY.

We were two hours out of Piedras Grandes and fully three hours from Etlac, where we were to pass the night—a mere collection of huts, it was said, with a wretched meson where passengers were eaten up alive by nocturnal and creeping things. Surely a fine prospect; but most of the people in the rumbling, jolting stagecoach, built years ago in Massachusetts, were young and full of the gladness of life. There was a bulky canon from the cathedral in Morelia on his way to the Pacific coast to see a dying brother, and there was a venerable woman who was called Venturita by everybody, for in Spanish the diminutive is as often a sign of respect as of familiarity. She was going to take the sulphur baths at Ajijic, four hours distant from Etlac. She was portly and a widow of many years' standing, rather jolly and broad spoken in the naif Latin way. Then there was a young, just married couple from the hacienda of La Esmeralda, accompanied by two of the young woman's sisters, who were making the trip merely out of compliment to the bride and not wholly to her intimate satisfaction. The other two passengers besides myself were students going home from the City of Mexico to pass the summer vacation. The tenth passenger, who sat on the box with Marcelino, the driver, was a tall, absorbed looking man, who had given his name as Van Huyten, a wearer of gold spectacles and a reader so inveterate that he availed himself of every level and joltless stretch of road to peruse a volume that he carried in his hand.

The top of the stage was covered with small luggage, and behind were lashed on a motley collection of little wooden boxes painted various colors and one or two civilized and heavy trunks. It is well to bear this fact in mind.

The rainy season had got fairly well under way, and the road was heavy. The mules toiled on stumblingly, sometimes diversifying the matter by slipping and audibly groaning, but nobody gave heed to their misery, although one of them had a long established sore on his right flank which gave nourishment to the flies and agony to himself. An Indian lad ran along by the side of the mules, alternately lashing or stoning them, the latter operation being performed when a comparatively mudless spot allowed him to pick up ammunition. The Society For the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals had not been heard of in these rural parts of interior Mexico.

I mentioned the misery of the mule to the fat canon from Morelia as we stopped to water the animals, but he simply looked at me with wonder and said, "Who has enjoined it on us to care for the brute beasts?" I had read the Bible from cover to cover and yet could not cite him any Scriptural authority.

"At any rate, Buddha told his disciples to be kind to the dumb creatures of the earth," I remarked, perhaps in the tone of a retort.

"Buddha! Yes; the false prophet!" said the fat canon, who looked on me thereafter as being quite as incomprehensible and dangerous a heretic as the abstracted Dutchman on the box fumbling over his doubtful book, perhaps containing rank pantheism or infidelity.

We started on, but in half an hour, Etlac still over two hours away, a wheel came off and we sank suddenly down to the muddy road and were somewhat jumbled up, the canon most undignifiedly plumping into Venturita's lap. The bride screamed, and the manly arm of her husband, aged 20 years, was about her in an instant. The sisters of the young woman were sustained by the ready arms of the students, and there we were until Marcelino opened the door of the coach on the top side and let us out. Van Huyten had slid off, book still in hand, spectacles awry, into the mud. We all laughed on realizing that no bones were broken. The bridegroom, looking as mature as possible, exclaimed, "Percances del viaje!" (Incidents of the journey). It took all the men of the party to aid Marcelino and his Indian lad, but in an hour we had the wheel on. The mules meantime were tranquil; they were used to it all, and perhaps welcomed it as giving them a rest on the stony or muddy road of life.

One of the students asked to go on top, and Van Huyten, it being too dark for him to read, came inside with us. I had a chance to scrutinize him well. His eyes were gray, deep set, calm and dominating; he wore a sandy beard, carefully trimmed, and a curled mustache, and his forehead was broad and high, a most intellectual looking man, more a philosopher than a traveler for some European house, as we had taken him to be when we set out from the railway station for this plunge into the interior of the country, a region innocent of all acquaintance with steam.

The short twilight of the tropics grew dim and the stars came out one by one, the brightest first, in the huge dark vault of the sky. We were tired with the long ride, and the coach going slowly, some of us slumbered.

The leather curtains had been pulled down, and the air was warm and close as country people seem to like it, their idea of felicity being to be shut up in a crowd all stifling. Suddenly I was awakened by a current of strangely cold air; it was as if a breath from the polar regions had penetrated the interior of the coach. I looked to see if a curtain had been rolled up. Nada! Not an aperture to let in the breeze. Then the plump canon, arousing himself, shivered and turned his face, a little blanched, toward me. I could make it out, for the bridegroom was smoking a cigarette close to him. The air momentarily grew colder. One by one the sleepers awoke.

The coach, just creeping along, swayed gently from side to side, and it was apparent that we were making progress over a good bit of smooth road.

Van Huyten alone was napping. His face was just discernible as somebody struck a match, and I thought I had never seen a nobler countenance than that of this man of thought and spiritual beauty. "The cold air is very strange," said the canon in a low voice. The little bride shivered, and her 20-year-old husband put his serape around her, and she snuggled up to him. Venturita coughed as the cold reached her lungs and was just saying, "I wonder if a change is com"— when at the rear of the stage were heard blows as if made with big hammers. We all started. It seemed at first as if people had shot into the back of the stage. Van Huyten slept on.

The student inside rolled up a curtain and, putting his head out, called to his companion on the box:

"I say, Manuel, are you up to your tricks?"

Marcelino leaned over the side and said: "Poor muchacho! He has been asleep here half an hour, and I have to look out that he doesn't fall off. It is dangerous, this going to sleep up here. Once I had a passenger fall off just about he"—

And then Marcelino gave a cry: "Holy mother! What's that?"

All of us who could put our heads out, and what we saw we shall never forget. The mules were traveling along enshrouded in a greenish light which played in little flames from their harness, and there seemed to be shadowy horsemen, all a silvery gray, riding by their sides with pistols drawn! We were fascinated. Our eyes bulged. We could not believe our senses. The canon, who had not looked out, cried, "Let me see!" He was given room, and his deep voice smote the night in wonder and fear. "'Tis the devil's work! The saints protect us! Tonight andan los espantos (the ghosts walk), and it is that red bearded heretic who has enchanted us!"

Van Huyten slept like a babe. Not a muscle moved. He was the picture of healthful manliness resting after many fatigues. His soul was in the unconscious, I thought.

Finally Marcelino could stand it no longer and with a howl jumped from the box, followed by the scared Indian mule tormentor, leaving the now awakened student, who had sense enough to gather up the reins. The mules then began to be covered at all points, on the tips of the ears, on the mane, along the spine, with tiny phosphorescent looking specks of light. The phantom party of brigands, as they looked, rode with us, and one of them came up to the off window and stuck what seemed to be a pistol into the coach. Venturita swooned quite away and sagged down limply in her corner, making a stertorous noise before she went completely off. The little bride also fainted most neatly and discreetly, and the bridegroom's hair stood on end. The student on top whipped up the mules, and we went off at a canter, the strange lights continuing around them and the shadowy troop cantering by our side.

The noise at the rear of the stage, which we had forgotten in our agitation, soon made itself more evident, and there was a crashing sound among the trunks and painted boxes. I could stand it no longer and poked Van Huyten in the ribs!

He came to slowly and looked puzzled. We were all so plainly frightened. I was plain that he had been far from us in his mind journey.

"Look out!" cried the bridegroom. "See these horrible things. If you brought them to us, I'll"—

And the young valiant of 20 years and newly assumed responsibilities put fierceness into his boyish voice.

Van Huyten put his head out and drew it in again. "Always the proof comes to me so unexpectedly; it is marvelous, wonderful, beautiful!" he exclaimed in good English, and only myself and the student inside understood him.

Van Huyten then began to comprehend how great had been our alarm. He noted the women still in a faint. Then, as if acting on impulse, he put his head out of the window, stretched forth his arms, made a sign and uttered some Spanish word I cannot recall. The phantom horsemen vanished, the lights ceased to play over the mules. He called to the student who was calmly driving to stop and we got out. Then the brave lad on the box had his turn to faint, and tumbled over into our arms. It was 20 minutes before he came to himself. We consulted together and it was agreed that the bridegroom, who knew the road, should drive, and when we had got the young wife to taste some brandy she revived and said that she would get up on the box with him. Venturita was in sad case. She was frightened out of her wits and, imagining that the fat ecclesiastic was her brother, began wildly to hug him, and would have kissed him fairly but that he nobly drew away.

And so we jogged on the strange and starry night to Etlac, where at midnight we alighted at a miserable meson. The people of the inn were sorely puzzled to see no Marcelino on the box. We explained that the driver and his boy had imagined that the stage had been attacked by brigands and had jumped down and run away. This made the good people laugh, and they said that they would make them set up a half dozen bottles of tequila when they reappeared, as they were sure to do before noon.

We unlashed the coverings at the rear of the stage, and sure enough our trunks and boxes (the latter in worse plight) were badly smashed and presented a sorry sight. It looked to be the work of the ghosts of American baggage handlers. Van Huyten had to mourn the destruction of a fine microscope, which, with its case, was pounded all to pieces. It was a mitigating circumstance, and the canon, who had thought of proposing to lynch him, became compassionate to him.

As usual there was nothing in the meson to eat, and, being night, nothing to be had; so, with empty stomachs, we sought our repose (oh, word ironical!) on the rude pallets within the small, tomblike rooms. Then something not spiritual arose in hosts and smote us hip and thigh. We could hear Venturita employing elegant Spanish ladies' oaths suitable to such occasions, and the canon's voice rose in anything but prayer. Van Huyten arose and walked out to the coach, and, getting in, lay down on a seat and slept like a philosopher. The canon also went out into the patio and walked restlessly up and down till the dawn, when he, too, betook himself to the interior of the stage, which was at least insectless.

Sure enough, by 11 o'clock, we having meantime breakfasted on fraudulent coffee, and some sourish bread and tough tortillas, and therefore more at peace with ourselves, there arrived Marcelino and his assistant, both dazed, still a sickly yellowish pallor on their cheeks, and with an appetite of all the demons, as the canon said. They gathered from one of the students that Van Huyten was suspected and demanded of him payment for the broken boxes and the detention, saying that they were responsible for the luggage—the rogues! They asked me to translate to him that he was liable to be shot by the jefe politico, who lived in the next town along our road, who was "a killer of all wizards." Van Huyten, who understood Spanish, replied that he was not responsible, that he could easily explain the matter. Then he went on to relate that, years ago, a band of robbers had infested that road, that, after several years of immunity, they had been all caught and shot at the point where the phantoms showed themselves, and that the cause of their appearing on that special night he could not understand any more than they, the only possible explanation being that our good friend the canon was in mortal sin!

The driver was satisfied and the people of the inn clapped their hands, saying, "When a padre has done wrong, and has not done penance, all sorts of evil things happen."

Hereupon the most excellent canon turned pale, and his knees shook under him. "It's true," he said, "that when I left Morelia I took, without permission, a silver mounted flask from a brother canon. But really, I must assure you, and by all the saints, that I intended to send it back to him by express, if there was one in this accursed and devil ridden region."

"But our boxes, our shattered boxes?" queried Venturita, who saw a chance for damages and perhaps profit by exalting the value of her apparel which was only mussed.

"And my costly microscope?" added Van Huyten.

The canon lifted his hands to heaven: "I swear I am a poor man and cannot pay. You must all share in the judgment upon me, and as you are all of you sinners your participation in the common loss will inure to the good of your souls."

This cogent reasoning struck us as just the sort of argumentation Solomon might have employed, and we agreed not to prosecute the excellent man, and to pray for his soul somewhat imperiled by his borrowing, without permission, the silver mounted brandy flask.

And so in calmer mind we left Etlac for the other points on the road whither we were bound, but I noticed that Van Huyten slipped some silver dollars into Marcelino's hands, and that the driver assumed the air of a man with whom all things went well. He promised the canon that on again passing the bad stretch in the road he would say his prayers, and the canon, on his part, agreed when he returned to get down and exorcise the phantom brigands.

Van Huyten, it turned out, was a Dutch mining expert, on his way to see a copper property on which he was to report. When we parted at Jaranadaru he took me one side and confided that he once practiced mediumship in an amateur way in Amherst, Mass., and that occultism was his favorite study. "I was in a self induced trance when the disturbance came on. I was trying to see if I could set loose my spirit to gain a psychic insight into your minds, for all mankind are my study, and what more favorable opportunity than in a stagecoach in this to me but little known country and among total strangers? As luck would have it I brought about an atmosphere in just the spot where a coach had been robbed and people murdered years ago. It was not my fault, as I said. But what fun we had with our good padre! He will never have peace of mind till he restores that silver mounted flask!"

This was several years ago, and the other day, in the City of Mexico, I met the two students, still here at their tasks. One of them, the driver of the haunted night, said to me:

"You should have seen Marcelino when we got to the end of the road. He went on a five days' drunk and the coach could not run. We came back with the canon, and he stopped the stage where the brigands had appeared and sprinkled holy water and said the proper prayers. He showed us the flask he was taking back—a good soul who never meant any harm to mortal man. Venturita was also with us coming back, and only the prayers of the canon kept her from fainting again. As for Marcelino, he was pretty white about the mouth when we stopped to have our ceremony of exorcism. But that Holandes? He was the devil, if ever there was one. They said at the mine that he was a mesmerizer. He had much fun with the miners, and they thought of lynching him for a wizard."

But Van Huyten was more—he was a first class occultist. He is living now at Rotterdam, enjoying his books and his income from copper shares.—Boston Herald.

Explosive Remedies.

Professor Alonel says that we often swallow or apply substances which, if incautiously treated or used in any but the minutest quantities, would blow us to atoms. What is more, these substances, so destructive in large quantities, are of the most beneficial nature when used in the form of medicine.

One of the best remedies for heart trouble, neuralgia, asthma and headache is nitroglycerin, which is the only explosive ingredient in dynamite. The dose is only one two-hundredth of a grain dissolved in spirits of wine or combined in gelatin tablets.

Collodion, a sirupy looking liquid that is used to form a false skin over abrasions of the cuticle, is nothing but gun cotton dissolved in alcohol. In its natural form it is one of the most dangerous of explosives, and yet as a medicine it has no equal for the purpose for which it is used.

Another explosive used as a drug is picric acid. This is prepared from carbolic acid and is administered internally in very small doses for ague and headache. This acid is one of the explosives used in the preparation of bombs. These and many other dangerous drugs are perfectly safe when used as ordered by physicians.

A Clever Swindler.

An elegantly dressed man recently entered a Paris jeweler's store and asked to see some expensive rings While he was examining them critically the shop door opened and a ragged and importunate old beggar woman hobbled in. The shopman hastened to eject the intruder, the customer in the meantime commenting severely on the negligence of the police in permitting begging. Nevertheless he handed alms to the poor old creature, who blessed him and vanished. After further examination of the rings the customer said that he would call again..

But just then the jeweler missed a ring worth 800 francs. Not finding it anywhere, he accused the customer of having taken it. The result was such a storm of protest and of demands to be searched that the jeweler apologized humbly, and his visitor departed wrathfully.

However, he informed the police of his loss. They arrested a drunken beggar woman in the course of the evening, and it turned out that it was she who had come into the jeweler's shop. The man had arranged outside to give her 20 francs to come in and take a ring, which she was to give back to him afterward.

The Bird's Awning.

A contributor to The American Sportsman tells an interesting story of a humming bird. "In front of a window where I worked last summer," he says, "was a butternut tree. A humming bird built her nest on a limb that grew near the window, and we had an opportunity to watch her closely. In fact, we could look right into the nest. One day when there was a heavy shower coming up we thought we would see if she covered her young during the rain.

"Well, when the first drops fell she came and took in her bill one of two or three large leaves growing close by and laid this leaf over the nest so as to completely cover it; then she flew away. On examining the leaf we found a hole in it, and in the side of the nest was a small stick that the leaf was fastened to or hooked upon. After the storm was over the old bird came back and unhooked the leaf, and the nest was perfectly dry."

How Words Change.

A century and a half ago "fun," a word of Irish origin, was considered "shockingly low." "Mob," too, was a word "no self respecting gentleman would use" till Pope boldly wrote "the mob of gentlemen who write with ease." Of "humbug" a writer in 1750 said: "I will venture to affirm that this 'humbug' is neither an English word nor a derivative from any other language. It is, indeed, a blackguard sound. It is a fine makeweight in conversation, and some great men deceive themselves so egregiously as to think they mean something by it."

Try a Change.

You have probably tried the plan of making others miserable and found little comfort in it. Try making others happier. Possibly it will suit you better. Too many people have the habit of saying disagreeable things to and about others. There is no pleasure in it, but there is so much unhappiness in the world that you can gain genuine satisfaction by saying kind things of people, by doing kind things. Don't cut and slash. It only makes miserable people more miserable. The fact that others cut and slash you is no excuse for adopting their mistaken policy. With a little modesty and a little kindness you can do missionary work every day and accomplish a great deal of good.—Atchison Globe.

The Newly Elected Alderman.

When a politician has just been elected a member of the council and the directory man comes around next day and asks him what his occupation is, he has to struggle with himself sometimes not to answer, "Statesman."—Somerville Journal.

Wrangling In the Choir.

"Why can't you be obliging?" cried the facetious music rack. "The bells play when they're tolled. Come, give us a tune!"

"No," grumbled the organ in deep diapason; "I'll be blowed if I do!"—Philadelphia Press.

No Fun.

May—You didn't go to the theater with your Cousin Tom after all! I thought your fiance had no objection.

Mabel—He hadn't. That's why I didn't go.—Judy.

HE OFFICE BOY'S DISGUISE.

A Grotesque Figure That Surprised the Night City Editor.

"Always treat the office boy with due consideration," remarked the old reporter to the young scribe who had just come on the paper, "because you can't tell when he may be made managing editor."

Men come and go on the great metropolitan dailies, and there is always a chance for the right kind of an office boy to rise. One of the boys who are bound to get ahead now holds forth in one of the Park row newspaper offices. He draws a modest stipend weekly, and when his duties are over, instead of shooting "craps" he hustles about to earn a few extra dollars.

In the gray dawn one day last week, as the night city editor got off a Broadway car on his way home, he was assailed with the familiar cry of a newsboy selling his wares.

"You don't know me, do you, Mr. M.?" said the boy.

"No, my lad, I don't," replied the editor. "Who are you?"

"Why, I am Charley," answered the boy.

"Charley!" exclaimed the editor, as he closely scrutinized the small figure before him, clad in the most dilapidated and ragged garments imaginable. "Why, what have you been doing with yourself?"

"Why, this is my disguise. These are the togs I sell papers in," replied the urchin.

"Yes," continued the editor, "but is it necessary for you to wear such clothes to sell papers?"

"Sure thing, it is," replied the lad, "or I wouldn't do it. I can sell twice as many papers in these things as I could in my office clothes."

Just then a party of clubmen who had evidently been making a night of it passed by.

"Papers! Morning papers! All the news about the big fire!" shouted the boy. "Have a paper, sir?" he continued as he got in front of the unsteady group.

"No; get out!" exclaimed one of the men.

"What yer got?" asked another of the party, as he stopped to gaze at the grotesque figure before him. The boy was certainly a sight. A crownless derby hat surmounted his shock of hair, while the shoes which he wore were never stable mates. A tattered and torn pair of trousers incased his legs, while the rest of his diminutive figure was covered by a man's old frock coat, the tails of which nearly reached the ground. The sleeves of the coat were turned up, so he could get his chubby fists through them, and the lapels flapped around him like the sails of a schooner suddenly becalmed.

The picture was too much for the inebriated clubman, and he laughed uproariously. The other men also joined in the amusement at the poor boy's expense. They poked fun at his strange appearance, asked him questions about his family affairs and took other liberties with him, all of which the urchin bore with surprising fortitude.

"Hows many (hic) papers yer got?" finally asked the first man.

"Twenty-one, sir," promptly replied the boy.

"Zash all right—take 'em all," said the man. "S'much?"

"Sixty cents, sir."

The clubman handed the boy $1, and, without waiting for his change, resumed his zigzag course up the thoroughfare with the papers under his arm.

Upon further investigation the next day the editor learned that the boy not only supported himself, but also contributed largely to the support of a little cripple sister.—New York Tribune.

A Scene Not In the Play.

An extraordinary scene took place in the Princess theater, London, on the night of the first production of Charles Reade's great play, "Never Too Late to Mend," Oct. 4, 1865. During the prison scene a large quantity of water was thrown over Miss Moore, who took the part of Josephs, the character done to death by the warders. One of the critics, Mr. Tomlin of The Morning Advertiser, rose from his seat and publicly protested against the unnecessary cruelty. This aroused almost a riot among the audience, and the action of the play was stopped for some considerable time. Fuel was added to the fire by George Vining, the lessee of the theater, who was playing the part of Tom Robinson, and who made a most imprudent speech, in which he practically insulted every critic present, with the result that the theater was left severely alone by the press for many months. The play, however, turned out to be a popular success, and had, for those days, the phenomenal run of 140 performances.

His Wife's Word Was Law.

In the British army the mustache was ordered to be worn by both officers and men just after the Crimean war. Just before Sir Colin Campbell (afterward Lord Clyde) left England for India to undertake the work of suppressing the mutiny, he perceived a captain of infantry with a clean shaved upper lip. The general sharply ordered his subordinate to attend to regulations, when the captain responded that his wife objected to a mustache.

Sir Colin thundered:

"You can wear whiskers or not, as you like, but your mustache belongs to the queen! Let it grow—or sell out!"

The captain thought of his wife and sold out.—London Chronicle.

Neither Bright Nor Shining.

Heine's wit was caustic. When forced into the arena to fight a silly duel, he said:

"The field of honor is dirty!"

This is so true that it is hard to understand why this popular bubble thus deftly pricked did not collapse for good and all.

The Day After.

Mrs. Mixer—Tell me the worst, doctor. Is my husband's condition serious?

Doctor—There is no cause for alarm, madam. He is now out of danger, although suffering acutely from enlargement of the cerebral glands.

Mrs. Mixer—But, doctor, how do you suppose it was brought on?

Doctor—On a tray probably.—Chicago News.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, AUG. 24, 1900.

☞ After ignoring the State Civil Service laws for several years in the election and appointment of public officers in this city by the authorities, they are to be revived and put in operation again, at least so reads the notice in another column of this issue of the JOURNAL. The whole business of the law and its application to Woburn appointments has been a farce, and yet the State Commission have steadily refused to do anything about it. If the Civil Service rules had been enforced Mr. Albert P. Barrett would have continued to hold the office of Water Registrar, and a movement was made to that end; but the Commissioners let the matter go by default, and Barrett was unjustly deprived of his office. The Attorney General decided that the office of Registrar fell within the rules, but his decision was disregarded by the State authorities who hadn't sprawl enough to enforce their own laws. Let us wait and see how it will work this time.

☞ It is firmly believed in local political circles that Mayor Davis will eventually yield to the urgent appeals of his host of friends and become a candidate for a third election to the Mayoralty of this city. Although the Municipal League, as a body, are averse to this, and although they will refuse to give him another nomination, the official work of Mayor Davis has been so satisfactory, his friends say, that nothing that the League may do, or decline to do, will have any appreciable influence on his vote. They assert that, if Mr. Davis can be induced to run again, there is nothing in sight that can prevent his triumph at the polls next fall. Should he enter the lists once more he will doubtless be opposed by many politicians who, in times past, have supported his candidacy, but the masses of voters would be with him, and they are the ones who decide these matters.

☞ Work on the park and boulevard assessments is in progress. The Commission appointed by the Supreme Court to determine and make awards of the proportion in which each of the cities and towns of the Metropolitan District shall pay on account of parks, reservations and boulevards, held their first hearing last Tuesday at the State House.

President W. E. Blodgett of the Woburn City Council, and Acting Mayor, in opening his argument, said: "While some eight millions have been expended for park purposes, no city or town will admit having received any direct benefit therefrom. Woburn feels that she derives a general benefit, although the city lies on the outside edge, and is geographically out of the district." Mr. Blodgett advocated valuation as the fairest basis for apportionment.

☞ The Boston papers of last Tuesday morning stated that Professor Edward Cummings of Harvard University had become Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale's Assistant Pastor of the South Congregational Society of Boston. Mr. Cummings was born in New Hampshire but came to Woburn with his family when a small boy and obtained his early education in our public schools. He graduated from the Woburn High School in 1879, entered Harvard that year, and graduated second in class of over 400 with the highest honors. With brains and a disposition to work he has won a high place among educated classes. Naturally Woburn feels proud of Mr. Cummings's success and his present promotion.

☞ Charles W. Fenwick, a soldier in the Philippines, has written home to his Democratic father at Herndon, Saline county, Missouri, and declares that the election of Bryan is the one hope of the followers of Aguinaldo. The letter says there is no telling how much longer the bushwhacking warfare will last if the encouragement to the natives from the United States is to be kept up. He further expresses very contemptuously the wish that Mr. Bryan himself might have them to deal with, for if he had he would "change his tune." This is in line with the last letter on the subject by the late General Lawton. The troops in the Philippines know where to place the responsibility for the prolongation of their service there.

☞ Mr. Bryan did not close his predicting department when he received the election returns of 1896. After his defeat he issued an address in which he said: "Before the year 1900 arrives the evil effects of a gold standard will be even more evident than they are now, and the people, then ready to demand an American financial policy for the American people, will join with us in the immediate restoration of the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1." Has anybody noticed a great rush at the realization entrance of this prediction?

☞ So far as we have been able to discover, the Arlington *Advocate* is not booming Congressman McCall for another term. Why is this thus? On the other hand, the Winchester *Star* is working hard for his re-election. Leading Somerville Republicans do not appear to be overly enthusiastic in their support of the present Representative. All the same, McCall is sure to get there again.

☞ The person, or persons, who manage the wires that connect this city with Col. Butler Ames's Congressional headquarters in Lowell should use more caution in the transmission of important messages. In several instances of late the nature of their communications has leaked out, and there has been no tapping of the line by wicked Knox men, either.

☞ It looks at the present time as though Congressman Knox would have a walkover for Woburn delegates, and not much short of one at the convention. Nor is it readily seen how the situation here can be changed, except perhaps by way of solidifying his strength.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

S. R. McIntosh—Lost.

— Fannie Soles is at Laconia, N. H.

— Locke, tuner, telephone, this page.

— Tax bills for 1900 will soon be distributed.

— Mrs. J. McDonald is visiting at Bennington, Vt.

— Mrs. Julia A. Garland is visiting in Connecticut.

— Read the ad "Lost" by S. R. McIntosh in this paper.

— James R. Kendall and family are visiting in Nova Scotia.

— The nights this week have necessitated semi-winter bedclothes.

— St. Joseph's Society will give a grand lawn party on Aug. 30.

— Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Dodge were in town on Wednesday.

— The Hibernians are going to hold a grand picnic on Labor Day.

— Mrs. Annie Lewis, the piano teacher, is at Manchester, N. H.

— Clerk Lynch of City Hall is, like Shakespeare's Richard, himself again.

— Mr. Frank H. Marion and folks have been stopping at Salisbury Beach.

— Mrs. Arthur W. Whitcher is passing the hot spell at Ossipee, N. H.

— Copeland & Bowser are running a closing-out sale of summer goods. See ad.

— Mr. Leon L. Dorr is in charge of the Epworth League Assembly at Sterling.

— City Clerk Finn has issued 502 dog licenses, good for the current dog year.

— John W. Johnson, Esq., got the shore color while at the seaside in good shape.

— News from apple and pear orchards hereabouts indicate short crops of both.

— Social Labor orators will make addresses on the Common tomorrow evening.

— The Woburn Brass Band gave a concert at Reading last Wednesday evening.

— Richardson Brothers still control the laundry business in this city and vicinity.

— Mr. Charles Williams of Salem street celebrated his 75th birthday last Tuesday.

— Not a lisp concerning the dedication of the Rumford monument is heard in the land.

— The old stonecrusher has been sold, and the portable one is all the city has to rely on.

— The most unpleasant feature of a nice vacation is going back to work after it is over.

— The Social Labor party of this city are really going to take a hand in politics this fall.

— Mrs. George Dougher and two children of Roxbury are visiting friends in Woburn.

— Dr. Benj. Lewis has returned from his vacation and his office is now open for business.

— Dr. C. H. Buss, the dentist, is at his rooms on Main street and doing business as usual.

— Fred Olson, gateman at Church ave., has one of the prettiest flower gardens in this city.

— Mrs. Preston takes a lively interest and is a good worker in the Flower Mission of this city.

— Officer French is getting well in good shape. He was at Police Headquarters the other day.

— September and the first half of October is the right time to visit mountain and forest regions.

— The end of dog days is in sight. It hasn't been such awfully awful dog-days weather, after all.

— Mrs. Samuel Snow of Barrington, Nova Scotia, has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Snow of Woburn.

— Misses Mary Goode, May Caulfield, and Addie Kenney spent the past two weeks at Winthrop.

— Mr. Gilman F. Jones has been in bed this week from a somewhat severe attack of malaria.

— Rev. Fr. Doherty of St. Charles church has passed considerable of his vacation at Old Orchard.

— Mr. Herbert B. Dow and family are passing an agreeable vacation season at Mablehead Neck.

— James M. Callahan has been appointed Agent at the Highland Station. He is an old railroad man.

— Miss H. Josephine Ellis has returned from a visit with her brother at Manhattan, New York City.

— Mr. Edward F. Cassidy and family are occupying their seaside summer cottage at Old Orchard.

— Woburn's fruit and vegetable markets are not excelled by those of any town or city in this country.

— Dr. F. P. Brooks, the druggist, has returned from a visit to his parents at Ashby. He looks real rugged.

— Mrs. Nellie Gilbert of Montvale ave. and her little daughter Dora have enjoyed Salem Willows this week.

— Our city school will reopen on Sept. 11, or as soon as Supt. Emerson gets through harvesting his crops.

— Main street between Charles and Church streets ought to be widened in pursuance of the prayer to that effect.

— Mr. Fred Percyval Lewis is substituting three weeks for the organist of the Episcopal church at Manchester, N. H.

— There is a fine daily display of vegetables at Geo. Durwards's market. Everything is kept in firstrate shape there.

— Mrs. Edwin W. Gurney and her daughter, Miss Ethel M. Gurney, are enjoying a delightful vacation outing at Revere Beach.

— The very low prices that prevail at the JOURNAL printing establishment ought to bring to it a large amount of job work this fall.

FROM THE ORIENT

CARPETS

Goods right—prices right—workmanship right—everything right.
We do by far the largest business in Boston in

Carpets and Upholstery.

What do you suppose the reason is?

JOHN H. PRAY & SONS CO.,
658 Washington Street, 658
Opp. Boylston St.,
BOSTON.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

Purity and Probity

Are both essential in the conduct of a Drugstore.
Purity of drugs and probity of character. In your medicine you want the Best. We use the Best. Our prescription business is constantly increasing. Have we yours? We try to merit it.

HUNTLEY'S, "The Prescription Store,"
417 MAIN STREET.

Hot Weather Goods.

G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

— All kinds of repairing at Leathe's. Our $2 50 hand welt calf shoes for men are equal to any $3 advertised shoes.

— If Elwyn G. Preston would consent to run for Mayor this fall he would sweep the board. Mayor Davis wouldn't be in it.

— Mrs. Flora C. Nichols, Chauncy G. Nichols, and Mrs. Fraser McIntosh, are at Eldora Cottage, Bayview, Gloucester.

— A seaman from the U. S. Massachusetts named Philip Kelley has been visiting friends here. He is a son of Mr. Thomas F. Kelley.

— The youngest son of Mr. William Beggs, a lad of about 14 years, recently underwent a surgical operation for apendicitis and is doing well.

— If we were a betting man we would "go our pile" on the re-election of Mr. James R. Wood as Alderman-at-Large this fall. He deserves it.

— Last Monday evening the search lights on the battleships in Boston Harbor were plainly seen in this city. They produced quite a sky illumination.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— What is the programme for Labor Day? It will soon be here—Sept 3 is the date. As near as we can figure it the "doins" in this city are to be rather slim.

— The wife of Capt. William C. Parker of Arlington Road has returned from Orr's Island, Casco Bay. The Captain did not go down there this year.

— Mrs. Helen Kimball of New York City has been visiting friends here this week. The visitor and visited were intimate years ago in their Western homes.

— The award of prizes at the Paris Exposition, lately made, includes one for the Lowell Textile School, of which Mr. William W. Crosby of this city is Principal.

— Mr. Waterman Brown is getting on all right. He is still weak, but with youth and a vigorous constitution on his side there is no danger of his pegging out just yet.

— Mr. B. Frank Waldron, the Insurance man, will take his annual autumnal trip through the White Mountains, and to his native place in Vermont, in September.

— Mrs. Mary E. Plannett, her niece, Miss Bertha B. Smith, and Miss Olive L. Hinckley, enjoyed the pleasure of the "Old Home" celebration at Sanborton, N. H., last week.

— A team from Co. G, 5th Regt., of Woburn, and a team from Co. A, 6th Regt., of Wakefield, will participate in a rifle contest at Brookside Range in this city on Saturday.

— School census taker, Mr. Thomas Mulkeen, will start on his official rounds on Sept. 1. He will try hard to prevent any shrinkage in the school population. He can be trusted for that.

— Mr. Robert J. W. Phinney has returned from Passamaquoddy Bay to look after his political fences here. It is suspected that he has designs on the Democratic nomination for Representative.

— Mr. Morse, a gentleman representing one of Charlie Hoyt's plays, the father of Miss Flossie Morse, came to Mr. Nathaniel Simonds's on Church ave., Flossie's home, last Monday, for a visit.

— September 10, is the date on which tickets for the grand stand will be placed on sale in a central location in each of the nearby towns for the Middlesex East Agricultural Association Fair.

— Mr. George Buchanan of the Board of Health has no doubt of the success of the present measures to drain Town Meadow. We hope he is right, for that spot would make a splendid public park.

— Last Monday Mrs. Harriet Sawtelle and her daughters, Mrs. Harriet A. King, Mrs. Nellie Wade and Mrs. Emma L. Davis, left here for Milwaukee, Wis., for a visit with Mr. Edward J. Sawtelle.

— Edgar W. Preston, the electrician, went to Maine last Wednesday for a vacation outing. He goes from Portland into the northern and central part of the State and will tour through it about two weeks.

— The North Woburn Company will get the franchise for an extension of their line instead of Col. Woodward's Company. The City Council and officers of the N. W. have practically agreed on the conditions.

— Space in the exhibition building is being rapidly taken up, and intending exhibitors should avail themselves of any remaining opportunities by immediately advising Geo. H. Sweetser, Wakefield, Superintendent of Building.

— It is quite evident that spiritual life in this city has suffered somewhat during the absence of the pastors on vacation. The standard of true piety is lower than it was a month ago. However, vacation season is about over.

— Doctor Joseph T. Callahan and his sister, Miss Elizabeth J. Callahan, the milliner, are taking their vacation at Wells Beach, Maine, one of the best summer resorts on the Maine Coast. They will remain there about two weeks.

— Miss Mary F. Haggens, bookkeeper at Hammonds's, the Principal Clothiers, concluded that "the old Granite State" would very well answer her purpose for a summer restingplace, and therefore she went up there two weeks ago.

— W. E. Hooten, Superintendant of cattle for the forthcoming Wakefield Fair, is actively canvassing among the farmers of the State for exhibits of live stock, and is meeting with a degree of success that seems to warrant full pens in every class.

— Instead of building a new schoolhouse Mayor Davis would have our High School go back to the 2-sessions plan. Of course, the Mayor don't know the meaning of two daily sessions, but the source of his inspiration is easy guessing.

— Those parties who have preferred claims against the city for payment of their lands taken for sewer purposes are the E. N. Blake heirs, the Hudson estate, Sumner Flagg estate, Foster and Wood, and Mr. Reardon. They will be heard in due season.

— Tuesday afternoon the JOURNAL received a short call from Mr. I. E. Williams of Boston, some years ago a business man of this city. He is a prominent real estate dealer at the Hub. He recently returned from a visit to his parents in New Hampshire.

— According to the best calculations that can be made the building of the Cambridge State road will cost this city not less than $2,000 over and above the State's appropriation, and some place it as high as $4,000. Oh, well, the city "is rich, and mother don't care."

— At the meeting of the Flower Mission held in First church vestry last Friday afternoon 446 bouquets were made up for distribution by the Boston Mission among the poor and sick of that city. Of the flowers contributed for the large number of bouquets Mr. Charles M. Strout sent in much the largest share. The managers hope he will "repeat the dose" this afternoon.

— The political campaign is about to open in this city. The party leaders promise us a hot time in the old town. Candidates are busy. They are buttonholing the common people, their wives, children, cousins and aunts. The color of campaign money will be discovered later on.

— Charlie Andrews, day ticket seller and telegraph operator at the Centre Station, is considering the question of vacation. He has not taken one for 11 years and while he would like to go out on a trip to somewhere he hates mortally to break his record for sticking to business.

— Supt. Brackett is improving the North Woburn Street Railroad tracks all along the line, or at least, in every place where improvements are needed. He is not sanguine of getting a double set of rails from Winchester Centre to Symmes's Corner this season. They will come though in time.

— The local Boston *Globe* reporter regrets that Salem street was not widened before the present repairs were instituted. To have done that would have been unlike Woburn. To put the horse before the cart would have been a strange departure from common practice by our street authorities.

— North Scituate has been the present summer home of Dr. James H. Conway and Mrs. Conway, while Katherine, the daughter, has passed the vacation season agreeably to her "own sweet will." Dr. and Mrs. Conway love N. S., and have spent many delightful seasons there by "the wild waves."

— The taxpayers of Boston feel sore over a considerable increase in the rate of taxation this year, and are pouring some hot shot into Mayor Hart. In the meantime Woburn taxpayers are congratulating themselves on a material reduction in the 1900 tax rate, thanks to Mayor Davis's ideas of economy.

— Rev. Dr. Scudder and wife are at Seal Harbor, Mount Desert, Maine, which in times past has been their summer restingplace. The air of Adirondacks was rather too bracing for the Pastor of First church, or perhaps it was of the wrong kind, and so he and his lady changed the scene of their outing to the Coast of Maine.

— Nothing in the shape of weather could possibly beat that of last Sunday. It was really a joy to live. There wasn't a single fly on it from stem to stern. The air was as sweet as a peach. It was invigorating. It made one feel glad that he wasn't dead. Oh, such gorgeous days! Would that we could have more of them.

— The Conductors and Baggagemasters on the B. & M. Railroad having been sworn in as State policemen there is likely to be less drunken rowdying, fighting, and insulting of passengers on the trains hereafter. These trainmen will not be obliged to telegraph ahead for policemen but will do the arresting themselves. Good idea.

— Mr. John T. Given, the well known paper-hanger, went to Brunswick, Maine, last Tuesday evening, and will be gone a couple of weeks. His wife went to Maine a fortnight ago, and the boy has been there since July. Mr. Given will visit the old homestead in Brunswick, at Portland, Bath, and other familiar scenes before returning.

— Miss Anna Murphy, after serving St. Charles Catholic church in this city 14 years as organist, recently resigned and was immediately given a similar position in one of the largest Catholic churches in New York City. As an organist Miss Murphy has but few equals, and her many friends here sorely regretted her resignation from St. Charles.

— Mr. Joseph Linnell and Mr. J. Henry Parker, and their belongings, have returned from Mr. Parker's summer cottage near Allerton and Nantasket after a fine season's residence by the sea. Mr. Parker expects to make a hunting and fishing visit to Maine soon, and Mr. Linnell will go to his old home on Cape Cod for a few days next month.

— Mr. Sparrow Horton has moved and taken Room 1, No. 415 Main st., Mechanics Building, which are nice and handy quarters, to an inspection of which he invites his friends. His business consists of drawing up legal papers, fire and life insurance, adjustment of accounts, real estate, etc., in all of which he is an experienced and trustworthy master.

— Mr. Roberts, proprietor of Aberjona Spring, suffered a sunstroke while driving in the town of Lexington a couple or three weeks ago. It knocked him out for a hour or two, but a bowl of hot tea brewed for him by a kind hearted woman nearby brought him around all right, although he feels the effects of the stroke when exposed to the hot rays of the sun.

— Some Western Railroad companies contemplate the abolition of the title "breakman" and substituting for it Assistant Conductor. As the occupation of the old breakmen was done for years ago by steam, to retain the name would seem to be inappropriate. They propose out West to name them 1st, 2d, 3d, etc., Assistant Conductors, which they really are.

— The young men and women who expect to enter Burdett College in Boston this fall should not allow it to slip their minds that the next school year of that popular institution of practical learning will open on Sept. 4 next. It is the largest and best Business College in New England, and the things it teaches are practical, and will be useful in the affairs of after-school life.

— The Boston *Herald* on Monday told at length the story of Mr. Rufus Kendrick's incessant war of extermination anent the English sparrow.—*Wakefield Citizen and Banner.* It is a pitiful sight to see an old man, with one foot in the grave and the other shaking on its brink, spending his few remaining days and the little strength left him in killing innocent birds which the Heavenly Father, in his infinite wisdom, has created for the profit and pleasure of the human race. It is well for old man Kendrick that God has been more merciful to him than he would be to the harmless little creatures at which he gnashes his teeth and aims his deadly shotgun.

THE PILL BOX
HAS IMPORTED A LARGE QUANTITY OF
Mexican Hand Carved Leather Work.
Hand Carved—mind you—not pressed!!
The 1900 Holiday Novelty.

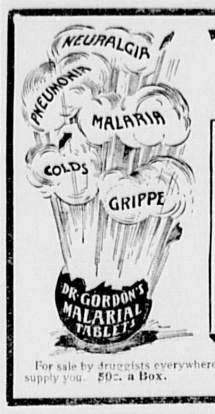
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Belts—Golf Belts—fastened in the true Mexican way—the cinch.

Coin Purses, Pocket-books, Photo Frames, Card Cases, &c., &c.

From the window display, next to the P. O., Make Your Selections Now!

CORRECT PIANO TUNING AND REPAIRING,
BY FRANK A. LOCKE.
24 YEARS EXPERIENCE.

Tuner in Woburn for a great many years. Every unison, octave and chord so evenly balanced and smoothly tuned as to make the harmony on your piano an exquisite pleasure to listen to. No jagged, rough, harsh, uneven chords so often left by tuners. Recommendations from manufacturers, dealers, teachers, colleges and the musical profession. Prices reasonable.
Boston Office: 179 Tremont St., Boston. Telephone 17-2 Jamaica.
Woburn Office, Moore & Parker's, 375 Main St.



THE BOMB
That Deals Death to Disease.

Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets

Recognized medical authorities concede that Pneumonia and Grippe are the outcome of the malarial germ. It is here (the root of the evil) where Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets arrest the cause of disease, and hence are recognized as reliable by the medical fraternity. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take.

For sale by druggists everywhere, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price—if your dealer can't supply you. 50c. a Box.
EDWARD C. CHURCH, Boston, Mass.
GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Wholesale Agents.

— Crovo Brothers have a very large and exceedingly fine stock of peaches just now.

— There is no better butter made from the milk of cows than that sold by Buckman at the Central grocery. The prices are fair and reasonable.

— Afternoon and evening electric car trips are popular with our people. They are refreshing and charming at the close of a hot August day.

— Women will find something for their advantage by reading the new ad. of the Middlesex East Agricultural Association in this issue of the JOURNAL. Their Fair is going to be a big thing.

— Two houses and a half was the extent of building in this city last year. That is entitled to be called a pretty hard look. And yet the opinion prevails quite generally that the census of 1900, already taken and soon to be reported, will show an increase of Woburn's population over that of 1895. We can't figure it that way, but hope the guesses are right.

— There are times when the East Wind is a solace and a balm. Wednesday afternoon was one of them. The sun from 10 to 4 was scorching, and pedestrianism on the sidewalks was anything but a pleasant exercise, but near the hour last named the wind shifted into the southeast, and nothing could have been more grateful and pleasant.

— The friends and supporters of the Children's Seaside Hospital at Revere Beach, a worthy charity, appeal to the public for funds to support it. The Hospital accommodates 17 children who must not be more than 3 years old who are attended by prominent neighboring physicians and trained nurses. Our people may obtain further information by consulting with Mrs. W. R. Putnam, Union street.

— Yes, the leaves are beginning to fall from the trees and in spots the ground is strewn with them. Some that still remain on parent stems have already changed their color from green to red, yellow and russet, which, the poet says, is "the hectic of a dying year." Ere the waxing and waning of many more moons the trees will shed all of their summer clothing and prepare for a long winter sleep.

— This is the time of year for malaria to get in its best work. The germ has its birth in decaying vegetation, in stagnant water, and places of that sort, and of course the autumn is its most busy season. A drive through the country lanes and glances at fallen leaves, withered weeds, and scum covered pools, disclose the habitat of the malaria germ, and will prove to you that it is already here prepared for business.

— Mr. Wetherby, Manager of the Woburn Clothing Co., had great luck in getting signers to his petition for the appointment of a patrolman on Main street to serve between 4 and 7 o'clock a. m. He took the bull by the horns and every business man on the street was more than glad of the opportunity to twist his tail. Thanks to Mr. Wetherbee's pluck the patrolman will hereafter be in evidence where he will do the most good.

— After a nice outing at Canaan, N. H., Mr. S. Franksford Trull, Secretary of the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company of Boston, one of the oldest and largest institutions of the kind in the country, in which our esteemed Mayor Davis is a clerk, is again seen on the streets here mornings and evenings, before and after business hours. Mr. Trull has been the Secretary of that great and prosperous Company many years.

— Goldenrod is now much in evidence. Our mind is greatly perplexed respecting the status of this flower. We had supposed it was the official floral emblem of our State, but circumstances have transpired which raise doubts as to that. Some years ago Miss Jennie E. Skinner conducted an election in this city in aid of a general plan for a popular choice of a Mass. Flo. Emb., in which we thought the Goldenrod won; but now we don't know about it.

— Level headed observers predict that this city will vote against license next December by a handsome majority. If so, the credit will be due, in a great measure, to owners of property, who are getting their eyes open on the subject. Above all others those men have the strongest reasons for voting "no." Give us anti-license three years running and real estate values will increase 50 percent within the next two. It has been so everywhere else; why not in Woburn?

— Supt. Wallis made his proposition to reduce the cost of electric lighting to the consumer so plain that anybody who runs may read. If electricians could be induced to drop some of the technical names they use, such, for instance, as volts, units, investment charge, etc., it would be still easier to understand by the general reader. However, there was good information in Supt. Wallis's letter in the JOURNAL last week.

— Our old and esteemed friend, H. W. Berthrong, the kingpin of campaign portrait painters, has his hands full of work for the present Presidential contest. Mark Hanna is his principal patron. Mr. Berthrong has come all the way from Cuba, where he is a prominent Customs service official, at the call of the Republican National Committee to make portraits, banners, transparencies, etc., and will remain in the States until after election. He is the greatest artist in his line in America.

— A Woburn resident visited Lake George, Somerset County, Maine, a fortnight ago, and pronounced it an ideal summer resort. A beautiful sheet of clear water is hemmed in by hills, some wooded and others grassgrown to their tops; and on its mirror-like surface are canoes and sailboats that afford delightful pastime for the guests of the hotel and cottages on its banks. It is a gem of a lake set in framework that charm the eye and gratifies the taste for rural scenes. It is annually visited in large numbers by Massachusetts seekers after rest and quiet pleasures, and all visitors admire and pronounce it good.

— Chief of Police McDermott has furnished the JOURNAL with the following description of the man who committed suicide at the Central House last Sunday morning: About thirty-five years old; 6 ft. 3 in. tall; spare and muscular built; hair dark and short; brown beard and mustache of about two weeks growth; eyes grey; teeth full and regular; face long; brown spots over body and neck. Dressed in an old, gray, striped jumper; whipcord diagonal trousers, brown mixture; old suspenders; cotton outing shirt, blue with a white check; collar on shirt and no tie. Dirty white merino socks; worn lace, brogan shoes with round toe and an old, large, broad brim straw hat.

— Section Director J. W. Smith of the New England Section of the Climate and Crop Service, in his report for the week ending Aug. 20, speaks in a highly encouraging manner of New England crops. Of the weather that week he says: The weather of the week has been characterized by much cloudiness and rain and comparatively low temperature. The average number of clear days, 1; partly cloudy, 3; cloudy, 3. The temperature of the week ranged from 86 to 40 degrees. The 17th gave the highest reading of the week, but no maximum of the week approached the excessive temperature of the 11th. Though quite low temperatures have been recorded, no correspondent reports the presence of frost during the week.

— The JOURNAL's anxiety respecting its stock of winter vegetables was entirely removed last Wednesday afternoon. A great burden was lifted from its shoulders by a visit from Mr. Samuel Leeds, a gentlemanly fellow citizen, who brought along a large square wooden box of generous size and deposited it on the kitchen floor. A neat card accompanied the box on which was legibly written: "Compliments of the New Hampshire Farmer." That of course meant Superintendant Thomas Emerson of the Woburn schools, an extensive and highly prosperous N. H. agriculturist, whose solicitude for the welfare of the JOURNAL knows no limits. On opening the box, which Mr. Leeds said should be done at once, there were found, in liberal quantities, the following kinds of vegetables, presumably raised on Supt. Emerson's North Conway farm: Potatoes, Beans (2 varieties) Sweet Corn, Carrots, Beets, and Cucumbers! There was rejoicing in the JOURNAL's household. Each article was as large, fair and plump as though raised in the temperate zone, and it was subsequently found that their toothsomeness could not be excelled. Supt. Emerson will please accept our heartfelt thanks for the relief from anxiety which his timely and very generous contribution to our somewhat depleted larder afforded.

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
Class Lessons if desired.
12 Franklin St., Woburn.
Tuesdays and Fridays at 153 Tremont Street Boston.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
—IN—
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue, WOBURN

A Refreshing
Summer Drink
Standard
Ginger Ale
90c. PER DOZ.
A rebate of 40 cents per dozen allowed on bottles returned.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

Local News.

— New moon today.

— City Hall is sizzling with politics these days.

— Yesterday was one of the finest of the season.

— Let no voter neglect to register for the November election.

— Miss May Collins of Wilmington is a guest of Mrs. Annie Vaughn on Court street.

— Rev. A. A. Newhall, missionary, is visiting his former home and many friends here.

— A large party of ladies and gentlemen went by trolley to Salem Willows yesterday from here.

— Robert J. Durward, salesman at Hammond's Clothing store, is camping on Concord River.

— Huntley & Co., druggists, have an interesting story in this issue of the JOURNAL. Read it, please.

— At their caucuses last Wednesday evening the Socialist Labor party chose delegates to the several conventions.

— Miss Gertrude L. Wood and Miss Edith E. Marion leave Boston Friday P. M., August 24, for a visit to Gardiner, Maine.

— Lewis and Willie Chute, sons of Mr. Prior Chute, and their aunt, Miss Abbie Cummings, are visiting in Nova Scotia, with headquarters at Berwick.

— In the death of Mrs. Timothy Winn the Charitable Society of the Unitarian church, the Home for Aged Women, and many of the poor people of this city, lost a good and generous friend.

— A missionary bush meeting service, consisting of spiritual singing, testimonies and preaching, will be held on Sunday by Rev. J. Russell, in Fisher's Grove on Vernon street, at 2.30 P. M. All are welcome.

— One of the largest crowds of the season were out last Wednesday evening to hear the National Band's first concert of its series on the Common. They were well paid, for the entertainment was one of the finest ever given here for years. Others will follow in due course.

— Mr. James Frank Hale, son of Mrs. James R. Wood of Salem street, is now in Germany, after taking a trip through parts of France, Italy, and Switzerland. He is disappointed with the Paris Exposition but likes Switzerland very much. He and his friend will travel through England and Ireland reaching home some time the last of September, or the first part of October.

What A Tale It Tells.

If that mirror of yours shows a wretched, sallow complexion, a jaundiced look, moth patches and blotches on the skin, it's liver trouble; but Dr. King's New Life Pills regulate the liver, purify the blood, give clear skin, rosy cheeks, rich complexion. Only 25c at Huntley & Co.'s drug store.

North Woburn.

Miss Louise Lang of Everett is visiting Miss Cora Burrell.

Master Gay Gleason is staying for a while at the home Mrs. Nathaniel Watson.

Mr. George Champney of Arlington has been visiting his cousin Miss Mary Eaton.

Mr. James Cain, the genial helper at the Old Ladies' home, started Wednesday morning for a ten days trip to Maryland.

What Shall We Have for Dessert!

This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

SALVATION ARMY.—Meetings every evening at 8 o'clock. Every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 3 and 8 P. M. No. 20 Montvale Ave.

METHODIST.—Preaching by the pastor Rev. Frederick Woods, at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. At 5.45 Epworth League. General Prayer Meeting at 7 P. M. Class Meetings Tuesday, at 7.45 P. M. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.45 P. M.

Married.

In Wilbraham, Mass., Aug. 22, by Rev. Martin S. Howard, Edwin Carleton Howard of Wilbraham, and Mary Ella Kennedy of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name and age, inserted free; all other notices a line.

In this city, Aug. 15, Susan A. Shumaker, aged 85 years, 6 months, 26 days.

In this city, Aug. 19, E. N. Wright of Boston, aged 35 years.

In this city, Aug. 22, Jane Anderson, aged 89 years, 1 month, 14 days.

In Wilmington, Aug. 20, Mary J. Butters, aged 86 years.

In Swampscott, at Phillips Beach, Aug. 22, Abigail Mails, widow of the late Timothy Winn of Woburn. Funeral Friday, Aug. 24, 2 P. M., at Unitarian Church.

Customers Visiting Our Store

Will find many chances to pick out

—BARGAINS.—

We believe it is good business to close out at some price our stock of

Summer Goods,

and we have marked them very low. There is no question about the price. Come in and see for yourself.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

Suicide at the Central House.

A man who registered at the Central House late Saturday night, as "E. N. Wright, Boston," took strychnine at an early hour Sunday, and died in the police station about 7 A. M.

Wright boarded a train at West Medford Saturday night about 11.30. Reaching here he inquired of policeman Tarr the way to a hotel. At the Central House, he was assigned a room about 12 o'clock. Soon afterward the hotel clerk smelled gas, which was traced to Wright's room. The door was forced, and Wright jumped from the bed fully dressed, and began to talk incoherently. Both windows were open, and the gas was on full force. It was shut off, and after awhile Wright said he would go to bed and have a sleep. When the house became quiet Wright got out of a window and reached the ground. He went to the office of Nichols & Brooks, and stated that he was being pursued for a crime he had committed. The men at Nichols & Brooks's pacified him and he returned to the hotel, entering the room by way of the shed roof.

About six o'clock Wright ran into the Central stable and said he had taken poison, and requested that a physician be summoned. James Durward, the watchman, sent for the police. Two officers responded, and Wright was taken to the station. City Physician Keliher was called, but the man died before his arrival. Wright appeared to believe the police were after him, and he had a fear of lynching. He also referred to some trouble with a woman. The poison used was in a vial marked "poison."

Wright was about 35 years old, and was fully 6 feet 3 inches tall. A broad-brimmed straw hat, old-fashioned make of jumper of striped material and trousers to match were his outside garments. They were well worn. In his pockets were a calfskin wallet with strap, a coin purse and a smaller one. They contained 40 cents. There was also a copy of the Vergennes *Vermonter* of Aug. 3, 1900. A portion of the mailing stamp had been torn away, and there remained the date, "Jan. 01." One purse contained two railroad passenger seat checks; also a slip of perforated white paper, bearing the number 49,424. The Medical Examiner gave the cause of death as suicide, and an autopsy was not deemed necessary. The body was taken in charge by Nichols & Brooks, undertakers. Chief of Police McDermott was of the opinion that the suicide had probably escaped from some insane asylum.

Astounded The Editor.

Editor S. A. Brown, of Bennettsville, S. C., was once immensely surprised. "Through long suffering from Dyspepsia," he writes, "my wife was greatly run down. She had no strength or vigor and suffered great distress from her stomach, but she tried Electric Bitters which helped her at once, and, after using four bottles, she is entirely well, can eat anything. It's a grand tonic, and its gentle laxative qualities are splendid for torpid liver." For Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Stomach and Liver troubles it's a positive, guaranteed cure. Only 50c at Huntley & Co.'s drug store.

Literary Notices.

THE AMERICAN BOY for August is full of matter fascinating to boys, containing a railroad story, a farm story, a roller coaster story, a "boy soldier" story, the sixth chapter of The Cruise of the Yacht Gazelle, a boat manned by four boys, who took a six thousand mile trip in a boat of their own construction; A Boy Pusher; an illustrated account of the son of Edison; a chapter on The Boy Traveler; an account of a six-year-old grower of cacti; a letter from the Paris Exposition; an account of a novel newspaper published by boys; of how a New Jersey boy earned money with a printing press; of Anateur Journalism Conventions; a page on The Boy Photographer; a page devoted to the Belgian Hare, and one on Boys in Games and Sport; with space devoted to The Boy Naturalist and scores of items in addition of interest to boys. The paper is inspiring and entertaining even for grown persons and meets the boy's wants exactly. Over 100 illustrations. $1.00 a year. Sprague Publishing Company, Publishers, Detroit, Mich.

The tears of Senator Teller flow on very slight provocation. He wept at St. Louis in 1896, and the moisture took possession of his eyes at Kansas City last month. If the Senator will take the pains to investigate conditions in his own State he will ascertain that a great many of the men who have been following him have dried their eyes and returned to the Republican fold.

Mr. James R. Keene, the Wall street bear, is in England and engaged in telling the newspaper reporters over there that the prosperity on this side of the water is not genuine. Mr. Keene makes his money when the country is financially depressed and his wishes usually take a paternal interest in his published thoughts.

The Democratic plea that the 16 to 1 plank was inserted in the Kansas City platform to fool the Populists is not calculated to inspire confidence on the part of the other voters. A party that practices deception upon one class of voters will not hesitate to enlarge its field in that particular line.

Boston Theatres.

THE TREMONT.

The production of such plays as "The Dairy Farm," with the first presentation of which in Boston the regular season at the Tremont Theatre will be opened next Monday evening, should go far towards dispelling the miasma of vulgar French dramas that has pervaded the American stage during several years past. Miss Merron's work comes like a draught of pure, fresh air amidst the noxious vapors of a swamp, sweet, refreshing and invigorating. It has a love story, to be sure, but it is absolutely free, in theme, situation, episode and dialogue, from the least taint of suggestiveness, and the plot, instead of depending, as do most recent rural dramas, upon the sorrows of a wronged and persecuted girl, has its basis in a contest between right and wrong, as typified by an upright, liberal and deservedly popular man, and a wealthy old miser of dubious antecedents and detestable practices. The play has received the brightest endorsement in every city in which it has been presented, and it is a very unusual occurrence that a performance is given without the presence of several clergymen. During the long run in New York, many letters of approval were received by the authoress from prominent clergymen in that city. Such plays as 'The Dairy Farm' must needs discriminate and eventually gain the sympathy and co-operation of the best public." With such endorsements, can the marvellous success of "The Dairy Farm" be wondered at?

They Struck It Rich.

It was a grand thing for this community that such an enterprising firm as Huntley & Co., druggists, secured the Agency for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, the wonderful remedy that has startled the world by its marvellous cures. The furor of enthusiasm over it has boomed their business, as the demand for it is immense. They give free trial bottles to sufferers, and positively guarantee it to cure Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, and all Throat and Lung Troubles. A trial proves its merit. Price 50c and $1 00.

Civil Service Examination.

By order of the Civil Service Commissioners, competitive examinations for positions within the classified service under the rules will be held at the City Hall, Woburn, 1990, as follows:

November 26, Police, Schedule B, Class 2.

November 27, Clerks, Schedule A, Classes 1 and 2.

November 27, Foremen and Inspectors of work in Street, Sewer and Water Depts., Schedule B, Classes 6 and 7.

Blank applications can be obtained by applying to the Civil Service Commissioners, State House, Boston, or to Albert P. Barrett, Secretary of the Board of Examiners for Woburn.

Applications must be filed at least 1 week before the date set for examination.

WARREN P. DUDLEY, Sect.

WINCHESTER.

The Winchester Golf Club will be busy in tournaments next month.

The labor trouble at the United Shoe Machinery Co. factory is at an end.

It was expected that the new post-office would be in working order this week.

The swimming nuisance in the Upper Mystic Lake remains unabated. It is a disgrace to the town.

In an article entitled "Park and Boulevard Assessments" the *Star* of last week made a strong point against the grumblers. The fact is Winchester has become a beautiful town only by its liberal expenditure of good money.

To Save Her Child

From frightful disfigurement Mrs. Nannie Galleger, of LaGrange, Ga., applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve to great sores on her head and face, and writes its quick cure exceeded all her hopes. It works wonders in Sores, Bruises, Skin Eruptions. Cuts, Burns, Scalds and Piles. 25c. Cure guaranteed by Huntley & Co., druggists.

General Ferdinand C. Latrobe, an old line Democrat who served as Mayor of Baltimore for seven terms, declares that McKinley and Roosevelt will carry Maryland by a handsome majority. Mr. Gorman declines to identify himself with the Bryan campaign in that State.

It will be recalled that Mr. Bryan wired his congratulations to the late Mr. Goebel upon his "election" to the Kentucky governorship. He should hasten to felicitate the North Carolina red shirts upon the disfranchisement of the negro voters of that State.

Mayor Van Wyck's ice trust dividends, according to his own sworn statement, amount to $35,000 annually. It was his brother "Gus," who is also a heavy stockholder, that drafted the anti-trust plank of the Kansas City platform.

Every Democratic editor is hard at work trying to convince his readers that the 16 to 1 plank of the Kansas City platform doesn't mean anything. But he doesn't attempt to account for Mr. Bryan's persistency in forcing its adoption.

"Elect me to the Presidency. The Senate is safely Republican, and it would be impossible for me to do any harm to the country during the next four years." Does the country want a chief executive who is compelled to make such a plea in his own behalf?

The Hon. Webster Davis' profound knowledge of military affairs has led him to pay a high compliment to the war record of the Hon. "William J. Brennings." It will be recalled that it was the Hon. Webster Davis who so graphically described the operations of the "horse dragoons" in South Africa.

STOP

It is not necessary to suffer with Headache

Stopache

Will Stop

25c. at

F. P. BROOKS'

Drugstore,

361 Main St.

A commercial achievement is far better than a Bryan theory in the bush.

The Democratic party never pointed with pride to any business measure that it ever enacted.

Some recent events have tended to take the barbed wire edges off of the word "militarism."

The chronic critics of Governor Roosevelt are unable to understand the perversity of the masses.

Chairman Jones firmly believes he has Croker and Hill under bonds to keep the peace during the campaign.

It will be an unfortunate thing for this republic if the job of saving it ever devolves upon the Democratic party.

Peru and Costa Rica have adopted the gold standard. The Coin Harveys to the south of us are experiencing hard luck.

Doubtless the Hon. Adlai E. Stevenson feels very much like using his famous ax on the Hon. Charles A. Towne.

It is not believed that Mr. Bryan will attempt to explain any of his miscarried predictions. He will simply go right ahead making new ones.

The Texas Populists complain that the Democrats steal their campaign thunder. The Kansas City platform is conclusive evidence on this point.

Governor Roosevelt is to make several speeches in Kentucky. He will give the Democratic leaders of that State an exhibition of straightforward and manly political fighting.

From the silence of the Democrats on the tariff question it would seem that they have decided to take the views of one of their former candidates and call it a local question.

The battleship Oregon will come home with a patch on her hull. This was the normal condition of the American laborer's trousers during the late Democratic administration.

The Texas Democrats are engaged in a lively internal rumpus. The "Boxer" element is bent upon making trouble, and intervention by Chairman Jones's forces may be necessary.

Bryan sees danger in our National prosperity, and those wishing to do him justice must admit that, should his opinions prevail, such a source of danger would be speedily removed.

The growth of the Southern cotton industry during the past three years is an emphatic answer to the calamity predictions of the politicians of that section.

Jerry Simpson is no longer the idol of the Kansas Populists. His candicacy for the United States Senate has been rudely jumped upon in the house of his supposed friends.

Mr. Croker may not realize it, but the young men of the country are not seeking the leadership of a man who gauges prosperity by the ruling price of English bull pups.

Chairman Jones' explanation of his connection with the Round Bale Trust is closely related to the reason of the Jersey tavern keeper who charged the late Bill Nye $1 for a sandwich.

There is a marked resumption of the Democratic sympathy for the Porto Ricans. As a sympathetic organization the Democratic is a marked success—immediately preceding an election.

If the Hon. Richard P. Bland were alive he would be outspoken in his denunciation of the efforts of the Democratic campaign managers to scuttle the financial plank of their own platform.

The Democratic orators are being instructed to use the soft pedal on the 16 to 1 plank of the Kansas City platform. Thus do they apply the scuttle policy to their own declaration of principles.

Those who vote for Bryan vote to abandon a condition more prosperous than any ever before enjoyed by any nation, for the purpose of trying a financial experiment condemned by all nations.

Of the several nominees for the Presidency, Mr. Bryan is far the wealthiest, and he made all of his money during the prosperous times brought about by the McKinley administration.

The American producers pay $200,000,000 annually to foreign ship-owners. Is there a single sound reason why this amount should not be expended so that it may find its way into American pockets?

An intelligent and careful newspaper writer declares that there are more wind mills in Nebraska than in any other State in the Union. So the Populist orators don't have things all their own way in Nebraska.

The North Carolina Democrats have again red-shirted that State. They will now turn their attention to national affairs and join Mr. Bryan in the protest against "government without the consent of the governed."

Chairman Jones declares that the Cotton Compress Trust, of which he is a stockholder and beneficiary, is authorized by the constitution. We believe the same claim was set up by the promoters of the Tammany Ice Trust.

WHAT THE TAILOR SEES.

Peculiarities of Men Being Measured For New Clothes.

"Yes, there is a time for throwing out one's chest, just as there is a time for everything else," said the tailor, as he read out one of the measurements for the customer's coat, while the latter stood before him on the little pedestal.

"Now you probably have no idea," the tailor continued, as he stretched the tape over the shoulder and down under the armpit, "what a lot of trouble is made for us by deceitful customers—I mean those who, unconsciously or otherwise, seem to think they must stand very erect to be fitted properly. I am not telling you this for your benefit, Mr. Jones, as you are always most natural in your standing."

Jones smiles, and the tailor notes that Mr. Jones' figure straightens a little.

"You see," continued the measurer, "the customer is not always frank with us, any more than the patient is always frank with telling a physician about himself. There are opportunities for deception in both cases. For instance, it very often occurs that a man with sloping shoulders comes up to be measured, and instead of allowing us to size him up as he really is, he throws himself all out of position, and there is the deuce to pay generally when it comes around trying on the garment, for he cannot always strike the same position twice, much less keep it. Some men would no more admit that their shoulders needed 'raising' or 'lifting,' as we say, than they would be ready to confess that their calves needed a little re-enforcement. Imagine what we occasionally get from a new customer—and it is incidentally true that these deceivers are the ones who do the most shifting from one tailor to another as a result of this lack of personal frankness! They are the ones who seldom get suited anywhere.

"Of course, there is an opportunity of using tact with this sort as well as in many other ways of our business. It, of course, would never do in the world for us to say to some men, 'Shall I not put a little in the shoulder, just to fill it out a bit?'

"To be sure, we can say, and with perfect sincerity, that coats are being cut this season to set squarely as possible on the shoulder, but there are men who won't stand for that sort of thing, as 'they know what they want.' At any rate, they would have us believe they know, and it is a temptation to give a man what he wants, even if one realizes there may be loss of business on account of it in the long run. But it is not always loss of business, for there are kinds of customers that are almost perpetually a loss—in wear and tear on our nerves, if not in actual work. Tailors have nerves, by the way, although they are not sometimes given credit for having any.

"It is the best all round method to give the man what we think he wants, or, at least, what we think he should have, taking down all the while with the nod of respectful and obedient understanding all that he prescribes for himself. That's a confession, sir, but one has to meet the grand bluff with the same brand once in awhile.

"This man who throws out his chest comes in many different species. One may owe us a trifle too much to be exactly on the level, and his financial dignity comes to the surface, something by way of a 'very ready help in time of present trouble.' He doesn't want us to assume any undue pressure and he needs some clothes. We can tell him as soon as he heaves in sight. But we respect him by comparison with the vainglorious ones who twist themselves out of shape. We get the first of the trouble when he is on the stand, and it shows up when he tries on the coat. When up before the three sided reflector he usually expands the limit, and the cutter may have to tell him to 'stand perfectly natural, please.' After doing the best we can, and the coat is all made up, he will find something wrong, or, perhaps, it may not crop out until his wife sees him as he is. There are so many parts that show poor fit. The shoulders may sag, the back wrinkle and, worse than all things else, the collar may sag down. The collar obviously may set in perfect position when he has his chest out and his head erect, and when he falls into his customary lag or stoop the thing doesn't hang snug—and he is back upon us with grievances."—Boston Herald.

Candid.

A bachelor farmer a little past his prime, finding himself hard up, thought the best thing he could do would be to marry a neighbor of his who was reputed to have some bawbees.

Meeting with no obstacles to his wooing he soon got married.

One of his first purchases he made with part of her money was a horse. When he brought it home he called out his wife to see it.

After admiring it she said, "Well, Sam, if it hadna been for my siller it wadna hae been here."

"Jenny," Sam replied, "if it hadna been for yer siller, ye wadna hae been here yersel!"—London Answers.

The Lily of the Valley Poisonous.

That delightfully fragrant and graceful flower, the lily of the valley, is denounced by the German papers as under its simple beauty veiling a deadly poison. It is stated that both the stalks and the flowers of this lovely plant contain prussic acid. It is extremely dangerous to put the stalks into one's mouth, as, if the sap happens to get into even the tiniest crack in the lips, it produces swelling, often accompanied with severe pain. It is also advisable not to throw the dead flowers where birds can get at them, for they often cause the death of young fowls and pigeons.

Welcome Change.

"My dear," began the extravagant young wife, "I've got several things I want to talk to you about."

"Ah, that's a relief!" exclaimed the husband.

"What is?"

"To be assured that you've got the things you want to talk about. You generally discourse upon things you need."—Philadelphia Press.

Due to Ignorance.

"He thinks he's famous."

"Well, he never was much of a man for acquiring knowledge."

"What has that to do with it?"

"Why, he probably never has consulted the dictionary and learned the difference between fame and notoriety."—Chicago Post.

Fishermen in Holland kill all fish as soon as they are landed, while French fishermen, on the contrary, allow them to die of asphyxiation.

There are no gutters in the streets of Cairo. A heavy rain consequently gives the city the aspect of Venice.

American Humor.

In his book, "America Today," William Archer reproduces the following as examples of American humor:

"On board one of the Florida steamboats, which have to be built with exceedingly light draft to get over the frequent shallows of the rivers, an Englishman accosted the captain with the remark, 'I understand, captain, that you think nothing of steaming across a meadow where there's been a heavy fall of dew.' 'Well, I don't know about that,' replied the captain, 'but it's true we have sometimes to send a man ahead with a watering pot.'

"Again, a southern colonel was conducted to the theater to see Salvini's 'Othello.' He witnessed the performance gravely and remarked at the close, 'That was a mighty good show, and I don't see but the coon did as well as any of 'em.'

"A third anecdote that charmed me was that of the man who, being invited to take a drink replied, 'No, no, I solemnly promised my dear, dead mother never to touch a drop; besides, boys, it's too early in the morning; besides, I've just had one.'"

He Came at Last.

"John," exclaimed the nervous woman, "there's a burglar in the house. I'm sure of it."

John rubbed his eyes and protested mildly that it was imagination.

"No it isn't; I heard a man down stairs."

So John took a box of matches and went down. To his surprise his wife's suspicions were correct. Seeing that he was unarmed, the burglar covered him with a revolver and became quite sociable.

"Isn't it rather late to be out of bed?" he remarked.

"A—er—a little bit," replied John.

"You're too late, anyhow, because I've dropped everything out of the window and my pals have carried it off."

"Oh, that's all right. I'd like to ask one favor of you, though."

"What is it?"

"Stay here till my wife can come down and see you. She's been looking for you every night for the past 12 years and I don't want her to be disappointed any longer."

Telegraph in Argentina.

A peculiar but very serious difficulty besets the operation of telegraph lines in the Argentine Republic. The small spider, of the variety that spins a long cobweb and floats on it in the air, is so plentiful there that the floating webs settle on the wires in enormous quantities. As soon as dew falls or a shower of rain comes up every microscopic thread becomes wet and establishes a minute leak. The effect of thousands and millions of such leaks is practically to stop the operation of the lines, and the government telegraph department, especially in Buenos Ayres, has been put to vast inconvenience by the cobwebs. A number of expedients have been tried, but to no avail. On the important line between Buenos Ayres and Rosario the effect of the spider webs is to cut down the speed of working from 300 to 400 to 30 messages an hour. The government has just determined, as a last resort, to connect the two points by an underground cable about 150 miles long.

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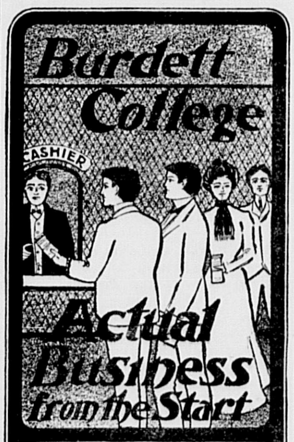
pleases all the family. Four flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts. Try it to-day.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Catalogue Free.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS:

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of Hannah Callahan, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Thomas P. Callahan of Woburn, in said County, or to some other suitable person;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth day of September, A. D., 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this ninth day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred.

W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Register.

WOMAN'S EXHIBIT.

Applications for space in the Woman's Department at the Middlesex East Fair, Sept. 26-29, should be made to Mrs. Frank E. Crafts, Pres't, Reading. Send for premium list.

LOST.

Saturday evening, August 18, CHANGE BAG containing between $80 and $100, between Woburn and Wilmington, Mass. If found, liberal reward will be paid for return to owner, S. R. McINTOSH, Wilmington, Mass.

CITY OF WOBURN.

Collector's Sale

— OF —

Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., August 15, 1900.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1898, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that said parcels of real estate will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, September 22, 1900,** at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said taxes and interest from October 15, 1898, together with costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the non-payment of which each of said estate is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

JENNIE N. EATON.—About 9,800 square feet of land, with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, being Lots 3, 4, 5 and 6, Block 27, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lot 7 in said Block; easterly by Lots 2, 23 and 24 in said Block; southerly by Dexter Ave.; westerly by Chester Ave.
Tax of 1898, 3 74

JENNIE N. EATON.—About 7,350 square feet of land, with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, being Lots 9, 10, 11, Block 18, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Dexter avenue; easterly by Baldwin avenue; southerly by Lot 12 in said Block; westerly by Lots 6 and 8 in said Block.
Tax of 1898, 68 25

JENNIE N. EATON.—About 7,350 square feet of land, with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, being Lots 3, 4 and 5, Block 16, Section A shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by a private way shown on said plan; easterly by Lot 6 in said Block; southerly by Lot 2 and 12 in said Block; westerly by Chester avenue.
Tax of 1898, 25 25

MARY DOWNEY.—About 3 acres of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land formerly of Charles Choat about 60 rods; easterly by land now or formerly of said Choat about 10 rods; Southerly by land of Merrimac Chemical Company about 61 rods; westerly by New Boston street about 6 rods.
Tax of 1898, 4 68

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes for the City of Woburn.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of and under a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Edward S. Eaton of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, to John R. Watts dated Nov. 14th, 1893, and recorded with Middlesex No. Dist. Deeds, Book 250, Page 41, will be sold at public auction on the premises on

Wednesday, the twelfth day of September, 1900,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely: Certain parcels of land situated in Wilmington in the County of Middlesex and described as follows:—Lots No. 48 to 55 inclusive in Block No. 19, Section C, as shown on the Woburn City Land and Improvement Company's Plan of land, dated Oct. 20, 1888, and recorded in Middlesex No. Dist. Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans No. 4, Plan No. 135; also Lot No. 18 in Block No. 28, Section D, as shown on said Company's plan of land dated Nov. 1, 1889, and recorded in Middlesex No. Dist. Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans No 6, Plan No. 17; also Lots 1, 2, 3, 19, 20 and 21, in Block No. 30, said Section D, excepting however from the above Lots the following Lots, namely:—Lot 18 in Block 28, said Section D; also Lots 1, 2, 3, 19, 20 and 21 in Block 30, said Section D, which have been released and will not be sold.

To be sold subject to all unpaid taxes and assessments thereon. Terms made known at time and place of sale.

JOHN R. WATTS, Mortgagee,
C. H. WELCH, Attorney,
194 Washington St., Boston.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of and under a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Edward S. Eaton of Woburn in the County of Middlesex to John R. Watts dated Jan. 8, 1895, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2334, Page 348, will be sold at public auction on the premises on

Wednesday, the twelfth day of September, 1900,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular, the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely: A certain parcel of land, situated in that part of said Woburn called North Woburn and described as follows:—Lots No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 19 in Block No. 5, Section A, as shown on the Woburn City Land and Improvement Company's Plan of lands, dated December 10th, 1888, and recorded in Middlesex So. Dist. Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans No. 59, Plan No. 2.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes and assessments thereon. Terms made known at time and place of sale.

JOHN R. WATTS, Mortgagee.
C. H. WELCH, Attorney,
194 Washington St., Boston.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of and under a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by George Raymond of Fitchburg in the County of Worcester, to John R. Watts, dated Nov. 14, 1893, and recorded with Middlesex No. Dist. Deeds, Book 250, Page 39, will be sold at public auction on the premises on

Wednesday, the twelfth day of September, 1900,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely: Certain parcels of land, situated in Wilmington in the County of Middlesex and described as follows:—Lots No. 38 to 47 inclusive in Block No. 19, Section C, as shown on the Woburn City Land and Improvement Company's Plan of land dated Oct. 20, 1888, and recorded in Middlesex No. Dist. Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans No. 4, Plan No. 135.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes and assessments thereon. Terms made known at time and place of sale.

JOHN R. WATTS, Mortgagee.
C. H. WELCH, Attorney,
194 Washington St., Boston.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Edwin W. Junkins, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for probate, by Helen P. Junkins, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving surety on her official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth day of September, A. D., 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred.

W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Regsiter.

Dr. C. H. BUSS,
DENTIST
385 Main St., WOBURN
Telephone 71-3.

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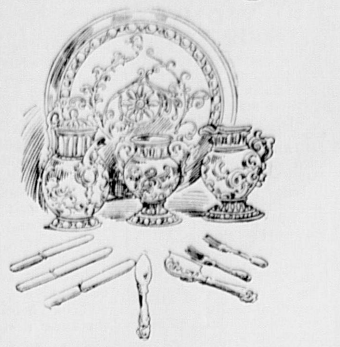

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Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of and under a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Edward S. Eaton of Boston, in the County of Suffolk, to John R. Watts, dated Nov. 29th, 1890, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Libro 2012, Fol. 337, and with Middlesex North District Deeds, Book 220, Page 506, will be sold at public auction on the premises, on

Wednesday, the twelfth day of September, 1900,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely: Certain parcels of land situated part in Woburn and part in Wilmington in the County of Middlesex and described as follows:—

The following lots situated in Section B as shown on the Woburn City Land and Improvement Company's plan of lands dated Oct. 15, 1888, and recorded in Middlesex So. Dist. Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans No. 57, Plan No. 1, namely:—Lots 5, 6 and 14 in Block No. 8, Lots 11, 12, 13, 14, 17, 23, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34 and 35 in Block 14; Lots 16, 22, 23, 24 and 32 in Block 17; Lot 12 in Block 19; Lot 7 in Block 20; Lots 18 and 19 in Block 27; Lot 13 in Block 30; Lot 18 in Block 31; Lot 12 in Block 32; Lots 5 and 6 in Block 29; Lots 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38 and 39 in Block 28; Lots 1, 2 and 3 in Block 36 being 44 lots in said Section B.

Also, the following lots in Section C as shown on said Company's plan of lands dated Oct. 20, 1888, and recorded in Mid. No. Dist. Reg. of Deeds, Book of Plans No. 4, Plan No. 135, namely:—Lots 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 21, 22, 23, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45 and 46 in Block No. 14; Lots 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 17, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43 and 44 in Block 5; Lots 15, 20 and 21 in Block 13; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 in Block 8; Lots 18, 19, 21 and 22 in Block 11; Lots 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 and 21 in Block 19, being 99 lots in said Section C.

Also, the following lots in Section D as shown on said Company's plan of land dated Nov. 1, 1889, and to be recorded in said Mid. Registry of Deeds, namely:—Lots 15 and 16 in Block 28; also, Lots 7, 8, 9 and 10 in said Block 28; Lots 6, 7, 8, 13, 14, 15 and 16 in Block 30; Lots 1, 2 and 5 in Block 29; Lots 3, 4, 15 and 16 in Block 31; Lots 1, 4, 5, 10, 11 and 12 in Block 23; Lots 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12 in Block 24; Lots 5, 6, 7, 8, 17, 18, 19 and 20 in Block 26; Lots 1, 2 and 9 in Block 25; Lots 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14 and 15 in Block 27; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 22 and 23 in Block 21; Lots 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18 in Block 20; Lots 5, 6, 12, 13, 14 and 15 in Block 19; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 23 and 24 in Block 17; Lots 6, 7, 8, 15, 16 and 17 in Block 18; Lots 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19 and 20 in Block 16; Lots 1, 2 and 3 in Block 15; Lots 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 in Block 14; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 18, 19, 24 and 25 in Block 13; Lots 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, in Block 12; Lots 10, 11, 12, 16, 17, 18 and 19 in Block 11; Lots 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 in Block 10; Lots 5, 6, 7 and 8, 15 and 16 in Block 9; Lots 9, 10, 15 and 16 in Block 7; Lots 13 and 14 in Block 6; Lots 10, 11, 12, 13, 25, 26 and 27 in Block 5; Lots 6, 7, 22 and 23 in Block 4; Lots 12 and 13 in Block 2; and Lots 13 and 14 in Block 12, being 163 lots in said Section D.

Also, the following lots in Section F as shown on said Company's plan of land dated Oct. 1, 1889, to be recoaded in said Mid. Registry of Deeds, namely: Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 7, 8, in Block 11; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 22, 23, 24, 25, in Block 16; Lots 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, in Block 17; Lots 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, in Block 19; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 17, 18, 19, 20, in Block 20; Lots 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 and 21. in Block 24; Lots, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 29, 31 and 32 in Block 32; Lots 12, 13, 14, 15. 16 and 17 in Block 35; Lots 5, 6 and 7 in Block 36, being 66 lots in said Section F. All said lots contain at least each 2450 square feet, being when regular 70 feet in length by 35 feet in width. The right to use all the streets and avenues laid out by said Company on said land as shown on said plans, for all the purposes for which streets are used is herewith conveyed, excepting however from the above lots the following lots, namely:—Lots 5, 6, 14 in Block No. 8; Lots 11, 12, 13, 14, 17, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33 and 35 in Block 14; Lots 16, 22, 23, 24, 32 in Block 17; Lot 7 in Block 20; Lots 18, 19 in Block 27; Lots 31, 32, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39 in Block 28; Lots 1, 2, 3 in Block 36, all in said Section B. Lots 4, 31, 33, 35 in Block 14; Lot 25 in Block 5; Lots 20, 21 in Block 13; Lots 6, 7 in Block 19, the above lots being in said Section C. Lots 15, 16 in Block 28; also, Lots 8, 9, 10 in said Block 28; Lots 6, 7, 8, 13, 14, 15, 16 in Block 30; Lots 1, 2, 5 in Block 29; Lots 3, 4, 15, 16 in Block 31; Lots 1, 4, 5, 10, 11, 12 in Block 23; Lots 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 in Block 24; Lots 5, 6, 7, 8, 17, 18, 19, 20 in Block 26; Lot 25 in Block 13; the above lots being in said Section D. Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 7, 8 in Block 11; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 22, 23, 24, 25 in Block 16; Lots 5, 8, 9, 10 in Block 17; Lots 9, 10, 11 in Block 32; Lots 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17 in Block 35; the above lots being in said Section F, which have been released and will not be sold

To be sold subject to all unpaid taxes and assessments thereon.

Terms made known at time and place of sale.

JOHN R. WATTS, Mortgagee.
C. H. WELCH, Attorney,
194 Washington St., Boston.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of and under a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by George Raymond of Fitchburg, in the County of Worcester, to John R. Watts, dated Nov. 17, 1890, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Lib. 2022, Fol. 221, and with Middlesex No. Dist. Deeds, Book 221, Page 419, will be sold at public auction on the premises, on

Wednesday, the twelfth day of September, 1900,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely: Certain parcels of land situated part in Woburn and part in Wilmington, in the County of Middlesex, and described as follows:—

The following lots in Section B as shown on the Woburn City Land and Improvement Company's plan of lands dated Oct. 15, 1888, and recorded in Middlesex So. Dist. Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans No. 57, Plan No. 1, namely:—Lots No. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 and 13 in Block No. 1 in said Section B. Lots No. 1, 11 and 24 in Block No. 2. Lots 18, 19, 20, 21, 34, 35, 37, 38 and 39 in Block No. 3; Lots 20, 22, 23 and 47 in Block No. 4; Lots 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 12 and 13 in Block 17; Lots 22, 23, 24, 25, 26 and 27 in Block 28; Lots 1, 2, 3 and 4 in Block 29; Lots 14, 15 and 18 in Block 32, being 42 lots in said Section B.

Also, the following Lots in Section C, as shown on said Company's plan of land dated Oct. 20, 1888, and recorded in Middlesex No. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans No. 4, Plan No. 135, namely:—Lots 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39 and 42 in Block No. 2; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 19, 20, 25, 26, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37 and 38 in Block No. 4; Lots 5, 6, 7, 11. 12, 13, 14, 15 and 16 in Block No. 9; Lots 2, 3 and 5 in Block No. 11; Lots 1, 2, 3 and 4 in Block 15; Lots 13, 14, 15 and 16 in Block 17; Lots 7, 12, 13, 16, 17, 18, 19 and 20, in Block 18; Lots 22, 23, 24, 25, 26. 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36 and 37 in Block 19, being 99 Lots in said Section C.

The following lots in Section D as shown on said Company's plan of land dated Nov. 1, 1889, and to be recorded in said Middlesex Registry of Deeds, namely:—Lots 10 and 11 in Block 2; Lots 8, 9, 20 and 21 in Block 4; Lots 6, 7, 8 and 9 in Block 5; Lots 5 and 20 in Block 6; Lots 13 and 14 in Block 7; Lots 11, 12, 13 and 14 in Block 8; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 13 and 14 in Block 9; Lots 10, 11, 12, 13, 16, 17, 18 and 19 in Block 10; Lots 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 in Block 11; Lots 1, 2, 21, 22, 23 and 24 in Block 12; Lots 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 20, 21, 26 and 27 in Block 13; Lots 9, 10, 24, 25, 26 and 27 in Block 14; Lots 8, 9, 10 and 11 in Block 15; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 26, 27 and 28 in Block 16; Lots 7, 8, 9, 10, 19, 20, 21 and 22 in Block 17; Lots 9, 10, 11, 12, 13 and 14 in Block 18; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 16 and 17 in Block 19; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 23 and 24 in Block 20; Lots 6, 7, 8, 9, 18, 19, 20 and 21 in Block 21; Lots 3, 4, 5, 11, 12 and 13 in Block 22; Lots 2 and 3 in Block 23; Lots 1, 2, 13, 14 and 15 in Block 24; Lots 6, 7 and 8 in Block 25; Lots 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15 and 16 in Block 26; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 19, 20 and 21 in Block 27; Lots 13, 14, 11, 12 and 6 in Block 28; Lot No. 3 in Block 29; Lots 4, 5, 9, 10, 17 and 18 in Block 30; Lots 1, 2, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 17 and 18 in Block 31; being 162 lots in said Section D.

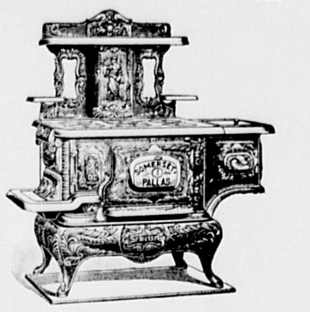
The following Lots in Section F, as shown on said Company's plan of land dated Oct. 1, 1889 and to be recorded in said Registry of Deeds namely;—Lots 7, 8 and 9 in Block 5; Lots 1, 2, 3 and 4 in Block 10; Lots 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 in Block 16; Lots 5, 6, 7 and 8 in Block 18; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 in Block 19; Lots 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15 and 16 in Block 20; Lots 1, 2 and 3 in Block 22; Lots 7, 8, 9, 10, 19, 20, 21 and 22 in Block 26; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 in Block 30; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8, 25, 26, 27 and 28 in Block 32; Lots 7, 8, 9 and 10 in Block 33; and Lots 1 and 2 in Block 36, being 66 Lots in said Section F, excepting however from the above Lots the following Lots:—Lot 39 in Block No. 3; Lot 47 in Block No. 4; Lots 6, 12, 13 in Block No. 17; said Lots being said Section B, Lots 13, 14, 11 and 12 in Block 28 said Lots being in said Section D; Lots 7, 8 and 9 in Block 5; 1, 2, 3 and 4 in Block 10; Lots 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 in Block 16; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 in Block 19; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 in Block 32, said Lots being in said Section F, which have been released and will not be sold.

To be sold subject to all unpaid taxes and assessments thereon.

Terms made known at time and place of sale.

JOHN R. WATTS, Mortgagee.
C. H. WELCH, Attorney,
194 Washington St., Boston.

THE SOMERSET PALLAS
— AND —
GLENDALE GRAND RANGES.



Two of the most thoroughly made Ranges ever on the market. Have more useful improvements than any Range made for years.

C. M. Strout & Co.
Dow's Block, 322 Main Street.

"GOT A GRIP"
on the public's confidence in selling
GROCERIES
that are FIRST CLASS, and we intend to keep it, by upright dealing and well chosen stock.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street - - WOBURN
Telephone 133-2.

TREMONT THEATRE JAS. H. WALLICK | BEGINNING AUG. 27 Mats. Wed. & Sat.
Presents The
DAIRY FARM
A Romance of Sleepy Hollow.
By Eleanor Merron.
109 NIGHTS IN NEW YORK!
130 TIMES IN CHICAGO!

We still continue to keep
SQUIRE'S BOILED HAM
— AT —
Linnell's Market
406 Main Street, Woburn
Telephone, 128-6.

To Let

At 353 Main Street, a suite of six rooms. The apartments are all light and airy and afford a beautiful outlook upon the Common, including the City Building, three Churches, the Savings Bank, and the Public Library. The building is new and finished in up-to-date style, and furnished with all modern conveniences; large closets, bath-room, &c. No coal is needed for fuel. A large gas-range of latest pattern with hot water tank supplies every facility for doing housework. This suite is exactly adapted to a small family desiring a home at once central, genteel and cosey.
Apply to O. F. BRYANT,
371 Main St., Woburn.

DOMINION LINE
Royal Mail Steamers

Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.
Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by
JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS.
Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

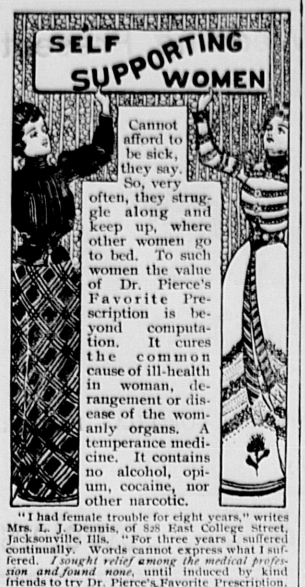
Low Rents.

HOUSE No. 650 Main Street, 8 rooms, ($12.50) twelve dollars and fifty cents per month.
Also, HOUSE, No. 16 Wyman Street, 6 rooms, ($8) eight dollars per month.
C. E. COOPER & CO.,
415 Main Street.

For Rent.

A Tenement of eight rooms at No. 9 Johnson Street, with all modern conveniences, four minutes to depot and postoffice. Rent $20 per month.
E. H. RICHARDS,
25 Fairmount Street.

Get Your Printing Done At This Office



Cannot afford to be sick, they say. So, very often, they struggle along and keep up, where other women go to bed. To such women the value of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is beyond computation. It cures the common cause of ill-health in woman, derangement or disease of the womanly organs. A temperance medicine. It contains no alcohol, opium, cocaine, nor other narcotic.

"I had female trouble for eight years," writes Mrs. L. J. Dennis, of 828 East College Street, Jacksonville, Ills. "For three years I suffered continually. Words cannot express what I suffered. *I sought relief among the medical profession and found none,* until induced by kind friends to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. When I began taking this medicine I weighed ninety-five pounds. After taking 'Favorite Prescription' I was built up until now I weigh one hundred and fifty-six pounds—more than I ever weighed before. I was so bad I would lie from day to day and long for death to come and relieve my suffering. I had internal inflammation, a disagreeable drain, bearing-down pains in the lower part of my bowels, and such distress every month, but now I never have a pain—do all my own work, and am a strong and healthy woman. Thanks to your medicine. I consider myself a living testimonial of the benefits of your 'Favorite Prescription.'"

Dr. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION

MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG And SICK WOMEN WELL.

DON'T LET THE SONG GO OUT OF YOUR LIFE.

Don't let the song go out of your life.
Though it chance sometimes to flow
In a minor strain, it will blend again
With the major tone, you know.

What though shadows rise to obscure life's skies
And hide for a time the sun;
They sooner will lift and reveal the rift
If you let the melody run.

Don't let the song go out of your life.
Though your voice may have lost its trill,
Though the tremulous note should die in the throat,
Let it sing in your spirit still.

There is never a pain that hides not some gain
And never a cup of rue
So bitter to sup but what in the cup
Lurks a measure of sweetness too.

Don't let the song go out of your life.
Ah! it never would need to go,
If with thought more true and a broader view
We looked at this life below.

Oh, why should we moan that life's springtime has flown
Or sigh for the fair summer time?
The autumn hath days filled with pæans of praise,
And the winter hath bells that chime.

Don't let the song go out of your life.
Let it ring in the soul while here,
And when you go hence it shall follow you thence
And sing on in another sphere.
—Kate R. Stiles in Boston Transcript.

THE DUEL IN THE DEEPER PIT.

A Thrilling Struggle In the Bowels of the Earth.

BY MABEL SANGERFORTH.

It came upon me like the shot of a bullet wound. The thing was impossible to refute; it was real. The nickel plated revolver was in the mildewed locker where he said I should find it.

Valpy was mad. His mania was homicide.

The net which his maniac cunning had spun around my life seemed of such malignant strength and grip that no human effort could win me clear of its toils.

For awhile I was so stunned by its discovery that Valpy's letter fluttered from my fingers to the coaly mud of the floor, and the fluttering tallow candle, with its stepping of clay, threatened to follow it. Peril of life is no great novelty to me. It was not so much the physical danger which caused my head to whirl then as the shock of the other discovery. Valpy had been my friend for more than 20 years. We had known one another in salon and steamer room, by tent and campfire. Our camaraderie had run its course with never a hitch, and now he demanded my life for an offense which could never in possibility have existed. He said in the bitter letter which he left me to read that I had alienated him from the affections of his wife. Why, the man had no wife.

This challenge of his was no sudden spasm. I saw that he had been contriving for weeks to pin me so that I must fight him. He had laid his plans with consummate skill; laid them, too, in the full sight of myself, and yet never allowed me a gleam or glimmer of his real object till the time was full and ripe for doing so.

He had found the advertisement in The Daily Courier, as it were by accident, before my very eyes, and after we had talked chaffingly about it during a lazy afternoon it was actually this that suggested his taking up this pit which was offered for lease.

"D'you know, Calvert," he had said, "I've the deuce of a good mind to follow your advice. I'm getting rather bored with wandering over the globe doing nothing. It sounds fascinating to have an occupation in life, and the idea of being a colliery proprietor is to a man of my antecedents distinctly bizarre—that is, attractive. Honestly, if this place turns out to be anything like the advertisement states I believe I'll go in for it. Will you come with me when I go to prospect?"

I had laughed and assented, and for the succeeding days he was as full of the mine as a child with its first schoolboy hobby. Our rooms were littered with plans, tables, reports and specimens. The smuggled Tauchnitz novels had disappeared, the bookcase was re-enforced by technical literature of a new genus. Everything about the mine was dinned into my ears about 20 times a day. It was in the neighborhood of a shallow seam of coal recently worked out. The shaft penetrated lower than this and was known as the deeper pit. For years it had been unworked, flooded. Now the water had drained away of its own accord—as mine water does once in a thousand times—and the workings were ready for the collier's pick. The royalties surrounding the original workings could be obtained readily and cheaply. Altogether it was a most desirable property to secure.

So the rusted engine on the pit bank was cleaned, a wire rope rove over the sheave in the derrick and the heavy iron cage bent to its end. On a day appointed Valpy and I came to Bromlope to make the descent.

There is a slight feeling of exultation when one drops down the shaft through which living man has not penetrated the entrails of this planet for over 16 years, and this feeling exhilarates. The cage descended slowly, screaming and grating along the rusted guide iron, and in a matter of many minutes landed us on a platform of ebony bog left by the receding waters.

With our candles thrust out at shoulder height we stepped off the floor of the cage, plodding heavily through the mud. The gallery was low enough to make us crouch our heads. The air was chill and moist. Presently we came to a small oblong cavern which formerly had been the colliers' drawing room and eating chamber. Valpy went in first, asking me to remain in the gallery.

Presently he called that I should come to him.

"Look here, old man," he said, thrusting a roll of foolscap into my fingers, "have another turn at geography. Make sure how you stand, and then we can move more comfortably. I'll just go out and see if the narrow gallery which runs around the back of this is still sound or whether it has fallen in."

He went through the doorway, and after the yellow beam of his candle had been swamped in the darkness I could still hear the faint splashing of his feet in the semiliquid mud. Then I stuck my candle by its clay socket against the wall and carelessly unrolled the crisp paper and flattened it out.

So confident had I been that it was merely a map of the mine which had been handed to me that it caused me a preliminary shock to find that it was instead a note scribbled in blue pencil. As I conned through the hair tickled on my scalp.

Valpy accused me of tampering with the love of this imaginary wife of his, setting forth this indictment with detail and circumstance. He called to my memory the fact that our engineman on the pit bank had returned to his home and had been ordered not to rewind us to the surface for eight more hours. Then he challenged me to fight him to the death. Previous to my entrance into the room he had placed a revolver and cartridges in the locker opposite the door. He himself possessed an armament similar in all respects.

Furthermore, he had observed that our watches coincided. So I should be able to know when he made it exactly 10:30. Up to that time there was a truce between us. The moment it passed he gave me his most sacred word of honor he should set about endeavoring to slay me.

Some people, reading so strange a screed under such strange circumstances, might have scented the practical joke and endeavored to treat the matter as such. I knew Valpy too well. He was always an earnest sort of man, and the letter was pious to a degree. By some cerebral lesion he had lost his mind, and as with other mad creatures his first wrath rose against his stanchest friend. If the chance came to him, he would shoot me down like a beast.

Now, as I have said, the first shock stunned me, but the habits of a life spent for the greater part in wild places soon made themselves felt. My own self preservation clamored to be thought about. I glanced at my watch. There were left to me four minutes' grace. Then the truce would come to an end, and I might expect war to open at any moment.

Next I blew out the candle flame. Everything seemed to point to this as a necessity. Then when the cold darkness had closed down I nipped the smelling wick and slipped the candle into a pocket. It might be wanted again. I most sincerely hoped it would be wanted, because at that stage of the affair I had but one idea in my mind. I must come upon Valpy suddenly and disarm him. The rest would be simple. I was by far his superior in point of bodily strength. First, however, he must be found, and that, moreover, without letting him know he was being sought for until we came to hand grips. In other words, he must be stalked. This seemed plain enough.

But as I went out of the door into the gallery a sense of the difficulties of my position began to grow upon me at once. There were two ways to turn, up and down. From the farther side other galleries led off at right angles. I knew from the maps and plans the coal seam round the foot of the shaft was burrowed until the reticulations, if measured end to end, would make a line of tunnel many miles in length. Of course there would be stoppages at all places where the roof had caved, but these points were unknown to me. Valpy and I descended the pit mainly to find how frequently they existed.

Thinking of these things, I listened intently. In that black silence the only sound which fell upon the ear was the distant rivulet of water trickling from a pool below.

"Half past 10, Calvert. I see you have put out your candle, so we begin on entirely even terms. I need hardly recommend you to do your best to kill me, because if you fail as sure as God can see us even through all this great roof of rock so surely will I satisfy my honor with your life."

The voice seemed to come from close to my elbow. On the first tone I began moving toward it, using infinite care to stalk noiselessly. Yet the voice receded before me like an ignis fatuus, if one may use such a word in reference to sound, and I saw that Valpy had anticipated the maneuver and was in equal paced retreat. His original distance I could not guess, because the tunnels acted like a speaking tube and carried sounds with little diminution of volume.

I traveled on thus for quite 200 yards with every muscle ready to spring, every nerve at highest tension. Then I stopped to listen. At first it appeared that the silence around was absolute, but as my ear strained to even further refinements it seemed to me that I caught ever and anon the faint hush of breathing. Then, not very far away, a splinter of stone dislodged from roof or wall fell with a falsetto splash to the slime of the roadway and what had before been a suspicion became a certainty.

Valpy had rounded my flank and was now stalking me.

Let it be confessed that my first thought was for flight. My next, however, pointed out that he was playing my game. If he came upon me in the dark, I might be able to master him before he was able to use his weapon. With him once in my grip I should be content. The gallery there was a good six feet in height, and I leaned against the cold, slime covered wall with hands half raised. You can guess how keenly I listened for any small sounds speaking of his advance, but not the faintest whisper came to me. In our many wanderings Valpy and I often stalked big game together, and I remembered, with a grim smile, how well he had earned the title of "Cat" which had once been admiringly bestowed upon him by a Bengal shikari. Here he was stalking me now through slush which to another man's movements would have been noisy with squelchings and splashes, and yet, though I felt that he was advancing—yes, and following my spoor with his finger tips in each footstep—the deep earth silence was never intruded upon.

Mrs. Pinkham

The one thing that qualifies a person to give advice on any subject is experience — experience creates knowledge.

No other person has so wide an experience with female ills nor such a record of success as Mrs. Pinkham has had.

Over a hundred thousand cases come before her each year. Some personally, others by mail. And this has been going on for 20 years, day after day and day after day.

Twenty years of constant success — think of the knowledge thus gained! Surely women are wise in seeking advice from a woman with such an experience, especially when it is free.

If you are ill get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once—then write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

Suspense in many of its lurid shapes had been shown to me before, but the agony of that wait for the madman is one of the deepest scars on my memory.

Always far sharper than my own and now more tartly stung by insanity, his animal senses showed him my whereabouts first, and he raised the muzzle of the revolver and pulled the trigger.

The sum of what my dazed eyes saw was Valpy's smudged white face and the pistol in a dazzling halo of flame. The bullet struck the wall beneath my left armpit, bringing down a small avalanche of shale.

I had no thought of returning his fire. Indeed, my revolver was in my pocket, still unloaded, but I leaped forward, endeavoring to grapple with him before he could get another shot. Doubling like an eel in the utter darkness, he left a side pocket of his coat in my hand and fled, giving parting shots behind him till he had emptied his revolver. The lead brought down great sheets of stone from the roof and sides till I thought that the whole stratum must have collapsed about our ears. Still no shot touched me, and I crashed on at his heels. But Valpy ran like a deer and distanced me, and at length I slowed down, with hands and arms bleeding from contact with the rocky walls, and I heard Valpy slack his pace at the same time and heard also the tinkle of the empty shells as he ejected them and reloaded his revolver.

My original feeling toward my companion had been one of compassion. This was beginning to give way now, and wild anger was coming in its place. What had I done that my life should be so savagely attacked?

The breech of his revolver closed with a vicious snap, and I heard him cock the hammer. Then he halted, waiting for me. I halted too. To advance upon him would be a demand for instant death. As a general thing he was but an indifferent shot, but now I knew instinctively that he would not fire until the muzzle of his weapon rested against my breast.

He advanced again. I retreated, keeping pace with him. We were both too excited by this time to pay heed about treading delicately. Underneath were L rails, and on these our boots slid and clanked. The darkness was profound, and as I ran I steered by trailing raw finger tips along the ragged walls. The plan of the mine was fixed pretty securely in my head, and twice I turned corners at right angles, hoping that the double would cause him to miss me. He did nothing of the kind, hanging like a dog on the track, and the third time I tried it he laughed loud in derision.

I was hot enough with exertion, heaven knows, but that laugh chilled me to the bone. The particular horror of it was something I could not describe, a something I would wish only my most hateful enemy to experience.

So Valpy hunted me on through the network of the colliery, till a thing happened which brought me to bay whether I wished it or no. The ground rose beneath my feet, and for awhile the roof rose too. Then the roof dropped again and the floor slanted up to meet it. There had been a fall of rock. The gallery was barred effectually. The madman was not a dozen yards from my heels.

I turned then, like a cornered animal, to fight desperately for life. At my feet were jagged masses of newly fallen shale. As if by instinct they found their way into my clutch, and with them I opened a furious bombardment of defense.

The roof of the gallery was rotten and crumbling, and where my missiles, vaguely aimed in the darkness, crashed against it great masses detached themselves and fell into the slime of the roadway. Why merciful Providence prevented me from building myself into a living grave there I cannot think, but I had the chance in my mind with every splinter of rock that I hurled and in my savage fury cared not, so that Valpy might be smothered by the avalanche which walled in myself. Far above all that infernal turmoil of crashing stone his pistol shots rang out shrill and clear till the thick air grew biting with powder smoke, and once more the chambers of his weapon were empty. Then, with a final discharge of missiles to herald my coming, I charged furiously at him, and he in turn fled away down the gallery.

No longer did I remember that once he had been my friend, that his mind was unhinged and that his state demanded all forbearance. He was my most mortal enemy, the object of my most blind and deadly hate, and had I laid hands upon him then I should have ripped the warm life from within him with willing fingers. Taking the revolver from my pocket, I slipped cartridges into the chambers as I ran. His last bullet had scored my side like the sear of a redhot iron. With gnashing teeth I lusted to smash my fist into the center of his face. Valpy might have been mad all along, but at that moment I was no less a maniac than he.

Then of a sudden the scene changed. The noise of pattering feet in front of me abruptly ceased. There was a heavy splash, a bubbling cry and silence.

I halted and listened. No sound came to me through the black gloom save only for the muffled lapping of tiny waves.

Then the noise of a heavy surge echoed down the gallery, and with it came a strangled voice which cried, "Help, for God's sake, help, Calvert!"

The voice was drowned in gurglings and splashings, and again an earth silence snapped down, amid which I could hear my own breathing and those faint snappings of water.

A great revulsion of feeling spread over me like a cold douche. Valpy, mad or sane, was drowning in some dreadful unseen tank, which drained the water of the mine. He could not swim a stroke. If I did not rush then to save him he would die horribly. My fierce enmity withered and vanished within me. I remembered only the friendship of 20 years.

I strode forward again, stepped over some invisible brink and sank deeply into water so cold that I emerged from it breathless and gasping. At the same moment Valpy rose again to the surface, almost noiselessly, well nigh lifeless. My fingers slid out and twined themselves in his hair. Slipping beneath him I swam for the pair of us, and in that awful darkness may have swum in anything but a straight line. I was tired, faint, bruised, and the deadly chill of the water was paralyzing. I must have gone light headed then, for a horror seized me that I was on some vast under lake, with shores leagues apart.

I swam on for what seemed hours—months—years, consciousness dimming with every stroke, and when at last I did touch a shelving beach the last glimmer of sentient life within me died away.

Half in, half out of that foul tank's broth we lay together, the pair of us, for how many hours I cannot tell, and when the man on the pit bank above, growing alarmed at our nonappearance, formed a rescue party they found us still devoid of consciousness.

When we were brought to blessed consciousness once more, bruised, bleeding, filthy beyond recognition, a doctor took us both in hand, and through his skill I was but little worse for the adventure. But Valpy's case was different. He woke into a raging brain fever, and the doctor said that the disease must have smoldered in his system for weeks to permit its arriving at such a sudden and violent head.

Eventually my poor chum recovered, though only after a long and tedious convalescence; but he knew nothing of that awful duel he forced upon me in the black abyss of the Deeper Pit, and to this day I have never told him. —Boston Journal.

A Roman Fortune Teller.

A fortune teller of a lower order, who lives in a dirty and obscure house, is constantly applied to by jealous lovers. A girl who has a hated rival sends the latter, under the veil of friendship, to consult the fortune teller, who is prepared beforehand to frighten her from her pursuit of the man she loves. While the hag mixes the cards and the girl watches, three knocks are heard at the door.

"That is a bad sign," says the witch. "It means that you are not beloved."

The fortune teller continues to lay the cards several times, but always with a bad result. The girl is told that the man she loves has no intention of marrying her and is advised to have recourse to all sorts of magic, for which she pays a considerable sum. The rival who has sent her also pays the witch, who thus earns a double fee. The objects sold by the witch as charms are many and various. One is a bit of rag, another is a purse containing salt, a bit of hay, some barley and some nails. These charms are said to lose their power after a month or two, when they must be replaced.—Chambers' Journal.

Grand People In London In 1806.

"I came to town on Wednesday, and intended to go to the Ancient Music, made a Bungle about my Ticket, it was too late to get it. The Drawing Room was the object yesterday, they made a mistake in my Dress, it was not deep enough for my Mourning, and the glass of my Sedan Chair was not mended; looked at my Lodgings, found them Abominable. I walked all over the Town till I was Lord, how tired! Looked in upon the Dutchess of Gordon while she took off her Hoop to Dine with the Bedfords."

This was Jane, duchess of Gordon, who rode down the High street of Edinburgh on a pig's back in the days of her wild girlhood and raised recruits for the new highland regiment when other means had failed by allowing each man to take the shilling from between her lips. Hoops were de rigueur for court dress until the days of George IV, although in private life the ladies' skirts had been growing more and more scanty since the days of the French revolution.—From "John Hookham Frere and His Friends," by Gabrielle Festing.

Never say die. Expire sounds much better.—Chicago News.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IX, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, AUG. 26.

Text of the Lesson, John x, 1-16. Memory Verses, 9-11—Golden Text, John x, 11—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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1-6. The parable of the Good Shepherd. He begins with one of His 25 double verilys in this gospel. It is literally amen, amen, reminding us that He is the Amen, the faithful and true witness (Rev. iii, 14; Isa. lxv, 16). His "I say unto you" is equal to the "Thus saith the Lord," which the Spirit uses so many hundreds of times in the Old Testament, for the Lord God of the holy prophets is none other than the Lord Jesus Christ of the New Testament (Rev. xxii, 6, 16). He contrasts the true shepherd with the false shepherds, who are only thieves and robbers. In Jer. xxiii, 1, 2; Ezek. xxxiv, 1-10, and Zech. xi, 17, we have some strong words against the false shepherds or pastors who care more for themselves than for their flocks. Paul describes them in Phil. ii, 21, as "Seeking their own, not the things which are Jesus Christ's." We are not to seek honor from men, nor great things for ourselves, but only that He may be magnified in us (John v, 44; Jer. xlv, 5; Phil. i, 20). A believer is a person on earth for God, redeemed by a great price that he may live unto God (I Pet. i, 18, 19; II Cor. v, 15). In the tabernacle there was but one entrance, and that was by the altar where the blood was shed; but then, as now, there were many who did not like the blood, though God had taught and said that it was the only way (Gen. iii, 21; Lev. xvii, 11). Those who attempt to obtain God's gifts in any way but His way are thieves and robbers. Having obtained redemption by His blood, we are then to be careful to follow, but not run before Him; this we will do only as we listen attentively to His voice.

7, 8. There is no way to the Father and no way to know the Father but through the Lord Jesus (John xiv, 6; i, 8; Math. xi, 27). When He says "All that ever came before Me are thieves and robbers," He did not mean all who came before Him in point of time, as Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, etc., but the words "before Me" have evidently the same meaning as "before Me" in Ex. xx, 3, and those referred to are such as are described in Jer. xxiii, 21, 32; Acts xx, 9; I John iv, 3; II John, 7.

9. He is the sacrifice, and He is the door, and He is the Shepherd. Every type and symbol has its fulfillment in Him, and He is the substance of every shadow. How grand is the assurance that "any man" may enter in by Him! Compare "Him that cometh" and "whosoever" in John vi, 37; iii, 16; Rev. xxii, 17. But notice that to be saved one must "enter in," as truly as Noah and his family and the creatures entered into the ark. Safety is found only "in Christ," but being in Him, it is impossible then to perish (verses 28, 29), and the whole daily life, described both here and in Ps. cxxi, 8, as "going in and out," will be a life of "abiding satisfied" (Prov. xix, 23), because of the good pasture, even Himself (John vi, 57).

10. There is the destroyer and the life giver, the adversary and the Saviour, the antichrist and the Christ—both are seen in Cain and Abel, and in all men ever since, for every man is either with Christ or against Him (Luke xi, 23). As there must be the entering in to be saved, there must be the possession of Christ to have life. "As many as received Him." "He that hath the Son" (John i, 12; I John v, 12). Every saved soul has life, and with this many are satisfied, but the Lord is not satisfied, for He came to give life more abundantly. Sick people, however sick they may be, have life, but it is very unusual to find a sick person willing to remain so.

11, 14. "I am the Good Shepherd." He is also the Great Shepherd and the Chief Shepherd (Heb. xiii, 20; I Pet. v, 4). As the Good Shepherd He provides life for us by laying down His life. He laid it down voluntarily; no one took it from Him; and He took it again, for He had power to do so (verses 17, 18). He was delivered for our offenses and raised again for our justification, and by faith in Him we are justified and have peace with God (Rom. iv, 25; v, 1). As the Great Shepherd He works in us the things that are pleasing to God. And as the Chief Shepherd He will reward us with the crown or crowns which He may give us at His coming (Luke xiv, 14; Rev. xxii, 12).

12, 13. He who is only an hireling careth not for the sheep, but only for himself, his own safety and his own comfort. The hireling is one who has not upon his heart the interests of his master, but only that which he can get from the master whom he appears to be serving, for service too often but poorly rendered. Not such was David when he rescued part of his flock from a lion and a bear (I Sam. xvii, 34, 35). Our Lord Jesus never lived to please Himself, nor to seek His own will, nor His own glory (Rom. xv, 3; John vi, 38; viii; 50). His life was to do the will of the Father who sent Him.

15. The Father and He were perfectly one and knew and understood each other thoroughly. He testified that He did always those things that were pleasing to the Father, and the Father said of Him, "This is My Beloved Son in whom I am well pleased" (John viii, 29; Math. iii, 17; xvii, 5). As the Father loves Him, so He loves us, and He would have us abide in His love, manifesting it by a willingness to lay down our lives for others as He laid down His life for us (John xv, 9; I John iii, 16).

16. "Them also I must bring." Those other sheep not of Israel, but gathered out of all nations, who are to reign with Him (Rev. v, 9, 10). He says He must bring them, for every purpose of the Lord shall be performed, and these called out ones shall be a glorious church, without spot or wrinkle or any such thing (Eph. v, 27), and Israel shall be all righteous (Isa. lx, 21). Then there shall be not only one nation in the land with one king over all (Ezek. xxxvii, 22), but under the united government of the heavenly and earthly bodies, the church and Israel, there shall indeed be one fold and one Shepherd, and all the earth filled with His glory. He invites all His redeemed ones to share with Him the honor of gathering out these other sheep by giving to all nations and to every creature as quickly as possible the knowledge of His salvation, which is so freely given to all who will receive Him. If Christians had the same zeal for the kingdom that loyal soldiers have for their country, how soon it might be done!

DEMAND THE OLD RELIABLE
FRAZER
THIS IS JUST WHAT I SHALL DO AFTER THIS
MY FRIEND! YOU SHOULD USE FRAZER AXLE GREASE
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GREASED THE TRACK

THEN THEY LOOTED THE FREIGHT CARS WITH EASE.

A Train Robbing Scheme That Is Said to Have Originated In France and to Have Created Much Mystery Until It Was Laid Bare.

The scheme of greasing railroad tracks to slow up a train is due to an old Frenchwoman, who saw with regret her son's income as a train robber running down. "I can't board those fast through freight trains," he complained, in excuse; and his confederates, who were his sons, backed him up in it.

"Then grease the track," retorted the indomitable old lady, "and don't stand there ha-ha-ing like so many sillies. Try it, and you will find out who is silly, you or your old mother!" The boys called it "grandma's idea," but they tried it. For months after the date of this conversation the freight department officials of the Paris, Lyons and Midi Railway company continued to be mystified over the unaccountable loss of valuable merchandise from the fast freight train that had been their pride and boast. The packages simply disappeared.

Detectives pursued clews in vain. The traps laid for the robbers caught nobody, and the robberies grew more and more audacious. They sealed the cars on their departure. The cars arrived at their destination with the seals intact. The cars were specially watched from the moment of their loading and sealing until the moment of departure. At every station trusted employees examined them and stood by them until the train started off again. They discovered nothing. The chef de train—an honest man—offered to resign. The story got into the papers, and a wonder mongering philosopher of the type of M. Flammarion wrote articles about it, bringing in a fourth dimension of space, "cracks in the universe," and the innate perversity of inanimate objects.

One day a trackwalker happened to observe along the line between Savigny and Juvisy-sur-Orges a scattered row of white sugar coated cough drops, extending from the middle of the track to where they lost themselves in a mass of shrubbery at the side. Following them as Hop o' My Thumb followed the white pebbles, he found them leading to the roadway, across it, into a field, and there the clew gave out. Evidently some one had carried a bag of cough drops over that route, a bag with a hole in it, through which the cough drops fell and scattered.

The indication was precious, because there was precisely a bag of sugar coated cough drops among the merchandise that disappeared the night before from the fast through freight train. Reporting the incident, a careful search was made of everything in the vicinity, and, much to the astonishment of the detectives, the tracks were found to be thickly smeared with lard. Smeared with lard! Lard! Why, of course, it flashed on them immediately that some one must have put that lard there. Why? That was the mystery, and they pondered over it three days. Then one of the detectives had a great thought, "Let us lie in watch around that neighborhood, and perhaps something will turn up."

That night as the detectives of the Paris, Lyons and Midi Railway company were lying hidden by the track they perceived dark shadows moving toward them. Three men, a boy and two women came up and began mysterious operations. They carried buckets and worked kneeling down along the track. They were greasing the rails again. The detectives allowed them to work on in peace till all was finished. They remained in hiding while the mysterious track greasers, all but one man, hurried down the line in the direction of Paris. They waited. The moments seemed long. At last, however, the rumbling of an approaching train was heard. It was the fast through freight.

The freight train was coming down upon them at the rate of 30 miles an hour. When it struck the grease, they could see it slide along for quite a distance, then slow up to a remarkable degree. It almost stopped. Away ahead the locomotive puffed and labored. Did the engineer and fireman feel the slacking up? It seems not. The train labored on awhile yet till the puffing locomotive had dragged it clear of the last greased rails and then resumed its former speed. But the detectives, always watching, saw the whole trick and admired its ingenuity. A freight car door was open, and some one inside was throwing out all kinds of packages, while the family picked them up along the track. From the top of the freight car, just beside the door, there hung and swung a kind of rope ladder. They saw the man inside the car, when he had finished throwing packages, come out and support himself on the ladder. They saw him slide shut the freight car door, seal it again, climb the ladder, unfasten it, throw it off and then jump off himself just as the train was getting up its speed again. The trick was discovered.

There was nothing left but to arrest the robbers. Caught with their booty in their hands, they made a full confession. "It was grandma's idea," the ungrateful young men clamored. All the same they could not prove it. And grandma, when they came down upon the house, was found in bed, as innocent as any little child. "Why, what naughty boys," she said, "to try to drag their poor old grandmother into their troubles." The family got various terms of imprisonment, excepting the old lady, against whom there was no proof.—Exchange.

An Unexplainable Fact.

"The old superstition," said a leading physician, "that when death lays his hand on us our bodily health is made perfect has now been substantiated by the most advanced medical science. People dying of paralysis and bodily ailments which have kept them confined to their couches for years and palsied their limbs so that movement was impossible regain all their physical strength just as they cross the borderland. No; we can't explain why. All we know is such is the case."

Wanted to Remain Popular.

"I have only one request to make before I go," said the prominent Kansan on his deathbed, "and that is that my real friends will shoot the man who, after I am gone, starts a movement to erect a statue of me by popular subscription. I am supposed to be popular, and after I am gone I don't want that idea broken."—Wichita Eagle.

His Dream.

Hogan—Do you believe in dreams, Mike?

Dugan—Faith, an I do! Last night I dhreamed I was awake, an in the mornin me dhream kem thrue.

GETTING AN INTERVIEW.

How a Wide Awake Correspondent Outwitted a Senator.

"I am one of the few reporters who ever succeeded in getting an interview out of Senator ——," said an old newspaper man, naming a well known western politician, "and I secured mine under very peculiar circumstances. I was working on a certain big newspaper up in the northeast when the senator came to town, and the editor in chief himself instructed me to get a talk out of him on the financial situation. I was a new man, anxious to please, and I determined to bring in that story or perish in the attempt. I knew the senator was averse to talking, so I didn't send up my card, but waylaid him in the corridor of his hotel, and he turned me down with a jolt that jarred my very soul. The 'No, sir!' that snapped out of that thin lipped, square cut mouth of his was as chilly as a ladle of liquid air, and I realized fully that I was 'up against it,' as the saying goes.

"My next move was to get a prominent local politician to introduce me and say a good word in my behalf. The senator cut him short. 'I've already given this young man my answer,' he said, 'and I'd thank him not to molest me any further.' That was certainly discouraging, but I didn't give up. The senator was leaving for Washington that night, and I learned that he was going to spend the afternoon visiting a relative who lived at a small village about 30 miles from town. As a forlorn hope I got on the train and went along. When we reached the village, he caught sight of me and favored me with a scowl of mingled wrath and astonishment. Then he hurried away, and I put in several hours cooling my heels at the corner grocery. I had to admit that the outlook was disheartening.

"The return train was an accommodation and was due to arrive in the city in time to connect with the Washington limited. When we were within ten miles of home, and I had practically given up the chase, the ramshackle engine ran off the track and the conductor announced that we might be stuck there all night. We were on a desolate, unsettled prairie, but when the train came to a standstill I noticed a countryman driving an old spring wagon along a nearby dirt road, and on the impulse of the moment I rushed over and chartered the outfit for $10 to take me to town. I was on the seat, in possession, before the passengers had recovered from their surprise and the first man to reach me was the senator.

"'Where are you going?' he asked.

"'To the city,' I replied.

"'Well, I want you to take me along,' said he, beginning to climb in.

"'Sorry,' said I, 'but I can't do it.'

"'Oh, hang it all!' he exclaimed, excitedly. 'I've got to catch that train! How much do you want to carry me to the city?'

"'What about that interview?' I asked.

"Luckily for me, the senator had some sense of humor, and he smiled grimly. 'All right,' he said, getting in. 'Drive like thunder and fire away with your questions.'

"I had what I wanted to ask pretty well shaped up in my mind and began immediately. He answered freely enough until I came to the attitude of the New York gold Democrats.

"'That's a subject upon which I've determined not to express myself,' he said testily.

"'Very well,' said I. 'Whoa, there, Dobbin!' and I stopped the team.

"'What are you going to do?' he inquired.

"'I'm going to give you an opportunity to reconsider,' I replied.

"'But, great Scott, man, I'll miss my train!' he almost shouted.

"'That's your lookout,' I returned calmly. 'I agreed to take you along on the express condition that you give me an interview on the financial situation, and the question I asked is essential to the interview.'

"I was considerably the biggest man physically or I think we would have had war then and there. As it was, the senator swore softly for a few moments and then gave me my answer. I immediately whipped up the team, and we had no further trouble. I got a first class talk and landed my passenger at the depot a quarter of an hour ahead of traintime. We parted good friends, and when we met again, a year or so later, he shook hands cordially. 'Done anything more in the highway robbery line?' he asked."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Nerves and Eye Strain.

T. E. Satterthwaite relates in The Medical Age a series of cases bearing on the relation of eye strain to epilepsy, insanity and allied conditions and makes an earnest plea for the addition of an eye specialist to the staffs of institutions devoted to the care of nervous patients. Eye strain is a frequent cause of various nervous diseases, and its relief often affords a cure when medication, rest cure, travel and other means have failed utterly. Whenever an excess of nervous expenditure is made by one organ over the normal amount which should be furnished this excess must be at the expense of other organs, which in consequence must suffer sooner or later.

His Request.

Customer—Are you the proprietor of this restaurant?

Proprietor—Yes, sir.

Customer—Then please provide me as quickly as possible with pen, ink and paper, and two decent people as witnesses.

Proprietor (in alarm)—What is the matter, sir? Would you like a doctor?

Customer—No, thank you; but I ordered my dinner 27 minutes ago, and I thought it would be advisable to make my will before I starved to death.—Ally Sloper.

One Cause For Regret.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree is accredited with the following rather smart take down of a very vain brother actor who must be nameless:

"I see you are getting on fairly well," Tree remarked.

"Fairly? I am getting on very well. I played Hamlet for the first time last night. You can see by the papers' glowing criticisms how well I got on."

"I have not read them," replied Tree quietly, "but I was there."

"Oh, you were? Well, you noticed how swimmingly everything went off. Of course I made a bungle of one part by falling into Ophelia's grave, but I think the audience even appreciated that."

"I know they did," said Tree, with a slight smile. "But they were frightfully sorry when you got out again."—London Tit-Bits.

Down and Up.

"Hello, Mike, do you find much to do now?"

"Yis. I'm jest after cuttin down a trae, and tomorrow I'll have to cut it up."—Albany Journal.

WOMEN WHO PILFER.

SHOPLIFTERS AND THEIR METHODS IN THE BIG STORES.

Why the Proprietor of One Establishment Was Taking No Chances When He Bluntly Accused One of His Customers of Stealing.

There must be an irresistible fascination in stealing for some women, for, although day after day the papers tell of arrests for this crime in the big stores of the cities, still the practice goes on, and in most cases women who are beyond the touch of want are the culprits.

One day not long ago toward the close of the afternoon a clerk in one of the large dry goods emporiums on Canal street saw, or fancied he saw, a woman at the next counter slip a bolt of silk under her cloak. She was a person of middle age, with a plain but attractive face, and her handsome attire and easy bearing indicated a well to do gentlewoman. The clerk beckoned to a nearby floorwalker, and in an excited whisper told what he had witnessed.

"You're crazy," said the floorwalker. "That lady is Mrs. ——; she's an old customer and is simply above suspicion."

"I don't care what she is," persisted the clerk. "I saw her steal that silk."

At that the proprietor happened to pass and heard the story. He is a man of much experience and habitual promptitude. "Are you absolutely certain?" he asked.

"I am, sir," replied the clerk.

The merchant sighed and walked down the aisle to where the woman was standing. "Excuse me, madam," he said quietly; "will you kindly unfasten your cloak?"

"Sir!" she exclaimed, taking a step backward and turning ghastly pale. "Throw open that cloak!" he said sternly, dropping any pretense of courtesy, but still speaking in a very low tone.

The woman's face had assumed a frightened, hypnotic stare, and she obeyed mechanically, her hands trembling so violently that she could scarcely unfasten the buttons. Under the garment was the telltale bolt of silk and a strange collection of smaller articles—a pair of stockings, three gloves, some lace, a quantity of edging, a white shawl, a roll of jet trimmings—evidently things snatched up at random as opportunity offered. As the plunder was ranged on the counter the woman hung her head and began to sob hysterically.

"Now, madam," said the merchant in a matter of fact voice, "I have just one thing to say to you: You have traded here for over 15 years to the best of my recollection, and were one of our most trusted customers. I won't charge these things to you, as is usually done in such cases, and the affair shall not be mentioned. But I must ask you never again to come into this store."

"Suppose you had found nothing under the cloak," suggested a newspaper man, who chanced to witness the incident from beginning to end; "wouldn't that have put you in a terribly awkward position?"

"Yes," admitted the merchant frankly, "but I was really taking no chances. I knew to an absolute certainty that the woman was a shoplifter before I addressed her."

"Is it a trade secret?"

"Well, it's one I don't mind explaining. I knew because she had what I call the 'shoplifter's elbow.' By long practice store pilferers acquire an extraordinary grip with the left upper arm and can hold anything with ease that is slipped against the body on that side. Their dexterity in that particular is really astonishing, and it is almost like the acquisition of a new member, but to anybody who has made a study of such legerdemain the position in which the arm is held is unmistakable. It is turned slightly outward, with the elbow against the point of the hip, and the forearm is entirely disengaged.

"The moment I got a good, square look at this woman I knew she was holding something under her cloak, and then, of course, I had no longer any hesitation about accosting her. It would never do to make a mistake, and we avoid such a thing by taking no chances. If there is the slightest room for doubt, the suspect is allowed to walk out without a word. When we detect a shoplifter, our invariable policy is to warn her from the store, the reason being that we wish to escape the necessity of watching people or of making a scene before our customers.

"We have blacklisted several dozen in New Orleans. Yes; they belong to all circles socially. I know one woman in town who would cheerfully give $1,000 if she could cross our threshold. She has importuned us repeatedly to take her off the list, but we can't do it."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Why the Cannibal Wept.

On the subject of cannibalism of the present day Theodore Koch discloses the following in his report to the international archives of ethnography: A common practice still prevalent among the South American Indians is to kill the members of one's own family who through old age or sickness have become a burden to the family. The Mayorunas still eat their old and feeble, not excepting father or children, and in the case of the sick this is regarded as an act of piety.

This traveling Æsculapius tells of meeting a baptized Indian of the tribe sobbing and asked him the cause of his tears, whereupon the Indian answered that because of his baptism his body would become the food of worms, whereas had he remained a heathen his relatives would eat his corpse, and he preferred the latter.

His Comparison.

When you eat, be careful to leave off hungry, is advice often given at the dinner table, but seldom received in an obedient spirit.

The caution was repeated not long since to a youngster of vigorous appetite.

"Pshaw!" he said. "You might as well tell me to wash my face and be careful to leave off dirty."

Potatoes.

Potatoes as a food vary in value according to the way they are cooked. Roasted they are in the best form for eating. Peasants eat potatoes together with milk and are correct in principle, as the milk furnishes the elements lacking in the tubers.

Hardened.

"How came a man of your ability and position in society ever to engage in counterfeiting?" the judge asked him.

"I wanted a light, easy way to make money at my own home, your honor," answered the prisoner.

The judge looked at him sharply and gave him the full limit of the law.—Chicago Tribune.

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THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. L. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, AUGUST 31, 1900. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 39.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect JUNE 25, 1900.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.14, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.39, 8.00, 9.10, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY–To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return,** 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.28, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.22, 7.04, 7.34, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, 8.42, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.46, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 12.00, 4.52, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.33 8.28, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, *9.30, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.28, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.28, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 8.28, 6.33, 11.11, A. M., 6.42 P. M., Saturdays only. Except Claremont.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.28, †11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, ‡6.33, 8.28, 11.11, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P.M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.28, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.28, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

*To Nashua only.
†To Franklin only.
‡Weirs only.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.21, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.16, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 4.03, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.19, 8.03, 9.33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Jan. 1, 1900, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 and 11.15 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Wakefield & Stoneham St. R'y Co.

On and after January 1, 1900, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, then *9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington, at 5.15, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.30, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.45, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m., then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 8.35, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. M. LANE, Acting Supt.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00 *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

Business Cards.

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Counsellor-at-Law and Notary,
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Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Cainan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

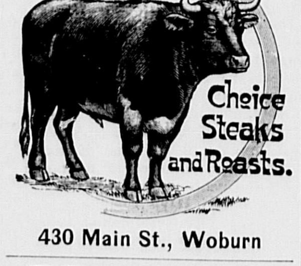
—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Business Cards.

George Durward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CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street, BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass.

TELEPHONE 6-3,
LAWRENCE READE,
Sexton of St. Charles Church.
Undertaker & Funeral Director,
241 Main St., Woburn

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
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F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

GREAT SCHEMES.

I'm going to write great poems some day;
Exactly when I will not say;
Just now some things are in the way;
I'll begin—well, a week from Tuesday.

There are pictures, too, I mean to paint;
My plans, as yet, are a little faint,
But my notions are really new and quaint,
As you'll see a week from Wednesday.

A drama great I have in mind,
As soon as I a plot can find,
Striking, original, refined,
Perhaps a week from Thursday.

I hope to form a stock concern;
Enormous dividends I'll earn,
Till coupon bonds I have "to burn,"
About a year from Friday.

Or, no; I'll just invent a toy,
Some simple gimcrack to give joy
To each enraptured girl or boy;
I'll work on that next Saturday.

I can't decide which scheme to choose;
Each idea seems too good to lose;
Meanwhile I'll take my Sunday snooze;
Tomorrow's only Monday.
—Tudor Jenks in Woman's Home Companion.

HERR ZIMMEL'S MEMENTO

The Story of a Proposal by Music.

BY ABRAHAM CAHAN.

Wagner II was so tall the front part of his ceiling was so low, and at the present moment he was in such a hurry that he often hit his head, but this didn't take much time, so he really didn't mind it. Far worse was his having to search his attic for things which he had put away so carefully that he could not find them himself. He had been two hours dressing. It was getting well on to 7 o'clock, and at the thought that he might be late and have to turn back with his composition unplayed and his love unavowed his heart sank with despair. His shirt and his collar were satisfactory, but the white four-in-hand necktie—deuce take it—gave Herr Wagner no end of trouble. He lost half an hour tying it, and the operation left it all crumpled and anything but snow white.

At last he was ready. The second-hand frock coat which he had bought in the morning for the great occasion was rather too short in the sleeves—so short, indeed, that it required constant vigilance to keep them from catching in his huge detachable cuffs. Still, the coattails were long enough, and it was the best coat Herr Wagner had ever worn in America, so he was in good spirits.

He had barely time to get to his destination, yet he sat down to his piano for a last rehearsal of his declaration. It was a declaration without words, a love message in melody. Herr Wagner was sure it would speak to her heart, that she would feel its meaning. And not only was it his message of love, but also an epitome of his great system, the grand total of his life work, the sum and substance of a new theory which was to revolutionize the world of sound. But of this later on, and at this moment it may be of some use to know that Herr Wagner's attic was on East Seventh street, that it was a fair sized trapezoid shaped room full of books, music, musical instruments and dust. He paid by the month and his dropsical landlady cleaned the room on rent day. There were plenty of furnished rooms where the sweeping was done every Saturday, but this was the only place where one was allowed to play his piano, violins, flutes or clarinets after midnight. So Herr Wagner was willing to do part of the cleaning himself.

He had lived there until he came to look upon it, sloping front wall, dust and all, as part and parcel of his genius. And truth to tell, it did become him well. As he sat fingering the keyboard, writing or pacing the floor, now and again throwing back his long light hair and half shutting his small blue eyes in a hazy, faroff gaze, the piles of dust covered books, the instruments and the sloping wall seemed to be as essential to his work as his cigarette stained fingers or his discolored clerical face.

Herr Wagner slammed the door behind him and faced a chilly November night. He had no overcoat and he shivered, but while passing the barber shop he saw through the window that it was even later than he was afraid it was, and his terror warmed him up. On and on he strode, crossing streets diagonally, on the principle, which he whispered to himself, that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points; jumping over boxes and knocking down little children, diving under horses and leaping over streams of coal, murmuring "Ach, pardon" to the animals as well as to the ladies he whisked past, running, puffing for breath, perspiring.

* * * * * * *

"Annchen, don't talk so much."

"Ach, mamma, don't you talk so much. You know I don't."

"Annchen, you can't keep a secret; you leak like a sieve."

"I leak like a sieve? That's rich! You leak like our old coffee can, mamma. You can't keep a secret half an hour, mamma."

"And you can't keep it ten minutes."

"And you two minutes."

An altercation of this kind took place nearly every day, and nearly every day each of them unburdened herself of her most private thoughts or feelings not only to the boarders, but also to some of the men who came to inquire about board.

One day Annchen had a secret which she made up her mind to keep from her mother. Well, she did not giggle, nor even smile to herself, but there must have been something which showed that she had a secret, after all, for Frau Binde was restless and every little while said:

"Won't you tell it to me, Annchen? It won't go any further, I assure you."

"But who says I have anything to tell?" Annchen would return, and as she did so she would give her mother a look which said: "I can keep a secret, can't I?"

"Do tell me what it is, Annchen, darling." "But molasses was of no avail. It took vinegar to catch the fly.

"Herr Zimmel is a good for nothing," Frau Binde once said. "He owes me two months' rent. He is a rogue."

"I don't want you to talk like that, mamma. Herr Zimmel is a gentleman," said Annchen. "I won't let you call him names in my hearing."

"Why, are you— Is he"—

"Never mind what he is. Well, he is my sweetheart. There!"

The old woman's eyes sparkled. "Did he make a formal declaration of love, a proposal of marriage?"

"That's my own affair, mamma."

"Foolish girl that you are; but I am your mother."

Annchen wilted down, and, blushing to her ears, she said:

"There is nothing to tell, after all. We love each other. He loves me and I love him—that's all."

"Well, if he loves you, it means that"—

"Of course, he never said so, but he does. I know he does."

"How does he act? What does he say? Does he call you 'my treasure'?"

"Of course he does. Besides, he kisses me and I kiss him," she added, blushing once more. "But mind you, if you ever say a word!"

"I say a word! You know how good I am at keeping secrets."

That very night when her oldest boarder came home she confided to him that her daughter was engaged.

"And who is the valiant knight whose heart Annchen has conquered?" asked the lodger.

"Oh, that's a secret," answered the old woman. And the next morning, when a talkative man called to see a room on the second floor Annchen said:

"Oh, that room! That room! My sweetheart has had it for a long time."

Herr Zimmel, a broad shouldered fellow of 28, had a big brown dog which he usually left home when he went to work. Annchen took the dog wherever she went, patted him, spoke of Herr Zimmel to him till Leo was as fond of her as he was of his master.

One gloomy morning Herr Zimmel told his landlady and her daughter that America was a bad country and that he was going back to Koenigsberg.

"I say he's a rogue! He ought to be sued for breach of promise," said Frau Binde, when she and Annchen were alone.

"Sh—sh! I won't let you say anything bad about him, mamma," retorted the girl. "Did I ever say he promised to marry me? Did he ever do anything wrong? He is a fine gentleman and—and— What do you want of me?" She burst into tears.

"But he has deceived you."

"It isn't true. He never said a word about marriage. He only kissed me because he loves me, and now he must go back to Germany."

"It's a nuisance and a great expense to take dogs across the ocean," said Herr Zimmel. "Take Leo and keep him as a memento, fraulein." He took his leave of mother and daughter in terms of the warmest friendship, heartily thanking them for their kindness and begging their forgiveness for any wrong he might have done them. He was a kind hearted, honest fellow, and his words brought tears to the eyes of both women.

On her way from the steamer Annchen kept patting Leo.

"Now we, you and I, are lonely. He has left us. Isn't it terrible? Isn't it awful to live in this world?"

Leo made no answer, but he pranced and fidgeted around in a manner which convinced Annchen that he understood her and felt exactly as she did.

Two days had passed. Annchen and Leo were sad and restless as ever. In the evening of the third day they went out for a hearty talk about Herr Zimmel. They turned into Second avenue. Annchen's eyes were full.

* * * * * * *

Herr Wagner was striding along, looking at the clocks in the stores and apologizing to the ladies he brushed aside, when suddenly he felt a tug at his coat. A big dog bounded away and, lo and behold, a fair sized piece of cloth was dangling from his Prince Albert—a ragged, triangular piece with a hole, a black hole of precisely the same size and shape over it. Herr Wagner's blood ran cold, his arms dropped to his sides. His eyes were looking for the dog, but he was a block away, capering about and barking like mad. The next moment he beheld a young woman. She was rosy cheeked, blond and fleshy.

"Ach, du lieber Gott!" she said, clasping her hands together as she looked down at the rent in his frock coat. "Leo! Leo! Whatever have you done!" The dog came dancing back and she took him in her arms. "What have you done, Leo?" she repeated, with sympathy for the low spirited dog as much as for the young man.

"It's terrible—it's simply terrible!" murmured Herr Wagner, his face as red as his bleeding heart.

"I'm very, very sorry, sir, but the dog is out of sorts. His master has left for Germany, you know."

"It's simply terrible!"

"It is not a new coat, is it?"

"What matters it? I have a very important appointment, and now I can't go there at all. It's simply terrible!"

"I could mend it for you, sir. We live over there. Oh, you naughty boy! I'll write to Herr Zimmel about it. I can mend it for you, sir."

"But it will show, and it's a very fine place I am going to. Oh, it's simply terrible!"

"It won't show a bit. Leo's master once came home with his overcoat all torn, and I mended it for him so well that nobody could see the seam."

"Yes, but what good will it do me? It will be too late to go there, anyhow."

"Ach, mein Gott!" she exclaimed, with genuine anguish. She assured him the operation would not take more than 15 minutes, and, as she spoke, her voice and her face were so full of sympathy that he could not help yielding. As he took a closer look at her he saw the trace of weeping in her eyes.

* * * * * * *

They found a bright fire in the parlor stove. A warm twilight filled the room. Herr Wagner's face was all aglow. He sat in his shirt sleeves, while Fraulein was plying her needle on his unfortunate Prince Albert.

"Excuse my coat sleeves," he said every little while.

"Ach! You [illegible] Leo's fault, not yours," she answered, carefully avoiding to look at him. "No, Leo isn't to blame either. He was so down hearted he didn't know what to do, poor creature!"

The dinner to which Herr Wagner had been invited was out of the question; it was nearly 8 o'clock. So it seemed something far away, something seen in a dream.

Frau Binde offered him a cup of coffee and a piece of cake. He tried to decline, but the room was so warm and comfortable, Frau Binde insisted so sincerely and he was so hungry that he accepted, with thanks and apologies. The old woman went back to her work. Fraulein Binde sighed again and again. So did Herr Wagner, between sips and bites. At last she said:

"Leo's master was one of our boarders."

"Was he?"

Annchen's story was not slow in coming.

Herr Wagner was interested. "Did you cry?" he asked. She nodded several times. There was a sob in her throat; she could not speak. Presently she said: "He is gone, gone, gone, and all that remains of him is Leo—dear Leo. I'll never part with him. When I look at him, I think of Herr Zimmel. I feel both sad and happy." She burst into tears once more.

"Don't cry," Herr Wagner said tenderly. "He'll come back to you, mark my word."

He began pacing the floor, and then, suddenly stopping in front of her, he said, with great agitation:

"It's something like my own case, fraulein. I am in love, fraulein. Yes, I'm in love. Every fiber is aflame in me." Annchen looked up from her sewing, completely absorbed. "It was to play my declaration to her that I was going to her father's house. She would have understood me. I know she would. Every note would have addressed itself to her heart. It is based on my theory. Richard Wagner is all the rage nowadays. Even the French, who hate us because we are better than they, even they play him. And yet, and yet—the last word has not yet been uttered. Verdi is naive. His melodies express—what do they express? Nothing! Absolutely nothing! They convey neither the character nor the sentiment of the persons. It's candy music. But Wagner fell into the opposite extreme. His music is expressive. It's art. But it's heavy, dull, indigestible. So I say, let us combine the two, let us produce operas of expressive melody, of melody which should speak for itself, unaided—nay, untrammeled, by words. What would you think of a painter who should mark his every figure, 'This is a man, and he is sad,' 'This is a dog, and it is running after a fox.' If music can't tell its own tale, let us write poems. Verdi's music is like a flower—odorous, sweet, beautiful, delightful, but without meaning. On the other hand, Wagner, in his revolt against the old school, committed another blunder. Why can't we have sweet tunes full of meaning? I am going to show humanity that it can be done. I am working on an opera without a libretto, and if it succeeds I have ideas for more, all of which are bound to produce a real revolution in the world of music. Is it not a significant coincidence that my name should be Wagner?"

Annchen said "Yes." She did not know what he was talking about, yet she laid down his coat for a minute, and running down to her mother, she said:

"That gentleman talks so nicely, mother! It's all about operas and flowers and wise things. He is a music teacher, and he's awfully smart." And without giving the old woman time to put in a word she hurried back to the parlor. A few minutes after she said:

"The song you were going to sing to your sweetheart must be awfully pretty."

Herr Wagner sat down to the old piano and hammered out his declaration.

"Wunder schoen! Wunder schoen!" she exclaimed, lifting her eyes to the ceiling.

"Well, I owe it all to myself," he said. "My father was a poor schoolteacher. I had to starve for it. I couldn't afford to engage a teacher, to go to a conservatory. I was my own conservatory. I have shown some of my music to publishers. They send it back. Some musicians envy my genius, because they are afraid of me. Others say it's pretty good, but they are a lot of liars. They only want to get rid of me. Only one man was honest. 'Look here, young man,' he said, 'there is some good stuff in you, but you need training and systematic study. I see snatches of melody in your compositions that are gems of art, but they are twisted. They might make an excellent waltz.' A waltz! He's honest, but he, too, is afraid I'll eclipse him. I don't care. I am bound to succeed. This poor body is used to privation."

His voice broke and as Annchen looked up she thought she saw tears in his eyes.

"Don't cry," she comforted him.

The next afternoon he called on them again. He played to Annchen, spoke of his operas to her, wept to her. When the shades of evening were beginning to creep into the room, and a streak of gold gleamed through the window, she heaved a deep sigh and before they knew why they threw themselves into each other's arms, and their lips clung together.

When they resumed their seats both looked at the floor. Annchen was the first to break silence.

"But you love that young lady," she said, pouting.

"But you love Leo's master," retorted Herr Wagner.

"Oh, that was only imagination. I don't care for him a bit."

"Well, my love for that lady was pure imagination. I feel it—I love you, and nobody else. Let me play my declaration to you. It is yours by right. Let me be your slave."

* * * * * * *

A year has passed. Herr Wagner is still preparing to overwhelm the musical world with his operas, but if you met him on his way to his pupils of an afternoon, you would see that his face has gained in flesh and color, and that his clothes are new and neat. Annchen, now Frau Wagner, takes good care of her husband, and her mother, who lives with them, takes care of both. She knows many people in the neighborhood, and while his own head is taken up with his future glory, she sees to it that he has lessons enough to keep them all in comfort. The two women are as confident of his ultimate success as he is, and, thanks to them, his fame is spreading far and wide, so that, instead of 25 cents a lesson, he now charges 50 cents.

By the way, the big old dog you see on the stoop is Leo. He has grown fat and somewhat lazy, but he is as true to Herr Wagner as he used to be to Herr Zimmel.—Exchange.

London Fog.

A London fog brings out hundreds of thieves, but it also brings out men who are wanted by the police. A detective told a representative of the press about two curious instances of thieves being caught in this way:

We had been on the lookout for weeks for a swindler who had stolen bonds in his possession. The inspector who had the warrant at last declared that the man must have got out of the country. But one densely foggy night the inspector happened to be in a quiet street not far from Bedford square, when a stranger, against whom he nearly ran, said:

"Can you tell me precisely where I am? I've got mixed up somehow."

"Follow me and I'll show you," said the officer. And he did show him—to the police station, for the man was the very one he had been looking for.

In another case a sergeant, in one of the thickest fogs ever known, politely helped a lady in distress near the Kensington road. The lady couldn't even recognize her own house among several all alike, and the sergeant, on her behalf, knocked at a door and was answered by a man.

The lady did not live there, but an hour or two afterward I arrested the man who had come to the door. He was a German baker, the head of a large firm, and we had been seeking him for months.

Juvenile Store Keeping.

A 6-year-old boy who had been left by his father, a village merchant, to keep an eye on the store while the father went to the postoffice to mail a letter, was standing with much dignity on a box behind the counter when another urchin of about his own age entered.

"I'm keepin store," he said loftily.

"That ain't nothin hard to do," retorted the visitor, resenting the implied superiority.

"It's more than you ever done."

"I don't have to do it. But I could."

"Huh! What do you know about the store business anyhow?"

"You talk as if a feller had to know a whole lot."

"He has got to know lots more'n you do. Say, do you know what 'B. S.' means?"

"No."

"I do. It means 6 cents. Do you know what 'O. J.' means?"

"No."

"I do. It means 18 cents. Do you know what"—

But here the senior proprietor of the establishment returned, just in time to prevent his ambitious young man of business from giving away the entire cost mark.—Youth's Companion.

What Tips Do.

A man who lives on an up town street where the houses cost from $25,000 up was surprised not long ago by seeing a man known to all New Yorkers who patronize a well known restaurant coming from a house several doors below him with an air of proprietorship. This restaurant employee stood on the sidewalk for a few moments and gazed admiringly at his house and then at its respectable neighbors. For many years he has been connected with a certain New York restaurant as an attendant, and his fees have been generous. He knew all its patrons by name, and his politeness and eagerness to render service have made him well liked. Wondering if this restaurant attendant, whom he knew only by his first name, could by any possibility have rented a house on that street, the old resident came out to satisfy his curiosity.

"Hello," he said. "What are you doing up here?"

"Good morning, Mr. Blank," said the restaurant attendant. "How do you like my new house? I have just bought it because I think that my family will like this neighborhood. You are perhaps aware that my tips have been generous for many years, and I can now afford to live in this house very easily."

His questioner had no objection to him as a neighbor, and he congratulated the restaurant attendant on his prosperity. The house had actually been bought by tips, for its owner's salary probably averaged about $15 a week.—New York Sun.

New Old Jokes.

"Is there any new joke under the sun?" asks George Augustus Sala, an English journalist and special correspondent.

"I doubt there being one very gravely," he answers and tells two anecdotes to support this skepticism.

An intelligent Greek who acted as Mr. Sala's guide while visiting Athens related to him as a modern Greek Joe Millerism the story of a lawsuit. A deaf plaintiff sued a deafer defendant before the deafest judge in all Greece. The plaintiff claimed so many hundred drachmas for rent that was due. The defendant pleaded that he never ground his corn at night. The judge in giving judgment observed: "Well, she's your mother, after all. You must keep her between you."

"When I got home I found," writes Mr. Sala, "this apparently up to date triad of ludicrous non sequiturs in a collection of ancient Greek epigrams."

There used to be told a story of Sheridan Knowles, the dramatist, who was a first rate hand at Irish bulls, meeting one of twin brothers and asking him, "Which of ye is the other?"

Mr. Sala compares this with the story of that very ancient jester, Hierocles:

"Of twins, one died. Skolastikos, meeting the survivor, asked him, 'Was it you who died or your brother?'"—Youth's Companion.

False friendship decays, is like the ivy and ruins the wall it embraces, but true friendship gives new life and animation to the object it supports.

CLERICAL JOKERS.

THE OLD SCOTCH REFORMERS HAD LARGE STREAKS OF FUN.

Incidents Which Prove Conclusively That They Were Not Gloomy and Morose and That They Did Hugely Appreciate a Good Joke.

It was the wise Bulwer who said: "When an error once gets into the world, it is astonishing how hard it is to get it out. You may beat it about the head until it seems to have given up the ghost and then the next day meet it on the street as healthy as ever." Nevertheless errors of all sorts should be clubbed at every opportunity, else how shall truth prevail?

Now, the generally received idea of the old Scotch Presbyterian clergy is that they were a gloomy and morose set, wedded to a stern routine of life, inflexibly opposed to social enjoyments, innocent of a witticism and totally incapable of practicing a practical joke. One would almost as soon suspect John Knox of swearing as of smiling or bold David Ferguson of picking pockets as of poking fun.

As a matter of fact, the old Scotch reformers were as generous in sentiment as they were firm in doctrines, as demonstrative in love as they were strict in devotion and therewithal as fond of good puns as of sound preaching. Why, John Knox himself was in private life abundantly genial and was a favorite not only with Queen Mary Stuart, in spite of the strict manner in which he kept her conscience, but with all her gay and lively maids of honor.

George Buchanan, though connected with a work and era of violent measures and harsh means, was a hearty humorist. When he was discharging the duties of preceptor to the young prince who afterward became James I of England he discovered his royal pupil's weakness in complying with every request presented to him. One day he handed two papers to the juvenile monarch which he requested him to sign. James readily signed his name to the documents without reading either or asking particularly about their contents.

In one of the papers James formally transferred the royal authority to his tutor for the term of 15 days. Buchanan now began to assume the state and importance of a sovereign. Being addressed with the usual salutation by one of the courtiers, he announced that he would expect to be addressed with more ceremony since he had obtained the dignity of the crown. The young king, who was present, began to suspect that the stern preceptor had suddenly lost his reason and asked for an explanation.

"There is the instrument," explained Buchanan, placing the document before his pupil, "by which I have received from you my sovereignty for 15 days." Buchanan improved the occasion by administering to the inexperienced monarch a suitable lecture on his habitual rashness.

In 1608 King James published his famous "Book of Sports," and, thinking to render the Presbyterian form of worship less rigid, ordered that certain of the sports therein commended should be played in the several churchyards every Sunday at the close of divine service. John Ross, a minister of Blairgowrie, adopted a novel method of withstanding the royal ordinance. He was a strong, athletic man and seemed much interested in the recreations enjoined by the monarch. Football was selected by the parishioners of Blairgowrie from the list of "Sunday games."

When the services of the church were completed, Mr. Ross appeared among his people in the churchyard and joined them in their sport. None of the assemblage kicked more eagerly at the football than did the reverend incumbent. But constant misfortune seemed to attend him. Every kick missed the ball and fell heavily on the ankles of those who stood near. Apologies were promptly tendered and, of course, received, though every Sunday many of the parishioners returned home halting. Finally it was agreed that, on account of the minister's awkwardness, the games should be abandoned. Thus the ingenious divine gained his end and prevented compliance with the obnoxious order.

It was the inflexible Dr. McCubbin who, when suffering dreadfully from toothache, advanced the witty argument that no more convincing proof could exist of the truth that man sinned and fell by eating the forbidden fruit than that the teeth, from infancy to old age, were, above all the rest of the body, the seat of the most painful disease. Nevertheless the good doctor loved good eating and, for that matter, good wine and wit as well.

On one occasion Lord Douglas invited him to dinner at Douglas castle to meet Lord Braxfield, the noted judge. Braxfield was disappointed to find there was no claret and asked his lordship if there was any in his cellar. The peer answered that there was, but that his butler had pronounced it unsound. "Let's pree't," said Braxfield. It was produced and pronounced excellent. Braxfield proposed to the distinguished doctor that, since an anathema had gone forth against this particular wine, he absolve it. "Your lordship is a good judge in civil law," replied Dr. McCubbin, "but you are not so familiar, I perceive, with the laws of the church. We never absolve till after three several appearances." The claret of the host suffered accordingly.

He Wanted Air.

Arriving one stifling hot day at his son's house, the great Dumas subsided in a chair in the garden in the hope of catching a little breeze. But none came. "Alexandre, Alexandre," he called to his son in the house, "open the windows, I beseech you, and let a little air into the garden!"

A Wedding Present.

A widower in Scotland recently proposed to and was accepted by a widow whose husband had died but a month or two previously.

To celebrate the occasion, he asked the widow's daughter what she would like for a present. She wanted nothing, she said; but being pressed to name something she replied:

"Well, if you want to spend siller, you might put up a heidstone to my father."—London Telegraph.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, AUG. 31, 1900.

☞ The visit of Col. Butler Ames to this city last week was probably due to the JOURNAL'S hint concerning the disbursement of campaign funds by his agents here. While the Colonel has a great deal of money he is careful in making investments, and a suggestion, even from an opponent, that his political blowers and strikers are misappropriating the wealth he sent down from Lowell, or, in other ways, proving unfaithful, was sufficient to induce him to act with promptness and vigor. Hence his appearance on our streets on August 23.

☞ Last Wednesday morning the Boston *Herald* published a reporter's interview with Elwyn G. Preston, Esq., Secretary of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, in which he expressed unbounded pleasure over the Hub's increase of population during the last decade. The day before the report was received from the Census Bureau Mr. Preston had set the figure at 560,000, which was written 892 of the exact number. He gave good reasons to the interviewer why Boston should feel proud of its handsome growth in the last 10 years.

☞ The Democratic apology for free silver is that it is way down toward the tail of the platform as though that were evidence that they did not mean it. If they do not mean it, they are trying to fool the country with a falsehood, knowing it to be such. If they do mean it, in the event of securing a Democratic house and Bryan's election, they will not delay in commencing to tinker with the tariff and trifle with the financial policy of the government.

☞ Bryan has a peculiar sort of logic. Before the convention he insisted and commanded that a 16 to 1 plank be inserted in the platform, saying that the re-affirmation of the Chicago platform was not sufficient. Now that nothing was said in the Kansas City platform about the income tax, he declares that the indorsement of the Chicago platform covers the question perfectly. Such trifling may be thought shrewd, but it is neither good politics nor respectable statesmanship.

☞ A Republican organization in Somerville called the Chowder Club have come out strong against the reelection of Congressman McCall of that District. The Club and their action in the matter are condemned by the Winchester *Star* which is, quite properly, a staunch supporter of Mr. McCall, whose success in convention and at the polls will not, it isn't likely, be seriously affected by the action of the Somerville C. C.

☞ Senator Patch is a candidate for County Commissioner from the 6th Middlesex District. He will have the support of the Republicans of Woburn for it was largely through his instrumentality that the city is to get its first slice of the State Highway appropriation ($5000).—*Reading Chronicle*.

And in addition to that he is a firstclass man. Likewise he will make the kind of Commissioner that the business of the Board needs.

☞ The JOURNAL is gratified to hear that James Wilson Grimes, Esq., of Reading, has made his calling and election sure so far as the Senatorship of that District is concerned. His nomination is practically assured. Staunch friends have done yeoman's service in his behalf and virtually won the race. Mr. Grimes was taken up for the Senate solely on his merits and by that token has his success been achieved.

☞ According to the census of 1900 Boston's population is just 560,892, a gain of something over 112,000 since 1890. Had Boston followed the example of New York, Chicago and some other cities and annexed everything within a dozen miles of the State House her population would now be nearly 1,000,000.

☞ Others may have a different opinion, but friend Hobbs of the Woburn JOURNAL hath said that it is conceded that the Board of County Commissioners is, in some degree, a useful one.—*Reading Chronicle*.

True, we said it, but with mental reservations.

☞ Nobody hears the least breath of objection to the reelection of Representative Roberts of Reading. He gave the best of satisfaction during his first year in the House and is fully entitled to a second. His sound business sense commends itself strongly to the voters of this District.

☞ The participation of Democrats in Republican caucuses last year will not be repeated this fall—not if Republicans know themselves, and they rather think they will about that time.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

F. N. Bank—To Let.
M. Berwin—Mort. Sale.
Mrs. Lewis—Prof. Card.
J. W. Johnson—Mort. Sale.
W. S. Foundry Co.—Wanted.
Kerwin & McLoud—Mort. Sale.

— Nellie Haskins is visiting at Milford, N. H.

— Our public schools will reopen on Sept. 10.

— There was a meeting of the City Council last evening.

— Mrs. Arthur E. Gage and children are at Waldron, Vt.

— Mrs. H. E. Lord went to Bradford yesterday for a visit.

— Agnes Clough is having a fine time at Wells Beach, Maine.

— The end of dogdays will come next Wednesday, Sept. 5.

— Officer Mulkeen will begin the School Census tomorrow, Sept. 1.

— Rev. Dr. Scudder returned from a Maine ocean resort last Tuesday.

— Mayor Davis and family returned to their home in this city last week.

— No business will be transacted at City Hall next Monday, Labor Day.

— Locke, tuner, telephone, this page.

— Have C. M. Strout & Co. put your stoves in order for winter.

— Mrs. Jennings needs more girls to meet applications for domestic help.

— A party of young Woburn ladies went to Chelsea Beach last Saturday.

— Division 3 of Hibernians will give a picnic at Oak Grove Labor Day.

— Mr. Frank Irving left here for a visit in Nova Scotia last Wednesday.

— Mrs. E. E. M. Parks has returned from Pine Bluff, N. C., to Auburn, Me.

— Carrie B. Nelson is at Bass Point, Nahant, a guest of Mrs. Edward Caldwell.

— Mr. S. Franksford Trull and family go to Canaan, N. H., next month.

— Mrs. Dr. George H. Hutchings is rusticating among the Granite Hills of N. H.

— Draining of Town Meadow is getting on finely. It will make a daisy of a park.

— Mrs. Bertha C. Nelson is now at Bass Point, Nahant, on a much needed vacation.

— St. Joseph Parish's picnic will be held in the grove on Washington street this evening.

— Mr. Gilman F. Jones had recovered sufficiently to appear at his office last Saturday.

— Judge and Mrs. Maguire expect to put in a week bird shooting on the Cape at an early day.

— There is no pleasanter sight than that of a lot of tots out on a jolly trolly trip. It is fun alive.

— Mayor Davis is at the helm of the Ship of State once more, and now somethin- will be done.

— Summer pilgrims, on their return to Woburn, receive a cordial welcome from the JOURNAL.

— Capt. John E. Tidd and family have returned from Ogunquit, Maine, to their home in this city.

— Miss Sarah Bancroft took a niece and a bunch of other little girls to Salem Willows yesterday.

— Mrs. John R. Carter and children have returned from a fine visit in Connecticut well and happy.

— Miss Emma Bussel and Miss McBride of East Boston visited friends in this city last Wednesday.

— The South End Club gave delightful lawn party last evening. It was largely attended and a success.

— The Woburn Steam Laundry delivery wagon, A. L. Richardson & Brother, proprietors, is a beauty.

— John McConologue is engaged in putting chimneys into shape for winter. He enjoys a good run of custom.

— Goddard & Son are sound and reliable insurance agents and represent the best companies in the business.

— Supt. Brackett has done a good job of new track laying on the N. W. S. Ry. this side and to Winchester.

— Mr. Frank C. Nichols, the ice merchant, and family have returned from Littlejohn Island, Casco Bay.

— Rev. George M. Gerrish, a Woburn boy, will preach at First church at 10.30 o'clock next Sunday forenoon.

— We are glad to see Clerk of Committees Mr. John Lynch at his office once more. He has had a hard sickness.

— Mr. and Mrs. James Walker of Pleasant street intend to make their daughter at Lewiston, Maine, a visit soon.

— Miss Minnie E. McSweeney, bookkeeper at the Boston Branch, is enjoying her vacation at Manchester, N. H.

— Mrs. A. B. Buxton and daughters are perfectly satisfied with Cape Cod for a summer resort. They were at Chatham.

— Mr. M. Downs of Cummingsville, book agent, has contributed some nice apples to the Editorial porringer this week.

— Mrs. Susan A. Woodside of Woburn has been selected as Inspector of H. M. Warren W. R. C.—*Wakefield Daily Item.*

— Mr. Albert Thompson recently executed a fine crayon portrait of the late Mr. Leonard Thompson for Mr. L. Waldo Thompson.

— The masculine shirtwaist question, which at one time threatened to become a political issue, will regulate itself inside of a month.

— Rev. Dr. March was too ill to preach last Sunday, but his hosts of friends were glad to hear Monday morning that he was better.

— The Lexington Selectmen and people prefer the Woburn franchise for the Lexington & Boston Street Railroad to other routes proposed.

— Mrs. Mary A. Carter of Bennett street and her daughter, Miss Ada D. Carter, the Plainville teacher, went to the Provinces early this week.

— Our city Assessors, having finished their tax books, are now in a condition to take a resting spell. They have earned one, if ever anybody did.

— The icemen, about 40 in number, held a picnic at Crescent Beach last Wednesday. They chartered a special car to take them down and back.

— Next Monday is Labor Day which is a legal holiday in this State. What shape its observance will take in this city has not yet transpired.

— Supt. Crilley and his men were kept busy last Saturday afternoon and evening taking care of bursted watermains on Main and Salem streets.

— C. E. Clemson and family went to Chicago last Saturday. Mr. Clemson travels a good deal in the West for the Woburn beltknife and saw factory.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf

— A few Woburn men went to New York to witness the Corbett-McCoy fight there last night. Mr. James McGrath, the Main street merchant, is a cousin of Corbett.

FROM THE ORIENT

CARPETS

Goods right—prices right—workmanship right—everything right. We do by far the largest business in Boston in

Carpets and Upholstery.

What do you suppose the reason is?

JOHN H. PRAY & SONS CO.,
658 Washington Street, 658
Opp. Boylston St.,
BOSTON.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

Purity and Probity

Are both essential in the conduct of a Drugstore. Purity of drugs and probity of character. In your medicine you want the Best. We use the Best. Our prescription business is constantly increasing. Have we yours? We try to merit it.

HUNTLEY'S, "The Prescription Store,"
417 MAIN STREET.

Hot Weather Goods.

G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

— All kinds of repairing at Leathe's. Our $2 50 hand welt calf shoes for men are equal to any $3 advertised shoes.

— City Solicitor Francis P. Curran, Esq., who has been visiting his family in Paris, France, for the last two months, has returned well and happy.

— There is to be a fashionable lawn party by a popular social club on the Woburn Hotel grounds in front of the railroad station next Monday evening.

— The alarm from box 28 at 11.50 Wednesday evening, was for a fire that consumed a small shed on Main street at North Woburn near the Wilmington line.

— In response to a petition from Mr. Wetherbee and others the Mayor has put on a patrolman to cover the business part of Main street from 4 to 7 a. m.

— Mr. Herbert Munn and family moved from their Bennett street residence to their new home at Swampscott last Tuesday. His departure is regretted.

— Mr. George A. Day, Cashier of the First National Bank, is at his post of duty again. He spent a large part of his vacation among the White Mountains.

— Mr. H. W. Berthrong is preparing to resume his work in Cuba and will soon return to that Island, which some day will be a part of Uncle Sam's dominions.

— Section Director, J. W. Smith, Boston, in his crops and weather report for the New England Section ending Aug. 27, speaks encouragingly of the N. E. crops.

— Mrs. Capt. Cyrus Tay, and her daughter, Miss Irma S. Tay, the pianoforte teacher, are at Tamworth and other places in New Hampshire for vacation visits.

— A couple of Winchester wheelmen collided in front of the Hammond clothing store in this city last Saturday evening resulting in the serious injury of one of them.

— Mr. John R. Carter, Nestor of Woburn coal merchants, is enjoying a few days of rest and recreation at Old Orchard Beach. It is his first real outing this season.

— The office heretofore occupied by Mr. John Johnson on the second floor in National Bank Block, is offered for rent. Application should be made at the Bank. See adv.

— Mr. John Cummings reports that the grocery business in Cummingsville might be worse than it is by considerable. It is not booming, but fairly good and comfortable like.

— A couple of derailed freight cars down Winchester way interfered with the trains somewhat last Saturday morning. Only one track could be used between here and Winchester.

— We are ready to testify in a Court of Justice that no finer apples are raised in New England than those that come from the orchard of Farmer Emerson at North Conway, N. H.

— Mr. Joseph W. Huntley, druggist, successor to Gordon Parker, no doubt feels just as well as though he had spent a month at the seaside or in the mountains instead of attending to business.

— Mr. Osborn Gillette will be in New York for the next week or 10 days buying his holiday goods and you can buy anything in his store at cost. WHOLESALE PRICES during the next week.—*

— From the character of a curbstone consultation last Wednesday afternoon, both as to personnel and matter discussed, it is safe to conclude that the Rumford monument will be dedicated at an early day.

— Correspondence between City Clerk Finn and Mrs. James Cavinaro of Pawtucket, R. I., may lead to the identification of the man who committed suicide at the Central House a week ago last Sunday.

— We direct attention to the professional card of Mrs. Lewis in this paper. She is too well and favorably known in this community as a pianoforte teacher to need any endorsement from the JOURNAL.

— Prof. F. Percyval Lewis and his mother, Mrs. Annie Lewis, are passing their last week of vacation at Brant Rock, Marshfield. The Professor will resume his organ work at the Unitarian church in due season.

— Station Agent, Mr. George F. Eaton, will make his home in the Herbert Munn dwelling on Bennett st. It is a nice place. Local employees of the B. & M. R R. already think everything of the new Agent.

— When, oh, when are we to get Woburn's report of A. D., 1900 population? Many people are anxiously looking for it. We stake our reputation for guessing on the statement that it will be less than in 1895.

— The Rochester, (N. H.) A. and M. Association will hold a Grand Fair in that city on Sept. 11-14 inclusive. It is intended to make it the best Fair ever held in the State, if not in New England. Thanks for Comps.

— At the meeting of the local Flower Mission at First church vestry last Friday afternoon 543 beautiful bouquets were made up and sent to the Boston Mission. It was a handsome contribution to a worthy object.

— Mr. James W. McDonald, the old and always reliable piano tuner, and wife have got home from Francistown, N. H., where they passed a happy vacation season. Now Mr. McDonald is ready for business.

— Whitcher keeps his eyes open in his travels. He has filled his window with fancy pocket books and belts from Mexico, made by the Mexicans. See what he has to say about "The Bare Headed Girl" in this week's ad.

— Housewives who know their business are engaged at present in "putting up" jellies, preserves, and other good things, for next winter's consumption. It is a busy time with them, but every well regulated man likes to see it.

— A few evenings ago Mrs. George Buchanan of Church ave. sent in, for the especal gratification of the Editor's fruit tooth, a basket of spendid pears, of which we hereby make public acknowledgement and return thanks.

— Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Tripp and their daughter Angie who have been visiting old friends and neighbors at Warren, Mass., lately, went to Holyoke yesterday, and will go from there to Springfield for a few days.

— The family of Mr. A. A. Brooks have returned from Little Deer Isle, Maine, to their home, 7 Arlington Road, this city. Mrs. Brooks writes us that they have not known what hot weather was down on that seagirt Isle.

— Last Friday evening Arthur W. Dalzeil was struck and rendered unconscious by a tandem bicycle while crossing Pleasant street. It was two hours before he was restored to consciousness. His injuries were not dangerous.

— Lawyer John P. Feeney and sisters are back from a fine outing at Old Orchard. When Mr. Feeney went out for his last swim among the breakers he stepped on a seashell and cut his foot so badly that the use of a cane was necessary for several days. He thinks it was a broken bottle that inflicted the wound, but that could hardly have been the case in a prohibition State.

— Supt. Bean of the B. & M. Co., had Mr. Waterman Brown removed to the Mass. Gen. Hospital yesterday morning. Mr. Brown was very weak and not improving and it was thought it would be better for him to be taken to the Hospital.

— Mr. Samuel Cook, traveling salesman for a shoe house, is at his home on Bow street this week. He has spent but two nights there since early in June, and is glad of a rest. Considerable of his time is devoted to business in New York.

— Judge John G. Maguire and Mrs. Maguire have returned to their own vine and figtree on Montvale ave., and as it is highly probable that the Judge blowed in all the money he had while at Canaan, N. H., the Lord have mercy on the tax-payers.

— Mrs. Nathaniel Simonds of Church ave., sent in last Tuesday a bag of home raised peaches which for flavor and juiciness were equal to the best Crawford variety. They were the product of a tree in her garden, and were gratefully accepted.

— Mr. Albert E. Maguire will return to Mayodon, North Carolina, on Sept. 8, after a most enjoyable visit with his family and friends in this city. He was engaged in business at the same place last year, and goes back to take up his tasks once more.

— Providence permitting, Mr. Wm. Joseph DeLoriea, one of the bunch of fine young men who sell meat and vegetables for Mr. George Durward, will close his vacation tomorrow evening and resume his duties at the market the first working day of next week.

— Mr. Willis J. Buckman, the popular Main street grocer, and wife are expected home from Maine this week. They have had a splendid vacation time down there during August. The fact is, Maine is the best State in the Union for a joyous summer outing.

— Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Hartwell have been visiting at Naples, Maine, nearly two weeks, and Mr. Robinson, Manager of the Hartwell Market, says he has no idea when the couple will return. If they stay much longer snow storms may interfere with their pleasures.

— Fred Davis of Arlington Road declares on his word of honor that he had a lovely time in the vast and lonely forests of New Brunswick, from which he has just returned. The most of his outing, he says, was spent in communion with the wary and sportive deer of those wilds.

— Mrs. J. E. Boutwell arrived home from Hingham, where she had been the guest of Mrs. Prescott, last Saturday. Years ago Mr. Joshua Seward, Mrs. Boutwell's grandfather, the Prescotts, and others, occupied an island in Hingham waters during their summer vacations. She had a fine time.

— Principal Owen of the High School returned from his vacation to Maine last Saturday evening rested and refreshed. The most of his outing was passed in Kennebec and Aroostook counties among relatives and friends whose abundantly supplied tables added considerably to is avoirdupoise.

— The society reporter is not at all sorry that vacation season is rapidly drawing to a close. His duties make heavier demands on his legs than his brains, and naturally enough the business tires him out after awhile. It has to be done in the hottest weather and is, on that account, more arduous.

— There will be a tennis tournament at the Johnson Courts on Labor Day, open to all residents of Woburn. The winner will play Fred E. Leathe for the Mt. Pleasant Lawn Tennis Association Cup and the championship of Woburn. Contestants must be at the courts by 9 o'clock. Entrance fee 35 cents.

— If Col. Ames, with Congressional aspirations, had not felt that one Editor at a time was all he could cleverly handle he would probably have called at the JOURNAL office when in this city last week and had a good chat with the folks. However, we live in hopes he will come and see us next time he visits Woburn.

— The body of a man found at Montvale by berry pickers two weeks ago has been identified as that of Patrick John Ryan of Halifax, N. S. Just previous to his supposed suicide he had been employed by Mr. Quigley, a Winchester stonecutter, and previously worked for the N. Y., N. H., & Hartford Railroad Co.

— The annual Fair of the Middlesex East Agricultural Association is to held at Agricultural Park in Reading-Wakefield on Sept. 26-29, inclusive. Mr. Charles A. Loring, the Treasurer, writes that nothing will be left undone to make it the capsheaf of all agricultural gatherings in the State this fall. Big work is being done on it.

— On and after September 1, the Public Library, which has been closed for the last two months in the evening, will be opened as heretofore. During the summer new electric lights have been placed in the Reading Room which are found to be a great improvement, and one which will be appreciated by all readers who frequent the room.

— Malaria, in its various forms and manifestations, is more than ordinarily prevalent here just now. A considerable number of people are sick with it. Which reminds us to say that "Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets" are the best medicine for it that we know of. It is a sure preventative of ague and a powerful enemy of the vitiated bile germ.

— Col. W. T. Grammer has lost two old friends this week. They were Hon. Alanson W. Beard of Boston, formerly Collector of the Port of Boston, prominent in Republican politics many years; and Jonathan Thompson, who the Colonel had known all his days. Col. Grammer was born Jan. 12, 1822, and Mr. Thompson on Jan. 13, 1822.

— Dr. S. H. Sanborn, the dentist, has moved his office to the Cutter house, 42 Pleasant street, opposite the Public Library, recently occupied by Dr. Lane. Dr. Sanborn is one of our very best and most skilful dentists and enjoys a large practice. He respectfully invites his old patrons, as well as new ones, to visit him in his new office, which he has fitted up in fine style and with all the modern improvements of the profession.

The Bare Headed Girl

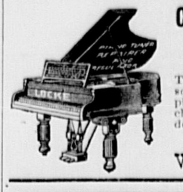
Must necessarily wear her MEXICAN BELT she bought at

THE PILL BOX

around her waist. She will wear it on her hat in the Fall. You will find an interesting assortment of

MEXICAN NOVELTIES,

having this unusual favorable feature, the longer used, the more beautiful and durable they become. NEXT TO THE P. O.



CORRECT PIANO TUNING AND REPAIRING,
BY FRANK A. LOCKE.
24 YEARS EXPERIENCE.

Tuner in Woburn for a great many years. Every unison, octave and chord so evenly balanced and smoothly tuned as to make the harmony on your piano an exquisite pleasure to listen to. No jagged, rough, harsh, uneven chords so often left by tuners. Recommendations from manufacturers, dealers, teachers, colleges and the musical profession. Prices reasonable.

Boston Office: 179 Tremont St., Boston. Telephone 17-2 Jamaica.

Woburn Office, Moore & Parker's, 375 Main St.

NEURALGIA
PNEUMONIA
MALARIA
COLDS
GRIPPE
DR. GORDON'S MALARIAL TABLETS

THE BOMB
That Deals Death to Disease.

Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets

Recognized medical authorities concede that Pneumonia and Grippe are the outcome of the malarial germ. It is here (the root of the evil) where Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets arrest the cause of disease, and hence are recognized as reliable by the medical fraternity. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take.

For sale by druggists everywhere, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price—if your dealer can't supply you. 50c. a Box.

EDWARD C. CHURCH, Boston, Mass.
GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Wholesale Agents.

— Mr. James M. Kimball is still employed by the General Government in connection with the Census Bureau. He finished the Special Schedule for this city promptly on time, got his pay as promptly, and was again employed for a small job of similar work. Within a few days the Government has again engaged him for duty in Boston, which is likely to continue a considerable time. All of which comes from doing satisfactory work.

— On Aug. 13, Mr. J. H. Ames of Wilmington, who has been traveling in Europe with a party of American tourists since early in July, wrote and sent us a note from Brussels, Belgium, in which he said: "Party all well and enjoying everything, but shall be glad to get to England this week, where we can hear our own language spoken. The Paris Exposition and Passion Play at Oberammergau are grand beyond description. We have seen a great deal, but are all looking forward to our return to America in September."

— A boiled dinner has again come to be regarded by epicures as the proper caper. Neglected for many years as plebeian, too vulgar for the delicately educated palate, the boiled dinner—a fat brisket, cabbage, squash, carrots, beets, turnip (yellow), etc.—has forged to the front in these last days of the 19th century, and has regained its former popularity among the best people in the land. All the ingredients for a firstclass boiled dinner, of the best quality, cheap in price, can be procured at Joseph Linnell's Market, Mr. James Linnell, Manager.

— A gentleman in the Savings Bank Block is sufficient authority for a statement by the JOURNAL that Mr. George A Day, Cashier of the First National Bank, was the guilty party who brought the box of fine vegetables and fruit from the Thomas Emerson New Hampshire farm to Woburn last week and there, after obliterating his name, transhipped it to neighbor Leeds's hack which brought it to the Editor's domicile. The tag, even in its tampered with condition, furnished ample evidence of Mr. Day's complicity in the matter, and convicted him of being an accessory, either before or after the fact.

— Mr. Daniel H. Richards of 25 Fairmount street left here a few days ago for Chicago to meet his wife who has been visiting her daughter there, Mrs. James Bruce, Jr., several weeks, and to accompany her home. Mr. Bruce, his son-in-law, has been in a hospital in Chicago many months and a great sufferer from a disease resulting from pneumonia. Mrs. Bruce has been a close attendant on her husband during his long and dangerous illness. He is now on the mend with good prospect of ultimate recovery. Two weeks ago today Mr. and Mrs. Bruce went to their home at Joliet, 40 miles west of Chicago, showing in him a greatly improved physical condition. Mr. Richards expected to be gone two or three weeks.

— The South End Hebrews of Boston have had for some time a cemetery at Montvale which, the police say, was "dedicated" nearly every Sunday last year with oceans of beer and spirits, and which they undertook to dedicate again last Sunday with more "stuff" than ever. On Tuesday evening the Boston *Traveler* published a glowing account of the affair in which it was stated, on authority of the Hebrews, that the Woburn police stole the beer, and the loafers, about 300 in number, stole the "Kosher," for which damage suits are to be brought. The police think there have already been too many "dedications" of the cemetery, and they are bound to put a stop to them. But little interest was taken by the Hebrews in the "dedication" after the police carted off the "stuff."

— As he journeys through European countries Mr. Almy Carter, a teacher in Robert College, Constantinople, Turkey, a son of Mr. John R. Carter of this city, finds that his love for the native land grows stronger and stronger; his affection for the old Flag and what it represents increases with every league travelled and Capital visited. It is just so with all loyal, patriotic Americans. Travel in foreign lands is well enough; in fact, it is a good thing; but for a constant, all-the-year-round diet Americans prefer America every time. At last accounts Professor Carter was headed towards Switzerland, with its Alps and its glorious Lakes, and by and by he would return to his college duties on the Bosphorus and work and wait patiently for the day of his return to the New England home.

— Last Saturday Capt. E. F. Wyer, postmaster, and Mr. George E. Brown, the carpenter, left here for Chicago as delegates to the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic held there this week. Mr. Daniel H. Richards was of the party, and on Monday Chief of Police Charles F. McDermott took the train in Boston for the great city by the Lakes. It was the intention of Mr. Brown to continue on to Denver, Colorado, at the close of the Encampment, to see if the Rocky Mountain air would not do him good. His health is not robust and his physician advised a trip to the Mountains. The "boys" must have found the weather Saturday tough for journeying, but it rained in Chicago Sunday which, although disagreeable, was preferable to the intense heat here—the hottest day of the season.

— The weather since our last issue has been such as to demand special comment by us. On Saturday, Aug. 25, the heat was so intense that the cry for "a lodge in some vast wilderness, some boundless contiguity of shade," could not but be forced from the lips of panting men, women and children. The mercury ranged from 90 up to any point the imagination saw fit to climb to, and there was great suffering. But Sunday was so much hotter that Saturday, in comparison, seemed like Arctic weather. It was the hottest day in 27 years, and the humidity was 75 degrees, while thermometers showed from 97 to 101 in the shade. Just think of it! Didn't people and things groan, though? And there was no let up during the night. The torrid wave was still on during Monday and suffering continued until 8 o'clock in the evening, when a thunderstorm came up, and a magnificent rainfall cooled off the atmosphere. Still, Tuesday was not a cold day, by any means, although the temperature had undergone quite an agreeable modification. Tuesday night was delicious, and the weather on Wednesday was as comfortable as an old shoe. A soft, gentle summer drizzle prevailed during the day, and men and young ducks enjoyed it hugely. Everyone appeared happy over the departure of August's hot wave. But it was anything but cool yesterday.

— Adjutant Jennie C. Newcomb of Boston, who before joining the Salvation Army was engaged in teaching School, is expected to visit this city and take part in the S. A. Meeting Saturday night and Sunday. The doors of the Army Hall are open each evening and all are invited. Great blessings will be asked for, are expected, and will be sure to come if every Christian in the city will unite with me in prayer for the fulfilment of the promise in Isaiah Chapter 44, 3d verse. Yours for God's Glory and the Salvation of Souls.—L. Lovell, Officer in Charge.

— She who was Kate Coughlin, daughter of Mr. Daniel Coughlin of this city, is here visiting her mother and other relatives and friends. She entered a Religious Order 18 years ago and went to Kentucky where she has been ever since teaching schools of her Order. This is the first time she has visited here in all those years.

— One of the sisters of the Notre Dame convent on Summer street was found dead in bed yesterday morning. She had a shock of paralysis about two years ago and had not enjoyed good health since, but was as well as common on Wednesday night when she retired.

— Leaving Rowe's Wharf, Boston, at 4 p. m. Friday, Sept. 7, the Massachusetts British Veterans will start on a visit to Halifax, N. S., tickets good for two weeks. Col. John Black, Commander, will attend to the comfort and pleasure of the tourists. "Veteran's" letter to late for publication.

— City Auditor A. P. Barrett and Clerk of Committees John Lynch are resting and rusticating on the mossy banks of Concord River.

— Mr. John T. Trull and family have returned from a delightful outing at Chatham.

Do not forget that Bryan is pledged to pay in silver the first government obligation that he gets a chance to pay at all. And do not forget that the moment he does that we are on a silver basis.

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
☞ Class Lessons if desired.
12 Franklin St., Woburn.
Tuesdays and Fridays at 153 Tremont Street Boston.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
—IN—
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue, WOBURN

MRS. LEWIS,
Teacher of Pianoforte.
Private or class lessons may be arranged for, on or after
Monday, Sept. 10, 1900,
2 Bennett St.

A Refreshing Summer Drink Standard

Ginger Ale

90c. PER DOZ.

A rebate of 40 cents per dozen allowed on bottles returned.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

Jonathan Thompson's Will.

The will of Jonathan Thompson contains the following public bequests:

To the Burbeen Free Lecture Fund $3,000.

To the Sabbath School connected with the North Congregational church, $100.

To the Young People's Christian Endeavor Society $50.

To the North Woburn Chapel Association $100.

The residuary clause is as follows: All the rest, residue and remainder of my estate, real, personal and mixed I give, devise and bequeath to the city of Woburn for the purpose following, viz: For the erection and maintenance of a suitable building by said City of Woburn to be used and occupied as a library, with reading and lecture rooms, to be known by the name of The Eunice Thompson Memorial Library, for the benefit and pleasure of the citizens of said City of Woburn, but more especially for those residing in that part of said Woburn, called North Woburn; said building to be erected on a lot of land being a part of that devised by this will to said City of Woburn, situated on the easterly side of Elm street in said Woburn in that part thereof called North Woburn between the estate of Carrie Dearborn and the homestead lot on which I now reside, the precise boundaries of which are to be determined by said City of Woburn, the same to be under the charge and direction of a Board of three Trustees to be chosen for that purpose by said City of Woburn for stated terms of service, two of whom, at least, shall be residents of that part of said City of Woburn known as North Woburn, which said North Woburn shall be taken to mean all that part of said City of Woburn northerly of the Woburn Public Park on Main street.

The will appoints John W. Johnson, of Woburn, Executor.

What A Tale It Tells.

If that mirror of yours shows a wretched, sallow complexion, a jaundiced look, moth patches and blotches on the skin, it's liver trouble; but Dr. King's New Life Pills regulate the liver, purify the blood, give clear skin, rosy cheeks, rich complexion. Only 25c at Huntley & Co.'s drug store.

The Popular Rochester Fair.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the Rochester (N. H.) Fair occurs Sept. 11, 12, 13, 14, 1900. $10,000.00 in purses and premiums, and the grandest show in all New England of cattle, sheep, swine, poultry, art, and produce from garden, field and orchard. A continuous stage show and marvelous street parade. Four days of exciting horse racing for liberal purses. Reduced rates on all railroads.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts.

With the Hon. Ben Tillman protesting against "government without the consent of the governed," and Dick Croker fulminating against the ignorance of the people, the Democratic party backs into the campaign with its accustomed dignity and plausibility.

The Democrats have never liked the donkey as an emblem of their party, and it is suggested that Croker's $4,000 bull pup be substituted therefor.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

SALVATION ARMY.—Meetings every evening at 8 o'clock. Every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 3 and 8 P. M. No. 26 Montvale Ave.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Substance." All are welcome.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. George M. Gerrish. At 7 P. M. Union Service with Christian Endeavor Society. Prayer Meeting Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M.

METHODIST.—Preaching by the pastor Rev. Frederick Woods, at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. At 5.45 Epworth League. General Prayer Meeting at 7 P. M. Class Meetings Tuesday, at 7.45 P. M. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.45 P. M.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Aug. 24, Iver E., son of Iver and Jeanie Poulson, aged 6 months, 4 days.

In Mass. Gen. Hospital, Aug. 24, Louisa A. Gillis, aged 14 years.

In this city, Aug. 27, Jonathan Thompson, aged 78 years, 7 months, 14 days.

In this city, Aug. 27, Mary E. Tufts, aged 75 years, 2 months, 11 days.

Customers Visiting Our Store

Will find many chances to pick out

—BARGAINS.—

We believe it is good business to close out at some price our stock of

Summer Goods,

and we have marked them very low. There is no question about the price. Come in and see for yourself.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

An Old Citizen Gone.

JONATHAN THOMPSON, an old and respected citizen, died in the house in which he was born, No. 31 Elm street, North Woburn, last Monday morning, August 27, 1900. He was the son of Cyrus Thompson, who was a descendant of one of the earliest settlers of Woburn, 250 years ago, and belonged to the large family of that name prominent in the history of this town.

He was born on January 13, 1822, and was verging on four score years at the date of his death. Some time ago he experienced a physical shock, from which he did not fully recover, but continued to fail in health slowly until the end.

For some years, when a young man, he was engaged in business in Boston, and when the California gold fever broke out he went to the Pacific Coast and engaged in mining. He did not long remain there and on his return engaged in various kinds of business, in which he was financially successful.

Mr. Thompson's wife died several years ago, and he left no children. He had a wide circle of acquaintances by all of whom he was well esteemed.

The funeral was held yesterday.

They Struck It Rich.

It was a grand thing for this community that such an enterprising firm as Huntley & Co., druggists, secured the Agency for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, the wonderful remedy that has startled the world by its marvellous cures. The furor of enthusiasm over it has boomed their business, as the demand for it is immense. They give free trial bottles to sufferers, and positively guarantee it to cure Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, and all Throat and Lung Troubles. A trial proves its merit. Price 50c and $1 00.

Rocking Pillars.

When we read and re-read that inspired document known as the Kansas City Platform, we confess that we fear for our Country, and see nothing but blue ruin ahead. But we pluck up courage again when we turn to the Democratic Platform of 1868, which solemnly declared. Under its (the Republican Party's) repeated assaults, the pillars of the Govenment are rocking on their base, and should it succeed in November next and inaugurate its President, we will meet as a subjected and conquered people, amid the ruins of Liberty and the scattered fragments of the Constitution.

It would appear that rocking on their bases is a favorite practice with the Pillars of the Government.—*Chicago Journal.*

North Woburn.

Misses Blanche & Marion McKenne are visiting Misses Annie and Nellie Whidden.

The death of Mr. Jonathan Thompson removes a quiet gentleman, a good citizen and an honest man.

The Funeral of Mrs. Winn.

A large concourse of people assembled at the Unitarian church at 2 o'clock last Friday afternoon, August 24, to take part in the funeral of Mrs. ABIGAIL MARIA (Kendall) WINN, to manifest their love and respect for her while an actor on the stage of life, and to do honor to her memory. The religious services were conducted by Rev. Henry C. Parker, pastor of the church, the deceased having been a member for many years, and a liberal supporter of it; and Mr. Herbert Johnson of Boston sang, with marked effect, two appropriate funeral pieces, "Face to Face," and "Home Ties," the organ being presided over by Mr. J. P. Weston. All of the exercises were solemn and impressive. Many beautiful flowers decked her church pew and surrounded the casket, the last gifts of affection from friends, of whom she had long enjoyed a large and faithful circle.

Mrs. Winn was a liberal, but unostentatious, supporter of worthy charities, a warm hearted and open handed friend of the deserving poor; and she lived a consistant Christian life. She was intellectual and cultivated, and at the same time modest in the exercise of her gifts.

Mrs. Winn was born in Wilmington on October 31, 1820, her parents being Captain Ezra and Susanna Kendall, and died at her summer residence in Swampscott on August 22, 1900. She was united in marriage to the late Captain Timothy Winn at South Reading on April 20, 1843, and soon after came to Woburn, where her home had been ever since, except the last year, during which she had lived with Mrs. Daniel H. Lane, her only surviving child, in Boston. The interment was in Woodbrook.

Astounded The Editor.

Editor S. A. Brown, of Bennettsville, S. C, was once immensely surprised. "Through long suffering from Dyspepsia," he writes, "my wife was greatly run down. She had no strength or vigor and suffered great distress from her stomach, but she tried Electric Bitters which helped her at once, and, after using four bottles, she is entirely well, can eat anything. It's a grand tonic, and its gentle laxative qualities are splendid for torpid liver." For Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Stomach and Liver troubles it's a positive, guaranteed cure. Only 50c at Huntley & Co.'s drug store.

If Mr. Bryan cared to be candid he could discourse more learnedly upon the art of accumulating wealth than any of the other candidates in the field. Mr. Bryan is the wealthiest candidate before the people to-day and he has made his money since the inauguration of the policies against which he declaimed so vigorously. Yet Mr. Bryan is selfish enough to decline to give the Republican administration the proper credit for his good fortune.

"He voted for Bryan in 1896" is becoming quite a common form of introduction for the speakers at Republican meetings in Kansas this year.

What Bryan Says and Means.

"If elected I shall convene Congress in extraordinary session as soon as inaugurated, and recommend an immediate declaration of the nation's purpose—first, to establish a stable form of government in the Philippine Islands, just as we are now establishing a stable form of government in Cuba; second, to give independence to the Filipinos, just as we have promised to give independence to Cuba; third, to protect the Filipinos from outside interference while they work out their destiny, just as we have protected the republics of Central and South America, and are by the Monroe doctrine pledged to protect Cuba."—Mr. Bryan's speech of acceptance.

Mr. Bryan's declaration, made at Indianapolis, means that, if he is elected, the Congress chosen this fall will be convened in extraordinary session by the middle of the coming March. In all probability the party that elects the President will also get the House of Representatives.

What would it mean to have Mr. Bryan in the White House and a Congress, at least in part Democratic, sitting less than seven months hence? That is a possible condition to which the serious attention of the American people may well be invited at once. Mr. Bryan has raised an issue sufficiently momentous to command earnest thought.

Mr. Bryan will summon Congress and ask it to declare our purpose "to give them (the Philippines) independence and guard them against molestation from without."

That means the withdrawal of our army and authority from the Philippine Islands.

That means the maintenance in Philippine waters of a fleet sufficient to prevent Germany, France, Great Britain, Japan, Russia, and any other nation from interfering with them.

To what international complications might not such a relationship lead?

"For three-quarters of a century," says Mr. Bryan, "the Monroe doctrine has been a shield to neighboring Republics, and yet it has imposed no pecuniary burden upon us."

The Republics are on the same hemisphere with us. Mr. Bryan proposes that we shall cross the ocean to the hemisphere where the other nations are at home and where we shall have no footing whatever after the recognition of the Philippine independence; that we shall undertake to uphold a Republic there against all neighboring nations.

Do we want to extend the Monroe doctrine to the continent of Asia, as he proposes?

And to put this Revolutionary Policy in operation he will call an extraordinary session of Congress next March!

Can the thoughtful citizen measure the disturbing influence of Congress in session to proclaim such a world policy as Mr. Bryan pledges himself to inaugurate?

What besides this radical International Departure would President Bryan and his Democratic house precipitate? Is it probable that the new Administration would stop with the Philippine declaration? Mr. Bryan and the men around him stand committed to equally radical policies of domestic character.

Is it not fair to presume that Congress in extraordinary session would proceed, so far as the House was concerned, with the measures on which Bryan, Altgeld, Towne, and the coterie of Democratic and Populistic leaders stand pledged to their followers? Agitation, disorder, disturbance of conditions generally, might be expected. And the shadow of this coming session of Congress would overcast American prosperity on the very day following the show of enough electoral votes to make Bryan President.

Boston Theatres.

THE BOSTON.

The Liebler & Company production of "Monte Cristo," with Mr. James O'Neill as Edmund Dantes, will begin a four weeks engagement at the Boston Theatre, the favorite playhouse of the Hub, on Monday, Sept. 17. The firm claim, and rightly, that this is the largest dramatic enterprise ever attempted in America. The announcement that James O'Neill is again to be seen on the Boston stage as Edmund Dantes will alone be sufficient to draw spectators from all sections of the country, for his name is a charmed household word among lovers of the drama. The announcement also means that the public are to see in Monte Cristo one of the most perfect performances the romantic stage ever offered. The younger readers of Dumas will welcome the opportunity to see the story as it really is and will be most agreeably surprised. A strong company have been selected by the firm to present the play, which will be illustrated by magnificent scenery, costumes, etc. At the end of four weeks Monte Cristo will be taken to Greater New York.

THE TREMONT.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin"—such is the motto of Eleanor Merron's quaint rural drama, "The Dairy Farm," which, has met with instantaneous success at the Tremont Theatre. The play contains that "touch of nature" to a remarkable degree, and therein lies its great charm. It is an idyl among modern stage productions—a play that makes the jaded theatregoer feel, after he has witnessed it, that the world is better than he thought it was before, that the sun is brighter and life altogether more worth living than it had seemed to be. Farm and village scenes all—farm and village ideas all. This is the foundation of "The Dairy Farm." The characters are of the sort that are to be found in the simplest country life. They are living, breathing people. The stage setting—an entire new outfit was prepared expressly for the Boston engagement—is extremely picturesque as well as realistic. Old furniture, old farming tools, old vehicles, horses, cows sheep, chickens, are introduced to give the idea of actuality, and the people are dressed in the costumes of the period, fifty years ago. Boston playgoers have heartily endorsed the commendations of those of other cities, and the Tremont promises to be crowded during the three weeks that remain of the engagement. The attraction to follow "The Dairy Farm," on Sept. 24, is Anna Held, the famous French comedienne and singer, who will appear, supported by a strong company, in that funniest of modern musical farces, "Papa's Wife."

Knowledge of the Bible will refine, enlarge and elevate the vocabulary of any one, and the girl who studies her Bible daily and reads Shakespeare, Scott, Macaulay and Ruskin will be a better talker than she who limits her reading to the daily newspaper or the latest agreeable book. Dickens, Thackeray, William Black, Blackmore, Barrie, Crockett, Mrs. Oliphant and George Eliot are all helpful to those who would be good, bright, varied and entertaining talkers, because in all these authors you continually find wholesome thoughts expressed in forceful and strenuous English, and bit by bit you receive of the wealth these masters of English have so carefully bestowed upon their work.—*September Ladies' Home Journal.*

Mr. Bryan owns a farm, but the money he paid for it was earned by the sweat of his larynx.

STOP

It is not necessary to suffer with Headache

Stopache

Will Stop

25c. at

F. P. BROOKS'

Drugstore,

361 Main St.

Literary Notices.

With the new volume and under a new title MODERN CULTURE MAGAZINE begins a new career. SELF CULTURE MAGAZINE was limited by its title and by the aims of its former management to the needs of a special class. With broader aims and a broader title the new owners bespeak for MODERN CULTURE a broader patronage and a broader field of usefulness. Modern art is represented in the September number by beautifully illustrated paper on Rossetti and Burne-Jones. Modern research is represented by the first of the series of lectures on The Domestic Life of Shakespeare's Time, delivered at Johns Hopkins University by the late Sidney Lanier and now for the first time published. Modern criticism inspires the papers on the Literary Work of Mary Catherwood, Woman in Kipling's Fiction, and some "Bulls" of Novelists. Modern education is discussed in The New England Conservatory of Music. Modern travel is beautifully illustrated in descriptive articles on South America and A Mexican Shrine. Modern political questions are discussed in Methods in Political Discussion and The Meeting of Orient and Occident, while a modern problem of deep significance to our race is foreshadowed in the second installment of Charles W. Chestnutt's thrilling serial story, The House Behind the Cedars. Subscription price only $1.00 per year; four months' trial, 25 cents. MODERN CULTURE MAGAZINE Co., Publishers, Nos. 719–720 Caxton Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

The September issue of MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE contains the concluding paper of A Prisoner Among Filipinos. The author describes in detail the means by whice he dissuaded a Filipino General from executing the entire party, the way in which the illness of a Tagal officer prevented the slaughter of his prisoners. The narrative reads like a page from Robinson Crusoe. The illustrations by W. R. Leigh are spirited and life-like. These pictures are almost in the same class with Charles R. Knight's pictures of lions in the same number. The illustrations to The Training of Lions are doubtless the best portraits of the king of the brute creation that have ever appeared in print. There is also an interesting article by Ex-Secretary Boutwell on An Historic Sale of Bonds in England and one by Ray Staynard Baker descibing the newly completed Deutschland of the Hamburg-American line. There are short stories by Frank H. Spearman, Edith Wyatt, Norman Duncan, Clinton Ross, Jack London and Josiah Flint and Francis Walton, ranging in subject from a Rocky Mountain construction train and a Klondike cabin to the Syrian quarter in New York and a Spanish-American city in Central America. Miss Wyatt's story of Chicago people, illustrated by an artist sent there for the purpose, enters a new field in periodical literature. Of course these are only a few of the features of this unusually attractive and varied number.

To Save Her Child

From frightful disfigurement Mrs. Nannie Galleger, of LaGrange, Ga., applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve to great sores on her head and face, and writes its quick cure exceeded all her hopes. It works wonders in Sores, Bruises, Skin Eruptions, Cuts, Burns, Scalds and Piles. 25c. Cure guaranteed by Huntley & Co., druggists.

WINCHESTER.

The "Investment Charge" is kept up in the *Star*.

Mr. Alex J. McKay fell from a building last week and broke three of his ribs.

From 7 to 9 Saturday evening, Sept. 1, the Registrars of Voters will hold a meeting in Town Hall to register voters.

Many of our seaside pilgrims have returned to their homes here, and more are on the way. The vacation closes with the advent of September.

In one breath the Democratic orator will assure his hearers that McKinley has no back bone, that he is a creature controlled by those around him, and with the next breath will accuse him of shaking the Republic to pieces in order to erect a throne on the ruins thereof.

Mr. Hay, says Senator Morgan, of Alabama, has been wise and statesmanlike, and his course has been beyond criticism It is an Expansion Democrat, who knows the difference between Expansion and Imperialism, that talks this way.

The protection of American life and American honor without the consent or advice of yawping politicians is the duty of the administration. The McKinley administration has a pleasing way of performing its duties without pandering to the cheap element in politics.

It is becoming evident that Mr. Bryan does not want much said about free silver before the election. The American people, however, are not so much concerned in what may be said before election as in what will be done after the election.

Editorial Notes.

In case of doubt Chairman Jones goes out and views a rainbow.

Kansas has shipped a cargo of flour to Hong Kong. But this is Expansion.

The reports of the building associations of the country tell a story of prosperity which the Democratic editors and orators will not be able to refute.

During the last Democratic administration the dinner pail of the workingman was usually filled with food for reflection.

Yes, Mr. Bryan, we are ashamed, millions of us, that the Filipinos are expecting aid from the Democrats in this election.

The sugar trust made the Wilson-Gorman tariff bill and Mr. Bryan voted for it. Was that not "placing the money before the man."

If you see it in one of Mr. Hearst's papers, printed in black-faced type three or four columns wide, you may assume that it is not so.

The Democratic nominee for Governor of Alabama is a horrible Gold Bug and an awful expansionist. Everything goes in Alabama.

There is no question as to the adaptability of the Hon. Adlai E. Stevenson. They cannot make the Democratic platforms too shaky for him.

Mr. Bryan's speech of acceptance may furnish a little encouragement to Aguinaldo and his followers, but it will not appeal to loyal Americans.

The Democratic claim that the commercial travelers of the country are all for Bryan has been seriously punctured by the increased sale of mileage tickets.

Pretty soon Mayor Van Wyck of New York will also begin to realize better than ever before that there is not so very much fun in being the ice man.

New Jersey and Alabama have about the same population, or had in 1890, yet McKinley alone polled more votes in New Jersey than Alabama polled altogether.

For a man who left the party on account of the silver question the Hon. Charles A. Towne managed to say but little on the subject in his recent letter of withdrawal.

The immigration figures indicate that the foreigners seeking new homes are not the least bit influenced by the Democratic predictions of the destruction of the republic.

General John M. Palmer announces that he will cast his vote for McKinley and Roosevelt this year. The old soldier understands the best way to accomplish a desired result.

It used to be the robber tariff with Mr. Bryan and then it was the robber gold barons. Now we suppose it is a conspirator of robber soldiers, like Chaffee, McCalla and others.

Will Colorado hang back and decline to approve of the prosperity the country is enjoying? Colorado people are believed to be manly and enterprising enough to acknowledge a mistake.

With a sixty million bushel corn crop the farmers of South Dakota should make sure that this is sold for 100 cent dollars, not for 48 cent dollars, as it will be if they vote for Bryan.

General John M. Palmer has announced his intention of voting for McKinley and Roosevelt. The Democrats who favor an honest currency will not require a half-way station this year.

Jell-O, The New Dessert,

pleases all the family. Four flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts. Try it to-day.

CITY OF WOBURN.

BOSTON, MASS., August 30, 1900.

To the Honorable Board of Aldermen of the City of Woburn:—

The Lynn and Boston Railroad Company respectfully petitions your Honorable Board for an extension of tracks as follows:—

Commencing at, and connecting with, the tracks as now laid, or to be relaid, on Central street, at the junction of Orange street, and continuing over Central street to Pine street, and over Pine street to the junction of Pine and Orange streets, there connecting with the track as now laid, or to be relaid, with all necessary curves, switches, turnouts, etc.

Also, for the right to erect and maintain the necessary poles for the support of the overhead wire system, and to make such changes as are necessary in the overhead wire system, and for permission to operate its cars over the above named location by electricity.

LYNN AND BOSTON RAILROAD COMPANY.
By E. C. Foster, Vice-Pres't and Gen. Man'r.

Upon the foregoing petition, it is Ordered,—That fourteen days notice be given that the City Council will on **Thursday, September 20th, 1900,** at 8 o'clock, P. M., take into consideration the expediency of granting the poayer of the above petition, when any parties who object thereto may appear and be heard. Said notice to be given by publication of a copy of the above petition with this order thereon in the *Woburn News* and WOBURN JOURNAL.

In City Council, Aug. 30, 1900.
Adopted.
A true copy. Attest:
JOHN H. FINN, Clerk.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS:

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of Hannah Callahan, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Thomas P. Callahan of Woburn, in said County, or to some other suitable person;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth day of September, A. D., 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this ninth day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred.

W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Register.

Grand Automobile Exposition and Racing Events.

AGRICULTURAL PARK,
Middlesex East Fair,
SEPT. 26-29. Take Electrics.
Admission, 25 Cents.

Burdett College Begins Tues., Sep. 4.

Sessions from September 4 to June 28. Open for visitors all the year round. Prospectus Free.

Burdett College of Actual Business and Shorthand, 694 Washington St., Boston.

The mark of QUALITY

On Silver Plate can only be determined after long years of actual service unless you purchase ware bearing a well known trade-mark. For over half a century **Spoons, Forks,** etc., stamped

"1847 Rogers Bros."

Have been in use and given perfect satisfaction. They are sold by leading dealers everywhere. For catalogue No. 234, of new designs send to the makers

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.,
Meriden, Conn.

Take no substitute
Remember 1847

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Orville S. Greenwood and Cora L. Greenwood, his wife, in her right, to the Merchants Co-operative Bank, dated January 18th, 1899, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex (South District), Book 2712, Page 400, will be sold at public auction, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, at the office of Kern & McLoud, Room 1115 Tremont Building, 73 Tremont Street, Boston, on

Tuesday, the twenty-fifth day of September, 1900,

at 4 o'clock, in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described substantially as follows:—A parcel of land situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, being Lot Twelve as shown on a plan of lots belonging to Mary P. Foster, made by C. D. Elliott, C. E., dated October 22d, 1896, recorded in Book of Plans No. 101, Page 48, bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at a point on the easterly side of Laurel street, as shown on said plan, distant from the southerly side of Harvard Road one hundred feet; thence turning easterly by Lot Thirteen on said plan one hundred feet; thence turning and running southerly at right angles fifty feet; thence turning and running westerly by Lot Eleven on said plan one hundred feet to said Laurel street; thence turning and running northerly along the easterly side of said Laurel street fifty feet to the point of beginning, containing 5,000 square feet.

Said premises will be sold subject to any and all unpaid taxes and assessments.

For further particular inquire of Kern & McLoud, 1115 Tremont Building, 73 Tremont Street, Boston. $200 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale. Balance in ten days from day of sale at 12 o'clock noon, at the said office of Kern & McLoud.

MERCHANTS CO OPERATIVE BANK, Mortgagee and present holder of said mortgage, by Albert E. Duffell, Treasurer.
Boston, August 29th, 1900.

By THOMAS M. SMITH, Auctioneer,
28 School St., Boston.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Diedrich Voss to Marks Berwin, dated December 22, 1898, and recorded with Middlesex (So. District) Deeds, Lib. 2708, Fol. 244, and for the breach of the condition thereof, will be sold at public auction on the premises described below (being the same in said mortgage described) on

Monday, September 24, 1900,

at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage, to wit:—A certain lot of land situated in Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, being Lots numbered 23 and 24 on plan of Lots surveyed by Arthur G. Bancroft, dated May, 1894, and recorded with Middlesex (So. District) Deeds, Book of Plans 85, to which reference may be had for a more particular description, and being bounded and described as follows:—Northerly by Ashbury Avenue, so-called, on said plan, thirty-six feet; easterly by Lots 27 and 28 on said plan, one hundred and fifty-six feet; southerly by Erie street, so-called, on said plan, thirty-six feet; and westerly on lots numbered 19 and 20 on said plan, one hundred and fifty-six feet.

Subject to the taxes for the year 1900, and to any unpaid assessments or betterments.

$50 cash to be paid by the purchaser at the time and place of sale; other terms announced at sale.

MARKS BERWIN, Mortgagee.
Boston, Aug. 27, 1900.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Alphonzo L. Baudoin to Louisa C. Hudson, dated July 28, 1896, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2487, Page 266, for breach of the condition of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises on

Monday, September 24, 1900,

at three o'clock in the afternoon all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described as follows, namely:—A certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn, containing 2095 square feet and bounded as follows, namely:—Southerly by Fowle Street, thirty feet; easterly by land formerly of Louisa C. Hudson, seventy one and 1 10 feet; northerly by the White Tannery Land, thirty feet; westerly by land of heirs of George Munroe, sixty-eight and 9-10 feet.

One hundred dollars in cash will be required of the purchaser at the sale. Other terms at sale.

LOUISA C. HUDSON, Mortgagee.
J. W. JOHNSON, Attorney.
Woburn, August 31, 1900.

Office To Let.

The office on second floor of Bank Block formerly occupied by the W. A. & M. Association. Inquire at FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

WANTED.

2 or 3 moulders on stove plate and light machinery. Steady work the year round to sober, industrious men. No strike. Not a union shop. Apply by letter or otherwise to the WEST SIDE FOUNDRY, Troy, N. Y.

CITY OF WOBURN.

Collector's Sale

— OF —

Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., August 15, 1900.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1898, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that said parcels of real estate will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, September 22, 1900,** at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said taxes and interest from October 15, 1898, together with costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the nonpayment of which each of said estate is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

JENNIE N. EATON.—About 9,800 square feet of land, with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, being Lots 3, 4, 5 and 6, Block 27, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lot 7 in said Block; easterly by Lots 2, 23 and 24 in said Block; southerly by Dexter Ave.; westerly by Chester Ave.
Tax of 1898, 3 74

JENNIE N. EATON.—About 7,350 square feet of land, with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, being Lots 9, 10, 11, Block 18, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Dexter avenue; easterly by Baldwin avenue; southerly by Lot 12 in said Block; westerly by Lots 6 and 8 in said Block.
Tax of 1898, 68 25

JENNIE N. EATON.—About 7,350 square feet of land, with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, being Lots 3, 4 and 5, Block 16, Section A shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by a private way shown on said plan; easterly by Lot 6 in said Block; southerly by Lot 2 and 12 in said Block; westerly by Chester avenue.
Tax of 1898, 25 25

MARY DOWNEY.—About 3 acres of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land formerly of Charles Choat about 60 rods; easterly by land now or formerly of said Choat about 10 rods; Southerly by land of Merrimac Chemical Company about 61 rods; westerly by New Boston street about 6 rods.
Tax of 1898, 4 68

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes for the City of Woburn.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of and under a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Edward S. Eaton of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, to John R. Watts dated Nov. 14th, 1893, and recorded with Middlesex No. Dist. Deeds, Book 250, Page 41, will be sold at public auction on the premises on

Wednesday, the twelfth day of September, 1900,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely: Certain parcels of land situated in Wilmington in the County of Middlesex and described as follows:—Lots No. 48 to 55 inclusive in Block No. 19, Section C, as shown on the Woburn City Land and Improvement Company's Plan of land, dated Oct. 20, 1888, and recorded in Middlesex No. Dist. Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans No. 4, Plan No. 135; also Lot No. 18 in Block No. 28, Section D, as shown on said Company's plan of land dated Nov. 1, 1889, and recorded in Middlesex No. Dist. Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans No 6, Plan No. 17; also Lots 1, 2, 3, 19, 20 and 21, in Block No. 30, said Section D, excepting however from the above Lots the following Lots, namely:—Lot 18 in Block 28, said Section D; also Lots 1, 2, 3, 19, 20 and 21 in Block 30, said Section D, which have been released and will not be sold.

To be sold subject to all unpaid taxes and assessments thereon. Terms made known at time and place of sale.

JOHN R. WATTS, Mortgagee,
C. H. WELCH, Attorney,
194 Washington St., Boston.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of and under a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Edward S. Eaton of Woburn in the County of Middlesex to John R. Watts dated Jan. 8, 1895, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2334, Page 348, will be sold at public auction on the premises on

Wednesday, the twelfth day of September, 1900,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular, the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely: A certain parcel of land, situated in that part of said Woburn called North Woburn and described as follows:—Lots No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 19 in Block No. 5, Section A, as shown on the Woburn City Land and Improvement Company's Plan of lands, dated December 10th, 1888, and recorded in Middlesex So. Dist. Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans No. 59, Plan No. 2.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes and assessments thereon. Terms made known at time and place of sale.

JOHN R. WATTS, Mortgagee.
C. H. WELCH, Attorney,
194 Washington St., Boston.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of and under a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by George Raymond of Fitchburg in the County of Worcester, to John R. Watts, dated Nov. 14, 1893, and recorded with Middlesex No. Dist. Deeds, Book 250, Page 39, will be sold at public auction on the premises on

Wednesday, the twelfth day of September, 1900,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely: Certain parcels of land, situated in Wilmington in the County of Middlesex and described as follows:—Lots No. 38 to 47 inclusive in Block No. 19, Section C, as shown on the Woburn City Land and Improvement Company's Plan of land dated Oct. 20, 1888, and recorded in Middlesex No. Dist. Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans No. 4, Plan No. 135.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes and assessments thereon. Terms made known at time and place of sale.

JOHN R. WATTS, Mortgagee.
C. H. WELCH, Attorney,
194 Washington St., Boston.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Edwin W. Junkins, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for probate, by Helen P. Junkins, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving surety on her official bond:

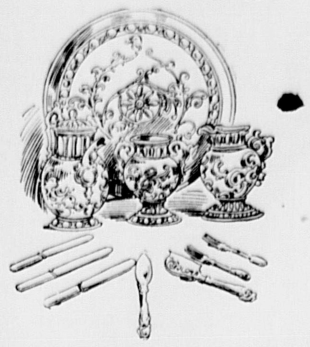
You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth day of September, A. D., 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred.

W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Regsiter.

Dr. C. H. BUSS,
DENTIST
385 Main St., WOBURN
Telephone 71-3.



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Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of and under a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Edward S. Eaton of Boston, in the County of Suffolk, to John R. Watts, dated Nov. 29th, 1890, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Libro 2012, Fol. 337, and with Middlesex North District Deeds, Book 220, Page 506, will be sold at public auction on the premises, on

Wednesday, the twelfth day of September, 1900,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely: Certain parcels of land situated part in Woburn and part in Wilmington in the County of Middlesex and described as follows:—

The following lots situated in Section B as shown on the Woburn City Land and Improvement Company's plan of lands dated Oct. 15, 1888, and recorded in Middlesex So. Dist. Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans No. 57, Plan No. 1, namely:—Lots 5, 6 and 14 in Block No. 8, Lots 11, 12, 13, 14, 17, 23, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34 and 35 in Block 14; Lots 16, 22, 23, 24 and 32 in Block 17; Lot 12 in Block 19; Lot 7 in Block 20; Lots 18 and 19 in Block 27; Lot 13 in Block 30; Lot 18 in Block 31; Lot 12 in Block 32; Lots 5 and 6 in Block 29; Lots 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38 and 39 in Block 28; Lots 1, 2 and 3 in Block 36 being 44 lots in said Section B.

Also, the following lots in Section C as shown on said Company's plan of lands dated Oct. 20, 1888, and recorded in Mid. No. Dist. Reg. of Deeds, Book of Plans No. 4, Plan No. 135, namely:—Lots 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 21, 22, 23, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45 and 46 in Block No. 14; Lots 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 17, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43 and 44 in Block 5; Lots 15, 20 and 21 in Block 13; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 in Block 8; Lots 18, 19, 21 and 22 in Block 11; Lots 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 and 21 in Block 19, being 99 lots in said Section C.

Also, the following lots in Section D as shown on said Company's plan of land dated Nov. 1, 1889, and to be recorded in said Mid. Registry of Deeds, namely:—Lots 15 and 16 in Block 28; also, Lots 7, 8, 9 and 10 in said Block 28; Lots 6, 7, 8, 13, 14, 15 and 16 in Block 30; Lots 1, 2 and 5 in Block 29; Lots 3, 4, 15 and 16 in Block 31; Lots 1, 4, 5, 10, 11 and 12 in Block 23; Lots 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12 in Block 24; Lots 5, 6, 7, 8, 17, 18, 19 and 20 in Block 26; Lots 1, 2 and 9 in Block 25; Lots 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14 and 15 in Block 27; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 22 and 23 in Block 21; Lots 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18 in Block 20; Lots 5, 6, 12, 13, 14 and 15 in Block 19; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 23 and 24 in Block 17; Lots 6, 7, 8, 15, 16 and 17 in Block 18; Lots 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19 and 20 in Block 16; Lots 1, 2 and 3 in Block 15; Lots 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 in Block 14; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 18, 19, 24 and 25 in Block 13; Lots 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, in Block 12; Lots 10, 11, 12, 16, 17, 18 and 19 in Block 11; Lots 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 in Block 10; Lots 5, 6, 7 and 8, 15 and 16 in Block 9; Lots 9, 10, 15 and 16 in Block 7; Lots 13 and 14 in Block 6; Lots 10, 11, 12, 13, 25, 26 and 27 in Block 5; Lots 6, 7, 22 and 23 in Block 4; Lots 12 and 13 in Block 2; and Lots 13 and 14 in Block 12, being 163 lots in said Section D.

Also, the following lots in Section F as shown on said Company's plan of land dated Oct. 1, 1889, to be recoaded in said Mid. Registry of Deeds, namely: Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 7, 8, in Block 11; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 22, 23, 24, 25, in Block 16; Lots 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, in Block 17; Lots 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, in Block 19; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 17, 18, 19, 20, in Block 20; Lots 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 and 21. in Block 24; Lots, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 29, 31 and 32 in Block 32; Lots 12, 13, 14, 15. 16 and 17 in Block 35; Lots 5, 6 and 7 in Block 36, being 66 lots in said Section F. All said lots contain at least each 2450 square feet, being when regular 70 feet in length by 35 feet in width. The right to use all the streets and avenues laid out by said Company on said land as shown on said plans, for all the purposes for which streets are used is herewith conveyed, excepting however from the above lots the following lots, namely:—Lots 5, 6, 14 in Block No. 8; Lots 11, 12, 13, 14, 17, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33 and 35 in Block 14; Lots 16, 22, 23, 24, 32 in Block 17; Lot 7 in Block 20; Lots 18, 19 in Block 27; Lots 31, 32, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39 in Block 28; Lots 1, 2, 3 in Block 36, all in said Section B. Lots 4, 31, 33, 35 in Block 14; Lot 25 in Block 5; Lots 20, 21 in Block 13; Lots 6, 7 in Block 19, the above lots being in said Section C. Lots 15, 16 in Block 28; also, Lots 8, 9, 10 in said Block 28; Lots 6, 7, 8, 13, 14, 15, 16 in Block 30; Lots 1, 2, 5 in Block 29; Lots 3, 4, 15, 16 in Block 31; Lots 1, 4, 5, 10, 11, 12 in Block 23; Lots 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 in Block 24; Lots 5, 6, 7, 8, 17, 18, 19, 20 in Block 26; Lot 25 in Block 13; the above lots being in said Section D. Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 7, 8 in Block 11; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 22, 23, 24, 25 in Block 16; Lots 5, 8, 9, 10 in Block 17; Lots 9, 10, 11 in Block 32; Lots 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17 in Block 35; the above lots being in said Section F, which have been released and will not be sold

To be sold subject to all unpaid taxes and assessments thereon.

Terms made known at time and place of sale.

JOHN R. WATTS, Mortgagee.
C. H. WELCH, Attorney,
194 Washington St., Boston.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of and under a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by George Raymond of Fitchburg, in the County of Worcester, to John R. Watts, dated Nov. 17, 1890, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Lib. 2022, Fol. 221, and with Middlesex No. Dist. Deeds, Book 221, Page 419, will be sold at public auction on the premises, on

Wednesday, the twelfth day of September, 1900,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely: Certain parcels of land situated part in Woburn and part in Wilmington, in the County of Middlesex, and described as follows:—

The following lots in Section B as shown on the Woburn City Land and Improvement Company's plan of lands dated Oct. 15, 1888, and recorded in Middlesex So. Dist. Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans No. 57, Plan No. 1, namely:—Lots No. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 and 13 in Block No. 1 in said Section B. Lots No. 1, 11 and 24 in Block No. 2. Lots 18, 19, 20, 21, 34, 35, 37, 38 and 39 in Block No. 3; Lots 20, 22, 23 and 47 in Block No. 4; Lots 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 12 and 13 in Block 17; Lots 22, 23, 24, 25, 26 and 27 in Block 28; Lots 1, 2, 3 and 4 in Block 29; Lots 14, 15 and 18 in Block 32, being 42 lots in said Section B.

Also, the following Lots in Section C, as shown on said Company's plan of land dated Oct. 20, 1888, and recorded in Middlesex No. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans No. 4, Plan No. 135, namely:—Lots 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39 and 42 in Block No. 2; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 19, 20, 25, 26, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37 and 38 in Block No. 4; Lots 5, 6, 7, 11. 12, 13, 14, 15 and 16 in Block No. 9; Lots 2, 3 and 5 in Block No. 11; Lots 1, 2, 3 and 4 in Block 15; Lots 13, 14, 15 and 16 in Block 17; Lots 7, 12, 13, 16, 17, 18, 19 and 20, in Block 18; Lots 22, 23, 24, 25, 26. 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36 and 37 in Block 19, being 99 Lots in said Section C.

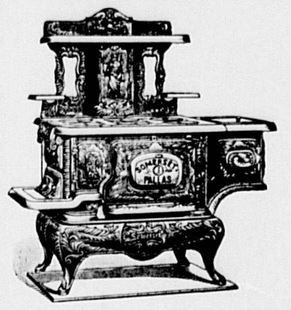
The following lots in Section D as shown on said Company's plan of land dated Nov. 1, 1889, and to be recorded in said Middlesex Registry of Deeds, namely:—Lots 10 and 11 in Block 2; Lots 8, 9, 20 and 21 in Block 4; Lots 6, 7, 8 and 9 in Block 5; Lots 5 and 20 in Block 6; Lots 13 and 14 in Block 7; Lots 11, 12, 13 and 14 in Block 8; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 13 and 14 in Block 9; Lots 10, 11, 12, 13, 16, 17, 18 and 19 in Block 10; Lots 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 in Block 11; Lots 1, 2, 21, 22, 23 and 24 in Block 12; Lots 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 20, 21, 26 and 27 in Block 13; Lots 9, 10, 24, 25, 26 and 27 in Block 14; Lots 8, 9, 10 and 11 in Block 15; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 26, 27 and 28 in Block 16; Lots 7, 8, 9, 10, 19, 20, 21 and 22 in Block 17; Lots 9, 10, 11, 12, 13 and 14 in Block 18; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 16 and 17 in Block 19; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 23 and 24 in Block 20; Lots 6, 7, 8, 9, 18, 19, 20 and 21 in Block 21; Lots 3, 4, 5, 11, 12 and 13 in Block 22; Lots 2 and 3 in Block 23; Lots 1, 2, 13, 14 and 15 in Block 24; Lots 6, 7 and 8 in Block 25; Lots 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15 and 16 in Block 26; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 19, 20 and 21 in Block 27; Lots 13, 14, 11, 12 and 6 in Block 28; Lot No. 3 in Block 29; Lots 4, 5, 9, 10, 17 and 18 in Block 30; Lots 1, 2, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 17 and 18 in Block 31; being 162 lots in said Section D.

The following Lots in Section F, as shown on said Company's plan of land dated Oct. 1, 1889 and to be recorded in said Registry of Deeds namely;—Lots 7, 8 and 9 in Block 5; Lots 1, 2, 3 and 4 in Block 10; Lots 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 in Block 16; Lots 5, 6, 7 and 8 in Block 18; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 in Block 19; Lots 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15 and 16 in Block 20; Lots 1, 2 and 3 in Block 22; Lots 7, 8, 9, 10, 19, 20, 21 and 22 in Block 26; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 in Block 30; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8, 25, 26, 27 and 28 in Block 32; Lots 7, 8, 9 and 10 in Block 33; and Lots 1 and 2 in Block 36, being 66 Lots in said Section F, excepting however from the above Lots the following Lots:—Lot 39 in Block No. 3; Lot 47 in Block No. 4; Lots 6, 12, 13 in Block No. 17; said Lots being said Section B, Lots 13, 14, 11 and 12 in Block 28 said Lots being in said Section D; Lots 7, 8 and 9 in Block 5; 1, 2 3 and 4 in Block 10; Lots 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 in Block 16; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 in Block 19; Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 in Block 32, said Lots being in said Section F, which have been released and will not be sold.

To be sold subject to all unpaid taxes and assessments thereon.

Terms made known at time and place of sale.

JOHN R. WATTS, Mortgagee.
C. H. WELCH, Attorney,
194 Washington St., Boston.



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GLENDALE GRAND RANGES.

Two of the most thoroughly made Ranges ever on the market. Have more useful improvements than any Range made for years.

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that are FIRST CLASS, and we intend to keep it, by upright dealing and well chosen stock.

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JAS. H. WALLICK
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At 353 Main Street, a suite of six rooms. The apartments are all light and airy and afford a beautiful outlook upon the Common, including the City Building, three Churches, the Savings Bank, and the Public Library. The building is new and finished in up-to date style, and furnished with all modern conveniences; large closets, bath-room, &c. No coal is needed for fuel. A large gas-range of latest pattern with hot water tank supplies every facility for doing housework. This suite is exactly adapted to a small family desiring a home at once central, genteel and cosey.

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Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

Low Rents.

HOUSE No. 650 Main Street, 8 rooms, ($12.50) twelve dollars and fifty cents per month.

Also, HOUSE, No. 16 Wyman Street, 6 rooms, ($8) eight dollars per month.

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A Tenement of eight rooms at No. 9 Johnson Street, with all modern conveniences, four minutes to depot and postoffice. Rent $20 per month.

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Safe.

The little child is safe from ordinary dangers in the care of the faithful dog. But neither the dog's fidelity, nor the mother's love can guard a child from those invisible foes that lurk in air, water and food—the germs of disease. Children need to be specially watched and cared for. When there is loss of appetite, lassitude and listlessness in a child, an attempt should be made to revive the appetite and rally the spirits. In Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery parents have found an invaluable medicine for children. Its purely vegetable character and absolute freedom from alcohol and narcotics commend it to every thoughtful person. It is pleasant to the taste, unlike the foul oils and their emulsions offered for children's use. "Golden Medical Discovery" makes pure blood and sound flesh, and absolutely eliminates from the system the poisons which feed disease.

Mrs. Ella Gardner, of Waterview, Middlesex Co., Va., whose daughter suffered from malarial poisoning and catarrh, writes: "My little daughter is enjoying splendid health. I am glad I found a doctor who could cure my child. She took twelve bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' eight bottles of 'Pellets,' and one bottle of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and she is well. We thank God for your medicines."

Give the little ones Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets when a laxative is needed. They're easy to take and don't gripe.

WHEN BOB'S AWAY AT SCHOOL.

Ah, dear delightful season, all
Too rare and far too brief!
Sweet time when silence soft doth fall
As falls the floating leaf!
'Tis ushered in with slam of gate
And out with flying stool,
And quietude doth rule in state
When Bob's away at school.

Upon the porch the tabby cat
With blinking eyes doth doze,
In tranquil dreams forgetting that
Her life's a round of woes,
And Towser, stretched upon the grass,
In visions of the pool,
Forgets to bark at feet which pass
While Bob's away at school.

What blessed charm enfolds the house
Throughout that season rare!
Each buzzing fly and cheeping mouse
Sleeps sound within its lair.
The elms beside the garden gate,
So freshly green and cool,
Scarce stir their giant limbs sedate
When Bob's away at school.

But all too soon it fades away.
"Hi, Towser! Sic her, sir!"
Puss leaps the fence, a dash of gray,
Towser just a yellow blur!
Bang! goes the door. In runs the lad!

* * * * * *

And yet the chap's a fool
Who'd not be just a little glad
When Bob comes home from school!
—Richard Stillman Powell in Puck.

Her Sister's Secret.

It Was Kept by a Girl of Fourteen.

By Owen Oliver.

I had vowed never to enter the Dormers' house again, but when they sent word that Maisie was dying I went there as fast as a hansom would carry me. We had always been such friends, the child and I.

She was propped up in bed with pillows, and her pretty face was pale and drawn, but she smiled when she saw me. I took her wasted hand in mine and kissed her cheek.

"I was sure you would come," she said in a faint, pleased voice.

"Of course," I answered; "of course, my dear child." She was only 14. "There is no quarrel between you and me." We had remained good friends when the rest of the family cut me dead.

"We never have quarreled," she said, holding my hand tightly. "There is not much time to quarrel now. You won't, will you, Fred?" I shook my head. A lump in my throat kept me from speaking. "Promise me before I tell you—something."

"My poor little Maisie!" I cried brokenly. "I promise." She had been a pet of mine from the days when she was a toddling baby and I a big, awkward boy.

"It is very secret," she stated in a slow, faroff voice. "My dear, it is only for Fred." Her mother shook up the pillows and left us alone, but Maisie seemed unable to make up her mind to speak.

"You know I would do anything for you, little girl," I said soothingly. Her eyes brightened, and she nodded, but the smile died gradually away.

"Turn me over a little," she entreated, "and pull the corner of the pillow over my face. I can't tell you if you look at me." So I turned her very gently, but she still said nothing.

"Well, May?" I asked.

"You used to be fond of me?"

"I am fond of you. I shall never have any one to replace you, dear."

"Suppose I had done something dreadful—something that hurt you?"

"I should know that you could not help it."

"Something mean?" Her voice almost broke.

"You couldn't."

"Ah, but suppose I had?"

"Then," I said firmly, "I should know it was just a slip, like we all make—like I make sometimes. I should not blame you, little one." I stroked her long, silky hair and thought how I should miss her. I had never fully realized before how very fond I was of my fanciful little friend.

"Will you promise to forgive me, dear Fred?" she asked pleadingly.

"If there is anything to forgive."

"There is."

"Then, whatever it is, I forgive you. So you need not tell me now."

"I must," she said resolutely. "It is about you and Lucy—when you quarreled." She stopped abruptly.

"Yes?" Lucy was her elder sister. We had been engaged.

"You wrote her an explanation—a satisfactory explanation."

"Apparently she did not think so. She never answered the letter that I gave you to deliver."

"She never had it," said Maisie, with a sob.

"Maisie!"

"I—I kept it." She buried her face in the pillow. I was too astonished for words, but I kept stroking her hair. "I read it first. Then I burned it."

"But—why?"

"Because I was a coward," she sobbed—"because I—oh, Fred, forgive me! Don't despise me more than you can help." A light flashed into my mind. I bent over her and kissed her cheek.

"My little Maisie!" I said tenderly. "My poor, loving, little girl! You cared so much as that for me!"

"I thought, perhaps, if you didn't marry Lucy, and we were good friends, and I grew up—oh, Fred, I shan't grow up now!" I put my arms round her and held her close to me.

"If you get well, May," I said, "and grow up, I shall like you better than anybody." She laughed faintly. "I believe I always did." I wiped her eyes.

"I shan't," she said. "So—you will like her again, now, won't you?"

I hesitated. My affection for Lucy died a natural death. It had never been very deep. Neither, I fancied, had hers for me.

"Time will prove," I said slowly. "I doubt if she"—

"She does," said Maisie.

"Has she told you so?"

"Yes."

I frowned. "You have not told her—about the letter?" She shook her head. "Then I never will. It is useless your asking me to do so."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave enough." She buried her face. "I want them to think well of me," she cried piteously, "when—when I"—

"Oh, Maisie, don't!" The tears were in my eyes.

"But you will be good to her? You will make it up—won't you? You need not tell her about me—only say that you are sorry and want to be friends. Then you can be engaged again, and—and—some day"— Her lips quivered.

"Marry her?" She nodded. "But if I no longer care for her? If I know that I can never love her as I could love? My dear little playfellow and friend, I am not half so fond of Lucy as I am of you."

"Ah!" She looked at me with big, deep eyes. "I am only a child. There are different kinds of fondness, dear Fred." The wistful affection in the child's face touched me to the heart, and I kissed her frail hands.

"Get better, little one, and see," I said brokenly. Then we sat in silence for a long time, holding hands.

"I am getting sleepy, Fred," she murmured. "Kiss me." I kissed her several times, and she went smilingly to sleep, with her cheek against my arm and her hand in my hand. Mrs. Dormer came in, but I sat motionless for an hour, till the child's grasp relaxed, and I could draw myself away without waking her.

"I shall come tomorrow morning," I whispered. Her mother nodded constrainedly, and I went out on tiptoe. Lucy met me at the bottom of the stairs.

"I have something to tell you," she said, "if you will spare me a minute." I bowed and followed her into the empty dining room. She sank into an armchair by the fireside, and I stood by the mantelpiece, looking down upon her. It seemed strange to be so near to her and so indifferent to the fact. For one thing was clear to me—that if I had every really loved Lucy Dormer, I loved her no longer. We were quite unsuited to one another, and if I married her it would merely be a useless sacrifice of two lives.

"I treated you badly," she said abruptly. I raised my eyebrows. After Maisie's confession there seemed no reason for the admission.

"There were things," I said, "that needed explanation."

"Some things are beyond explanation."

"Perhaps they are better left so."

"One can ask forgiveness." There was a faint note of entreaty in her voice. I fidgeted impatiently with a little ornament on the mantelshelf. If I asked for forgiveness she would give more.

"If one desires forgiveness," I said, at length. It sounded brutal, but it might avoid worse things.

"Oh!" she cried, "I do."

"You!" I said with astonishment. "You! What have I to forgive you?" She toyed with her handkerchief.

"I thought Maisie would tell you. The child was always so fond of you." So she knew.

"Maisie has told me," I said gravely. "Lucy, it is right to be frank. I have discovered that my little playfellow, child as she is, has the best love that I can ever give to any one." She looked at me in surprise. Then she laughed scornfully.

"I see," she said. "You want an excuse. You might invent one without taking my poor little sister's name in vain."

"It is no excuse," I said firmly. We looked at one another for a minute in silence.

"Then," she said, "I did not hurt you. I am glad." She stamped her foot passionately. "No, no, I am not. I am sorry—sorry, do you hear?" I shrugged my shoulders.

"There is no more to say?" I suggested.

"No more to say," she echoed faintly. I walked to the door. "Fred!" she cried abruptly. "I must say it. Listen to me if you will not forgive."

"Forgive!" I asked. "What have I to forgive?" She looked at me in apparent bewilderment.

"Do you not know that I never told my people of your explanation; that I let all the blame rest on you?"

"My letter!" I cried. "My letter!"

"The letter you sent to Maisie?"

"She gave it to you?"

"Of course she gave it to me," said Lucy, opening her eyes wide. "Why not?" I ought to have known. My brave little girl!

"Maisie told me that she never gave you the letter, Lucy; that all the blame was hers." I walked to the window and looked out for a time in silence, broken by Lucy's sobs.

"She told you—that—just to—screen me," she said brokenly.

"Yes." I could not say more for the moment. Presently I walked back to the fire. "God bless her!" I said softly. "Let us say no more about it, Lucy, and be friends for her sake."

Lucy wiped her eyes and looked into the fire. Then she spoke with her eyes averted from me.

"When we quarreled, it was only what I had for some time intended."

"Your reason?" I asked mechanically. I did not really care.

"Some one else was a better match. I—I did not like him so well." I bowed. It was immaterial. "I knew that my people would disapprove of my breaking our engagement for this reason. They were fond of you."

"I was fond of them." Their behavior had hurt and surprised me. In the letter I had particularly asked Lucy to show them my explanation, whether she accepted it or not.

"Consequently I was glad, or thought I was, when I heard something about you which gave me an excuse to quarrel."

"It was false, as I told you in the letter."

"As you told me in the letter. Therefore I did not answer the letter or tell my parents, but let the blame rest on you." She shivered.

"Do not trouble about it any more," I said, not unkindly. "The bitterness is over now."

A Million Women

have been relieved of female troubles by Mrs. Pinkham's advice and medicine.

The letters of a few are printed regularly in this paper.

If any one doubts the efficiency and sacredly confidential character of Mrs. Pinkham's methods, write for a book she has recently published which contains letters from the mayor of Lynn, the postmaster, and others of her city who have made careful investigation, and who verify all of Mrs. Pinkham's statements and claims.

The Pinkham claims are sweeping. Investigate them.

THIRTY YEARS OF CURES

"Yes," she said, "it is over. I refused him after all. You do not ask me why. Perhaps you do not wish to know?"

I shook my head.

"I do not wish to know." She nodded to the fire. "But I forgive you, Lucy." She nodded again. There was nothing more to say, since I could not say what she wished. So I turned to go. But there was a knock at the front door and I heard some one say "The doctor." So I waited to hear what he pronounced.

After a few minutes he came down the stairs talking to Mrs. Dormer.

"It is a natural sleep," he said. "The pulse is steadier and the temperature more normal. The odds are still against her, but there is hope."

The tears came to my eyes at last and Lucy came and put her hand on my shoulder.

"You can win her back to life, Fred," she said; "our little girl. Stay till she wakes." I had already resolved to stay.

I went up stairs and sat with my elbow on her bed and my face on my hand, watching my little favorite. Presently her mother came and knelt beside me.

"Lucy has told me all, Fred," she whispered. "You—you will not tell the others?"

"I will not," I promised.

When my little girl awoke she was not looking toward me.

"Better, dear?" asked her mother.

"Why, yes," she laughed feebly. "It must be Fred. Do you know, I believe he would make me grow well if he were often here with me."

"He will be, little sweetheart," I said softly. She turned to me with a happy cry and I whispered in her ear what I knew and other things that were only for her and me. They were the things that won her back to life, she says, when we talk of such matters.

We do not talk of them very often, for Maisie is young and shy and still at school. But her people understand and leave us alone together, and now and then our thoughts peep out. I remember that they did so upon the night of Lucy's wedding, for she married the "better match," after all. Maisie came to see me out, of course, and helped me into my coat and tried laughingly to shake me, and I put my arm around her and kissed her several times, instead of the usual once, and not quite in the usual brotherly way.

"There will be another wedding one day," I said. "Won't there, little sweetheart?"

She buried her head on my shoulder and whispered "I hope so."

Meanwhile people speak of me as a confirmed bachelor, and laugh when I tell them that I am waiting for "Miss Right" to grow.

But "Miss Right" is 16 now, and done growing, and wears her hair up and her dresses long and our good nights are steadily growing lengthier and less fraternal. Dear little Maisie!—Chicago Herald.

How Field Apologized.

While in a peculiar mood one day the late Stephen J. Field severely reprimanded Page Henry McCall for an offense of which the page was innocent. But the member of the highest court in the land could not be persuaded that his course was not the correct one. McCall left humiliated, but he was a little gentleman and held his peace.

Later in the day Justice Field sent for McCall.

"Come to my house at 7 o'clock this evening," was all he said.

With mingled feelings of doubt and despair the page called at the Field residence at the time specified, was ushered into the jurist's library and told to hold the books which Mr. Field began, without explanation or ceremony, to take from the shelves.

When the veteran lawyer had pulled about 15 volumes in to Page McCall's arms, he gruffly remarked:

"Henry, I'm very sorry for the way I treated you today. I realize that my conduct was unwarranted, and I beg your pardon. Here are some choice books. Keep them as a nucleus for your library. Keep them, young man, and—keep your temper, too, whatever you do! Good night!"—Exchange.

A Tart Response.

A certain doctor had occasion, when only a beginner in the medical profession, to attend a trial as a witness. The opposing counsel, in cross examining the young physician, made several sarcastic remarks, doubting the ability of so young a man to understand his business.

Finally he asked, "Do you know the symptoms of concussion of the brain?"

"I do," replied the doctor.

"Well," continued the attorney, "suppose my learned friend, Mr. Baging, and myself were to bang our heads together—should we get concussion of the brain?"

"Your learned friend, Mr. Baging, might," said the doctor.

According to the ancient practice of oriental monarchs, the Chinese emperor rewards those who bring him good news and punishes those who bring him bad news.

OUR HUNGRY GLOBE.

MOTHER EARTH'S METHOD OF FILLING HER RAPACIOUS MAW.

Great Chunks of the World That May Be Swallowed Up at Any Moment as Others Have Been Before In Our Planet's Pitiless Traps.

When one reads or hears of some sudden and violent alteration in the crust of this planet of ours one instinctively puts it down to something in the way of a volcanic outburst. In most cases it is so. But not always. Mother Earth has many fashions of building up what she likes and getting rid of what she is tired of.

One hardly wonders that Indian tribes who frequented the shores of the Columbia river used to worship as the "All Devouring One" a great cliff near the Cascades, which for many years past has been steadily advancing upon the river, with the evident intention of blotting out its bed and forming a huge lake above. This will inevitably happen. The mountain, which is 2,000 feet high and eight miles long, has been proved to be moving forward and downward at a rate of one to three feet a year. The railway track, which runs along its base has to be constantly altered. The reason of this ponderous landslide is that the mountain rests on a layer of soft sandstone, which is steadily giving way.

The village of Sainte Foy de Tarentaise, in eastern France, seems doomed to be ingulfed. The base of the hill on which it stands is being eaten away by the rapid waters of the Isere. The houses, some of them, show cracks rivaling those of our Cheshire Northwich. Some day there will be a "short, sharp shock," and Tarentaise will no longer exist.

Islands go and come so constantly that none but the admiralty keeps count of them. Submarine volcanoes are responsible for most of these disappearances, but others are harder to account for. Metis island, for instance, in the south Pacific, bore no sign of volcanic action about it. It was charted in 1880, its highest point being 150 feet. In 1899 it had gone—vanished utterly without leaving a trace. On the site of another small guano island off the coast of southern California recent soundings showed 50 fathoms of water. Tangier island in Chesapeake bay was fortified by the English fleet in the war of 1812. It has sunk steadily, till now those fortifications are under water.

The shifting sands of the great desert are as hungry as the pitiless sea itself. Many of the smaller oases in the Sahara have disappeared from sight in an hour or two, buried deep by the deadly simoom.

Some 400 miles southeast of the old city of Kashgar, far out in the yellow desolation of the desert of Gobi, the great Swedish explorer Sven Hedin saw something projecting from the smooth side of one of the long dunes. It was the wooden roof of a house. Further investigation showed that it was but one of thousands. A teeming city of highly civilized Aryans had long existed on this spot until the earth had tired of it and wiped it out.

Until Dec. 18, 1811, the eastern part of Craighead county, Ark., was one of the most beautiful and fertile stretches of prairie imaginable, interspersed with tracts of lovely woodland. Pretty rivers ran between high clay banks, and the country was rapidly settling. On the morning of Dec. 19, in place of rivers and rolling prairie, a great lake rippled in the sunlight. In the night the whole region, 120 miles long and 60 wide, had sunk 20 to 40 feet. Today the weird lakes of the Arkansas sunk lands offer the most beautiful scenery and some of the best sport in all the southern states.

Nothing is too big or too small to escape the maw of our hungry globe. Quicksands are the traps she spreads for smaller fry. Probably the worst and most dangerous in the world are the "shotts" of the Sahara. These are perhaps the dregs of some prehistoric sea. Now they are covered over with a thick crust of salt and sand. Whole caravans have walked unconsciously into these deathtraps and been quickly swallowed up. Reclus, the great French authority, declares you can sound these quicksands to a depth of 300 feet without finding bottom.—London Mail.

Scared the Beast.

The extraordinary skill with which Sir Edwin Landseer painted animals was due not merely to his mastery of the brush, but also to his intimate knowledge of the animal world.

One of his many talents was the power of imitating to perfection the cry of any creature with which he was familiar.

One day when the artist happened to be the guest of Lord Rivers he was requested to go and see a very savage dog that was tied up in the yard. As Landseer approached the growling beast he dropped quietly upon his hands and knees and then crawling forward snarled so alarmingly that the dog, overcome with terror, suddenly snapped his chain, jumped over the wall and was never seen afterward.

Sacrilegious Suggestion.

Draw poker is becoming a very popular game in Boston. Of course beans are used for chips.—Denver Evening Post.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON X, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, SEPT. 2.

Text of the Lesson, Luke x, 1-11, 17-20—Memory Verses, 2-6—Golden Text, Luke x, 2—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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1. "After these things." If these words refer to the events of the previous chapter, the talk of the twelve about who should be the greatest (verse 46), John forbidding a man to cast out demons because he did not go along with them, and John and James desiring to burn up a village because the people would not receive Christ are very suggestive in the light of an additional seventy being now sent out. The twelve were chosen not to monopolize the gifts of God, but to be humble channels of blessing to others; and the same Lord who chose them now appoints other seventy also. He is saying to each one of His redeemed, "I have chosen you and ordained (appointed or placed) you that you should bring forth fruit (John xv, 16).

2. The harvest is always great and the laborers are few, and the cry is ever coming from heaven, "Whom shall I send and who will go for us?" while but few respond, "Here am I; send me" (Isa. vi, 8). In the dark days of Ahab and Jezebel there was one thing that Elijah could do, as he thought of himself as the only one on earth for God—he could pray; and he did pray the effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man (Jas. v, 16, 17). We cannot pray honestly the prayer of this verse unless we are willing that God should send us.

3. "Behold, I send you forth." Compare John xvii, 18; xx, 21, and see how He sends us as the Father sent Him. It was His great strength and constant comfort that the Father sent Him. See John iv, 34; v, 36, 37, 38, and 30 other places in John's gospel. We may have the constant consciousness that we are embassadors for Christ here in Christ's stead (II Cor. v, 20), but if we are willing to be wholly for Him we shall soon find that we are lambs among wolves (Acts xx, 29; John xvi, 33). Wolves recognize no rights of lambs; human wisdom is not sufficient for this; but He, the Lamb of God, is our wisdom (I Cor. i, 24, 30).

4-7. Unincumbered, whole hearted, single eyed, self denying, the Lord's messengers with the Lord's message—thus they went forth. Laborers with God, dwelling with Him, for His work, willing and obedient, will surely be provided for; the manager will surely see to all the need (Luke xxii, 35; Phil. iv, 19; Ps. lxxxiv, 11; Rom. viii, 32). He who said "The laborer is worthy of his hire," not only in this passage, but elsewhere by His spirit through His servant (I Tim. v, 18), will be sure to see that his laborers get their hire; so the laborers need have no care about that. "Your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things" (Math. vi, 32) is enough to quiet any trustful laborer. Those who are sent by the God of Peace and the Prince of Peace are to preach peace by Jesus Christ (Acts x, 36). He made peace by the blood of His cross, and all who truly receive Him, being justified by faith, have peace with God (Col. i, 20; Rom. v, 1); it is the privilege of all such to enjoy the peace of God (Phil. iv, 6, 7) and then to bear it in His name to all who will receive Him.

8, 9. When received by any people they were to manifest the Spirit of their Master, who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and they were to be easily satisfied in reference to the food for the body, their orders being "Eat such things as are set before you," or as in I Cor. x, 27, "Whatsoever is set before you eat, asking no question for conscience sake." If some people who think they cannot eat this or that would just trust the Lord to give them an appetite for what is set before them, they might be surprised at His gracious dealings in this matter. Like the twelve, they were to heal the sick and preach the kingdom (Math. x, 7, 8). He sent them, they went in His name, and He wrought through them.

10, 11. If any would not receive them, they were just to depart, only assuring the people thus rejecting them that they were not rejecting them only, but the kingdom of God, which they represented, and the King who sent them (verse 16). In the kingdom, when it comes, there will be no unforgiven sin and no sickness (Isa. xxxiii, 24), but God shall be all in all, and His will done on earth as in heaven (I Cor. xv, 28; Luke xi, 2). In this age, while we are waiting for the coming of the kingdom and preaching the gospel everywhere that His church may be gathered out of all nations, the missionary who goes with healing for the body seems to have the greatest openings for the gospel message.

17. They return to Him to tell Him all they had done and taught, as was the custom of the apostles (Mark vi, 30) and as we should always do; here for Him, dwelling with Him for His work, going as He sends us, saying what He tells us and telling all to Him. They seem to have been surprised that evil spirits should have been subject to them, but they joyfully acknowledged that the power of His name did it all.

18. Is He in this saying looking back to the time when satan was cast out of heaven to the air or onward to the time when he shall fall from the air to the earth and to the pit (Isa. xiv, 12-15; Rev. xii, 12; xx, 2, 3), or is He gently warning them against pride? Perhaps it is as if He said to them, "What you have seen of My power over the wicked one foreshadows the time when he shall be completely overthrown."

19. "Behold, I give you power over all the power of the enemy, and nothing shall by any means hurt you." See an illustration in Acts xxviii, 5. Then see Isa. xliii, 2, and take Daniel's friends as an illustration. We know that God does not permit trial and suffering and death to come to His people, but as in the morning when Daniel came out of the lion's den there was no manner of hurt found upon him because he believed in his God (Dan. vi, 23), so shall it be in the resurrection morning; for then it shall be seen that no real evil has ever befallen a true child of God, and we shall be like our Lord even as to our bodies (Phil. iii, 21).

20. To know that our names are written in heaven is a greater cause of rejoicing than to be able to cast out evil spirits. Our Lord said that no greater prophet than John the Baptist was ever born of woman, and Gabriel said that John would be great in the sight of the Lord, yet John the Baptist wrought no miracle (Luke vii, 28; i, 15; John x, 41)

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IMPULSIVE SHERMAN

TWO CIVIL WAR ANECDOTES OF THE UNION GENERAL.

His Rough and Ready Treatment of an Ugly and Brutal Teamster—A Remark From One of His Own Men Which He Did Not Resent.

"Yes, Sherman was very impulsive," said the captain. "I saw Uncle Billy in a great act down at Big Shanty in June, 1864. The army was working its way toward Atlanta, and it was raining as only southern clouds could rain on Uncle Sam's soldiers when wagons were behind and there was no shelter. General Sherman's tent had been pitched near the road, and the general had just taken off his heavy boots and put on a pair of snow white stockings and loose slippers and otherwise made himself comfortable when there was an uproar on the road near his headquarters.

"A man who had been whipping the mules of his team to make them pull became exasperated beyond endurance, and, using the butt end of his heavy whip, began to club the mules over the head. He was so brutal that some of the soldiers passing protested, and this increased his rage. The screams of the belabored mules, the curses of the enraged teamster and the shouts of the soldiers made a din like a riot, but the brutal beating went on.

"Suddenly the flap of General Sherman's tent was thrown aside and the figure of a tall, bare headed officer in fatigue dress, white stockings and slippers was projected through the rain into the center of the melee. This was General Sherman, and without a word he seized the irate teamster by the ear and fairly lifted him from his feet. There was instant quiet. The mules down in the mud waited for the next blow. The teamster, recognizing the ear puller, was limp as a rag. The boys in the road stopped to see what Uncle Billy would do next.

"For a minute you could hear nothing but the patter of the rain. Then Sherman, still holding the teamster's ear in a way to make the fellow stand on his toes, turned and marched his prisoner to the rear, called the officer in charge of the guard and ordered that the beater of mules be properly punished and never be given charge of another team. As the general turned toward his tent after this exploit the passing regiment gave him a cheer, and the philosopher of our company remarked: 'That's better than any cussin I ever heard. Uncle Billy is a master hand at ear pullin.'

"On another occasion I saw Sherman in a different mood. We were making a night march, swinging to the right around Kenesaw. The night was as dark as they make them down in Georgia, and we marched all night without talking, under whispered orders, the men being guided in the line of march by bunches of white raw cotton pinned on the shoulders of those in front. Canteens and haversacks were tied close so there would be no rattling, and hour after hour we moved through the dreary dark, dropping down in the road to rest whenever there was a stop. This is the most exasperating sort of a march, and the men were in no pleasant mood when it began to grow light.

"Any night march is very trying. The natural inclination is to go forward as rapidly as possible. The men who set the pace in front are suddenly halted, and the men following crowd upon them, expecting that there will be a delay of only a minute. Instead there will be a delay of an hour, which to the men in the rear seems without reason or excuse. Then suddenly there will be a forward movement at a breakneck pace, then another halt without explanation, and a tiresome standing in ranks. In this case there was the added bewilderment of following silently the cotton pods on the shoulders of the file leaders, the exasperation of sudden stops, and the further exasperation of being compelled to keep quiet, so when daylight came the men were in a swearing mood, and they swore.

"It was the habit with all men, particularly if they were themselves inclined to excesses, to be very severe upon officers who became intoxicated. Nothing gave them so much satisfaction as to find an officer drunk along the line of march and to indulge in severe comments. With the coming of daylight the rule as to silence was suspended, as the divisions were then going into position. As our regiment marched rapidly to its appointed place we passed occasionally a sleeping officer. Every time the boys would remark, 'Another officer drunk.' As we approached the main line we passed an officer asleep in a fence corner. Some fellow in our company shouted, 'There's another officer drunk.'

"The men were greatly surprised to see the sleeping figure assume a sitting posture and to hear the voice of General William T. Sherman say, not unkindly, 'No, boys, not drunk, but terribly tired and sleepy.' Instantly came the reply, 'Bully for you!' and the men went forward into line feeling a kinship with their commanding general. He had not resented the remark, he had not sworn at the men who made it, but he offered the excuse which they would have offered, that they were tired and sleepy. These two anecdotes explain why Sherman was so near to his men. He would not see a man or a mule abused, and he held himself as a commanding general to a close sympathy with the men in the ranks who were to fight his battles."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Rattlesnake Poison.

"Years ago, when I was a boy at home," said a southern man, "an uncle of mine, who lived near Montgomery, was out on his plantation one day when he saw an enormous rattlesnake stretched in a furrow of a cotton field. He seized a hoe lying near by and made a pass at the monster. At the same time it struck out at him and broke off one of its fangs on the edge of the hoe blade. My uncle dispatched the snake and then picked up the fang and brought it to the house as a curiosity. It was sharp as a needle, and a faint yellow stain at the tip showed where some of the virus had exuded.

"The bit of bone lay for at least three or four years in an ebony box on my uncle's writing table in his study, when one day a stupid negro servant girl, not knowing what it was, used it to extract a splinter from her thumb. In less than an hour her whole lower arm was swollen, and she exhibited all the characteristic symptoms of snake poison.

"My uncle had studied medicine and by prompt measures saved the girl's life, but for some mysterious reason gangrene subsequently appeared in her arm, and amputation was necessary. My uncle lost no time in burning his murderous relic."

ODD MOUNTAIN RACE.

Tennessee People Who Claim Portuguese Descent.

The most peculiar people among the mountaineers of Tennessee are the Malungeons. They are copper colored, with high cheek bones, straight noses, black hair, rather coarse, black eyes, and have more intelligence than the ordinary mountaineers.

Their color and their customs have caused them a great deal of trouble. The Malungeons number between 400 and 500. They live on Black Kater creek, in Hancock county, and they have been in that section more than 100 years. The records of Hancock county show that their ancestors came to Powell's valley as early as 1789, when they took up lands on Black Water. Tradition says they held aloof from the white settlers and spoke a strange language, which none of the pioneers understood. Some of them could speak broken English, and by this means communicated with the white merchants to the extent of buying arms and ammunition and other supplies which they could not procure in the valleys of their mountain homes.

Before the war the Malungeons had a hard time in obtaining the right to vote and to send their children to the public schools. The white citizens declared that they were negroes, and the matter was finally carried into the courts. It developed that the ancestors of these people emigrated to America about 160 years ago from the interior of Portugal, and had spent some time in South Carolina before going to Tennessee. They declared on the witness stand that there was not a drop of negro blood in their veins, and after long and tedious litigation they were allowed to vote and send their children to school.

When the war broke out in 1861, the Malungeons espoused the cause of the Union. After the war closed and the Malungeons returned to their old pursuits they found that the government was interfering with one of their chief industries—making whisky. They had been distillers back in South Carolina, and some of the earliest stills in Tennessee were brought by their ancestors over the mountains from their original settlement. They killed revenue officers, just as the other mountaineers did, for disturbing their stills. Of late years, however, the revenue men have been so persistent in the work of destroying the illicit traffic that the Malungeons have sold but little whisky openly. They still make moonshine whisky, but they have adopted the artful, dodging tactics of the other moonshiners of the Tennessee and Kentucky mountains, and it is rare that one of the race is caught. So far as known not one of the Malungeons has ever ridden on a train.

Their deep, religious nature is the most striking of all their characteristics. During their meetings they will sing and shout until almost beside themselves with religious fervor. One of the patriarchs of the Malungeons was Uncle Vard Collins. Many years ago a noted church bishop was traveling through the Black Water district. He accidentally came to Uncle Vard's house and asked to stay overnight with him, a privilege readily granted. When he told the old man he was a preacher, the patriarch said he would like to hear him preach. The bishop inquired where the congregation would come from. For answer his host took a long dinner horn from its rack and, going outdoors, blew several shrill blasts. Within an hour 100 people had assembled and showed great interest in the sermon.

The Malungeons were Whigs before the war, and since then have voted the Republican ticket. Their customs have not changed in 200 years. They still live in one roomed log cabins and use the old fashioned, long barreled rifle, which hangs over every door. They are warm hearted and hospitable, and, it is claimed, make the purest mountain brandy to be found. The family names are Gibson, Mullins, Collins, Wilkins and a few others.—Special Cor. Chicago Record.

The First Mourning Paper.

The oldest known letter written on black edged note paper as a sign of mourning appears to be one dated Jan. 5, 1683. In Addison's comedy of "The Drummer," 1715, reference is made to the fashion in the words, "My lady's mourning paper that is blacked at the edges." A few years later Allan Ramsay, who died in 1758, speaks in one of his poems of "the sable bordered sheet" as a messenger of sorrow. Mann, writing from Italy to Horace Walpole in 1745, says that it was universally used in Florence at that time. The superior elegance of this Italian note paper, with its narrow margin of black, explains its ready acceptance in this country, where it superseded the quarto sheet with a black border sometimes a quarter of an inch wide. In this way it probably gave an impetus to the fashion. But it is a mistake to suppose, as some have done, that the fashion was introduced from Italy.—London Answers.

Always Ready For a Meal.

Perhaps you fancy the birds don't work. Just watch them next time you have a chance and you'll find they are busy every minute of the day.

During the summer thrushes get up before 3 o'clock in the morning and don't go to bed until after 9 o'clock at night. So they work nearly 19 hours. Blackbirds are not so industrious. They only work 17 hours, but during that time they feed their little ones between 40 and 50 times.—Our Animal Friends.

Vaccination In Japan.

In Japan vaccination is compulsory, and the government makes its own lymph and issues it free of charge. Revaccination at stated periods is also rigidly enforced. Only calf lymph is used.

Tom Fat, the Forger.

When Lord Charles Beresford was in China one of the best servants it was his lot to have was a certain Chinaman named Tom Fat. Unfortunately, Tom Fat did not always devote his undoubted intellect to worthy objects. He learned to imitate his master's handwriting so cleverly that he forged checks amounting to over £2,000 in two years. And on one occasion, when Lord Charles was professing a spirit of very broad toleration toward the heathen of all denominations, one of his friends ventured to inquire what he thought would be the ultimate fate of his Chinese servant, whereupon Lord Charles instantly replied, "That fat will certainly be in the fire!"

Educational Opportunity.

"We will yet see an emperor in Washington," said the apprehensive citizen.

"Well," answered the unruffled friend, "as a cosmopolitan philanthropist, I hope so. I have long thought that all the crowned heads of Europe ought to get up an excursion to Washington and get some points on running a government."—Washington Star.

Dickens' "Nerves."

Charles Dickens had what the old woman scornfully said she "thanked God she hadn't—nerves." They helped to make him the people's novelist. Says his daughter:

"After the morning's close work he was sometimes quite preoccupied when he came in to luncheon. Often when we were only our home party at Gad's Hill he would come in, take something to eat in a mechanical way and return to his study to finish the work he had left, scarcely having spoken a word.

"Our talking at these times did not seem to disturb him, although any sudden sound, as the dropping of a spoon or the clinking of a glass, would send a spasm of pain across his face."

In 1865 he was so shaken up by a railroad accident that always afterward he suffered an intense dread whenever he found himself in any kind of conveyance.

"On one occasion," says his daughter, "when we were on our way from London to our little country station, Higham, where the carriage was to meet us, my father suddenly clutched the arms of the railway carriage seat, while his face grew ashy pale and great drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead, and, although he tried hard to master the dread, it was so strong that he had to leave the train at the next station.

"The accident had left its impression upon the memory, and it was destined never to be effaced. The hours spent upon railroads were thereafter hours of pain to him. I realized this often when traveling with him, and no amount of assurance could dispel the feeling."

A Haunted Apple Tree.

"It is probable that to the town of Douglass, Mass., alone belongs the reputation of having a haunted apple tree," writes Samuel S. Kingdon, in The Ladies' Home Journal. "The tradition of the town is that a foul murder was committed in the orchard many years ago, and that since then it has been haunted by the spirit of the victim. As the story goes, a peddler, whose custom it was to sell goods from house to house from a pack, lay down to rest at midday under a tree in the orchard, and before the day was ended he was found with a cruel gash in the neck from which his lifeblood had ebbed away.

"Suspicion rested on the owner of the orchard, and he was said to have been constantly followed by the spirit of the victim. In an attempt to escape from its dreadful presence he moved away. Then the apparition became a terror to all who had occasion to pass over the road at night. So potent was its influence—standing, as it had a habit of doing, under the apple tree, with one hand at its throat and the other extended as though seeking aid, and uttering shrill cries that could be heard half a mile away—that the location of the highway was changed and it is now a long distance from the orchard.

"The old trees still bear fruit, and the apples from the one beneath which the peddler was killed are said to be streaked with red, resembling blood, the streaks extending from skin to core."

No Reason For Describing It.

"Say, hustle down to the stockyards right away," said the city editor to the new reporter. "There's a fire down there. It may turn into something big; but even if it doesn't we want a good little story on it, anyhow."

The new reporter shot out of the door, with perspiration starting at every pore. The fire didn't turn out to be a great conflagration, so no more reporters were sent down to the yards to take care of it. The city editor depended upon his new man for the story. But for some unaccountable reason the reporter failed to return to the office and the paper had to go to press without the account of the fire.

The next day about noon the new man strolled leisurely into the office entirely unprepared for the thunderstorm that broke over his head as soon as the city editor caught sight of him.

"Say, what the dickens is the matter with you, anyhow?" said the editor. "Why didn't you write up that fire that I told you to?"

"Why," gasped the youth, "there wasn't any use to write it up; everybody was there and saw it."—Chicago Chronicle.

Fish In Captivity.

Fish new in captivity in aquariums are more likely to be attacked by fungus than the old ones, which have become in a way acclimated or accustomed to the water in the tanks. This may be of different characteristics than that which they inhabited in nature. If salt, for instance, it may be less salty, and it is impossible to provide water of the exact temperature of that inhabited by the fish. The water in the tank is kept at a temperature approximating that of the fish's native waters, but in nature the fish could come to warmer water near the surface and cooler water in the depths, conditions that it is impossible to reproduce in small tanks. In many cases it is practically impossible to supply the fish with just the food to which they have been accustomed.

But the hardier ones get used to the water and used to the food and pull through all right and come to be chipper and hearty and to enjoy life as much as fish in captivity can enjoy it. They become so tame that they take food from the hand.—New York Sun.

A Nation of Fish Eaters.

In Anam the number of persons who live mainly upon fish is estimated at 5,000,000. The fishing industry has created a considerable development in that country. The region most abounding in fish is that of the southern provinces, Binh-Thuan and Khanh-Hoa, and that of Thanh-Hoa in the north. The latter district supplies fish to the Tonquin markets and a part of China.—Chicago News.

A Clever Blind Man.

The New Orleans Times-Democrat tells of a blind man in a southern city who goes to the postoffice every day carrying a small, light riding whip, which he holds slightly inclined to the front, with the tip just touching the pavement. His sense of touch has become so delicate that the whip is almost an artificial eye. When the point encounters anything, he makes a few swift passes over the surface and generally determines the exact character of the obstacle. It is done so quickly and deftly as to attract no attention, and few passers have the least suspicion of the old man's infirmity. When he reaches the postoffice, he turns unhesitatingly, mounts the middle stairs, walks over to the lock boxes and without any feeling around thrusts a key into the right aperture.

Our learning is so long in getting and so very imperfect that the greatest clerk knows not the thousandth part of what he is ignorant.—Jeremy Taylor.

Australia, it is estimated, is capable of supporting at least 100,000,000 inhabitants.

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THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. L. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7. 1900. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 40.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect JUNE 25, 1900.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.14, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.39, 8.00, 9.10, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.28, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, *9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.22, 7.04, 7.34, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, 5.42, P. M. Sunday at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.45, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.36, A. M., 12.00, 4.52, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.33 8.28, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, *9.30, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.28, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.28, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 8.28, 6.33, 11.11, A. M., 6.42 P. M., Saturdays only. Except Claremont.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.28, †11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, ‡6.33, 8.28, 11.11, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P.M

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.28, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.28, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

*To Nashua only.
†To Franklin only.
‡Weirs only.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.55, 9.13, 9 30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.21, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.16, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 4.03, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9 33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Jan. 1, 1900, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 and 11.15 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Wakefield & Stoneham St. R'y Co.

On and after January 1, 1900, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, then *9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30 , p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington, at 5.15, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.30, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.45, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m., then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 8.35, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. M. LANE, Acting Supt.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00 *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

Business Cards.

Crawford's - -
ICE CREAMS
SHERBERTS, &C.
No. 412 Main St., WOBURN
TELEPHONE: 48-3.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal and Wood,
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Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
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HAS SOLD — AND — REPAIRED FINE WATCHES SINCE 1865.
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Return Water
from steam or hot water heating coils or raidiators below the boilers can be brought back by gravity alone. I make a specialty of such work. Let me solve your problems. It costs you nothing if I fail.
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Telephone 39-2.

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Office: 373 Main St., Woburn.

GEORGE W. NORRIS,
Counsellor-at-Law and Notary,
MECHANICS BUILDING,
415 Main Street WOBURN.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.35, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a. m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Business Cards.

George Durward

Choice Steaks and Roasts.

430 Main St., Woburn

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FOWLE BUILDING,
353 Main St., Woburn, Mass
TELEPHONE 109-7.

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Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
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HARDWARE!
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
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CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street, BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass.

TELEPHONE 6-3,
LAWRENCE READE,
Sexton of St. Charles Church.
Undertaker & Funeral Director,
241 Main St., Woburn

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

Banner Ground Floor Studio.
The Best Work in All Varieties known to the art we are prepared to do in the best manner, as we have the finest arranged Studio in this part of the State. Give us a call before going elsewhere and see for yourselves.
F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

HEART THROBS.

Beat—beat; beat—beat,
  The heart of a man goes on,
Till a smile on his fight worn face gives forth
  The sense of conquest won,
But the music of his life is mute,
  The song of his speech is done.

Beat—beat; beat—beat,
  The heart of a child goes pat,
Now high with hope, now low with fear,
  Now wishing for this—then that,
Reckoning little of care to come,
  Happy with ball or bat.

Beat with fluttering beat
  The heart of a maiden sighs;
Frivolish, girlish, she fain would aid
  Some noble high emprise;
Forever and anon she dreams,
  Love lighting her tender eyes.

And slow beat the hearts of the old,
  Be it or grandsire or dame;
Gone are the cares of mid-age,
  Day unto day is the same;
Living again in the lives of the young,
  Happy in youth's glad flame.

And the heart of the world goes throb,
  Strong, resistless, great,
Filled with passion or right or wrong,
  Love and work and hate.
Short is the time for love,
  But all too long for woe,
As beat—beat; beat—beat,
  Life's heart throbs come and go.

—C. P. Paine in London Queen.

The Mysterious Master.

By William Le Queux.

I really ought not to relate this story, I suppose, because the person it chiefly concerns is still living and is one of the best known men in Europe, but as biographers have a habit of betraying confidences I think that in this matter I may be forgiven if I anticipate them.

I was poor, my clothes were threadbare, and my stomach was often painfully empty.

While busy copying Durer's "Adoration of the Magi" in the Uffizi in an attempt to grasp its marvelous technical handling and fluency of coloring three bright faced English girls, probably tourists, entered the Tribuna. One of them passed behind me to examine my work, then, probably taking me for an Italian because of my pegtop trousers and soft hat, exclaimed quite audibly in English to one of her companions:

"Look, dear! What a frightful daub! The poor fellow is a student, I suppose. But he'll never make an artist, that's certain."

An hour later I was sitting in the attic, high up above the noisy Via Condotti, which served me as a studio and living room, plunged in black despair.

The door opened, and there advanced timidly into the room a strange, ill dressed, white haired old man, who, removing his shabby hat, greeted me affably in Italian. His face was thin and wizened, his figure lean and shriveled, but his eyes were black and full of a fire that age had not dimmed. Accompanying him was a young girl of perhaps 18 of that rare type the fair haired Florentine.

"I trust you will pardon my intrusion," croaked the queer old fellow in a thin, squeaky voice. "I noticed you copying in the Tribuna today, and it afterward occurred to me that you might have some pictures for sale. When I returned, however, you had gone. Therefore I ascertained your address and came here. Have I your pardon?

"Ah," he added, "you have something there, I see!"

"It is a failure," I admitted sadly.

He raised his eyes to mine with an inquiring glance and then proceeded to criticise my work in a manner which showed him to be no tyro in art.

The young girl with the blue eyes sat also gazing at the picture, but uttering no word. I fancied, however, that she sighed.

"You see my work. I have no talent," I added despondently, when in answer to his inquiries I told him my story.

"You mistake," he answered kindly. "You have some talent, but you lack the dexterity which makes an artist. That picture there, for instance," and he pointed to the easel, "might be turned into a very creditable piece of work with but little effort. If you'll allow me, I'll give you an illustration of what I mean."

To this I made no objection, and a few moments later he was at work with brush and palette painting away with astounding rapidity, while I stood by wondering as the picture grew beneath his hand. By the addition of subtle touches here and there he was completely transforming the work, showing the tinted and throbbing flesh against the warm light ground with a technical execution that bewildered me. I had never seen a man paint like that before.

"Ah," I exclaimed at last in profound admiration, "the signore is a painter!"

"I have painted," he answered enigmatically, and his lips closed as though he wished to say nothing of himself. "I do not buy my own poor work. But you are in need," he said. "Tomorrow take it to Ferroni in the Via Caizaioli."

"To Ferroni!" I exclaimed. "But he is the greatest and most critical of all the dealers. Surely he will not care for my work?"

"Take it to him and see."

I stood before the easel in the soft, red light of the Italian afterglow and marveled at the transformation that had been effected.

Next day, with the canvas under my arm, I entered Ferroni's, not, I must confess, without some trepidation.

When the dealer saw it, he grunted:

"The old man has done this! It isn't your own work," he said bluntly, looking at me. "The mysterious master has been at work again. How did he discover you?"

I explained the whole of the circumstances.

"Ah, you are lucky indeed!" he responded. "This is not the first picture of his that I have had, yet I would know his work amid 10,000 canvases."

"But who is he?" I inquired anxiously. "He refused to tell me his name."

"Nobody knows," responded the dealer.

"He is a master," I declared, admiring the picture.

"Undoubtedly. Such technic is possessed by no other living painter. It is because of that I am able to offer you 1,000 lire for the picture."

A thousand lire! I stood open mouthed.

"It was more than you expected, eh?" he rejoined, with a laugh.

Weeks passed, however, until one morning while I was busy he entered accompanied by Filomena. He seemed rather more feeble, and a single glance at the girl, whose sweet face, with the clear blue eyes, was such an exact replica of that exquisite little Madonna of Vandyke in the Pitti palace, showed that she had sadly changed. Her cheeks had lost their roundness, her face was pale, and she was evidently ill.

I sympathized with her, and we fell to talking quite naturally. She was ingenuous, frank and altogether charming.

I told the signore how I had sold the picture to Ferroni, at which he smiled and then proceeded to quiz and criticise my new work, pointing out a defect in foreshortening that I had not before noticed and indicating the errors with his thin, bony hand.

"But you are improving rapidly—piano, si lavore bene," he said encouragingly and after giving some technical instruction added, "And now let me see what I can make of it."

He threw aside his shabby coat, took up my palette, mixed some colors with great care and then in silence went to work.

Thus I stood chatting with Filomena. We chatted about the galleries and the antiquities, and I could not refrain from saying:

"Firenze non si muove, se tutta non si duole."

"Ah," she laughed, "that is quite true! Its charm lies in the fact that the vandals have not touched it like so many of our old cities. And you find it pleasant too?"

"I have but little time to see its beauties," I answered. "I work always. Work, work, but with such little result—ah, so very little!"

The old man finished at last and threw down the brushes, saying:

"I think now it will do. Take it to that old rogue Ferroni and make him give you 2,000 lire for it. It is worth that, but the old Jew always lies like an epitaph."

I stood before the easel dumfounded. The effect was perfect. He was indeed the mysterious master. I thanked him, but he waved me aside, declaring it was nothing.

As the old man had suggested, Ferroni gave me 2,000 lire for the picture, and a day or two afterward, having entered Santa Maria Novella with a view to painting the Strozzi chapel as a background, I suddenly encountered Filomena. She was going up to Fiesole to deliver a message for the signore, and, obtaining permission, I accompanied her. How well I remember that sunny afternoon as we strolled about the ancient little town perched high upon its hill, where the women were plaiting their straws; how we gazed down upon the Duomo and the red roofs of Florence, with the Arno winding away like a silver thread to sun blanched old Pisa and the distant sea! I became intoxicated by her marvelous beauty, for her face was pure as one of Donatello's angels.

Beneath the shadow of the grim old Porta San Gallo she halted to take leave of me, and I saw in her manner a firm determination to give me no opportunity of finding out where she lived. Somehow I could not open my mouth even to stammer a word of love, although my heart was full of it.

"Addio," she said, stretching forth her slim, white hand.

"Addio, si dice ai morti" (adieu one says only to the dead), I protested, taking her hand.

"Then a riverderle," she said, raising her eyes to mine with a strange, sad look and, turning, continued her way beneath the trees of the Viale.

Time wore on until the festa of Natale. On the day following the fete I chanced to be crossing the Piazzi Signoria, that great old square flanked by the Palazzo Vecchio and Oreagna's dark old loggia, with its wonderful bronzes and statuary, when suddenly a fine carriage drawn by a grand pair of bays passed me. In it, sitting alone, was a slight female figure warmly wrapped in rich furs. I glanced quickly after her. No. Surely it could not be Filomena! I laughed bitterly at the suggestion, then, sighing wearily, continued my way.

One night while I sat reading by candlelight my door was opened suddenly, and a man in smart livery stood in the entry.

"The Signor George Maguire?" he inquired.

I rose quickly and took from his hand a letter, which I found to contain an urgent request in Italian that I should accompany the bearer, as the writer wished to see me immediately. It was signed "Il Maestro Misterioso."

So he knew the title that old Ferroni had given him! The letter was a surprise, but I assumed my frayed overcoat and lost no time in obeying. Below a brougham awaited me, and, entering it, I was driven across the city and out by the Porta Romana to one of those beautiful villas with which the hills around Florence are studded. A manservant threw open the door, and, entering, I found myself in a spacious hall filled with palms and flowers, a veritable winter garden.

Suddenly the servant opened a door, and I found myself with the man who had rescued me from starvation.

His face was haggard and anxious, his eyes bore signs of recent tears, and as he advanced and took my hand I felt that he was trembling.

"Signore," I cried, "why, what is the meaning of this?"

"Filomena," he sobbed in a choking voice. "She wished to see you, so I have sent for you."

"She is ill? Tell me the truth quickly," I cried.

"Come," he faltered, "see for yourself." And he led me to a handsome bed chamber, where in the subdued light I distinguished two Sisters of Charity in their big white headdresses tenderly watching their patient. Advancing to the bed, I bent until I saw the poor pinched white face with the wealth of fair hair straying over the pillow. Her eyes were closed, and she seemed to be sleeping, but as the old maestro approached she suddenly raised her eyelids, and her gaze, wandering, fell upon me.

At first she seemed unable to recognize me distinctly, but a moment later she put forth her thin, wasted hand, and I took it tenderly, unable to utter a single word—unable to keep back the hot tears which blinded me.

I felt the soft pressure of her fingers and saw that long, wistful look in her pure blue eyes.

"You have come to me at last, Piccino!" she whispered softly in her musical Tuscan. "I have waited so long—so very long, my love, my love!"

I stood there rooted to the spot.

Then I dropped on my knees to kiss her hand; but, alas, it was only a dead hand that my lips caressed. With that declaration of her love, the love that I had feared to tell her on that well remembered day when we went up to Fiesole, she had passed peacefully away.

A couple of days later, the day of the Befana, I turned from the Piazza Donatello into the Viale Amedeo and halted before a large house facing the Gheradesca Gardena, the address of which the mysterious master had given me. The house, I found, was a fine, handsome studio, and upon the door was a small brass plate with the single inscription:

CAV. CORRADINI.

Corradini! I stood aghast before the door. I rang and inquired of the black coated cameriere whether the signor professore was within. In response he led me through the handsome salon, with its long windows—a salon wherein many a reigning sovereign has sat waiting the pleasure of the great master of painting—along a small gallery hung with his works and entered the large, bare and rather uncomfortable studio.

And there I found the sad faced maestro misterioso and discovered the truth. The man who had watched me in the Uffizi and who had transformed my wretched pictures, thus rescuing me from absolute penury, was none other than the great Corradini, whose fame was known the world over and whose wonderful pictures commanded the highest price of those of any living artist.

"You must know the truth," he faltered. "The poor child loved you from the first, but she was struck down by that curse of the human race, consumption. Her thoughts were always of you and of your welfare, and on the day before I sent for you she confided to me her secret. She confessed that she loved you, that she had met you, but that you had not reciprocated her affection. Yet she passed away happily, poor child," he added in tears. "She knew at last that you actually loved her."

And we both sat silent, plunged in unutterable grief. He had lost his only daughter. I had lost my only love.—New York Herald.

Salt.

Spilling salt was held to be an unlucky omen by the Romans, and the superstition has descended to ourselves. Leonard de Vinci availed himself of this tradition in his famous picture of the "Lord's Supper" to indicate Judas Iscariot by the saltcellar knocked over by his arm. Salt was used in the sacrifice by the Greeks and Romans and also by the Jews. It was an emblem of purity and of the sanctifying influence on others of a holy life. Hence our Lord tells his disciples, "Ye are the salt of the earth." The salt being spilt after it was placed on the head of the victim was considered a bad omen, being supposed to signify that the sacrifice was not accepted, and hence the superstition.

When we say of the shiftless fellow that he does not "earn his salt" we unconsciously allude to an ancient custom among the Romans. Among them a man was said to be in possession of a "salary" who had his "salarium," his allowance of salt money, or salt, wherewith to savor the food by which he lived. Thus salary comes from salt, and in view of the word how many there are who do not "earn their salt."

King and Peasant.

A pretty story is told in one of Mr. Ruskin's books, "Christ's Folk In the Apennines," of the late King Humbert's pleasant accessibility.

A contadino had come down to Lucca from somewhere in the mountains with a petition which he wished to present to the king, but when he saw him with his seguito he did not know who he was. Probably the poor man's only idea of a king was gathered from some picture of the adoration of the wise men. So he looked at all of them and rather thought the king was not there, but perhaps one of these gentlemen would convey the paper to him. And being taken with the king's pleasant face he went to him in preference to any of the others and put the paper into his hands, saying: "I will leave it with you, sir. I rather think I have given it into good hands." At which the king smiled and said, "Yes, you have."

Silence Reigns Supreme.

The most lonely highlands of our national territory are the sparsely wooded sierras of western New Mexico. The clank of the woodcutter's ax echoes through the steepest glens of the European Alps and southern Alleghanies, but in the Sierra Mesilla, west of El Paso, there are valleys where the moan of the wind in the branches of the rock pines is the only sound heard for days together. A kind of marmot is the only habitant of these solitudes and rarely leaves its burrows before noon. Birds are extremely rare, though a silent vulture now and then floats across the sky on its way to the cave labyrinth of the Gila valley.—Indianapolis Press.

Anxious Only About One Thing.

The ghastly rider on the white horse stopped at the gate.

"I am Death," he said to the sick man who was watching from the window.

"You are welcome," replied the latter and added in a whisper: "If you value your life, don't let my wife see you tying your horse to that tree. She'd never let anybody do that."—Philadelphia Press.

THAT BOTHERSOME LETTER

The Perplexity of a Typewriter Girl With Social Possibilities.

The pretty typewriter girl appeared to be worried over something.

"Well," she exclaimed, "there's one thing bothering me most to death. I have social aspirations that may be gratified because my employer is old and rich and is looking for a pretty young wife, and I may be it. If I am, I'm not much afraid of anything I may get next to in the circle in which I shall move except how and when to get the correct sound to the letter 'a' so as to show the difference between the classes and the masses. I have heard enough swell people talking in our office to know that to be a real society person I must use the broad 'a' in the right place, but I'm not sure of myself. Maybe everybody that uses the broad 'a' isn't in society, but I'm sure everybody in society uses the broad 'a,' and I want to know how to do it like the real thing.

"I don't find much trouble in saying 'cahn't,' but ought I to say 'cahn' or 'cahn not?' If not, why not? I'm just sure to get all mixed up if I say 'I can' and follow it right away with 'I cahn't,' and I'm sure I never could do a thing like that in society and live. It would be a dead give away, wouldn't it? But worse than that is 'half past,' like 'half past 4,' for instance. Sometimes I get it 'hahlf past,' and sometimes 'half pahst,' and sometimes 'hahlf pahst,' and sometimes plain 'half past,' and I just don't know what to do with myself. Now, which is it, and however am I to get it right and make it stay right? Goodness knows I've tried hard enough.

"Then there is 'and.' I always called it by its name and thought everybody else did, but the other day I heard some society people calling it 'ahnd.' Do you suppose that is the proper thing? My employer says 'cahn't' and 'shahn't,' but he doesn't say 'ahnd,' and he lives on Connecticut avenue. Or do I say 'in Connecticut ahvanue?' I notice some of the newspapers say 'in' for 'on' a street, but the newspapers are not in society, are they? I can say 'ahfternoon' or just plain 'after' easy enough, but think of that word 'aftermath.' Of course I wouldn't use it very often, but it is more of a give away to get a word wrong that isn't common than it is the common kind, don't you think? I say 'what,' of course, just as the swells do, but if I said 'thaht' wouldn't society people think I was a servant girl out of place? Thank goodness there is one word I have got down fine, and I can pronounce it just too lovely for anything, and that is 'advahntage.' I feel like I was the real thing when I say it, and, don't you know, when I hear anybody say 'advantage' it does sound too flat and common for any use. I do think it is the dearest word. I'd like to ask—I mean ahsk—about a lot more, but the boss is coming, and I must look ahfter some matters—or is it mahters?—that—I mean 'thaht'—he wants attended to. So long!" And she left the reporter standing at the office rail somewhat puzzled himself.—Detroit Free Press.

History of a Chinese Uniform.

The English army has never since secured so much loot as it did in the Chinese war of 1860. Among those who got some was a private soldier who after the taking of the Taku forts came across the dead body of a tsong-ping, or general, and promptly annexed the gorgeous gown and hat of the slain Celestial dignitary. He brought these garments home with him and sold them to a Jew dealer in Petticoat lane.

Shortly afterward the Hebrew received an order from a tea dealer for a suit of Chinaman's raiment. He made, as he thought, a good bargain for the particularly fine clothes he had bought. Shortly after peace a high official from the Chinese legation was surprised and shocked to see a vulgar looking "foreign devil" giving out bills outside a teashop attired in the full uniform of a Chinese general.

With the Chinese clothes are very solemn and important things, and a formal complaint was made to the foreign secretary of the gross indignity. A certain amount of pressure was brought to bear upon the tea merchant to put his bill man into toggery of a more humble order, but he stood on his rights as a free and independent English subject who had purchased in market overt, until the Chinese minister bought the uniform at a very high figure and sent it back to Peking.—Household Words.

Lafayette Kissed a Belle.

"Lafayette's stay in Alexandria, Va., upon his return visit to America was a succession of fetes, opening with a civic and military parade," writes Mrs. Thaddeus Horton in Ladies' Home Journal. "The event to which every one looked forward with delight was the grand ball. It was held in the double drawing rooms of the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Cazenore, which, after English fashion, occupied the second floor. The apartments were richly decorated and were thronged with the elite of Virginia society and many notable guests from Washington city and elsewhere. Lafayette stood in the rear drawing room and received with the mayor of Alexandria, who introduced the guests to him. During the presentations a young lady from middle Virginia, a great belle, came up and on being introduced asked Lafayette to kiss her, which he immediately did. Everybody was shocked at such an exhibition of immodesty on her part and wondered how the general could be so undignified as to comply with her request. Nothing else was talked of the entire evening but this remarkable occurrence. The ladies all thought it quite shameful and a disgrace to the occasion and blamed both the girl and the marquis. The gentlemen, however, thought Lafayette excusable under the circumstances."

The Atmospheric Ocean.

The atmospheric ocean surrounding the earth is frequently disturbed by gigantic waves, which are invisible except when they carry parts of the air charged with moisture up into a colder atmospheric stratum, where sudden condensation occurs. In this manner long, parallel lines of clouds sometimes make their appearance at a great height, marking the crests of a ripple of air waves running miles above our heads.

The Insurance of Children.

Children are insured in this country with industrial companies in the same manner as adult members of the family. They are insured as members of the family for the purpose of providing in return for a weekly premium of either 5 to 10 cents for a respectable burial at death and for the expenses of the last illness. The average premium at which children are insured is 6 cents, while the average amount paid at death of children under 10 years of age is above $30. This amount is barely sufficient to meet the expenses of burial in the large cities.

The youngest age at which a child is insured is 2 next birthday, and at this age in return for a 5 cent premium the companies will pay $8 if the child dies during the first three months of policy duration, $10 if the child has been insured more than three but less than six months, $12 if the child has been insured more than six but less than nine months and $15 if the child has been insured more than nine but less than one year. At the age of 3 years the amount which is paid after a policy has been one year in force is $17; at age 4, $20; at age 5, $24, increasing gradually until age 10 is reached, when the amount payable at death in return for a 5 cent premium is $120. In other words, the amounts gradually increase, although the premiums remain the same.—Leslie's Weekly.

Italian Translation.

Dr. Henry J. Bigelow, the eminent Boston surgeon, was very fond of music and knew something of it theoretically—enough, at least, to carry in his head the tunes he liked. Street musicians were used to his requests for repeating a melody, but in one case he had some difficulty in tracing a song when he wished to procure it for himself.

His quick ear had caught a new air upon a hand organ, and he at once asked the Italian grinder its name. The man could not speak a word of English, and it was only with difficulty that Dr. Bigelow learned the title of the tune and wrote it down—"Silva Tredi Mon Digo."

Then he went to a music shop and set the clerk upon its trail.

Nobody could guess what it might be, and one Italian collection after another was overhauled until at last all the clerks in the shop were brought into requisition. Finally one of them had a bright thought.

"I'll tell you what you want," said he. "It's 'Silver Threads Among the Gold.'"—Youth's Companion.

Took His Place In the Grave.

From the village of Kresszupa, in Hungary, comes the following remarkable tale:

An old peasant, Georges Gaja by name, died, and all preparations for his burial the next day had been made, as is the custom in those parts. Night fell, and the relatives and friends were watching in the house of mourning next to the room in which the corpse lay, when close upon midnight the door of the room opened, and those assembled were struck with fright at seeing the supposed dead man walk in.

For a moment panic reigned, but he at last succeeded in calming them and proving that he had miraculously come to life again.

While they were all sitting talking his wife returned from a neighbor's house, and so great was the shock at seeing her husband that she fell dead at his feet.

The tragedy of the affair is intensified by the fact that the preparations made for him served for her.

The Chinaman and His Dragon.

If a Chinaman wishes for happiness and peace in this world and the next, he feels obliged to consult his majesty the dragon as to where his house shall be built and his grave be made. Through the earth, so say the Chinese, flow two currents—the Dragon and the Tiger. Now, for a man to have good fortune in life or, as he would say in "pigeon English," to "catchee chance," his house must be put in a certain position in reference to these currents. If he is to rest quietly in his grave, that also must be correctly placed. So called "wise men" make a business of choosing favorable sites for homes and graves, professing, by means of a wand and incantations and other kinds of tomfoolery, to be able to detect the presence of the Dragon and the Tiger and to tell in what direction they flow.—Our Animal Friends.

Gam's Dry Humor.

When the gallant Welsh captain, David Gam, was sent forward by Henry V to reconnoiter the French army before the battle of Agincourt, he found that the enemy outnumbered the English by about five to one. His report to the king is historic:

"There are enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away."

This quaint forecast of the result of the battle at once spread through the camp, and doubtless every yeoman archer of the valiant company felt an inch taller. We know that it was almost literally justified by the event. Poor Gam's dry humor was equaled by his courage. He was killed while in the act of saving the life of his prince.

Flannel From Pine Needles.

The Germans make flannel underclothing of the fiber of the pine needles as well as socks for men and stockings for women, while knee warmers, knitting and darning yarns, cork soles, quilts, wadding, deafening paper for walls, pine needle soap, incense and even cigars made from this raw material have been exported from Germany for years. Bathing establishments have also been established at points, where the pine needles are crushed, and these resorts have long been popular with people afflicted with rheumatism, consumption, etc.—Chicago Chronicle.

The Blue Pencil.

"This," said the man who was showing the visitors about the office of the metropolitan daily, "is the copy readers' room. It is the place where the matter sent in for publication is boiled down to the right dimensions."

"Doesn't that make it warm?" giggled one of the young women.

"No," he replied. "But the men who write the stuff get pretty hot over it sometimes."—Chicago Tribune.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, SEPT. 7, 1900.

WOBURN'S TURN.

Woburn's right to the Senatorship this year is conceded by the Republicans everywhere in the District and no known effort is being made to deprive her of it. This city has only to present a candidate to the convention and that body will do the rest. Of course, if we go there without a candidate, if we appear at the convention unprepared to enforce our rights, we must lose the nomination, and some other locality will secure it.

Woburn Republicans want the selection to come to their ranks, expect it, and are working to that end. If they fail it will not be the fault of the Party outside of our city. In Mr. A. S. Wood, ex-Member of the House, they think they have found the right man for the Senate. The wisdom of their choice is demonstrated by the fact that there is no opposing candidate here, and the name of no other Woburn man has been mentioned for the office. Thus are his fitness and home popularity acknowledged and endorsed.

But the point which we wish to make is this: It is the duty of Woburn Republicans to unite solidly on a candidate for the Senate. A failure to do this will result in the loss of an important and honorable office and of political prestige that rightfully belong to us and easily obtainable by harmony in the ranks. If, by any means, Mr. Wood should fail to secure the delegation several years would necessarily intervene before another opportunity would be presented for obtaining the coveted place. Now, the question is, can the Republicans of this city afford to let this chance of securing an honorable Legislative position, a representation in the State Senate, slip through their fingers through petty animosities, unworthy jealousies, or neglect of duty?

Knowing the Republicans as we do, our opinion is that Mr. Wood will go to the Senatorial convention backed by a solid and enthusiastic Woburn delegation. That will give him the nomination by acclamation.

THE KNOX CAMPAIGN.

This, we understand, is progressing in a manner satisfactory to Congressman Knox. He is in daily receipt of favorable reports from different sections of the District, and all signs point strongly to his renomination without serious opposition.

Mr. Knox, so his friends say, will capture quite a bunch of the Lowell delegates; Essex county is solid for him; there is hardly any doubt but that he will have the Woburn delegation; and with these facts before him, we are at a loss to account for Col. Ames's hope of securing the nomination. It is admitted that Col. Ames is an intelligent young man, he is smart for his age, and they tell us he is not a "rainbow chaser;" if these things be so, where he finds grounds of encouragement in the present condition of the campaign is somewhat of a mystery. Possibly he is placing too much reliance on his managers.

It is unquestionably true that the thinking, sober minded Republicans of the District are supporters of Mr. Knox's candidacy by a large majority. Not that a disparaging word can be said against Col. Ames; but just now, while the government is dealing with grave questions connected with the acquisition of new territory—while U. S. is expanding—wise Republicans deprecate the move for a change in the Congressional representation of this District. Mr. Knox is Chairman of the House Committee on Territories; he fills the bill admirably; the best plan is, to keep him where he is until these questions are settled.

VERMONT ALL RIGHT.

Full returns show that the Republican plurality at the Vermont election last Tuesday was 32,250, the largest but one ever won by them. The Democrats made no material gains anywhere. The Republicans are jubilant over the great Vermont victory.

Bryan is a dead cock in the pit.

Maine's turn comes next Monday, when the Democrats "will hear something drap" in the Pine Tree State.

☞ Never before in the history of Presidential campaigns have the supporters of a candidate been asked to believe that the platform means the reverse of what he it says. The Democrats argue that Bryan will not do anything to advance the cause of silver, as he has promised to do. They are also being convinced that he would not retire the Army from the Philippines as he has promised. Such an an anomalous condition should not beget confidence.

☞ As the campaign advances it becomes more and more evident that the friends of good government, true patriotism, sound money and protection to American interests are uniting to oppose those who stand for the reverse of these civic virtues.

☞ It Bryan is so thoroughly convinced that he sees the dawn of empire, and nothing can prevent its establishment except his election, why does he not threaten to emigrate in the event of his defeat?

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Miss Lang—Teacher.
S. C. Small—For Sale.
Dauchy & Co.—Pianos.
W. R. Putnam—To Let.
E. J. Gregory—Auction.
J. W. Johnson—Citation.

— Dogdays ended last Wednesday.

— Locke, tuner, telephone, this page.

Ask John Chinaman if President McKinley has any backbone.

— Mr. William Gould and wife have got home from Crescent Beach.

— Mr. William W. Crosby has recently come home from a visit to Philadelphia.

— Crovo Brothers are selling superb peaches by the basket for canning at fair prices.

— Mr. W. R. Putnam advertises a good tenement for rent. See his ad in this paper.

— Andrew McIllaney is at Canaan, N. H., where he will remain during this month.

— Organist Hood of First church and Mrs. Hood have returned from their vacation.

— Trinity church, Episcopalian, will reopen next Sunday, the vacation season having closed.

— Mr. George Fred Hartshorne, C. E., has charge of the land surveys for blocking the city.

— The family of Mr. Mark C. Felch, the meat merchant, are visiting in New Hampshire.

— Happy Woburn! She'll always spell Thompson with a P.—*Boston Herald.* We always did.

— The Maine forests and streams still have claims for Mr. and Mrs. Heber B. Clewley of Pleasant street.

— Rev. Dr. Scudder has finished his vacation and will resume his ministerial duties at First church next Sunday.

— All kinds of repairing at Leathe's. Our $2.50 hand welt calf shoes for men are equal to any $3 advertised shoes.

— There has been some extremely hot days this week too. But each evening's chill points unerringly to the approach of fall.

— Mr. Eugene C. Bullard, a well known citizen, aged about 60 years, died at his home on Mishawum Road yesterday morning.

— At last accounts Mr. Waterman Brown, the old Church ave. gateman, now in the Mass. Gen. Hospital, was getting on all right.

— Chairman Herbert S. Riley of the Republican City Committee has got home from his vacation. Now look out for political hustling.

— The National Band gave another fine concert on the Common last Friday evening, and as usual a large crowd were present to enjoy it.

— At last comes a month with an R in it, and clams are lawful food once more. They were not bad eating in the R-less months, either.

— The British Veterans of Massachusetts will leave Boston at 4 o'clock this afternoon on the Dominion Line steamer for Halifax, N. S.

— Mr. John Cummings, the steady going and popular Cummingsville grocer, raises fine apples and is generous in the distribution of them.

— Dr. Benjamin Lewis, dentist, and Mrs. Lewis have got home from a pleasant summer outing. The Doctor is on deck again for business.

— Mr. Alvah Buckman had quite an ill turn a few days ago but was at his store Tuesday morning in the enjoyment of fairly good health.

— Ex-Mayor George F. Bean and family are again at their home on Montvale ave. They have been at Waterloo, N. H., all summer.

— Mr. W. A. Preston and family, including the little girl's dollie, went to Brockton last Saturday and spent Labor Day in that hustling, bustling burg.

— Mr. Ed. L. Shea and family went to Billerica last Saturday and camped out with Joseph McKay until Monday afternoon. They had a good time.

— Miss Alice O'Brien of Church ave. has been chosen organist of St. Charles church. She is an accomplished musician, both instrumental and vocal.

— At the annual meeting of the National Undertakers Association last week Mr. Lawrence Reade of this city was elected one of the Vice-Presidents.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf

— Almon N. Colson, 21 Lowell st., this city, fell from the roof of a house in Winterport, Maine, Thursday, and was instantly killed. His neck was broken. He was 60 years old.

— Mrs. Charles Munn took a detatchment of her family, consisting of Mr. Arthur Fowle and wife, Mrs. Wright, etc., on a pleasant little jaunt to North Woburn last Tuesday afternoon.

— Summer residants of Nahant, "the Gem of the Ocean," are wofully old fashioned. They continue to occupy cottages, while nearly all the rest of the seaside world live in "bungalows."

— The public schools of this city will begin the new school year next Monday. The teachers have nearly all returned from their vacation visits to the old homes and are prepared for work again.

— It is expected that the annual reunion of the 39th Regiment Association, of which several Woburn Veterans are members, will be held at Natick later in September.

— Dr. Conway of the Board of Health reports, enthusiastically, that the work of draining Town Meadow is a success. The drainpipes are all, or nearly all, laid and the best of results are already seen.

— Mr. Frederic A. Flint, of Gage & Co., merchant tailors, arrived home from Camden, Maine, last Sunday. As always, he reports having passed a pleasant month at his favorite summer resort, and returns well rested and refreshed.

— Miss Josephine Lang will resume her Woburn classes in pinaforte instruction on Sept. 20. She has taught here several years with success and it is expected she will have a large class this season. The craft say she is a fine teacher.

— Miss Mertena Louise Bancroft, the Boston and Woburn pianoforte instructress, has a change of professional card in this issue of the JOURNAL, to which public attention is directed. On Oct. 1 she will take up her work again.

— Anyone with common intelligence could tell with his hands tied behind him that this is the year for electing Congressmen by the way "Pub. Docs" are being poured in on the people from Washington. The whole country is flooded with them.

— Engineers are making surveys for putting the real estate of the city into blocks for purposes of assessment, a reform that has been long talked of but nothing done about. The system is said to be a great improvement over the one heretofore in vogue.

FROM THE ORIENT

CARPETS

Goods right—prices right—workmanship right—everything right.
We do by far the largest business in Boston in

Carpets and Upholstery.

What do you suppose the reason is?

JOHN H. PRAY & SONS CO.,
658 Washington Street, 658
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BOSTON.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
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Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
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Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

— Prof. B. M. Thompson and wife of the State University of Michigan were lately the guests of Miss Hosmer, at Rumford House.

— Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Clemson and their daughter Helen have been spending a delightful vacation among the mountains of N. H.

— Given good weather, the Fair of the Middlesex East Agricultural Association this month at Wakefield-Reading will be a grand one.

— City Auditor Barrett and Clerk of Committees Lynch came home from a real genuine and wonderfully restful outing on Concord River last Monday.

— John F. Boyle of 38 Grape street, Woburn, had his shoulder dislocated by a fall from an electric car in Boston last Sunday and was treated at the Emergency Hospital.

— Treasurer Everett E. Thompson is in fair physical trim and at his desk again in the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank where he has served the public so long and well.

— Mrs. Emma Bean Whitcomb, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin J. Marston, all of this city, attended the reunion of the descendants of John Bean of Exeter (1660) in Boston last Wednesday.

— The report that Mr. Alex Ellis was taken suddenly and violently ill last Saturday evening was without the least foundation. Mr. Ellis is hale and harty and good for 20 years of solid hard work at handling groceries, his occupation for the last 50 years.

— Mr. L. Houghton Allen has been here this week circulating around among old friends. His home is at Worcester, although considerable of his time is spent in traveling. He has got rid of the rheumatism, with which he suffered so long, and is happy.

— While he was in Chicago Capt. E. F. Wyer sent us copies of the papers of that city which contained full and complete stories of the great annual G. A. R. Encampment there. They were profusely illustrated with scenes connected with the grand patriotic occasion.

— At the meeting of the local Flower Mission, last Friday, Mrs. Collamore, President, 558 lovely bouquets were made up for the Boston Mission. Many of them were the work and contributions of little misses interested in the objects of the Mission and the poor sick Boston children.

— At the nominating convention of the Socialist Labor Party held in the Paine Memorial Hall, Boston, last Tuesday, Mr. John O'Donnell of this city was chosen a member of the State Committee. A full set of candidates from Governor down was placed in nomination. Only about 100 delegates were present.

— Capt. George W. Nichols left the city last Saturday to find "Boone Pond," where he had been invited to visit some friends. His neighbors are anxiously "watching" for his return, thinking, as he was armed with a fishing rod, that he may have fallen into the water, or is on his way home with a big load of fish.

— FIRES.—The alarm from box 512 at 12.25 last Friday noon was for a slight fire on the roof of one of the ice houses on Lake Avenue beloning to the Boston Ice Co. The alarm from box 35 at 12 o'clock Wednesday night was for a fire in the blacksmith shop of James Given, 50 South Bedford street, Cummingsville.

— Supt. of Schools, Mr. Thomas Emerson, returned from the North several days ago, and is now busy preparing for the opening of the schools next Monday. He passed the vacation season pleasantly at North Conway, where he obtained rest and recreation from work in his garden, and comes back in excellent health and spirits.

— Mrs. Harriet C. Blake of Abbott street has returned from her vacation visiting, the first part of which was spent at Kennebunk Beach, Maine, and the last part at Hollis, N. H. Mrs. Blake has passed a good many summers at Kennebunk Beach, for which she has a great fondness, and is also enamored of Kennebunk Village, one of the most attractive in the State. She had a pleasant outing. Dr. Blake, her son, came home earlier.

Coming —our— Way—

When people start out to buy Drugs or Medicines you will usually find them "Coming Our Way." They have learned by experience that ours is the best place for such things.

HUNTLEY'S,
The Prescription Store,
417 MAIN STREET.

— Mr. George E. Brown, the house carpenter, at the close of the G. A. R. Encampment, went from Chicago to Marshaltown, Iowa, in search of ozone and health. His further itiniary had not been determined on when he left the shores of Lake Michigan, but it was not unlikely that he would eventually pull up in Colorado. He is not rugged.

— Station Agent Eaton was a resident of Woburn 25 years ago. He was then an employee of the Boston & Lowell Railroad Company. When that Road was leased to the Boston & Maine Company Mr. Eaton went to the Eastern; and ever since the consolidation of the three he has been with the Boston & Maine, the whole making a long and faithful service.

— At 8.40 tomorrow morning, Sept. 8, a Boston & Maine RR. excursion train will leave the Northern Station, Boston, for Lake Winnipesaukee, one of the most beautiful pieces of inland water, surrounded by charming scenery, in New England. It will include a sail on the Lake, and several hours for sight-seeing on its banks. Fare for the round trip $2.

— The Wednesday 7 o'clock a. m. train out of Boston for Woburn, Richard Carton, Conductor, Charles J. Chase, Engineer, struck a man who attempted to cross the tracks just ahead of it in Somerville, and cut him up quite badly. It was the greatest wonder in the world that he was not instantly killed. Conductor Carton had him taken to the Mass. Gen. Hospital.

— The weekly Report ending Sept. 3, of J. W. Smith, Section Director for New England, Boston. "The weather of the past week has been favorable for the harvesting and threshing of grain, but too dry for growing crops. Very little rain has fallen and much sunshine has prevailed. The average number of clear days, 4; partly cloudy, 3; cloudy, 1."

— Commodore William H. Russell of the Lynn Yacht Club was one of the judges at the annual open regatta of the Club off Nahant last Monday. The Boston *Herald* of Tuesday contained a picture of the Empress beating the Al Kyris, and also a good portrait of Commodore Russell. The regatta was a fine affair and one of the most satisfactory that has been sailed in recent years.

— The dance given by the Cad-Mah Club on the Woburn House green last Monday evening was a pleasant and successful affair. The grounds were brilliantly illuminated by electric lamps; the dance floor was excellent; and the music good. There was a large attendance, and everything ran as smooth as oil. The very best order and deportment were preserved. The dance closed about midnight.

Perhaps the most ludicrous feature of the campaign so far is contributed by those few newspapers which claim that, notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Bryan paramounted the 16 to 1 plank by imperially forcing it into the Kansas City platform, it doesn't mean anything and that the Republicans are demagogues when they accept the challenge and attempt to refute the declaration. When a party sets up a declaration of principles and then attempts to run away from it there is sure to be confusion.

— Next Sunday, being the second in September, has been designated and set apart for special Bible study by Sunday Schools, and named "Rally Sunday." Sermons, appropriate to the occasion, will be preached; special music provided; and extra work performed by Superintendants and teachers. Just the number of denominations of Christians included in the arrangement has not yet transpired.

— It would be gratifying to see some ginger injected into the municipal campaign about this time. Every sign points to a hot one. Possibly the leaders think it should be "short, sharp and decisive," but we outsiders would like to see it open. The Municipal League are thinking, and the Democrats, with all hatchets buried, are trying to persuade Lawyer Feeney to run again, if Davis is the candidate of the Uppercrust. To be sure, it will be a hot fight, especially if Feeney is in it.

— Mr. Fred H. Rogers, Teller of the First National Bank, is recovering from a severe billious attack, from which, for a week or two, he suffered acutely, it producing intense neuralgic pains, as is often the case in malarial, billious, or ague cases. He was taken suddenly while attending to his duties at the Bank two weeks ago and the collapse was so nearly complete that it was only with difficulty that he reached home. A physician was summoned and Mr. Rogers has been in bed ever since. His friends will be glad to learn that he is recovering, for at one period his case was considered critical.

— Wishing to be entirely free from the annoying din of electric cars and pianos, last Saturday Miss Mertena Bancroft, a leading teacher of pianoforte, hied herself to New London, N. H., a favorite summer resort of hers, where it was her intention to remain a full fortnight. She was accompanied by Miss Emma Thompson of Medford, an intimate and cherished friend, who also is of musical turn, but shuns the clanging notes of commerce and travel during vacation, and together, in that secluded retreat, among lofty hills, in sylvan groves, along the banks of purling brooks, on country fare, they are, no doubt, having a royal time.

— The real estate which Mr. S. C. Small of Winchester advertises for sale in to-day's JOURNAL will doubtless be bought by parties for improvement or speculation, for, considering all things, it offers an exceptionally rare opportunity for either. In point of location no Winchester property in the market begins to compare with it. It is high and dry, commanding the finest views in and adjacent to Mystic Valley, and for residence purposes is unexcelled. The prices are such as to bring purchases within the reach of all. If it, or any part, is sold at vendue E. J. Gregory, the well known Boston Auctioneer, will do the selling. Read the advertisement carefully.

— A considerable number of people of the Centre visited Montvale last Sunday to view Companies A, C, F, of the U. B. B. A., Second Battalion, First Regiment, Boy's Brigade, who were encamped there from Saturday to Monday afternoon. It was the first Battalion Camp, although there has been a Division one. There were 78 boys whose homes are at Cambridge, Charlestown, Everett, Somerville and Waltham. The Boys Brigade originated in Scotland, and only in recent years found its way to America. It is semi-religious in design and character, Bible reading being one of its regular duties. The Brigade attended the Winchester Congregational church last Sunday.

— Mr. Joseph Linnell and Mr. D. Wilbur Brown went down to Rockport, Cape Ann, last Sunday and spent the day with their friend, Mr. William S. York, whose summer residence is one of the most comfortable on the Coast. It is situated on the extreme point of the Cape, almost surrounded by salt water, and directly in range of the cool east winds that sweep the vast Atlantic Ocean in summer time. It is close by the fishing city of Gloucester, and the view from it is grand and inspiriting, the Isles of Shoals, 9 miles below Portsmouth, N. H., Agamenticus Mountain in York, Maine, Boon Island, and other objects of interest being in plain sight on clear days. Mr. Linnell and Mr. Brown enjoyed the visit very much, and so also did Mr. York.

— A good many Woburn lovers of afternoon trolley trips take Col. C. F. Woodward's Lawrence and Reading new line from Reading north to Andover and Lawrence because it runs through some of the most charming scenery in the State; because the cars are the easiest and finest; and also because the service is of the best, and everything is done for the pleasure and comfort of the tourists. Our people bestow the warmest praise on the conduct of the new road, and we are told that it is doing a very large business. Certainly no more beautiful country scenes are to be found than those through which Col. Woodward's Lawrence & Reading Road runs. The fares from here to Lawrence are cheap enough to please everybody.

— Staff of Assistant Supt's and Agents of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. of Woburn took an outing last Saturday at Nantasket by invitation of their Supt., G. A. Gardner of this District, at Malden. A fine shore dinner was heartily enjoyed and the day spent in bathing, ball games &c. During the past few years the Company has been canvassing Woburn and adjoining towns, and many thousands of dollars have been paid out here for death claims and Industrial Insurance. Their rooms are in Mechanics Building, and Ass't Sup'ts are H. S. Dorrothy and F. W. Gwinnell; Agents, T. J. Maguire, J. F. Gallagher, C. F. Connelly, C. F. Zwicker, J. E. Denehy, B. T. Ferrin, E. W. Freeman, H. G. Daley, P. J. Bermingham, C. F. Gallagher, T. L. Driscoll, Cashier, Sparrow Horton.

— The parades in Boston emptied our city of a large number of people on Labor Day which gave the streets a somewhat deserted appearance from early forenoon until the approach of evening. There is generally nothing much that one can set himself about by way of celebrating this annual holiday and with the thermometers at 90 degrees, and better, in the shade, there was but little disposition to do anything of the kind last Monday. It was a hard day for marching on blistering city streets, as the labor organizations of Boston found out, and but little less uncomfortable for the spectators, who lined the routes of the three parades. Some of the people of this place went to the beaches and others to nearby groves and ponds, while those who remained at home got through the day as best they could. The simple fact is, the first Monday in September is not conspicuously successful as a holiday.

Nuyler's Chocolates Bon Bons
NEED
NO
INTRODUCTION.

THE PILL BOX

Has secured the privilege of
DEPOT FOR WOBURN.
"Sales Agency" Red Sign observable next to the POSTOFFICE.

CORRECT PIANO TUNING AND REPAIRING,
BY FRANK A. LOCKE.
24 YEARS EXPERIENCE.

Tuner in Woburn for a great many years. Every unison, octave and chord so evenly balanced and smoothly tuned as to make the harmony on your piano an exquisite pleasure to listen to. No jagged, rough, harsh, uneven chords so often left by tuners. Recommendations from manufacturers, dealers, teachers, colleges and the musical profession. Prices reasonable.

Boston Office: 179 Tremont St., Boston. Telephone 17-2 Jamaica.
Woburn Office, Moore & Parker's, 375 Main St.

THE BOMB
That Deals Death to Disease.

Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets

Recognized medical authorities concede that Pneumonia and Grippe are the outcome of the malarial germ. It is here (the root of the evil) where Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets arrest the cause of disease, and hence are recognized as reliable by the medical fraternity. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take.

For sale by druggists everywhere, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price—if your dealer can't supply you. 50c. a Box.
EDWARD C. CHURCH, Boston, Mass.
GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Wholesale Agents.

— It will be seen by an advertisement in this paper that the Bacon estate on Pleasant street, owned by Miss Mary W. Carleton, for years the residence of the late Judge Bond, is offered for sale at public auction. For the information of Woburn people it is unnecessary to describe the property in this item, but for the benefit of outsiders it may be well to say that it is one of the finest residences in this city. The dwellinghouse, which stands back from the street in the midst of a beautiful lawn covered with ornamental and fruit trees, rare shrubs and flowerbeds, is an uncommonly large one, thoroughly built, supplied with every modern convenience, and answers exactly to the beau ideal of a gentleman's country home. Too much can not be said in praise of this elegant place. It only needs to be seen and examined to be admired. Mr. E. J. Gregory, No. 7 Water street, Boston, is to be the auctioneer, and it is expected that a large number of people will be present at the sale anxious to secure the beautiful estate.

— Capt. E. F. Wyer returned from the National G. A. R. Encampment at Chicago on Saturday morning last. He enjoyed it and spoke in warm terms of commendation of the great meeting and everything connected with it. He marched in the Grand Parade with thousands of other Veterans from all quarters of the Union, and had a hand in about everything going on during the three days of the Encampment. Chicago was a good place last week to revive and strengthen ones patriotism, if there were any need of such a thing by an American. To see 30,000 or 40,000 survivors of the great Northern armies that saved this Nation from destruction in 1861 5 marshalled in one long line of march must have raised the love of country in every heart to the highest pitch. And when those thousands of old men passed along the streets, shoulder to shoulder, and it was remembered and realized that they were in the fight nearly 40 years ago; that they helped win the battles for the preservation of the Union; and had faced war in its most terrible aspect; the cheers and enthusiastic demonstrations which met them all along the route were not to be wondered at. Captain Wyer enjoyed it all, as did the thousands of other G. A. R. men in Chicago last week.

— The merchants and manufacturers of New England are to hold a 20th Century Exposition at Mechanics Building, Boston, on Oct. 1 to 27, 1900, for which great preparations are under weigh. It will be the first Triennial Show under the auspices of the Merchants and Manufacturers Exhibition Association, and the biggest kind of one. Our old friend, Mr. A. C. Dowse, who knows more about the management of such affairs than all the rest of them put together, is the Press Agent for the Exposition.

— Mr. E. L. Wright of Colchester, Vt., informs the Woburn police that he thinks E. N. Wright, who committed suicide at the Central House, this city, on Aug. 19, was his brother, and asks for a more particular description of the man. The suicide left his home at Colchester about 8 weeks ago in a despondent mood and somewhat unbalanced mentally. The request of the writer has been complied with by the Woburn police.

— The lies which the Ames people are circulating about Congressman Knox have proved boomarangs in most instances. How silly those people are to think they can deceive the public by telling such lies! Lies always come back to plague the authors of them.

— The Supreme Judicial Court sent down a rescript last Wednesday sustaining the verdict in favor of William Redford in his action against the City of Woburn for personal injuries.

— Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Parker have returned to their home on Cleveland Ave.

— The Unitarian church opens next Sunday, services 10.30 a. m. Sunday School at noon.

— A few days ago Ald. B. H. Nichols heroically stopped a runaway team on Main street, with Miss Bond in the wagon, and thus prevented what might have proved a very serious accident.

— Postoffice Clerk, Mr. William E. Kenney, is taking his annual vacation. Being a faithful and popular employee in Uncle Sam's mail service he deserves a good rest.

— Under the most favorable conditions it was 97 in the shade yesterday, and moisture till you couldn't rest.

— Supt. Wallis's circular letter concerning electric lighting makes things plain and easily understood.

— Sept. 7: 8 A. M.: wind north: clear fine morning.

City Council.

The Board held a special session on Thursday evening, Aug. 30. President Blodgett presided.

Michael T. Hickey and John J. Hayden were drawn as jurors for the Lowell term of court, Sept. 10.

The bond of Bryan McSweeney as Deputy Tax Collector was approved.

A request was received from the Cemetery Commissioners for the purchase by the City of additional land for Woodbrook.

Report of Finance Committee in favor of loan of $1,000 for water main on Lexington street, and $600 for Main street hydrant service, adopted.

Voted to allow Board of Public Works to extend concrete walks and edgestones on Arlington Road from Dow's Lane to Sturgis street.

Ald. Wood asked that the City Engineer report at next meeting the cost of sidewalk on easterly side of Washington street to Cedar street.

Ordered that a committee of three be appointed to investigate condition of High School Hall which has been used in violation of law. The State Inspector condemned it long ago, but no attention has been paid to it.

Stood Death Off.

E. B. Munday, a lawyer of Henrietta, Tex., once fooled a grave-digger. He says; "My brother was very low with malarial fever and jaundice. I persuaded him to try Electric Bitters, and he was soon much better, but continued their use until he was wholly cured. I am sure Electric Bitters saved his life." This remedy expels malaria, kills disease germs and purifies the blood; aids digestion, regulates liver, kidneys and bowels, cures constipation, dyspepsia, nervous diseases, kidney troubles, female complaints; gives perfect health. Only 50c at Huntley & Co.'s drug store.

North Woburn.

Joe Doherty has been back to North Woburn.

Mr. & Mrs. John Brown of New Bedford have been visiting Mrs. Brown's father and sisters.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Trowbridge of Marlboro have lately been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E Eaton.

A little Rooney boy came near to losing his life by drowning Wednesday in a basin formed by the bursting of the water pipes on Poole street. Mrs. Grammer and another friend gave timely aid.

Miss Ellen L. Johnson, Librarian at Everett, is passing her vacation at North Woburn. Miss Pearle Purington, her assistant, passed one day there, and both expressed delight with the old Rumford House and garden.

Mrs. Mary Ann (Jones) Eaton, widow of Cyrus Eaton, a soldier of the Civil War, was buried from her old home on School street Tuesday. For nearly twenty years she had been a brave sufferer, deformed by rheumatism.

Gossip may be friendly and neighborly. I like the word because it conveys a suggestion of good news or good comment, but it is no longer gossip when it ceases to deal with pleasant happenings and loving wishes, and becomes critical or censorious or lapses into slander. The most unworthy talk in the world is that which is carried on in whispers and semi-confidences, and which retails the unfortunate errors of people whom we know. Never to say an unkind thing, never to imply an unfriendly thing even by our silence are rules which which we should make and to which we should scrupulously adhere.—Margaret E. Sangster, in the September *Ladies' Home Journal.*

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
MONDAY, October 1st, 1900.
Pupils will kindly arrange for hours at their earliest convenience.
12 Franklin St., Woburn.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
—IN—
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue, WOBURN

MISS JOSEPHINE LANG
WILL RESUME
Pianoforte Instruction
Thursday, Sept. 20, 1900.
9 Montvale Ave., WOBURN.
ADDRESS: 28 Vinson St., Dorchester.

MRS. LEWIS,
Teacher of Pianoforte.
Private or class lessons may be arranged for, on or after
Monday, Sept. 10, 1900,
2 Bennett St.

A Refreshing Summer Drink
Standard
Ginger Ale
90c. PER DOZ.
A rebate of 40 cents per dozen allowed on bottles returned.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

Swedish Lutheran Church.

The outing of the church last Monday was well attended and a neat sum netted.

A gentleman to whom the church owes $200, has promised to donate half, if a settlement is soon made. All who have promised to aid the church, should therefore send in their donation, as one dollar is actually worth two now. A chance to make 100 per cent is rare and should be made use of.

The brave General Lawton, a life long Democrat, lost his life because of the encouragement given Aguinaldo by his American sympathizers. The Democratic leaders have the audacity to ask the voters to indorse that policy in November.

Jerry Simpson predicts that the nomination of Mr. Stevenson will give Kansas to the Republicans. It looks as if Adlai was nominated in order to have a good-natured person upon whom to blame the unpleasant happenings.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

SALVATION ARMY.—Meetings every evening at 8 o'clock. Every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 3 and 8 P. M. No. 26 Montvale Ave.

UNITARIAN.—Preaching by the pastor at 10.30 A. M. Subject: "How the Tabernacle of the Lord was Builded." Sunday School at 12 M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Matter." All are welcome.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor Society Meeting at 5.45 P. M. Evening Worship. Preaching by the pastor at 7. Prayer Meeting Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—13th Sunday after Trinity.
Morning Prayer at 10.30.
Sunday School at 12 M.
No Evening Service.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. C. B. Crane D. D. Subject: "Powers of Transfiguration." Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor Meeting at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "Lost Things Never Found." Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7.45.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN.—13th Sunday after Trinity. At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "The Invitation of Christ."
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 7 P. M., Song Service.
Thursday afternoon, Ladies' Society.
Thursday, at 8 P. M., Y. P. S.
All are invited.
Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

SCAND. EV. FREE CHURCH.—Friday, the 7th, at 7.30 P. M., an Illustrated Lecture will be given by Rev. F. Peterson.
Sunday, Sept. 9, at 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 5.45 P. M., Holy Communion.
At 7 P. M., Farewell Sermon by the Rev. F. Peterson of Skofdo, Sweden.
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Bible Reading and Prayer.
Ludwig Akeson, Pastor.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Aug. 30, Della B., daughter of Patrick and Mary Foley, aged 1 year, 14 days.

In this city, Aug. 30, Sister St. Gertrude, aged 39 years.

In this city, Aug. 31, Frank Joseph Donnelly, aged 24 years, 2 months, 5 days.

In this city, Sept. 2, Mary A. Eaton, aged 70 years, 6 months, 27 days.

In this city, Sept. 2, Thomas Francis, son of Patrick and Mary Maloney, aged 3 months, 28 days.

In this city, Sept. 3, Benjamin Arthur Cullen, aged 1 years, 10 months, 3 days.

In this city, Sept. 4, Ellen Louise Sullivan, aged 30 years, 3 months.

In this city, Sept. 6, Eugene G. Bullard, aged 57 years, 2 months, 2 days. Funeral Sunday at 2 P.M.

Customers Visiting Our Store

Will find many chances to pick out

– BARGAINS. –

We believe it is good business to close out at some price our stock of

Summer Goods,

and we have marked them very low. There is no question about the price. Come in and see for yourself.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

Massachusetts British Veterans to Visit Halifax.

The old soldiers of the Queen have banded themselves in an incorporated association named the "British Naval and Military Veterans Association of Massachusetts." Their objects are on a par with those of our own G. A. R. Association. Any man who has served in the British forces and received an honorable discharge therefrom is eligable for membership.

They are going to pay a visit to Halifax to fraternize with their comrades of the Royal British Veterans of Nova Scotia, who celebrate the fall of Sebastapole by decorating the graves of their deceased comrades. A number of the Massachusetts Britons went through the Crimean campaign from Alma to the fall of Sebastopole, among whom is the British Consul-General for this State, the Hon. J. C. Blount, who was on the Staff of Lord Lucon, and witnessed the immortal "Charge of the Light Brigade."

Before their return the Massachusetts boys will entertain the Canadians to a real American "Smoke Talk," a number of the Ancient and Honorables and Boston Fusileers are accompanying them. They leave Rowe's Wharf, Boston, at 4 P. M. the 7th of September, via the Dominion and Atlantic Steamship Line who have given the Vets exceptionally easy terms which they will share with their friends.

A number of Woburn's Nova Scotians are taking advantage of the trip to make a flying visit to the land of their birth. The tickets are good for two weeks. Mr. John Black, the Colonel Commanding, will see to the comfort of the Woburn contingent who are under his charge. A number of social functions are on the tapis, among them being the opening of the Provincial Exhibition. VETERAN.

A Night of Terror.

"Awful anxiety was felt for the widow of the brave General Burnham of Machias, Me., when the doctors said she would die from Pneumonia before morning" writes Mrs. S. H. Lincoln, who attended her that fearful night, but she begged for Dr. King's New Discovery, which had more than once saved her life, and cured her of Consumption. After taking, she slept all night. Further use entirely cured her." This marvellous medicine is guaranteed to cure all Throat, Chest and Lung Diseases. Only 50c and $1 00. Trial bottles free at Huntley & Co.'s drug store.

Boston Theatres.

THE BOSTON.

Preparations are now going on in three cities for the engagement of Liebler & Co.'s incomprehensibly lavish production of Monte Cristo, with James O'Neill as Edmond Dantes, which will receive its baptism at the front of public approval on the stage of the Boston Theatre Sept. 17. The Company, with Mr. O'Neill at the head, is rehearsing at the famous actor's home in New London, Conn. The colony of artists, carpenters, painters, costumers, hatters, bootmakers, wigmakers, electricians and property men, are still domiciled at the special building on West 38th street, New York, which Liebler & Co. engaged in order to have Monte Cristo built under one roof and under the firm's own watchful eyes. Monte Cristo is a play that readily lends itself to pictorial embellishment; every act takes place in some spot where a scenic artist who has carte blanche, as Liebler & Co. gave to their staff, can easily find occasion to use thousands of dollars to perfect the scene. As the production positively will only be presented in Boston and New York, the public of this city must go to either of these two cities in order to see the greatest stage spectacle since the theatricals of Nero.

THE TREMONT.

"The Dairy Farm" continues to hold the stage of the Tremont Theatre with unbounded success. There is a deal of fun in Miss Merron's work, that is none the less relishable because of its rustic flavor and homeliness. The comic episodes so plentifully sprinkled throughout the play give additional force to the serious and pathetic scenes, and in themselves furnish "food for laughter" to everybody having the least grain of humor in his composition. And all this fun is clean and wholesome and free from the least taint of suggestiveness. With all its humor, there is a story of the deepest and most thrilling interest in this work, and the most blase of theatregoers cannot but be touched by its pathos and stirred by its dramatic power. Notwithstanding the great success of "The Dairy Farm," it can be presented only a little more than a fortnight longer, as on the 24th of this month Anna Held, the famous singer, comedienne and beauty will appear there in that most laughable of recent musical comedies, "Papa's Wife." Miss Held has just returned from a delightful summer in Paris, and brings with her, among other souvenirs of her vacation, the diamond-studded decoration of the order of the Lion and Sun, bestowed upon her by the Shah of Persia, before whom and the King of Belgium she sang on the eve of sailing for this country.

Working Night and Day.

The busiest and mightiest little thing that ever was made is Dr. King's New Life Pills. These pills change weakness into strength, listlessness into energy, brain-fag into mental power. They're wonderful in building up the health. Only 25c per box. Sold by Huntley & Co., druggists.

Governor Roosevelt is a Dutchman, or partly a Dutchman, but it is not thought that he considers that the German Americans will vote the Republican ticket on that account. There is a better reason. There are ten of them.

The enemy's country is moving westward much faster than the centre of population. In four years it has gone from New York to Indiana, and by the end of this year even Nebraska will become the enemy of political fads.

John Hay, the Secretary of State, is causing the Democrats lots of bother. They can pick no flaw in his administration of foreign affairs.

Literary Notices.

The Chinese problem occupies first place in the September number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, in which Rev. Charles Warren Currier reviews events in China. Another paper is American Claims in Alaska by James E. Wright, who censures Secretary Hay's action in ceding temporarily a certain part of American territory in Alaska. Rev. L. W. Mulhane gives a sketch of his visit to the Strangers to Hope, the occupants of Louisiana's Lazaretto, describing the Sisters' noble work. Glimpses of Charitable Rome will find many interested readers among church workers. Ormonde by Rev. James B. Dollard is a ballad charmingly illustrated. Caroline D. Swan contributes to the poetry of the number. There are some strong short stories, notably Children of the Hills by Anne Elizabeth O'Hare, and The President's Ride a story of a railroad strike by James Connolly. Boscobel draws to a close, and there is an announcement of a new serial, a story of remarkable power in plot and construction. Those who have read the manuscript predict for it the success it merits.

WINCHESTER.

The clergymen are getting back home. The Unitarian church will reopen for business on Sept. 9.

Mr. George H. Gilbert of Sunnyside has passed a happy summer at Little Boars Head, N. H.

Editor Wilson of the *Star* has "got 'em agin." He says he saw a tomato last week that weighed one pound and three-eighths!

The St. Joseph's lawn party at Montvale last Friday evening was a big affair.

Dr. Church has come back to his "bolusses and blisters," his pills and unguintums, with which he is healing the sick and bringing joy to the homes of many people in our midst.

It is currently reported that Mr. S. W. Twombly, if he is a candidate for re-election to the Legislature this fall, will run up against a strong opposition. In certain circles it is felt that he has been sufficiently honored with one election. And then he is too old for a second term.

Mr. Charles A. Conant, a Winchester boy, a leading authority on National finances, a Washington correspondent of wide repute, level headed and honest, while deprecating modern political methods in general, is a strong supporter of President McKinley and the present Administration. Although possessing high ideals respecting Party duty and action, there is nothing of the Mugwump about Charlie.

Jell-O, The New Dessert,

pleases all the family. Four flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts. Try it to-day.

In his Topeka speech of acceptance Mr. Bryan neglected to allude to the manner in which his North Carolina Democratic supporters put on their red shirts and beat his North Carolina Populist friends out of the recent election. Mr. Bryan understands that the least his friends know of each other the better it will be for him.

One of the pleasing prospects held out by Mr. Bryan is free trade, which would afford a particularly pleasing prospect to the commercial travellers, for all of the drummers of England, Germany and any other old country might profitably be turned loose among us under such a policy. Foreign drummers have been here before.

In order to find a historic parallel to the manner in which the Democrats treat the negroes in some parts of the South, it will be necessary to search among the records of the early Spanish conquerors in America. Yet Bryan would have the people believe that the mantle of Lincoln has fallen upon his shoulders.

It is perhaps unfair, at least it would be embarrassing, to ask the nominee of the Kansas City convention how he would apply the principles of the Declaration of Independence to the thousands of voters south of the Mason and Dixon line.

Bryan is fond of pointing to the fact that Lincoln always had great faith in the "plain" people, and therefore he trusts his cause to the "plain" people. It should be observed however that Lincoln never tried to "fool" the plain people.

According to Senator Tillman, stuffing ballot boxes and shooting negroes in South Carolina is all right. He would have us protect the brown man only when he is engaged in emulating the example of Aguinaldo and firing on our flag.

A Shocking Calamity

"Lately befell a railroad laborer," writes Dr. A. Kellett, of Williford, Ark. "His foot was badly crushed, but Bucklen's Arnica Salve quickly cured him. It's simply wonderful for burns, Boils, Piles and all skin eruptions. It's the world's champion healer. Cure guaranteed. 25c. Sold by Huntley & Co., druggist.

STOP

It is not necessary to suffer with Headache

Stopache

Will Stop

25c. at

F. P. BROOKS'
Drugstore,
361 Main St.

Editorial Notes.

Senator Pettigrew has reached the padded-cell stage.

Webster Davis seems to have gone down without even making a ripple.

Mr. Bryan will hardly be so reckless as to paramount one of his nominations.

What the latest Indianapolis gatherings lacked in numbers they made up in gloom.

The workingmen are understood to be still calling for dinner pails, McKinley size.

What has become of Mr. Macrum? A while ago he was to be the paramount issue.

It is believed that Mr. Bryan has turned out more perforated predictions than any other man in public life.

The Hon. John P. Altgeld as Attorney General of the United States would be a fine thing for the anarchist industry.

Chairman Jones might take a day off and tell us just how he would regulate the Cotton Bale Trust, if he had his own way about it.

It is no joke or dream, but a hard cold fact that many of the Filipinos think that Aguinaldo is running on the ticket with Bryan.

Whether Tammany Hall is raising a Democratic fund of two million dollars or not, there is no question that it would be entirely easy for it to do so.

Bryan has quit quoting Jefferson and Jackson, has about given up Lincoln and Grant, and has taken to Scripture to defend his position as the Republic savior.

The figures show that the farmers of the country paid $825,000,000 for the fun of electing a Democratic President in 1892. It is doubtful if they will do so again.

The Philadelphia Press thinks that it is new for a Presidential candidate to encourage resistance to the lawful authority and the settled policy of the United States. True, it is.

The fact that Chairman Jones is connected with the Cotton Bale Trust is in a measure consoling to the Van Wycks and other Tammany statesman. Misery dosen't like exclusiveness.

By the liberal use of the phonograph in his campaign work Mr. Bryan may be able to avoid audiences which might make annoying inquiries about the concent of the governed in North Carolina.

All of the counties in Arkansas have not been heard from, but at the hour of going to press Chairman Jones, Chairman of the Populist Committee, had not parted with any of his American Cotton Bale Trust stock.

In thirty years, in which the population of the country has increased one hundred per cent, the production of cotton has increased three hundred per cent; and they don't feel so badly over this in the Southern States either.

Mr. Bryan has one speech for the Democrats, another for the Populists and a third for the free silver advocates. In view of the nature of his support the many-sided Kansas City platform was absolutely necessary.

There is one proposition that the free traders cannot answer, and do not seem to understand; it is the enormous and unprecedented increase of our export business. All of them said that kind of thing was impossible under a protective tariff.

Republicans are told that they must not wave the "bloody shirt" as that flaunting garment has a tendency to keep up sectional strife. Yet the "red shirts" assemble thousands strong in order to make the South solid for Bryan and Stevenson.

The Hon. Charles A. Towne is to attempt to answer Governor Roosevelt's speeches. It will be recalled that Mr. Towne is the gentleman who was unable to successfully answer the arguments of the men who wanted him off of a certain Presidential ticket.

Hon. William Sulzer is keeping remarkably quiet these times; so quiet that he hasn't yet explained what has become of that left-over $18, the relic of the Washington City pro-Boer exhibition understood to have been Mr. Sulzer's possession at last accounts.

Senator Marion Butler of North Carolina is for Bryan, he says. But is Mr. Bryan for Marion Butler? And if Mr. Bryan is for Marion Butler, is he also for government in North Carolina without the consent of the governed?

The Hon. George Fred Williams has been up in Maine and Vermont warning the voters of the presence of "the empire." An inspection of the election returns from these two States will show how much of a prophet George Fred is considered in his part of the country.

In 1896 Colonel Watterson described Mr. Bryan as "a dishonest dodger, a daring adventurer and a political fakir." Furthermore, he expressed his disgust by going to Paris and remaining until after the election. So it will be perceived what an unpleasant deos the Colonel is trying to swallow this year.

WE'VE HAD A

PIANO FIRE.

We've settled the insurance. We are ready for business and we mean business. A few pianos were destroyed, a few almost destroyed and some seriously injured—these have gone to the factory—you'll hear of them later. To-day we've got some very slightly damaged pianos and a large number, say 150, that show no damage, their only fault that they've seen a fire. But we will sell them at "damaged" discount, but under the fullest warrant. Must clean them out before September to make room for new. Easy payments. Rental Purchase Plan.

IVERS & POND PIANO CO.,
114-116 Boylston St., Boston.

Confiscation in Morocco.

It is a custom in Morocco that all the property of an official reverts at death to the crown. The logic which leads to such a result is simple, for the government argues that all fortunes thus accumulated consist of moneys illegally retained by the authorities. A governor when appointed is probably possessed of no considerable fortune. When he dies, he may be a millionaire. Whence came his wealth? Squeezed most certainly from the tribes under his authority and therefore amassed only by the prerogatives of the position in which the sultan had placed him.

It has never struck the Moorish government that these great fortunes might more honorably be returned to the people from whom they were stolen. The result is entire confiscation to the crown, including often such private property as the governor may have been possessed of before his appointment and not seldom, too, of the property of his relatives.

When the mighty fall in Morocco, the crash brings down with them their families, even uncles and cousins and all connected with them, and it is not seldom that the sons of great governors, who have been brought up in the luxury of slaves and horses and retinues of mounted men, have to go begging in the streets.—Blackwood's.

A Horse's Blinders.

A horse's blinders are usually concave on the inside. True, the surface usually is a dead black, but not absolutely so, so that a glimmer of light may be reflected from them. By constant cleansing this dead surface is made more or less smooth if not actually glossy and shiny. Moreover, the blinders are usually set at an angle, so that as a result of the law of reflection rays of light concentrated by the convex surface are reflected into the eyes, not directly in the axis of vision, but more or less transversely or obliquely, the result being even more injurious. As a result of this reflection the vision is weakened if not destroyed.

Moreover, the mirrorlike blinders not only reflect sunlight, but they reflect objects as well, so that a "blinded" horse sees not only objects directly ahead of him, but has a more or less blurred vision of other objects, intermixing with and confusing the image of objects directly before him, and as a consequence he is rendered uncertain in his movements and is easily scared. No further proof of this is needed than the fact that a nervous horse with a reputation for shying and running away often becomes tractable if the blinders are removed, because he can then see distinctly what before he could only see indistinctly and confusedly.—Our Animal Friends.

A Puzzler.

An ancient epitaph in Latin in the chateau of Chantilly, France, may be translated thus:

Aelia Laelia Crispis
Neither man, nor woman, nor hermaphrodite,
Neither infant, young nor old,
Neither chaste, depraved, nor modest,
But all these.
Removed neither by hunger, sword or poison,
But by all,
She lies neither in the sky nor in the water, but everywhere.
Lucius Agatha Crispis.
Neither husband, lover nor friend,
But all these.
Neither weeping nor rejoicing,
But both.
Has erected this, neither a mausoleum, a pyramid nor a sepulcher,
But all three,
Both knowing and not knowing to whom he hath erected it.
This is a tomb that holds no body,
This is a body held in no tomb,
But is its own body and its own tomb.

The answer is not known, and so every nimble wit is invited to exercise itself on the tough old puzzle.

Whiter Than a Shirt.

Inventors have a power of abstraction which serves them a good turn on some occasions and is liable to betray them into strange statements on others.

"So you think you've perfected your little machine at last, do you?" asked the lawyer of his dreamy eyed client.

"Yes; it's all right now. There's not a flaw in it," said the inventor. "But I can assure you, sir, that when it came to making the final test I was frightened. I happened to see my face in a mirror when the thing was safely over, and it was as white as your shirt, sir. In fact," he added, bending an impartial gaze on the lawyer's shirt front, "it was whiter—considerably whiter, I should say."—Youth's Companion.

A Melodious Spot.

There is more melody in Andreasburg, Prussia, in the Harz mountains, than in any other town in the world. There 250,000 canaries are annually reared, and four-fifths of them are sent to the United States. "Professor birds," perfect singers, are placed among the young birds, so that the latter may imitate the trills of the experienced warblers.

A Two Edged Joke.

Sometimes a joke reacts, as the Bangor (Me.) Commercial proceeds to prove by relating that a young man in Auburn, to play a joke on a barber, paid him 35 old fashioned cents. Later, when he found that the barber had sold one of the coins for $35, he did not feel so well satisfied with his joke or at least thought it had become misplaced.

Feed on Arsenic.

The practice of taking arsenic in minute doses is very prevalent among the peasantry of the mountainous districts of Austria-Hungary and France. They declare that the poison enables them to ascend with ease heights which they could not otherwise climb.

Why, Indeed?

Waitress — Roastbeefmuttonroastporkmashedorbrownpotatoesbeetspuddingorpie?

Customer—H'm. Are not these things still in separate dishes?

"Yessir."

"Then why do you announce them as if they had already been made into hash?"—Indianapolis Press.

He Crushed the Hecklers.

The man who asks questions and insists on their being answered is a familiar presence at all party meetings. He is known as the heckler. The speaker is not allowed to disregard him. If a statement is disputed, it is the orator's place to make it good. Any member of the audience may rise to his feet and shout out a contradiction whenever he feels like it, and by the custom of English public life the speaker is expected to make some reply on the spot.

Mr. Chamberlain was always a dangerous man to cross in debate, but the personal feeling against him was so bitter for years after his withdrawal from the ranks of the separatists that many an unhappy man was driven to tilt against his shield. It was delicious to watch Mr. Chamberlain's handling of the situation. He would pause when the interruption grew serious and give the heckler a chance to make himself well heard. "Now if you will allow me I will ask that gentleman to get upon a chair that we may all have the pleasure of seeing him." A dozen anxious hands would hoist the objector into unwelcome prominence. "Now, sir," came the clear, passionless voice, "will you kindly speak up? I should be sorry if any one missed what you have to say."

The heckler, now quite unnerved, would stammer out something, and Mr. Chamberlain, listening with a malicious smile, would quietly readjust his eyeglass and, turning to the audience, fling out a reply—cool, cutting and decisive.—Sydney Brooks in Harper's Magazine.

How Twain Introduced Hawley.

"Only once did Mark Twain appear in public as a political speaker," says Will M. Clemens in Ainslee's. "As a conscientious Republican in his political preferences Mr. Clemens took an active interest in the presidential campaign of 1880. While visiting in Elmira, N. Y., in the fall of that year he made a short speech one Saturday night, introducing to a Republican meeting General Hawley of Connecticut. In the course of his remarks Mr. Clemens said:

"'General Hawley is a member of my church at Hartford and the author of "Beautiful Snow." Maybe he will deny that. But I am only here to give him a character from his last place. As a pure citizen I respect him, as a personal friend of years I have the warmest regard for him, as a neighbor whose vegetable garden adjoins mine, why—why, I watch him. As the author of "Beautiful Snow" he has added a new pang to winter. He is a square, true man in honest politics, and I must say he occupies a mighty lonesome position. So broad, so bountiful is his character that he never turned a tramp empty handed from his door, but always gave him a letter of introduction to me. Pure, honest, incorruptible, that is Joe Hawley. Such a man in politics is like a bottle of perfumery in a glue factory—it may moderate the stench, but it doesn't destroy it. I haven't said any more of him than I would say of myself. Ladies and gentlemen, this is General Hawley.'"

When a Kiss Was Valuable.

The practice of kissing the hands was instituted by the early Roman rulers as a mark of subjection as much as one of respect, and under the first Cæsars the custom was kept up, but only for a time. These worthies conceived the idea that the proper homage due to their exalted station called for less familiar modes of obeisance, so the privilege of kissing the emperor's hand was reserved as a special mark of condescension or distinction for officers of high rank.

Roman fathers considered the practice of kissing of so delicate a nature that they never kissed their wives in the presence of their daughters. Then, too, only the nearest relatives were allowed to kiss their kindred of the gentler sex on the mouth, for in those days, as now, kissing was not a mere arbitrary sign, but it was the spontaneous language of the affections, especially that of love.

Under the Romans if a lover kissed his betrothed before marriage she inherited half of his wordly goods in the event of his death before the marriage ceremony, and if she died her heritage descended to her nearest relatives.—Frank H. Vizetelly in Woman's Home Companion.

Easy Remedy.

Doctor—Good morning, Mr. Lover. What can I do for you?

Mr. Lover—I—I called, sir, to—to ask for the hand of—of your daughter.

"Humph! Appetite good?"

"Not very."

"How is your pulse?"

"Very rapid when—when I am with her, very feeble when away."

"Troubled with palpitation?"

"Awfully when I think of her."

"Take my daughter. You'll soon be cured. One guinea, please."—Pearson's Weekly.

Chinese as Cooks.

Second only to the French are the Chinese when it comes to culinary skill, and with simple materials they will contrive to put together a meal which would shame an ordinary American cook. In peasant families the wife or daughter does the cooking, but in all large establishments the cooks are invariably men.

Innumerable are the illusions and legerdemain tricks of custom, but of all these perhaps the cleverest is her knack of persuading us that the miraculous by simple repetition ceases to be miraculous.—Carlyle.

Bangkok is a city of waters. It is an Indo-Chinese Venice. More people live in floating houses on the Menam, "the Nile of Siam," and the many canals than in permanent buildings.

Stagecoach Mail.

The Franklin (Pa.) Leader, referring to the first daily mail by stagecoach from Pittsburg to that place on April 17, 1850, quotes from a local report in The Spectator to show how the convenience was viewed in those days as follows:

"The daily mail brings us some 1,000 miles nearer the world and the rest of mankind. The Pittsburg newspapers are now received the day following their publication, and we can get along without a telegraph. The fare for passengers from Franklin to Pittsburg is $2.50, which includes board on the way."

Japanese Art.

The Japanese is a born lover of nature. Whatever he produces, from the most painstaking work of art to the simplest household utensil, is after natural models. In the representation of figures and scenes the Japanese display a perception which is astonishing. With a couple of strokes of the brush they reproduce what they see with a truth to life which is almost incredible.

Burdett College Graduates

are always in demand! Thousands of them are to-day filling good-paying situations as bookkeepers, stenographers, etc., in and around Greater Boston.

Actual Business from the Start, Individual Instruction and the thoroughness of Burdett methods explain the success of the graduates as well as the popularity of the institution.

Sessions from Sept. 4 to June 28.

Open for visitors all the year round.

BURDETT COLLEGE,
694 Washington St., Boston.
Prospectus Free.

By E. J. GREGORY, - Auctioneer,
7 Water Street, Boston.

4 Houses

1,000,000 Feet of Land

FOR SALE

IN WINCHESTER

Known as the "SYNDICATE" property located between Swanton and Cross streets, and extending from Cross street Station to Winchester Highlands Station. It is all high and dry; fine view of Middlesex Fells; streets and sidewalks built, and shade trees planted; water through the streets; 36 houses built near the mammoth factory of the United Shoe Machine Co., which was built on part of the property, with over 600 employees.

House Lots 5,000 feet.

Also: My residence, 11 rooms, 10,000 feet of land, more if wanted, hardwood finish, all modern improvements, in first-class condition, nicely situated, elegant view.

One large square dwellinghouse 14 rooms; rents for $14.00 a tenement; nearly new.

One double house 12 rooms; rents for $12.00 a tenement; latest built; model house.

Two family house flats, 8 rooms, rents for $9.00 a tenement; good condition; each has 5,000 feet of land.

These houses have mortgages already placed on them and it will not require a large amount to purchase the equity. Anyone paying rent can purchase the equity in one of these houses and occupy half and get rental enough from the other half to pay interest on the mortgage and taxes.

The land will be sold at a price that will pay anyone to buy it on investment, as it is about the only desirable land in Winchester at a medium price. It will be sold in single lots, or in blocks, to suit the purchaser. Full particulars and location of lots can be obtained at my residence, No. 74 Loring Avenue, Winchester. All that is not sold at private sale will be sold at PUBLIC AUCTION on the premises at 2 o'clock P. M., on Wednesday and Thursday, September 12th and 13, by E. J. Gregory, Auctioneer, office 7 Water street, Boston.

Title to me guaranteed by the Mass. Title Ins. Co.

N. B.—Separate house lots will be sold for $150 cash—balance on mortgage at 5 per cent. Time, to accommodate.

S. C. SMALL,
90 Canal St., Boston.
74 Loring Ave., Winchester.

Grand Automobile Exposition and Racing Events.

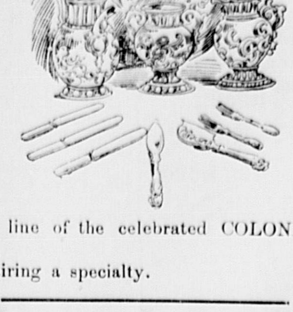
AGRICULTURAL PARK,
Middlesex East Fair,
SEPT. 26-29. Take Electrics.
Admission, 25 Cents.

Office To Let.

The office on second floor of Bank Block formerly occupied by the W. A. & M. Association. Inquire at FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

Before going any further with their arguments the Democratic leaders should explain why it is that, if President McKinley has no backbone, he can go ahead shattering the Republic and establishing an Empire.

Silverware for Wedding Presents



A complete line of the celebrated COLONIAL PATTERN always in stock.

Fine Repairing a specialty.

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Orville S. Greenwood and Cora L. Greenwood, his wife, in her right, to the Merchants Co-operative Bank, dated January 18th, 1899, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex (South District), Book 2712, Page 400, will be sold at public auction, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, at the office of Kern & McLoud, Room 1115 Tremont Building, 73 Tremont Street, Boston, on

Tuesday, the twenty-fifth day of September, 1900,

at 4 o'clock, in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described substantially as follows:—A parcel of land situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, being Lot Twelve as shown on a plan of lots belonging to Mary P. Foster, made by C. D. Elliott, C. E., dated October 22d, 1896, recorded in Book of Plans No. 101, Page 48, bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at a point on the easterly side of Laurel street, as shown on said plan, distant from the southerly side of Harvard Road one hundred feet; thence turning easterly by Lot Thirteen on said plan one hundred feet; thence turning and running southerly at right angles fifty feet; thence turning and running westerly by Lot Eleven on said plan one hundred feet to said Laurel street; thence turning and running northerly along the easterly side of said Laurel street fifty feet to the point of beginning, containing 5,000 square feet.

Said premises will be sold subject to any and all unpaid taxes and assessments.

For further particular inquire of Kern & McLoud, 1115 Tremont Building, 73 Tremont Street, Boston.

$200 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale. Balance in ten days from day of sale at 12 o'clock noon, at the said office of Kern & McLoud.

MERCHANTS CO-OPERATIVE BANK, Mortgagee and present holder of said mortgage, by Albert E. Duffell, Treasurer.

Boston, August 29th, 1900.

By THOMAS M. SMITH, Auctioneer,
28 School St., Boston.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Diedrich Voss to Marks Berwin, dated December 22, 1898, and recorded with Middlesex (So. District) Deeds, Lib. 2708, Fol. 244, and for the breach of the condition thereof, will be sold at public auction on the premises described below (being the same in said mortgage described) on

Monday, September 24, 1900,

at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage, to wit:—A certain lot of land situated in Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, being Lots numbered 23 and 24 on plan of Lots surveyed by Arthur G. Bancroft, dated May, 1894, and recorded with Middlesex (So. District) Deeds, Book of Plans 85, to which reference may be had for a more particular description, and being bounded and described as follows:—Northerly by Ashbury Avenue, so-called, on said plan, thirty-six feet; easterly by Lots 27 and 28 on said plan, one hundred and fifty-six feet; southerly by Erie street, so-called, on said plan, thirty-six feet; and westerly on lots numbered 19 and 20 on said plan, one hundred and fifty-six feet.

Subject to the taxes for the year 1900, and to any unpaid assessments or betterments.

$50 cash to be paid by the purchaser at the time and place of sale; other terms announced at sale.

MARKS BERWIN, Mortgagee.

Boston, Aug. 27, 1900.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Alphonzo L. Baudoin to Louisa C. Hudson, dated July 28, 1896, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2487, Page 266, for breach of the condition of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises on

Monday, September 24, 1900,

at three o'clock in the afternoon all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described as follows, namely:—A certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn, containing 2095 square feet and bounded as follows, namely:—Southerly by Fowle Street, thirty feet; easterly by land formerly of Louisa C. Hudson, seventy one and 1-10 feet; northerly by the White Tannery Land, thirty feet; westerly by land of heirs of George Munroe, sixty-eight and 9-10 feet.

One hundred dollars in cash will be required of the purchaser at the sale. Other terms at sale.

LOUISA C. HUDSON, Mortgagee.

J. W. JOHNSON, Attorney.

Woburn, August 31, 1900.

By E. J. GREGORY, - Auctioneer,
Office: 7 Water St., Boston.

WILL BE SOLD AT
PUBLIC AUCTION
— ON —
Saturday, Sept. 15th, 1900,
At 2 o'clock, P. M., on the premises,
No. 106 Pleasant St., Woburn,

the valuable property known as the Bacon estate, the late residence of Judge Bond. The house contains 12 rooms, bath, open plumbing, improvements, sewer connections, double parlors, folding doors, large hallway, piazzas, concrete drive way, stone steps, granite underpining, beautiful lawn, all fenced, about one acre of land, large orchard, complete hennery, fruit of all kinds, flowers, shrubs, &c. Assessed value $6700; two thirds of the purchase money can remain on mortgage.

$100 deposit at sale; other terms announced at sale. Property open for inspection at any time up to the day of sale.

For further particulars see Gregory, Auctioneer, 7 Water street, Boston.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Jonathan Thompson, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for probate by John W. Johnson who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fifth day of September, A. D., 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fourth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

To Let.

The Tenement No. 33 Auburn street. Rent low to a small family.

Apply to W. R. PUTNAM,
Union Street.

Dr. C. H. BUSS,
DENTIST
385 Main St., WOBURN
Telephone 71-3.

THE SOMERSET PALLAS
— AND —
GLENDALE GRAND RANGES.

SOMERSET PALLAS

Two of the most thoroughly made Ranges ever on the market. Have more useful improvements than any Range made for years.

C. M. Strout & Co.
Dow's Block, 322 Main Street.

"GOT A GRIP"

on the public's confidence in selling

GROCERIES

that are FIRST CLASS, and we intend to keep it, by upright dealing and well chosen stock.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street - - WOBURN
Telephone 133-2.

TREMONT THEATRE
JAS. H. WALLICK
BEGINNING AUG. 27
Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Presents The

DAIRY FARM

A Romance of Sleepy Hollow.
By Eleanor Merron.

109 NIGHTS IN NEW YORK!
130 TIMES IN CHICAGO!

We still continue to keep

SQUIRE'S BOILED HAM

— AT —

Linnell's Market

406 Main Street, Woburn
Telephone, 128-6.

To Let

At 353 Main Street, a suite of six rooms. The apartments are all light and airy and afford a beautiful outlook upon the Common, including the City Building, three Churches, the Savings Bank, and the Public Library. The building is new and finished in up-to-date style, and furnished with all modern conveniences; large closets, bath-room, &c. No coal is needed for fuel. A large gas-range of latest pattern with hot water tank supplies every facility for doing housework. This suite is exactly adapted to a small family desiring a home at once central, genteel and cosey.

Apply to O. F. BRYANT,
371 Main St., Woburn.

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Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.

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JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS.

Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

Low Rents.

HOUSE No. 650 Main Street, 8 rooms, ($12.50) twelve dollars and fifty cents per month.

Also, HOUSE, No. 16 Wyman Street, 6 rooms, ($8) eight dollars per month.

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
415 Main Street.

For Rent.

A Tenement of eight rooms at No. 9 Johnson Street, with all modern conveniences, four minutes to depot and postoffice. Rent $20 per month.

E. H. RICHARDS,
25 Fairmount Street.

Happy Motherhood.

Motherhood ought always to bring happiness. But it is often the beginning of life-long unhappiness. As a preparation for motherhood, and as a preventive of the ills so often following maternity Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has been hailed as a "God-send to women." It heals diseases peculiar to women, tones up the system, makes motherhood practically painless, and establishes the sound health which insures healthy children.

"During the past year I found myself pregnant and in rapidly failing health," writes Mrs. W. J. Kidder, of Hill Dale Farm, (Enosburg Center), Enosburg, Vt. "I suffered dreadfully from bloating and urinary difficulty. I was growing perceptibly weaker each day and suffered much sharp pain at times. I felt that something must be done. I sought your advice and received a prompt reply. I took twelve bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and also followed your instructions. I began to improve immediately, my health became excellent, and I could do all my own work (we live on a good sized farm). I walked and rode all I could, and enjoyed it. I had a short easy confinement and have a healthy baby boy."

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser (paper covers) is sent *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay cost of mailing *only*. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Why Franklin Did Not Write It.

"It has always been a curious puzzle why Franklin, the man of ripe age, of commanding distinction and of approved literary skill, was not selected to write the Declaration instead of Thomas Jefferson, then only 33 years old and comparatively unknown," says John Gilmer Speed in The Saturday Evening Post. "It could not be that Franklin was passed by because he had done everything in his power to avert the war and reconcile the differences between the colonies and the mother country, for all wise men in the colonies did all that honor permitted in that direction until the die was cast. No; it was not a fear of Franklin's earnestness in the cause of the colonies. It was probably the fear of Franklin's humor.

"He was not only the greatest man of his time, but he was one of the greatest humorists of any time. And so his associates were possibly afraid that he would put a joke in the Declaration and passed him by and selected the lank young Virginian with the freckled face.

"As it was, Franklin did have his joke, for when the members of congress were about to sign the Declaration Hancock, whose earnestness is expressed in the bold signature which comes first, said in his own earnest way: 'We must be unanimous. There must be no pulling different ways. We must all hang together.'

"'Yes,' replied Franklin; 'we must hang together, or we shall be pretty sure to hang separately.'"

A Divinity Student Routed.

"One day we were traveling across the plains in the caboose of a freight train," writes Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady of his experiences as "A Missionary In the Great West" in The Ladies' Home Journal. "A young divinity student was with us. He was one of the ambitious kind of divinity students who wreck a parish or two when they begin and finally drift upon the ecclesiastical bargain counter. He was ready to argue about anything with anybody.

"A greasy, dilapidated looking tramp came into the caboose at one of the stations at the end of a division and presently engaged in a heated discussion with the young theologue on the disadvantages of education. He maintained the affirmative—that the less a man knew and the less education he had the happier he was—with so much skill and adroitness and showed such mastery of logic and literature that he routed the poor boy—horse, foot and dragoons—so effectively that the young man rose and went out on the platform to hide his chagrin, leaving the supposed tramp chuckling over his pipe in huge enjoyment at his easy victory.

"The bishop had listened without saying a word, and when the student left he turned to the man and inquired sharply, 'What college do you come from, sir?' 'Yale!' answered the man without thinking. The unlucky admission destroyed the man's argument, for he was a living example of the fallacy of his own proposition."

Europe's City of Crime.

The Italian city of Artena, situated about 40 miles from Rome, is known as the City of Crime. Ever since the sixteenth century every criminal who has escaped from prison or done his time has emigrated to Artena, and today practically every inhabitant is a criminal or the child of criminals. Every family takes the law into its own hands, and it is reported not a day passes without many murders being committed in the streets. The Italian authorities have now come to look upon Artena as hopeless and remark that it is far better that criminals should kill criminals than that innocent persons should be their victims. It is said that on one occasion when 23 murders had been committed in that city in one day the fact was reported in one of the Italian papers in the following terms: "Since our last issue (24 hours before) there have been 23 sudden deaths in Artena," and no further notice of the murders was taken or expected.

Ruskin Didn't Like Hugo.

Did you ever read "The Hunchback of Notre Dame?" I believe it to be simply the most disgusting book ever written by man, and on the whole to have caused more brutality and evil than any other French writing with which I am acquainted. Balzac is sensual, but he is an artist of the highest touch and a philosopher even in his sensuality. Eugene Sue paints virtue as well as vice. Dumas is absurd and useless, but interesting; Beranger blasphemous, but witty; George Sand immoral, but elegant. But for pure, dull, virtueless, stupid, deadly poison read Victor Hugo.—Ruskin.

Knew What She Was About.

Mother—Miss Catchem has a lovely voice, and you know it. Why did you ask her to sing for Mr. Richfello?

Daughter (after Mr. Richfello)—See that mirror in front of the piano?

"Yes."

"Well, Mr. Richfello sits right in range where he can see her face. She looks like a whitewashed chimpanzee when she sings."—Pearson's Weekly.

CLERICAL STORIES.

HUMOROUS INCIDENTS NOTED BY AN ENGLISH CLERGYMAN.

A Bit of Irish Repartee That Restored Good Humor—The Cause of a General Laugh in a Dublin Cathedral—An Interrupted Sermon.

"An Irishman of the full blood cannot resist an opportunity for repartee, no matter how solemn the occasion or what his surroundings," said an English clergyman, a visitor in Washington, the other day, when the conversation turned on the funny experiences of clergymen and the humor that creeps into matters connected with the church.

"I was assisting an old friend of mine, the rector of a church in Ireland, one Sunday, and before the service we were in the vestry room putting on our robes, with the old sexton, a shriveled up Irishman of the perfect type, assisting. My friend, who was somewhat old, was a little testy that morning, and somehow the sleeve of his surplice got mixed up. Notwithstanding the assiduous efforts of the old sexton to direct his arm to the right hole the two would not connect. Finally, losing patience, my friend said sharply: 'Oh, the old boy's in the thing.'

"The old sexton brightened up and, looking over at me, with a twinkle in his eye, said as quick as lightning, 'Not yit, your riverince.'

"It restored the good humor of the situation, and the vestment was properly adjusted.

"The only time I ever heard a congregation laugh unrestrainedly during the regular services in a cathedral was back in the eighties, when I was a resident of dear, dirty Dublin. On one Sunday morning the bishop of Cork preached. He was a splendid man, an Irishman to the backbone and possessed of as fine a brogue as ever distinguished a son of Erin. His congregation was made up of the very essence of fashion in Dublin, which, in those days, was one of the greatest social centers of the world. Notoriously, people were living beyond their means, for the income from the landed estates of Ireland had taken a big tumble. But that made no difference, and good dressing went as a matter of course and was one of the smallest of the extravagances. The bishop preached on the subject of extravagance and spoke particularly of overdressing. His sermon was a bitter arraignment of the sin of debt and the wickedness of setting the heart on fashion and dress. He attacked the overdressed woman and wound up this particular reference this way:

"'Now, supposing every one of ye—every one, man and woman—should stand up in this church, take off the clothes ye have not paid for, just walkin out with the things on your back ye have paid for—a pretty lookin lot of scarecrows ye'd be.'

"There was a pause until the real significance of the suggestion had percolated through the members of his congregation, then some one snickered. Every one was picturing to himself and herself the real scene that would occur should the bishop's idea be carried into effect, while wife looked at husband and members of each family nudged one another. The ludicrous side was irresistible and the laugh was general.

"I once attended church at Whalley, a little village on the borders of Lancashire and Yorkshire, in England. The church, which had been a part of the old abbey, was built in the year 1066 and is today one of the most interesting sacred edifices in Great Britain. The rector was a Mr. Whittaker, very old, very stout and very deaf. He had occupied the living for 30 years, and while he generally appeared in church and took some part in the services, he was able to afford the luxury of a curate and was always glad to secure the services of a friend to preach. On one occasion a gentleman I knew very well was to officiate. It was his custom to limit his sermon to 20 minutes, preaching ex tempore, and always took out his watch and his pocket handkerchief, placing them beside him before commencing. This he did as usual, and, finding a very convenient little round receptacle, stuffed the handkerchief into it, laid the watch on top and fired away.

"The congregation was surprised to see the old rector, who was sitting at the bottom desk of the 'three decker' erection, which I suppose still stands right in the center and half way down the aisle—not in the chancel, as in the modern churches—become very uneasy in his seat. He squirmed around and looked up, though every one knew quite well that he could not hear a word of the sermon. Finally he beckoned to the black gowned old verger, who carried a long wand, and whispered to him. The verger ascended the pulpit and in turn interrupted the sermon by a whispered conversation with the preacher, who was seen to suddenly grasp his pocket handkerchief and watch, smile and nod, and then proceeded with his sermon. He had filled the receiver of the old rector's ear trumpet, which connected with a tube to the lower desk, and the rector had been unable to tell whether any sermon was going on or not."—Washington Post.

A Useless Economy.

"Sure," said the washerwoman, bending her broad back over the tubs; "sure, an it's a deeficult matter, workin out a dollar a day to support 'em—seven childer in all. An the clothes, ma'am, an the shoes!" She raised her dripping hands and let them fall with a souse into the soapsuds. She was a big, vigorous woman, with a good humored face.

One afternoon she revealed the trend of her financial management. An organ grinder was playing on the street, and a group of children danced on the walk in front of the house and hung about the fence watching the monkey. The washerwoman stepped out to have a look.

"Here, my dear," she called to one of them, "won't ye be for givin him foive cents?" And she put a nickel into the child's hand.

"Well," remarked the cook when she came back into the kitchen, "you give away your 5 cents easier'n I would."

"Sure," replied the other, "an what is foive cents?"

"It would buy a loaf of bread for your children," said the eminently sensible cook, somewhat annoyed.

"An how far," replied the good natured creature, laughing, with her hands on her eside, "how far, bless yer innocent heart, would a loaf of bread go among my seven childer?"—New York Commercial Advertiser.

His Advice.

"Is it hard to propose to a girl?" asked the novice in affairs of the heart.

"Sometimes it's a good deal harder not to propose," returned the man of worldly experience thoughtfully. "It's always well to be on your guard."

An Invitation to Women

All the world knows of the wonderful cures which have been made by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, yet some women do not realize that all that is claimed for it is absolutely true.

If all suffering women could be made to believe that Mrs. Pinkham can do all she says she can, their suffering would be at an end, for they would at once profit by her advice and be cured.

There is no more puzzling thing than that women will suffer great pain month after month when every woman knows of some woman whom Mrs. Pinkham has helped, as the letters from grateful women are constantly being published at their own request.

The same derangements which make painful or irregular periods with dull backaches and headaches, and dragging-down sensations, presently develop into those serious inflammations of the feminine organs which completely wreck health.

Mrs. Pinkham invites women to write freely and confidentially to her about their health and get the benefit of her great experience with the sufferings of women. No living person can advise you so well. No remedy in the world has the magnificent record of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for absolute cures of female ills. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass.

Three Letters from One Woman, Showing how She Sought Mrs. Pinkham's Aid, and was cured of Suppression of the Menses and Inflammation of the Ovaries.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I have been in bed a year. Doctors say I have female weakness. I have a bad discharge and much soreness across my ovaries, bearing-down pains and have not menstruated for a year. Doctors say the menses will never appear again. Hope to hear from you."—MRS. J. F. BROWN, Holton, Kans., April 1, 1898.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I received your letter. I have taken one bottle and a half of your Vegetable Compound, and used two packages of your Wash, and feel stronger and better. I can walk a few steps, but could not before taking your Compound. I still have the discharge and am sore across the ovaries, but not so bad. Every one thinks I look better since taking your Vegetable Compound."—MRS. J. F. BROWN, Holton, Kans., Aug. 13, 1898.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I think it is my duty to let you know the good that Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound has done me. After I took three bottles, menses appeared, and I began to feel stronger and all my pain was gone. Yours is the only medicine that ever helped me. I am able now to work around the house, something I did not expect to do again."—MRS. J. F. BROWN, Holton, Kans., Jan. 25, 1899.

Three More Letters from One Woman, Relating how She was Cured of Irregular Menstruation, Leucorrhœa and Backache.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I am suffering and need your aid. I have pains in both sides of the womb and a dragging sensation in the groin. Menstruation irregular and painful; have leucorrhœa, bearing-down pains, soreness and swelling of the abdomen headache, backache; nervousness, and can neither eat nor sleep."—MRS. CARRIE PHILLIPS, Anna, Ill., July 19, 1897.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I want to thank you for what you have done for me. When I wrote to you I was a total wreck. Since taking your Vegetable Compound, Liver Pills and Sanative Wash, my nerves are stronger and more steady than ever before, and my backache and those terrible pains are gone. Before I took your medicine I weighed less than one hundred and thirty pounds. I now weigh one hundred and fifty-five pounds. Your medicine is a godsend to poor weak women. I would like to ask you why I cannot have a child. I have been married nearly three years."—MRS. CARRIE PHILLIPS, Anna, Ill., Dec. 1, 1897.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I did just as you advised me, and now I am the happy mother of a fine baby girl. I believe I never would have had her without your Vegetable Compound."—MRS. CARRIE PHILLIPS, Anna, Ill., Jan. 27, 1899.

Proof that Falling of the Womb is Overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—When I wrote to you some time ago, I had been suffering from falling of the womb for many years without obtaining relief. Was obliged to wear a bandage all the time; also had bad headache and backache, felt tired and worn out. After taking six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and four boxes of Liver Pills, I discarded my bandage and have not had to wear it since. I am entirely cured."—MRS. J. P. TROUTMAN, Box 44, Hamilton, Ohio.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—For nearly two years I was unable to work. I was very weak and could not stand on my feet but a few minutes at a time. The doctors said I had falling and inflammation of the womb. I began to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and after using five bottles I feel like a new woman."—MRS. P. N BLAKE, Confluence, W. Va.

A Snake That Crows.

There exists in Venezuela a species of snake of an exceedingly venomous and crafty character. This snake utters a cry that is the almost exact replica of a cock crow. The unwary traveler when walking through the bush will be astonished to hear near at hand this extraordinary crowing. He proceeds toward the spot, when the snake darts out and stings the unfortunate man with its terrible forked tongue. If not taken promptly in hand, the sting will in nine cases out of ten turn out to be fatal.

The black inhabitants of Venezuela are, like all other dark races, very superstitious. And as regards the rattlesnake they have a curious belief. They affirm that if a rattlesnake is captured and the bones in its tail which form the rattle removed the snake will never rest until it has sought out the man that committed the theft and exacted vengeance for the robbery.

They cite instances of men who have taken the rattles and gone far journeys only to be followed by the infuriated snake and killed. Whether there is any truth in this is a matter of conjecture. If half the tales that are told have any truth in them, it would seem superfluous to gainsay the superstition.

DRINK COLD WATER.

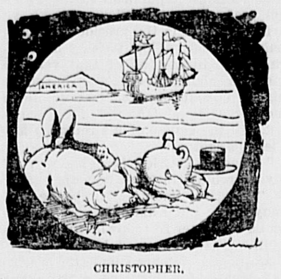
QUIT BOOZING AND KEEP SOBER AND YOU WILL BECOME FAMOUS.

Q. Hope Jones, the Famous Temperance Lecturer, Cites a Few Historic Examples to Prove the Truth of This Proposition.

[Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.]

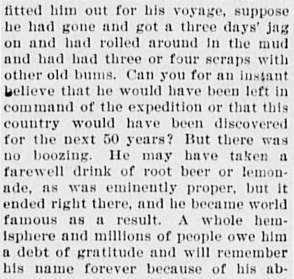
My Dear Fellow Citizens—It is my custom before proceeding to the business of the evening to take up a collection among the audience for the benefit of some charity. On this occasion the subject is the individual who stands before you. I have managed to get along for the last three days on 87 cents, but I can go no further. While there is no doubt that I am worthy of all you can do for me, yet no one need feel under obligations to give. I will now pass around the hat, and as I move among you I am glad to observe that the audience assembled here tonight is one of the most cultivated I have seen for months. I will not be base enough to think that free admission had anything to do with it. You came to hear one of the great questions of the day discussed by one of the great orators of the century, and had the price of tickets been 10 cents each I believe that one and all would have cheerfully coughed up. I do not use that expression in a slang sense, but as a Latin phrase. I find that the collection amounts to 70 cents, and, thanking you from the bottom of my heart and trusting that you may go out of here better men and women, I will now begin:

My friends, I have in my pocket the figures showing just how many distilleries and breweries there are in the United States and just how much whisky and beer are made every 24 hours during the year. But why give them? Why tell you that 1,000,000 of our population go to bed drunk every night in the year and that the money spent for drink every day would provide all the widows with sealskin sacks and French heeled shoes? We all know those things. Let us begin with Christopher Columbus, who had rather more to do with America than any man who has come after him. I give you his picture on the canvas. You look puzzled and surprised. You can't make it out. You behold Christopher lying drunk on the highway, with a jug on one side and a hog on the other. It is a fanciful picture. I want you to look at it closely and keep it in your minds, and every day for years to come I want you to ask yourself what would have happened if Columbus had been that sort of man. When Ferdinand and Isabella had fitted him out for his voyage, suppose he had gone and got a three days' jag on and had rolled around in the mud and had had three or four scraps with other old bums. Can you for an instant believe that he would have been left in command of the expedition or that this country would have been discovered for the next 50 years? But there was no boozing. He may have taken a farewell drink of root beer or lemonade, as was eminently proper, but it ended right there, and he became world famous as a result. A whole hemisphere and millions of people owe him a debt of gratitude and will remember his name forever because of his abstinence. The lesson taught by the picture is plain to all. Get drunk, and you will be sent to the island for 30 days; remain sober, and you will become famous.



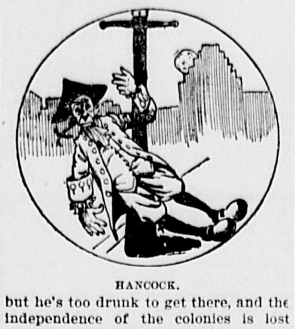
CHRISTOPHER.

My friends, let me give you the picture of George Washington as he was about to cross the Delaware and gain a great victory over the British. You observe that George is lying drunk with his feet on a chair while the patriot army waits for him to take the lead. You murmur and are aghast. You never heard that the Father of His Country got a jag on. No more did he. I give you this picture as an object lesson, and I ask you where this country would have been today had George gone off on a hoopla at a critical moment? In those old colonial days there was corn juice around by the barrel, and it was easier to get drunk than to roll out of bed, but Washington was a man to withstand temptation. On 12 different occasions, as I figure it, had he gone off on a tear, instead of attending to business, this country would not now be the United States. I never hail him as the great and noble without also blessing him for not filling up with corn juice. The analogy is plain to the dullest mind. Get drunk and fall over yourself and roll around in the catnip, and you'll die unknown and unwept. Let whisky and beer alone, except when ordered for cramps, and a nation will sorrow at your death and raise monuments to you for a thousand years after.



GEORGE.

The name of John Hancock must always be associated with the Declaration of Independence. His name was the first to go down. His was the first neck to be put into the halter. I give you his picture. He is limpsy drunk and hanging to a lamppost in the city of Boston. The convention waits for him to sign his name to a document which will change the map of the world and bring forth a new nation, but he's too drunk to get there, and the independence of the colonies is lost forever. This picture is also a creation of fancy, but let the moral lesson sink deep into your hearts. Now and then, when he had been out chopping wood in the rain, John Hancock may have taken a nip to keep the chills off, but never on any other occasion. He didn't need whisky to back up his patriotism. He had a cold water hatred of tyranny, and when the time came to upset King George's apple cart he picked up a goose quill and wrote his name in letters which stand out like red paint on a white door. Half a pint of colonial corn juice down behind his vest would have unfitted the great patriot and left America a dependency.



HANCOCK.

My friends, I am not here to rail at distillers, howl at brewers or shout at saloon keepers. I am not begging you with tears in my eyes to shun the flowing bowl and not pound your wives or wallop your children. I am not going to spoil your sleep tonight by holding up the horrors and miseries of intemperance. I simply say to you that for a steady all around drink cold water tops everything else, and when judiciously mingled with buttermilk and root beer it produces patriots, poets, philosophers and statesmen. Try it once, and you will take no other.

M. QUAD.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

What Prompted Him.

A capital story of Rolf Boldrewood, the distinguished Australian novelist, is told. After T. A. Browne had suddenly leaped into fame as Rolf Boldrewood, author of "Robbery Under Arms," he continued for some years as stipendiary magistrate of Albany. One morning there was brought before him a rough bushboy of 14, charged with having held up several other boys on a country road. It was proved that he had presented a pistol at them and compelled them to empty all their pockets for his benefit.

"Dear me," said the surprised magistrate to the juvenile culprit, "what could have prompted you to do such a thing?"

"Reading 'Robbery Under Arms,'" replied the unabashed boy bushranger. —Chicago News.

What They Said.

"Did the girls say anything when they heard of my engagement?" she asked with a little curiosity.

"Very little," was the reply of her dearest friend.

"But they said something?"

"Oh, yes; they said something."

"Well, what was it?"

"Well, most of them merely exclaimed, 'At last!'"

There was a pause, and then she asked:

"Well, what did some of the others say?"

"One of them said: 'Who'd have thought it?' Another, 'Will wonders never cease?' And a third"—

"Oh, never mind the rest," interrupted the fiancee; "I never did have much curiosity."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Not Bull Run.

On an excursion given by Secretary Langley to the members of the National Academy of Science down the Potomac, Bernard Green, of the library of congress, told the best story of the day. Mr. Green happened to be crossing the ocean some years ago on the Fourth of July, which national holiday was celebrated with great enthusiasm by the Americans on board.

"I say," asked one of the Englishmen, "what is this the anniversary of, anyhow? Isn't it to celebrate the battle of Bull Run or something of that kind?"

"No," promptly spoke up an American. "Not Bull Run—John Bull Run." —New York Tribune.

Two and Four.

"Two?" demanded the peremptory conductor as he took a quarter from the woman who had just struggled to a place on the trolley.

"No, four," she replied.

Four fares were rung sharply, and the conductor handed back 5 cents.

"That isn't right!" exclaimed the woman indignantly.

"You said you wanted to pay for four," retorted the trolley employee.

"I didn't," denied the woman. "You asked if my little boy was 2 years old, and I said no, he was 4. I suppose I'll have to pay for him if it's the rule, but I don't think it's right"—

The remainder of the sentence was lost in the discords that issued from the throat of the enraged conductor, who thrust ten pennies into the outstretched hand and retired to the rear platform to relieve his feelings more fully by refusing to stop the car for any one for ten blocks.—New York Press.

Piccadilly.

One of London's most famous streets is Piccadilly, which consists of shops and fashionable dwelling houses. The name is said to have been derived from the ruffs, or "pickadills," worn by the gallants of James I and Charles I, the stiffened points of which resembled spear heads or pickadills. Some years before the introduction of these collars, however, "Piccadille" is referred to, and it is surmised that the collar may have been so called from being worn by the frequenters of Piccadilla House.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XI, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, SEPT. 9.

Text of the Lesson, Luke x, 25-37. Memory Verses, 33-35—Golden Text, Lev. xix, 18—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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25. This lawyer tempting Him reminds us that He was tempted by the devil, and by the Pharisees and the Sadducees, the devil's agents, and also by His own disciples (Math. iv, 1; xvi, 1, 23). He was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin, and that He Himself hath suffered being tempted He is able to succor them that are tempted (Heb. iv, 15; ii, 18). Then see for our encouragement I Cor. x, 13; Jas. i, 2, 12; I Pet. iv, 12, 13. The lawyer's question, "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" is also that of the rich young ruler (Luke xviii, 18), but the latter seems to have been sincere, though hindered by his great riches. We might wonder that our Lord did not say to these men, "The gift of God is eternal life" (Rom. vi, 23), but He saw that these were not in a state of mind to receive a gift; they did not know themselves; they did not know that they were unrighteous, that they were dead in sins, children of wrath (I Cor. vi, 9; Eph. ii, 1, 3), and that it is impossible for such to do anything to please God (Rom. viii, 7, 8).

26-28. Being a lawyer, one acquainted with the law, he is referred to it for an answer to his question. Have you difficulties? Go to the book and take it to mean what it says, always taking it literally unless it is plainly a figure. The lawyer gave a correct and concise summary of the law, quoting Deut. vi, 5; Lev. xix, 18; and our Lord said that he had answered right, and if he would do this life would be his. Our Lord Himself on another occasion quoted these same words to a scribe who had asked Him "which is the first commandment of all?" When the scribe replied that to do this was more than all whole burned offerings and sacrifices, the Lord said to Him that he was not far from the kingdom of God (Mark xii, 28-34). Yet to be near the kingdom and not in it is to be out of it as much as if one was very far from it. The law cannot give life, but brings us all in guilty before God, that we may see and receive His righteousness which is in Christ, who is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth (Gal. iii, 21, 22, 10, 11; Rom. iii, 19-22; x, 4; Rom. viii, 3, 4). By grace, not by works, are we saved; but saved in order to work (Eph. ii, 8-10).

29. "Willing to justify himself." It was his will and desire so to do. This was the aim of the Pharisees; they justified themselves before men, not considering that God read their hearts (Luke xvi, 15). Their alms and prayer and fasting and all their works they did to be seen of men (Math. vi, 2, 5, 16; xxiii, 5). Being ignorant of God's righteousness, they sought to establish their own righteousness and would not submit to God (Rom. x, 3). Even Adam, when found guilty, sought to justify himself by putting the blame upon Eve and upon God. It is an evidence of the enmity of the carnal mind (Rom. viii, 7).

30. The Lord Jesus will show him who his neighbor is, although He knows that the question is asked merely to justify himself. The man who got into trouble might be said to have been on the downward road. From Jerusalem to Jericho is not so good as from Jericho to Jerusalem. When one turns his back upon the city of peace, the city of God, there is no telling into what trouble he may fall, for the devil is ever seeking whom he may devour.

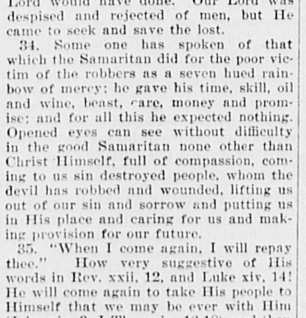
31, 32. Priests and Levites were specially chosen of God to be near Him and minister unto Him and to bless in His name (II Chron. xxix, 11; Deut. x, 8). If they had been filled with the Spirit of God and about His business, they would either of them have been glad of such an opportunity as this to glorify God. But both prophet and priest had become profane, and the Lord found their wickedness even in His house (Jer. xxiii, 11). It is much more easy not to see the need, but just to pass by on the other side, and therefore there are many Christians who do not care to hear of the need of the heathen because it makes them feel as if they ought to do something, but they have no heart for it because they are not right with God. Even the disciples were inclined to send the hungry thousands away and were doubtless greatly surprised when the Lord said, "Give ye them to eat."

33. Here is one whom Jews despise, associating him with the devil, for they once said to our Lord, "Thou art a Samaritan and hast a devil" (John viii, 48), but this despised one lived for others, and, as to this poor, suffering man, the Samaritan came where he was, saw him and had compassion on him. Surely he had the Spirit of Christ; he did what our Lord would have done. Our Lord was despised and rejected of men, but He came to seek and save the lost.

34. Some one has spoken of that which the Samaritan did for the poor victim of the robbers as a seven hued rainbow of mercy; he gave his time, skill, oil and wine, beast, care, money and promise; and for all this he expected nothing. Opened eyes can see without difficulty in the good Samaritan none other than Christ Himself, full of compassion, coming to us sin destroyed people, whom the devil has robbed and wounded, lifting us out of our sin and sorrow and putting us in His place and caring for us and making provision for our future.

35. "When I come again, I will repay thee." How very suggestive of His words in Rev. xxii, 12, and Luke xiv, 14! He will come again to take His people to Himself that we may be ever with Him (John xiv, 3; I Thess. iv, 16-18), and then He will reward every one according to his works, and not a cup of cold water given in His name shall lose its reward (Math. xvi, 27; Mark ix, 41). There is a great reward in His service even here, but all present joy in his service is but a foretaste of the reward in His kingdom.

36, 37. The lawyer cannot fail to see in the Samaritan the true neighbor and in the man who was in trouble a sample of all to whom we are to act as neighbors. Does any one whom you can reach need your help? Such a one is the neighbor whom you are to love as yourself and thus prove your love to God, for if we love not those whom we have seen how can we love God whom we have not seen (I John iv, 20); and if we see people in need and are able to help them and shut up our bowels of compassion from them, how can the love of God be said to dwell in us? (I John iii, 16, 17.)



UPHOLSTERING!

C. L. SMITH,

No. 91 Prospect Street, - Woburn, Mass

(FORMERLY WITH THOMAS MORRIS.)

I announce that I have established the business of Upholstery and Carpet Laying at the above location, and I respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

Satisfaction guaranteed in Work and Prices

COUNTERFEITERS' PAY.

Ten Times More Could Be Made by Them In Honest Business.

"Nobody has ever been able to explain the mysterious fascination of counterfeiting," said an old federal official at the custom house. "There is, without a doubt, something about the work, aside from its possible profits, that draws men into it and keeps them there at the sacrifice of almost everything that would appear to make life worth living. 'Once a counterfeiter always a counterfeiter' is an axiom in the secret service, and it is borne out by facts.

"Yet counterfeiting would seem, on the surface, to be one of the least attractive branches of crime. It involves an immense amount of hard work, accompanied, as a rule, by exposure and privation, and there is not one single case on record in which a maker or 'shover' of the 'queer' retired in peace with anything like a competence. Indeed, there are very few known instances in which a counterfeiter ever made as much as $5,000 out of the operation. They are almost invariably caught or driven to cover before they succeed in floating enough of their wares to pay them ordinary day wages for the time they have put in.

"The engraving of a bogus treasury note is a long and tedious operation. Even in the government bureau at Washington, where every modern labor saving appliance is at hand and the work is distributed among a dozen skillful operators—one doing the vignette, another the lettering, another the scrolls, and so on—it takes several months to finish a plate. One man, doing the whole thing and working under cover in continual dread of discovery, would easily be occupied two or three years at the same task. And you must bear in mind that an engraver competent to turn out a dangerous replica could easily be earning from $8 to $12 a day at honest employment. In other words, he puts all the way from $7,500 to $10,000 worth of work into the undertaking, and when the plate is at last ready for the press he has no assurance whatever that a dozen of the bills will ever actually be passed. The chances are about two to one that the job will land him in prison.

"But in spite of all this," continued the officer, "some of the best engravers in the country have turned out counterfeiters and persisted in it to the bitter end. It is very strange. The same rule applies to all grades of bogus money making. None of it ever pays as a business proposition. Some time ago an Italian was arrested here in New Orleans for manufacturing spurious quarters. He turned out a very cleverly made white metal coin, but had shoved less than $10 worth when he was caught and given a term behind the bars. The fake quarters were first cast in a mold and afterward touched up or 'sharpened,' as it is called technically, by hand. The 'reeding' around the edge was also hand work and very tedious. I calculated that he could finish not over eight coins a day, working hard for at least ten hours. Just think of it! Only $2 a day for highly skilled labor, and even then he didn't reap that amount as net profit. The coins had to be passed, the object, being of course, to secure good money in change. That necessitated making some little purchase with every piece, so at best not more than 20 cents was actually realized on the transaction. In short, the Italian was obliged to put in one day counterfeiting and the best part of another 'shoving,' all for a beggarly $1.60, and meanwhile he was constantly jeopardizing his liberty. He was a man of considerable artistic ability and ought to have been able to have earned $3 or $4 a day as a pattern maker or designer.

"Almost every one of the famous bank note counterfeiters has had opportunities to quit crooked work with full assurance of no future molestation on the part of the authorities. You see, the government is generally only too willing to make terms with such dangerous fellows. But it is no use. Not one of them has ever 'staid straight' six months after alleged reformation. They can't resist the fatal fascination."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

How Kipling Crushed a Bore.

I met a traveler who came from the Cape aboard the steamer on which Rudyard Kipling made the passage, and he had some good stories to tell of the author. Kipling was pestered by a flock of passengers who wished to gush over him and hero worship him.

Kipling, you know, is not built that way and puts up impatiently with gush and hysteria. One forenoon Kipling was walking the deck hand in hand with his little daughter, when one of the gushers, seeing an opportunity to flatter the father and so make friends with the author, threw himself in the way of the couple.

"Oh, Mr. Kipling," he gushed, "is that your child?"

Kipling grunted a noncommittal "Yes" and tried to pass. But the fellow was not done with him. Still standing in the way, he exclaimed:

"What a delightfully beautiful and healthy child she is!"

Kipling gazed a stony gaze at the man, and saying, with great emphasis on the personal pronoun, "I'm reasonably satisfied with her make," he shouldered past the bore and tramped on.—Saturday Evening Post.

Putting on Airs.

Mrs. Jackson—Dat hifalutin Mrs. Washtub am puttin on lots of airs lately; tryin to act jes' like white folks!

Mrs. Johnson—U'm! Wot am her latest fad?

Mrs. Jackson—Why, de most redikilous fing yo' evah heerd ob! She am suin her husband fo' nonsuppoht!—Puck.

Our Old Shinplasters.

An officer of the treasury department estimates that more than $15,000,000 worth of the old fashioned fractional paper currency is still outstanding, and though some of it has doubtless been destroyed the bulk of it is held by collectors and private individuals. Every now and then some old person dies, and the heirs, finding a quantity of the "shinplasters" in a disused pocketbook or some other hiding place, send them to Washington to be redeemed. Occasionally, too, banks forward quite a lot of the notes in unbroken sheets, just as they got them many years ago. At first these sheets had to be cut apart with scissors, but afterward they were perforated like postage stamps so as to be torn apart. Not long ago the treasury received a handkerchief full of this currency of the first issue, each note being signed by Treasurer Spinner with his own hand. About $3,000 worth of this fractional paper comes in for redemption each year, and some of the best of it is saved out by the department to be given away in response to applications from collectors.

A Speech That Made a Hit.

Edward Hanlan, ex-champion oarsman of the world, related a good story of how he delivered a speech after winning his second race in England. His first victory had found him unprepared. He was ready for his second with a speech composed for him by a newspaper friend neatly copied out on paper and stored away for use in his coat pocket.

When the crowd outside the clubhouse insisted upon seeing and hearing the winner, he was helped out upon a window ledge by his friends and held there by the coattails and the legs. The crowd cheered him wildly. He was too confused to speak. They cheered him again. He threw out his hand in a gesture of helplessness and moved his lips in some inaudible mumble of apology for his inability to deliver a speech. They could not hear on account of the noise that they were themselves making, but they encouraged him with a generous applause. He saw his escape and proceeded to shake his head and work his lips in a fine frenzy of oratory, gesticulating eloquently and smiling his thanks. The noisy and good natured crowd cheered him to the echo, and his friends drew him in from his precarious position on the window ledge.

"You carried that crowd along in style," they congratulated him. "What did you say? We couldn't hear you."

"Yes. Give us an idea of your speech," the reporters put in, drawing out their notebooks.

Hanlan took the manuscript from his pocket. "Here's the whole thing," he said. "Do you want it all?"

"Well, rather," they answered. "That speech made a hit."—Argonaut.

Why He Carries a Cane.

"You wonder why I always carry a cane except when I am carrying an umbrella," remarked a well known Philadelphian the other afternoon. "Well, I don't mind telling you. It's all on account of umbrellas."

"Can't see the connection," rejoined the friend to whom he was talking.

"Didn't suppose you could. But you will when I have explained. You lose an umbrella every once in awhile, don't you? Put it down somewhere and walk off and leave it?"

"Yes; I have had that happen to me frequently."

"Well, I used to, but not since I took to carrying a cane. An acquaintance in Chicago put me on to the scheme. 'Get a cane of some kind,' he said to me one day, 'and carry it every day and every night that it doesn't rain. By that means you become so accustomed to having something in your hand you are lost without it. Then when a rainy day or evening comes and you are compelled to carry an umbrella about with you the benefit comes in. Say you have gone into a restaurant and when you come out the rain has stopped. You walk out into the street without your umbrella. Presto! After you have taken perhaps a dozen steps you miss something. Your cane carrying hand is minus the burden it usually bears. Back go your thoughts to your umbrella and back go your steps to get it. Simple? Of course it is, but the simple things oftentimes prove the most valuable."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Four Legged Weather Prophets.

Though the tortoise is an excellent weather prophet, the fact is known to comparatively few people. Tortoise farmers on the African coast notice that even 24 hours before rain falls these curious animals prepare for it by seeking the convenient shelter of overhanging rocks. It may be a bright, clear, sunshiny morning, but the farmers believe implicitly in the tactics of the tortoise, who is seldom mistaken, for the downpour is certain to come within the time stated.

A pet tortoise would be a practical present to bestow on one's friends. This curious premonition of the approach of rain is shared by many other animals and birds and may be explained partially by the fact that while rain is forming the atmosphere is increasing in weight, but there may also be some need of moisture which makes them aware of its approach or some habits of life which make them thus sensitive.—Chicago Record.

Cool and Methodical.

A lawyer who worthily bears a distinguished name occupies an old fashioned mansion on the edge of New York. His sister, who lives with him, tells a laughable story, which is reported in Harper's Round Table, illustrating his coolness and love of method.

Recently his sister tiptoed into his room some time after midnight and told him she thought burglars were in the house. The lawyer put on his dressing gown and went down stairs.

In the back hall he found a rough looking man trying to open a door that led into the back yard. The burglar had unlocked the door and was pulling at it with all his might. The lawyer, seeing the robber's predicament, called to him:

"It does not open that way, you idiot! It slides back!"

One Quite Enough.

"I don't see how any sane man can want more than one wife," he said as he finished reading an article on Turkey.

"Yes; one is quite enough, isn't it, dear?" she returned. "The human heart is not large enough for more than one, and then polygamy always seems to me to so cheapen women too."

"I wasn't thinking of that," he answered. "What bothers me is how any man can go to work deliberately to accumulate troubles—to make a collection, as you might say."—Chicago Post.

Letting In Sunshine.

To the world—the thoughtless, misjudging world—he appeared a man without one humane impulse.

"Nevertheless," said he to himself, "I have this day done my share toward letting in the sunshine on the life of the poor."

For had not his agent by his direction taken the roof from the humble home of Mrs. McHooggarity on account of her inability to pay the rent and her disinclination to move?—Indianapolis Press.

A Willing Victim.

"Well, Mr. Bickers," said Lawyer Breef, "your wife sues for divorce and asks $5,000 a year alimony. Of course we will defend it."

"No, Mr. Breef, we will not defend," replied Mr. Bickers.

"But that is an enormous alimony."

"That's all right, but I am for peace at any price."—Detroit Free Press.

The Signed Petition.

"What was that petition he was circulating?" asked the inquisitive man.

"I don't know," replied the extremely polite man.

"Why, you signed it when he asked you to."

"Of course I signed it, but he didn't ask me to read it, you know."—Philadelphia Record.

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VOL. L. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1900. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 41.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect JUNE 25, 1900.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.14, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.39, 8.00, 9.10, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.28, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.22, 7.04, 7.34, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, 8.42, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.46, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 12.00, 4.52, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.33 8.28, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, *9.30, 5.26, P. M.

F r Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.28, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.28, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 8.28, 6.33, 11.11, A. M., 6.42 P. M., Saturdays only. Except Claremont.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.28, †11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, ‡6.33, 8.28, 11.11, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P.M

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.28, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.28, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

*To Nashua only.
†To Franklin only.
‡Weirs only.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.55, 9.13, 9 30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.21, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.16, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 4.03, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9 33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Jan. 1, 1900, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 and 11.15 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Wakefield & Stoneham St. R'y Co.

On and after January 1, 1900, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, then *9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington, at 5.15, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.30, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.45, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m., then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 8.35, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. M. LANE, Acting Supt.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00 *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

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14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

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Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

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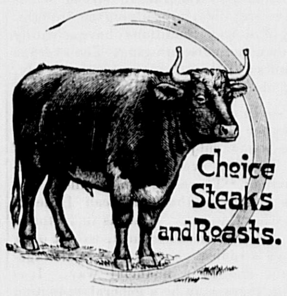
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UNDER THE STARS.

So high above, sad heart, the heavens bend,
These futile hands touch not their lowliest star!
Yet down from those vast unimpassioned skies
May yearn, from where we dream all sorrows end—
May yearn tonight some heart with saddened eyes,
Unto this world where we and sorrow are.

—Arthur Stringer in Ainslee's.

A SIREN OF THE STREAM.

The Strange Experience of a Young Diplomatist In the Brocken.

I suppose most of the tourists of today know the Harz mountains intimately and have journeyed up to the top of the Brocken. Probably there is a branch railway to take passengers there from Harzburg. Probably the Ilsenfels has been utilized for a fashionable bathing establishment. However, when I went there many years ago, we did things in a primitive fashion, and drove all the way up from Harzburg. I was a young diplomatist at the time, attached to the embassy at Berlin. I was strong and full of spirits, well favored, and with more money at my command than I knew how to spend. I found myself one hot August morning at Berlin, working away in my shirt sleeves, when a note was brought to me from my chief, announcing that if I cared to take a week's holiday I was at liberty to do so. Berlin was a wilderness, the Thiergarten was a waste, and life was unendurable except between 6 in the evening and 9 in the morning. Nothing loath, I ordered some traps to be put up, and wandered away to Brunswick. A week in August is of very little use, except to potter about, in the German country. England was too far, and the time to remain there too short, so I spent two days in Brunswick, where I became fired with enthusiasm about Henry the Lion, his relics and his tomb, and in the duke's palace I found upon a banner the ancient scroll:

My soul for God.
My life for the king.
My heart for women.
Honor for myself.

From Brunswick I drifted, as a leaf in a stream, to Harzburg, where the idea suddenly occurred to me that I would drive up the Brocken. I chartered a conveyance and started at 10 o'clock in the morning. The drive, I was told, would take me seven hours. The weather was perfect, the way was solitary. The bells on the horses' harness sounded faintly on the drowsy air. My driver rolled about on his box, engaged at the time in profound sleep, a pipe in his mouth and a sweet pea behind his ear. Our way lay upward, of course, and by the roadside a delicious stream dashed and foamed over the rocky soil. Several times I followed my driver's example, and slept. At last impatient, I descended, bidding my kutscher bustle onward and wait for me a mile or two farther on. I heard the heavy carriage lumber away; it disappeared round a corner of the road, and I and the stream were alone.

I walked briskly on, my hands in my pockets, whistling. At the turn of the road I saw something that immediately arrested my attention. A rock, larger than the rest, stood in the center of the stream. The water parted away from it in two lines of foam. Seated upon it, her face turned in profile toward me, was a young woman. Her head was bare, and her hands were bare, and her naked feet were swinging in the water, carelessly flicking the foam from side to side. It was a strange apparition to come upon suddenly in the wilds of the Harz mountains. I approached diffidently. There is a sort of freemasonry among travelers. This strange creature nodded at me when she discovered my presence.

"You can't think how nice it is," she said, looking me in the face, as if she had known me all her life.

Instantly her manner set me at my ease.

"How did you get there?" I asked in the same tone.

"I took off my stockings on the bank, and waded across," she answered.

I stood looking at her, a meager strip of running water between us.

"Take off yours and come, too," she cried; "there is room for two on this rock."

The utter ludicrousness of my position never struck me at the time; then I felt irresistibly prompted to do as I was told, and in two moments was sitting by her side. The full midday sun fell on her face, but she did not seem to mind. I looked at her, and wondered at her extremely. In appearance she was very youthful. I should have guessed her between 20 and 22. Her face was pale—of a clear pallor; her lips were chiseled, and of the richest carmine color; her eyes were cat's eyes, fringed with long, dark lashes—eyes like nothing human, bewildering, absorbing, compelling. I caught myself wondering if they shone in the dark. Her hair peeled finely off her low, sensitive brow. It was arranged in delicious disorder, of which one could not make out the beginning nor the end. Added to all this, her gown was of fine texture and delicate taste—the gown of a woman who was fond of good dressing.

And this woman was sitting bareheaded, barefooted, alone, on a rock in the midst of the Harz mountains!

"You are going to the Brocken?" she asked interrogatively.

"Yes; are you?"

She nodded.

"Are you alone?" I asked.

"Yes," she answered, quite tranquilly. "There is my carriage, and there"—as a man approached us from the road—"there is my—courier."

There was an inflection, the very slightest, of hesitation as she spoke. The man, who came forward, was short, dark, ill favored, more like an Italian boatman of a disreputable class than anything else. In his coarse ears hung silver earrings, and on his dark, greasy hand was a silver ring. He approached his mistress with a familiar air that seemed to me most offensive and spoke to her in Spanish. She answered in the same language, not imperatively, as I had expected, but in a tone that seemed to imply confidence, friendliness. After shrugging his shoulders at her answer, he lounged away, and sat down somewhere in the shadow of the road.

"Do you mean to say you travel alone with this courier?" I said. "Where are you going and where have you come from?"

She raised her indolent arms over her head and stretched her lithe body as a leopard does in the sun. She opened her strange eyes to their fullest extent and stared. Whatever she found in my face seemed to satisfy her, for a moment later she spoke:

"Yes, I travel alone with my courier. I have come from Spain, and I am going somewhere, I don't quite know where. What does it matter? I would like never to know where I am going, nor what the country is, nor the day, nor the month, nor the year. I wish I had never learned these things. What is the use of classing tomorrows and yesterdays? Isn't it enough that every day is today?"

As she said this a look of fatigue came over her face, her lashes fell and covered and hid away her peculiar eyes, her bosom heaved feverishly, and her breath came and went hurriedly. Whatever she was, the woman had feelings, and very sensitive ones.

An hour went by. I questioned her, and learned some curious details of her life. Her name was Sylvia, her husband's name Whitworth. He was a merchant, but he failed and deserted her. "I don't think I minded much," she said, with her wonderful smile. "He was never true to me. Perhaps he is dead."

Had I been in my sane senses, as I now am, 12 years later, I should have laughed in my sleeve. As it was, I was not in my sane senses, and I fell in love with her. She was traveling, she didn't care where. For the night, at least, she was to stay at the same hotel as myself, at the Brocken. From me she gathered my slight history, my nationality, my appointment at Berlin, my family, my age.

"I suppose," she said frankly, "that some people might wonder at my going about so independently, but I don't care a button what people think. I suppose if I had any inclinations toward wickedness I should be a very wicked person, but you see I have no inclination. I don't look at it from the moral point of view, because I don't believe in morality. I have no creeds, but I don't think it would amuse me the least to be wicked."

Presently we waded ashore. She dried her feet, or rather I dried them for her, on a dainty lace handkerchief. They were very lovely feet. At the contact of her warm, white flesh my fingers trembled. She saw they trembled, and, gently pushing me away, she finished the task herself, and then looked up at me with a smile. She invited me to enter her carriage with her, and I did so. As we got in, the courier muttered something rather savagely, and my charming friend bent her head down and conversed with him eagerly in a tone which sounded conciliatory. A little farther on we met my carriage. We stopped, and with a pretty air of command Mrs. Whitworth signified her intention of changing carriages. We got in, and I arranged my rugs about her feet, my cushions at her back. She shut her eyes and went to sleep, while I sat watching her. As I watched her, a madness seemed to come over me. I have never in my life experienced anything like it before or since; it was like magnetism. Perhaps it was due to the sultry heat, the utter stillness, the slow progress of the carriage through the most beautiful scenes, or, more likely still, the back thrown head, the sensitive and fine profile, the parted crimson lips, the regular breathing, the undefined languor of pose, and the peculiar perfume that hung about my companion, that fired my ardent spirit. At last I softly took possession of the hand nearest me. It was warm and pulsating; the very touch of it seemed to bring into life all the feelings that lay dormant in me. I bent forward cautiously; in another moment I should have kissed her parted crimson lips, when suddenly, swiftly, the strange eyes opened, wide and full, as if she had not been sleeping at all.

"Ah," she said softly, "what were you going to do?"

I, flushing scarlet, was murmuring some excuses, when she interrupted me:

"Never mind. I am not angry. But you were very bold."

I was going to answer, when, in quite a different mood, she inquired the use of a strong black box that lay on the seat opposite us. I replied that it was my dispatch box, containing my papers, my passport, my valuables in the way of jewelry, and all the money and promissory notes I possessed at the moment. But before I had nearly got through my list my friend's interest had faded, and she was leaning over the carriage looking at the stream—the Ilsenfels, I heard her name it.

By this time we had arrived at the door of the apology for a hotel, which was then the only hostelry on the Brocken. I offered to assist Mrs. Whitworth, but she turned away with her courier, and I occupied myself in having my things stowed away in the room I had engaged over night. It was a tiny apartment, with walls no thicker than paper. In fact the whole place was like a rambling and ill built hut. The interior of this cabin was hot and stuffy, so, after inquiring the hour for table d'hote, I lit my cigar and strolled outside. At some distance on the level hill top, where the hotel was placed, I could see my new friend and her courier walking up and down, engaged in an animated discussion. I turned off short, not wishing them to know I saw them. Infatuated as I was with this stranger, I could not help feeling her position was a peculiar one. Perhaps the romance and the mystery only served to enhance the charm.

At table d'hote I saw no signs of my friend; afterward I went out to look at the sunset. The place was crowded with tourists—English, German, Swiss—all uninteresting to my eyes, so I avoided them. I went round toward the back, and some one pointed out to me the curiosities of the place—where the witches assemble on Walpurgisnacht, the Devil's Well, the Devil's Pulpit. Rough stones of volcanic strata, thrown up years before, strewed the bare and rugged mountain top. In one place they were heaped about in great masses; among them was a hollow called Schneefels, where, in the winter, the snow is said to be 35 feet deep. Among these barbaric rocks I found Sylvia Whitworth. I asked her how she had dined.

"I dined here," she said, as if her rocky seat had been her boudoir table. "There were so many people in the hotel, all ugly and all old, and I can't eat when I see ugly sights. My courier brought me my dinner."

The sun was setting in pomp and splendor. From our high point of view we could see all the shimmer and color, and all the varying tints of a glowing August sunset. I pointed it out to my friend; she did not turn her head.

"I don't care for views," she said gently, "I have seen so many, and I am tired of them."

I looked in her face. Her eyes had caught some strange luster from the beautiful cloudland of color about us; there was a vague disquiet visible in her manner, a fluttering in her voice. It seemed to me that she was under the mastery of some profound impression.

The warm night crept onward. We were alone, quite alone, under the throbbing summer sky, with the clouds and the heavens around us.

Instinctively, when I spoke, I spoke in a whisper. "How near we are to heaven," I murmured, "in this high place! How far better than heaven it is to be with you, like this."

A soft, warm breeze passed over our faces, and blew a straggling curl of her loosened hair across my lips; her soft, clinging draperies lay close beside me; her presence seemed to grow more and more compelling.

She smiled a slow, languorous smile—a smile that intoxicated and led me on. She laid her hand upon my arm.

"Heaven," she said, in a low, rapt whisper; "heaven is whatever we like to make for ourselves on earth; when we die we go out—so" (and she pouted her two perfect lips, and blew a sudden, short breath). "When I think," she continued, "that life, and life only, is ours, I sometimes wish to do more with my days—crime or good; or wickedness or virtue, it would not matter to me, if I could but enjoy it, whatever it was."

"But," I whispered awestruck, "crime is found out, and then comes punishment."

"There are some crimes," she said, "which leave no trace. What trace does a ship leave in the sea five minutes after she has passed over it?"

Just then her surly courier approached. They talked excitedly for a few moments, and then she turned to me:

"This is pleasant! I hear there is no room for me. The last room was given to you. Not a corner left anywhere; and I am to sleep a la belle etoile (like a beautiful star)."

Of course this was impossible. Willingly I gave up my room, and the courier lounged away.

For a few moments we sat silent, when suddenly upon us there sank a darkness as swift and as obscuring as a curtain. It was one of the strange atmospheric changes of the Brocken. In a breathless space it seemed as if the bright night had turned to a rolling, black mist. I groped for Sylvia's hand. I took it—she was not a bit frightened—into my clasp, warm and yielding. I drew her up from her low, rocky seat, and, placing her hand on my arm, I tried to remember my way back to the hotel. I could not see one yard in front of us. A thundering promise of great heat throbbed through the darkened air. I could hear my companion's hurried breathing.

"I wonder if we are all going to be killed?" she said quietly.

Just then she stumbled over a stone. I threw out my hands to save her and she fell forward, literally into my arms.

For one moment of madness I held her close in a wild embrace, kissed her perfumed hair and her eyes and her soft, wet lips rapturously. The next moment she was lying passive in my arms and sobbing like a child, while I endeavored, with every excuse and with every prayer I could think of, to reassure her. We found our way at last to the door, and I led her, still shuddering, up to my room and, imploring her to forgive me, I said good night and staid outside while I heard her close the door and lock it. I then repaired to the drawing room, where an impromptu couch had been prepared for me.

. . . .

The next morning, when all the tourists turned out to see the sunrise, I could discover her nowhere. I inquired of the host, and learned that Mrs. Whitworth had departed before sunrise, with her carriage and her courier. I went to my empty room and discovered that she had taken my dispatch box, containing all my valuables. I made no inquiries and told no one of my loss, for she had infatuated me. Was the Spaniard her husband? I do no know.

Many years have passed. I never saw her again.—Argonaut.

He Had Her.

It is related that when the young man who afterward became General Fremont ran away with and married Jessie, Tom Benton, the great senator, made terrible threats of what he would do to the young man. He would give him roasts and bullets and hades, to all of which Mrs. Benton quietly remarked, "You had better give him Jessie, my dear."

Walking on the Walls.

It is unlawful for a Chinese woman to walk on the city walls of Peking, but it is an exercise in which the Americans and Europeans indulge without objection upon days when they are open to the public.

Hope For Him.

"Have you ever tried to reduce your flesh?"

"Yes, I'll bet I've spent $500 for antifat medicine; but it's no good. I've tried everything and I just keep getting fatter. I'll give it up now and go on and weigh a ton if I have to."

"Oh, don't get discouraged. Come over and try our boarding house for a month or so."—Indianapolis Journal.

COURTS RULED BY SUN TIME

Judges In Various States Refuse to Accept Standard Reckoning.

If you ever expect to go to law over a question in which time is involved, however slightly, don't monkey with standard time. It won't go in the courts. To be sure, you can't catch trains if you don't use standard time to do it, but you will miss the verdict if you do. In Georgia the court of appeals decided that the use of standard time instead of sun time in regulating a trial was an error. In the particular case in question the sun time was faster than the railroad time, and a verdict was received after 12 o'clock on Saturday night by the sun time, though before 12 by standard time. It was decided that sun time should have been followed.

In Nebraska a certain summons was returnable before a justice at 10 o'clock a. m. The defendant failed to appear. The justice waited until 11 o'clock standard time, which was about half an hour faster than common time, and then gave judgment by default. The defendant appeared before 11 o'clock common time, and it was held that the judgment by default was premature and invalid.

In Iowa there was a question as to the expiration of an insurance policy, which by its terms extended until 12 o'clock at noon of a certain day. Fire broke out at about 11:45 o'clock a. m. of that day by common time and about two and a half minutes after 12 o'clock by standard time. The court held that the insurance was still in force. It did not appear that any statute had enacted any change in the ordinary rule which regards noon as the time when the sun crosses the meridian. There was evidence of the customary use of standard time at that place, but this was held not sufficient. The court says: "It was not only necessary to show the customary use of standard time, but that by custom of the place at 12 o'clock at noon meant at 12 o'clock standard time."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

WOMAN A BEAST OF BURDEN.

Heavy Loads Carried by Italians Through New York's Streets.

It is no uncommon sight to see Italian women walking along the streets balancing burdens on their heads that the average man would prefer to have sent home on a truck. A few days ago one of these women passed through City Hall park. On her head she was carrying what appeared to be the entire woodwork from the interior of some house. The bundle was made up of eight pieces of hard wood, the shortest being fully 12 feet in length. Each piece was six inches in width and an inch thick. The woman steadied this burden with one hand, while in the other she carried what one would consider a good load for one person in the shape of a bundle of shorter pieces of wood.

As she turned into Center street, near Chambers, the end of the load of lumber on her head came in contact with the head of a man who was going in the opposite direction. In order to prevent hitting him too hard the woman tried to turn to one side, and as she did so her burden fell to the walk. In vain she tried to replace it on her head. At last two men took hold of it, one at each end. They found that even their combined strength was just sufficient to lift it up and place it on the woman's head again. When the wood was finally adjusted in a proper position the woman picked up her smaller bundle and started up Center street.—New York Times.

A Little Off.

"My necktie is disarranged," Sherlock Holmes, Jr., suddenly exclaimed.

His companion looked at him and said:

"How do you know? You haven't felt of it, and there is no mirror here that you could have looked into. Sometimes, Mr. Holmes, I am almost forced, in spite of your declarations that you do these wonderful things by reasonable, human processes, to believe that you must be gifted with second sight. Now what has convinced you that your necktie is disarranged?"

"I noticed a man look at my tie just now and then feel of his own," the great detective answered.

"Wonderful! Wonderful! Only your tie is all right."—Chicago Times-Herald.

To Pack Eggs For Long Keeping.

The yolk of the egg spoils much quicker than the white. For this reason it is important that the yolk should be surrounded with a layer of the white. If the egg is placed on the side or large end the heavy yolk will settle to the bottom and come in contact with the shell, which admits the air. If it is placed on the small end it will always have a layer of white between it and the shell. Eggs absorb odors easily, therefore only odorless materials should be used when packing them.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Unique In Their Alignment.

The highest of the Tennessee mountains is the Unaka range, and its highest peak is Rattlesnake, the giant that stands above the Cherokee Indian reservation over 7,000 feet. Twenty-two peaks measure about 6,000 feet. A remarkable fact is that some of these peaks, standing directly opposite each other, measure exactly the same height, while others come within a few feet of a common height.—Chicago Record.

A Lingering Illness.

The Prodigal—Mudder, I've come to die.

The Mother—Ye have, have ye? An to take about 20 years to do it in, like your father did. Not much. Ye go into the next county to do your dyin!—Kansas City Independent.

Training Canaries.

In the canary breeding establishments of Germany only the male birds are valued, because the females never sing. The method of training the birds to sing is to put them in a room where there is an automatic whistle, which they all strive to imitate. The breeder listens to the efforts of the birds and picks out the most apt pupils, which are then placed in another room for further instruction. These are the best singers and ultimately fetch high prices.—Berlin Correspondence.

Harder to Say No Than Yes.

He was a most worthy young man, with a fondness for discussing sociological and moral questions, and once started on his hobby he could scarcely be headed in any other direction. He had been quite devoted in his attention to one young woman for as much as six months, but she had been unable to bring him to his senses, though she was willing to confess that she had tried repeatedly to do so. Of course she had done it in the delicate ways women have in those matters, but what he needed was a club.

Not a great while ago he was calling as usual, and as usual he was neglecting sentiment for something that only made a girl tired. This time he was moralizing on the temptations of life and the proneness of people to yield without making the proper effort against them in whatever form they might appear.

"However," he said in conclusion, displaying a commendable spirit of charity for the weak, "it is a very difficult thing for any one to say 'No.'"

Here was an unexpected chance for her.

"And conversely," she responded slowly so he could get the full force of it, "it should be very easy for one to say 'Yes.'"

He looked her straight in the eyes at last, and a hush fell upon the scene.

"Um-er-um," he hesitated, "Miss Kate, am I a chump?"

"It is very difficult for one to say 'No'" she said with a pretty little smile, and later she found it quite easy to say "Yes."—Washington Star.

His Genial Reception.

General Starr, a gallant old soldier, had an irrepressible dislike for young lieutenants fresh from West Point. In 1874 General Starr was in command at Fort Riley, and one day an orderly came to his quarters with the message that Lieutenant Morrison, just from West Point, was at the post ready to pay his respects and report for duty. In response to this message the old general was starting for his office, when his wife, a motherly old soul, plucked him by the sleeve and said, "Now, general, promise me that you won't be rough with that young man."

"Rough?" said the old man, smiling amiably upon his matrimonial companion. "Why, I'll be peaches and cream unless the young dog riles me."

Reaching his office, the general was confronted with a dapper little fellow as spick and span as though he had just come from the hands of his barber and tailor, while he had the half supercilious air that seems inseparable from the first stages of military education.

Looking the young lieutenant over for half a moment, the old general said with great dignity: "How do you do, Mr. Morrison. I am pleased to see you." Then as a flush gradually mounted over his weather beaten features he added: "I am always glad to see you young men from the Military academy. You—you—(here the general ended with a roar) you think yourself so hanged smart!"—Kansas City Journal.

Tired Metals.

It is a fact of comparatively recent discovery in chemical metallurgy that metals lose their vitality from repetitions of shocks and strains and may be said, as the expression is, to suffer from fatigue—that is, they may be worked till their molecules fail to hold together.

As is familiarly known, bars of tin, rods of brass and wires of any metal will separate owing to fatigue if bent backward and forward continuously. But by careful experiments, however, the fact is made to appear that a remedy exists for this condition of metals if the overstrain does not border on rupture, and this remedy is very much like that which is applied in the case of an overworked human frame—namely, rest.

Feather edged tools recover their vitality better than any other. Of course the length of time required for this rest varies with different metals and the amount of strain to which they have been subjected.

Hard metals, such as iron and steel, use up one and two years' time in the process. On the other hand, soft metals, like lead, retain their cohesive force longer and also require less rest.—Pearson's Weekly.

Why John Laughed.

"I don't know what is coming to us," sighed Mrs. Jones as she handed the paper over to her husband. "I'm sure things are bad enough already."

"Why, what's the matter now, my dear?" murmured John, with a mouthful of muffin.

"Matter, indeed," snorted Mrs. Jones. "Just like you men. Haven't the poor rate, water and other rates all been increased, and now the papers say the birth rate is going up. They ought to—Now, John, what are you laughing at?"—London Standard.

It May Be Push or It May Be Pull.

Politician—My boy, the door to every successful business is labeled "Push."

Thoughtful Youth—Isn't your business a successful one, sir?

Politician—Well, yes; I flatter myself that it is very successful. Why do you ask that?

Thoughtful Youth—Because, sir, I see your door is labeled "Pull."—Detroit Free Press.

Dress.

Some women in this world have a new gown every other week, while there are other women who esteem themselves lucky if once in three months they get a chance to look through a fashion magazine.—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

The United States never coined gold pieces of a higher denomination than $20. Some years ago a jeweler at San Francisco struck gold pieces of the value of $50, but that was on private account.

A Valuable Bible.

A very valuable book is a Hebrew Bible of the Vatican. In 1512 the Hebrews tried to buy it of Pope Julius II for its weight in gold. It is so large and heavy that two men can hardly lift it, and it would have brought $100,000.

The women have a great deal to say about the necessity of a young married woman "beginning right with her husband," as if she ought to go at him like a horse trainer goes at a young colt.—

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, SEPT. 14, 1900.

Mr. Bryan should cede the sovereignty of his farm at Lincoln, Neb., to Spain or France. The land was acquired by the United States without the "consent of the governed" by another Democrat, Thomas Jefferson. How Mr. Bryan can consent to live in Nebraska, when this circumstance is considered, is unexplainable.

"If there is any one who believes the Gold Standard is a good thing, or that it must be maintained, I warn him not to cast his vote for me because I promise him it will not be maintained in this country longer than I am able to get rid of it."—Hon. William Jennings Bryan, Knoxville, Tenn., Sept. 16, 1896.

Republican Caucuses.

The Republicans of Woburn will hold Caucuses in their several Wards to choose delegates to the State, Congressional, Senatorial, Councillor, County and Representative conventions on

Monday, Sept. 24, 1900,

At 7.30 o'clock, P. M.

☞ A full attendance is earnestly requested by the Republican Ward and City Committee.

UNSATISFACTORY.

It is currently reported that the meeting of the American Hide and Leather Company in New York last week was far from satisfactory to the Woburn stockholders. It failed to afford them the comfort they anticipated.

In the first place the number of Directors was materially reduced which operated unfavorably for the gratification of the ambition of some of them, besides being a step for which they were not prepared.

The official report of the business of the Company, or Trust, was a surprise and disappointment. It covered nine months' operations, and for that period net earnings amounted to only $694,936, an average of about $77,215 monthly.

For the company to pay its full interest and sinking funds and the regulation 7 percent on the preferred stock it would require average monthly earnings of $130,125. Thus the nine months' statement shows a deficit of $51,910 per month in earnings sufficient to cover interest and dividend requirements. Interest and sinking funds alone call for an average of $55,125 per month, whereas 7 percent in $13,000,000 of preferred stock calls for an average of $75,000 per month.

It is now conceded that no preferred stock dividend will be declared at present, and that any surplus profits above interest and sinking fund requirements will be added to surplus.

The several proprietors of Woburn tanneries who sold their plants to the Trust received a share of the purchase price in stock, which, from the representations made, was expected to pay handsome dividends from the start, hence the report was a disappointment. It looks as though it might possibly be the aim of the managers and heavy stockholders to lessen the number of owners by the purchase of stock at a reduced price from dissatisfied holders.

Should the Leather Trust survive the "sweating process" it may make money in the end.

A NASTY JAR.

In spite of all their efforts to conceal it, the declaration of Senator William M. Stewart, of Nevada, has given the Democracy a nasty jar. There are a lot of miners and silver men all over the Western country who are pretty apt to think that there is not much use of clinging to Bryan as a silver man when Stewart deserts him. Stewart was one of the first Republican Senators to leave the Republican Party on the Silver question. He was out of the Party long before Dubois, Teller, Pettigrew, Towne and others, who make up the Silver Republican organization, ever thought of leaving. Stewart cannot stand the scuttling policy, and he has got a lot of friends throughout the Western States who are likely to follow him. But long before Senator Stewart announced his determination to oppose Bryan there had been a rapid revolution in the former silver States in favor of the Republicans, and it was giving the Democrats a great deal of concern.

"HEARD FROM MAINE?"

Last week the JOURNAL told the Democrats hereabouts that, if they would keep their ears as near the ground as possible, they would hear something drop in Maine on Sept. 10.

They did.

The Republican plurality at the election in Maine last Monday was 34,000 which was the largest they ever had, except in 1896, when there was really no Democratic Party in that State, and thousands of the unterrified sulked in their tents and refused to vote.

The normal Republican plurality in Maine is about 20,000; last Monday it was almost 32,000. It was a splendid victory for McKinley and the Republican Administration.

We repeat the words employed by the JOURNAL over the great Republican victory in Vermont the other day; Bryan is a dead cock in the pit.

MANLEY TO McKINLEY.

Augusta, Me., Sept. 11.—Hon. J. H. Manley, today, sent the following telegram:

Augusta, Me., Sept. 11, 1900.
Hon. William McKinley, President,
Executive Mansion, Washington, D.C.

Our majority will reach thirty-seven thousand. It is, under all the circumstances, the most complete and the greatest victory that the Republicans of Maine ever won. It was obtained against a united Democracy. The Democratic vote is the smallest ever cast in Maine since 1848, with the single exception of 1896. The Republicans of Maine send to you their congratulations over the splendid indorsement given your administration by the voters of this State.

J. H. MANLEY,
Chairman Republican State Committee

☞ It will be remembered that the National Democratic Platform condems Trusts in severest terms. This perplexes some of Woburn's Democratic leaders. Among these are Messrs. James Skinner, Charles G. Lund, Julius F. Ramsdell, Capt. John P. Crane, John K. Murdock, D. W. Bond, each of whom is a large stockholder in one of the biggest Trusts in the country—The American Hide & Leather Company—and Mr. Skinner is a Director in it. Thus are these gentlemen estopped from electioneering in favor of Mr. Bryan's Platform as a whole. But then, Dick Crocker, the Tammany Boss, and many other Democratic leaders, are members of Trusts and why shouldn't Woburn Democrats be? They are all rich.

☞ Maine is a political barometer. Have our readers noticed in times past that whenever in a Presidential year (with rare exceptions) Maine has given the Republican ticket a big majority at its September election the Republican candidate for President has always won the fight? It's a sure thing.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

City—Reg. of Voters.
E. J. Gregory—Auction.
E. H. Richards—To Let.
J. J. Hern—Monuments.
W. Barker et al.—Citation.
Dora A. Thompson—Piano.
Maud H. Littlefield—Violin.
B. & C. St. R. R.—Petitions.
Walter C. Lewis Co.—Comer.

— "Heard from Maine?"

— Read Huntley's ad. in this paper.

— Locke, tuner, telephone, this page.

— The Line Gale is due here next Thursday.

— Our city schoolhouses are in fine shape for use—never better.

— Read the ad. of Comer's Commercial College in this paper.

— The signs of the approach of fall are numerous and unmistakable.

— Reports from all over the State indicate a big apple crop this fall.

— Miss Maud Littlefield has been having a good time at the seashore.

— Read the Notice of sessions of the Registrars of Voters and heed it.

— The man that sells political club uniforms has been in town this week.

— John McConologue is doing a heap of chimney cleaning and doing it well.

— Blasting on Powder House Hill has injured houses in the vicinity somewhat.

— The Woburn Co-operative Bank held its regular monthly meeting last evening.

— Masons and carpenters have been doing things at the First National Bank this week.

— The rent which Mr. E. H. Richards asks for No. 9 Johnson street is exceedingly low.

— Mr. and Mrs. Fred Walker of "The F. F. Walker Dairy" are at Hillsboro, N. H.

— Mr. W. F. Kenney and family have returned from the seaside to their home on Pleasant street.

— Miss Carrie W. Thompson declares she had a lovely time while at Orr's Island this summer.

— Glance an eye over Miss Mertena Bancroft's new card, and then make a mental note of it.

— A 10-mile open handicap road race will come off in this city at 3 o'clock tomorrow afternoon.

— Miss Marion Taylor has returned to her home on Pleasant street after a nice outing at Salisbury Beach.

— Rev. Dr. March, who was somewhat under the weather last week, not seriously, is nice and smart again.

— Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Hartwell had a fine visit down in Maine. The former is at his post of duty once more.

— Major H. C. Hall has been contributing some good political articles to the columns of the Boston *Journal* lately.

— Charlie A. Jones, Esq., has not been at Annisquam since last June, but his son and heir was all there last week.

— All kinds of repairing at Leathe's. Our $2 50 hand welt calf shoes for men are equal to any $3 advertised shoes.

— Mr. and Mrs. Robert Holmes, old residents of Chelsea street, East Boston, visited friends in this city last Friday.

— Yesterday, after the departure of the caudal appendage of the West India and Texas hurricane, was a delicious day.

— As a matter of duty every Republican in Woburn should attend the caucuses on Monday evening, Sept. 24, and vote.

— The Woburn Democrats, or the few that are left of them, will go through the motions of holding caucuses on Sept. 24.

— And still the dedication of the Rumford Monument hangs fire. But then it is somewhere written that "large bodies move slow."

"Rally Sunday," to be observed by the Congregational Sunday Schools, will be Sept. 30, instead of Sept. 9, as at first announced.

— Mr. Arthur W. Dalziel has not fully recovered from the injuries he received by being run down by a bicycle two or three weeks ago.

— Capt. J. M. Ellis, of Ellis & Buswell, has lately been looking into a proposed heavy job of stonework at Bar Harbor, Mt. Desert.

— Mr. William McLaughlin, clerk and prescriptionist at Huntley's popular drugstore, is in New Hampshire on a two week's vacation visit.

— The Board of Registrars of Voters will hold meetings on Friday and Saturday evenings, Sept. 21, 22, to enable voters to register for the caucuses.

— Mr. George Lowell of High st. will be 94 years old next Tuesday, Sept. 18. He is smart and spry and is quite often seen walking the street.

— Mr. John Lynch, Clerk of Committees, had another turn with malarial fever last Friday and Saturday. He was at his desk again early this week.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf

— Much fruit was shaken from the trees by the furious wind last Wednesday. It was very destructive in this respect. Flower gardens also suffered badly.

— Our old friend, Mr. Harrison Bates, next to the oldest person in Winchester, paid us a short visit the other day. He was in fair health and smart.

FROM THE ORIENT

CARPETS

Goods right—prices right—workmanship right—everything right.
We do by far the largest business in Boston in

Carpets and Upholstery.

What do you suppose the reason is?

JOHN H. PRAY & SONS CO.,
658 Washington Street, 658
Opp. Boylston St.,
BOSTON.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

Latest Styles for Fall & Winter
NOW IN STOCK AT
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

STEADILY INCREASING
Our Prescription Business. Reasons for It:
NO SUBSTITUTION.

Special Personal Attention. Best Drugs and Medicines money can buy. Your Doctor's orders executed in best possible manner even to the minutest detail.

This is HUNTLEY'S, "The Prescription Store,"
417 MAIN STREET.

— Found: on Academy Hill, Monday, Sept. 10, a 12-lb. Nugget. If our readers don't believe this, let them ask Edward Banwell, the returned Alaskan goldseeker.

— In the new ad of the Middlesex East Agricultural Association the reader will find something that cannot but interest him or her. Don't miss a careful perusal of the ad.

— Mr. John Sheehan, who served in the 39th Massachusetts Infantry in the Civil War, and his daughters are visiting friends in this city. They are residents of New Jersey.

— Mrs. George Doherty, who is mentally unbalanced, attempted suicide last week by cutting her throat. Dr. Lane was called and sewed up the wound, which was an ugly one.

— George Durward runs one of the best meat and vegetable markets outside of Boston. It is firstclass in every particular. George, James, Jr., and DeLoriea make a good team of salesmen.

— Charles W. Cooper, bookkeeper in the office of C. E. Cooper & Co., Mechanics Building, is taking a pleasure trip through New York, Pennsylvania, and other regions south and west of here.

— Mr. J. H. Foster was kicked by a horse several weeks ago, but with the aid of crutches is outdoors and among people again. He was in bed with it nearly a month, and had quite a serious time.

— The leather factory in New York State owned by Eustace Cummings & Co. of this city was destroyed by fire last Sunday. They are large Woburn manufacturers and have been many years.

— Mr. John M. Wallace of the *News* and Mrs. Wallace celebrated the 10th anniversary of their wedding day last Monday evening. It was a pleasant affair, highly enjoyed by the large party present.

— Read over the advertisement and note the fact that Mr. E. J. Gregory will sell at public auction the elegant Bacon estate on Pleasant street, tomorrow, Sept. 15, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

— Major H. C. Hall, a true-blue son of the Pine Tree State, and proud of the fact, before the election, set the Republican plurality at the Maine election last Monday at 28,000. Good guessing.

— The report is that Mr. Fred H. Rogers, National Bank teller, is making progress slowly towards a state of complete health. He is still weak, but Dr. Lane, his physician, says he will be all right again pretty soon.

— Col. A. L. Richardson, of the laundry firm of A. L. Richardson & Brother of this city and Boston, has been attending the annual meeting of the National Laundry Association at Buffalo, N. Y., this week.

— Please notice the change in Crawford's ad this week. This cool weather will ripen off the oyster stew and clam chowder crops, and nowhere under the sun can better ones be found than at Crawford's popular parlors.

— Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Clewley are still in camp in the wilds of "Away Down East" and Mrs. Ellen T. Ellis has no idea when they will leave there. They write home of the joys unspeakable found in real camp life.

— Come, Republican boys, big and little, young and old, let's get up a Rough Rider marching Company, and "whoop're up" for McKinley and the G. O. P. It is time to bestir ourselves. As the slang phrase goes: "Get a Move on." Who'll start the ball? "O, are'nt I glad I joined the Wide Awakes?"

— Chief of Police McDermott, after a good visit in Chicago and at Hull, returned last Saturday to his post of duty at Police Headquarters on Common street.

— We enjoyed a brief visit from Mr. John L. Parker, Editor of the Lynn *Item*, last Monday. Mr. Fred A. Flint happening in while he was here, it was a treat to hear them talk of old times and their school days.

— Mr. Willis L. Varney, of the jewelry firm of L. E. Hanson & Co., went to South Berwick for a fortnight's visit last Saturday. It is his former home and many relatives of his reside in that ancient and beautiful town.

— Supt. French has a pretty big job on hands to "block" the city for tax assessing purposes. His office is crowded with business, and he has been obliged to hire outside engineers to do some of the "blocking" work.

— A rumor is circulating about that the American Hide & Leather Company contemplate an early abandonment of some or all of the Woburn leather factories. It wouldn't surprise anybody here very much if they should.

— Miss Louise Richardson has been elected to the office of teacher of Physical Culture in the schools at Charlotteville, Va. For some time she was a student in Washington, D. C., and is thoroughly equipped for her new position.

— Druggist Whitcher's window displays are as instructive as the old geography we used to study when we were a boy. He must have picked up a lot of truck when he was globe trotting, and they attract a great deal of attention from passersby.

— Officer John A. Walsh had one of his ankles badly twisted in subduing some refractory violators of the law last Saturday evening, down towards the Highlands. They undertook to resist his authority and he had to use quieting measures with them.

— It looks as though Mr. Waterman Brown, who is at the Mass. Gen. Hospital, would pull through all right. Reports of his condition are encouraging, and the prospect is that he will be back here to boss the Church ave. crossing again one of these days.

— Mr. Chauncy B. Conn, bookkeeper for Fowle, Hibbard & Co., 176 State street, Boston, and family, we regret to say, have driven their tent stakes permanently at 94 Central st., Auburndale. They are the kind of people our town can't afford to lose.

— Maine Republican leaders and figurers calculated the State would give the Republican ticket 22,000 plurality last Monday. They would have been glad to take 18,000 and call it square. Why shouldn't they feel happy with 34,000? It was a glorious victory.

— The poet says: "sass for the goos is sass for the gander." But City Hall authorities don't seem to think so. While they prohibit citizens from using water on their lawns in the daytime they keep hose operating on the Common at all hours. Why is this thus?

— Col. C. F. Woodward will probably get the franchise he prays our City Council for because his proposed road from Woburn Centre to Lexington interferes with no other electric scheme. The Colonel is a great and successful street railroad builder and the right sort of a man.

— This is Mr. William T. Kendall's busy season at the Range of the Massachusetts Rifle Association at Walnut Hill, for it is in the fall that more matches are shot off than at any other season. Mr. Kendall has been Superintendent of the Range many years, and the fact that he still holds the office shows that his work gives satisfaction It is a responsible position but he fills the bill.

— Miss Grace W. Heartz, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Heartz, who graduated with honors from the Boston University, has been elected Assistant Principal of the Chelmsford High School, which she is capable of filling in the best possible manner. She is a fine scholar.

— Joe Mitchell Chapple, the Editor, publishes in the September number of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, an admirable story called "A Dream of Rain," written by our talented townswoman, Miss J. Gertrude Menard. It is one of her best literary productions, and highly interesting.

— MEMORIALS IN MARBLE AND GRANITE: Orders should be placed at once for work to be set this fall, before the frost comes. Lettering, cleaning and reseting in the Cemetery done promptly and at moderate cost. John J. Hern, Woodbrook Cemetery Gate, Salem st. Telephone 141-3.

— Mr. Charles M. Strout and family returned from Northport, Maine, late last week. During Mr. Strout's brief visit at that quiet and delightful seaside resort he went to Bar Harbor and was there during the presence of the British War Fleet and had the pleasure of viewing it in the roadstead.

— The railroad folks found the "Woburn Loop" pretty handy when the fire at the Chemical Works, or near them, prevented cars running over the old tracks a few days ago. Supt. Mellen, now President of the Northern Pacific, did a good thing for Woburn and also for the B. & M. Company when he had the "Loop" built.

— Senator Patch is a candidate for County Commissioner. Woburn will support him for the interest he took in securing to that city $5,000 of the State Highway appropriation.—*Winchester Star*. But for the good work of Senator Patch Woburn would have been left out in the cold so far as the State road appropriation was concerned.

— The health of Mr. E. F. Hayward has been so far restored to its normal status as to enable him to partially resume his duties of accountant and general agent for Ellis & Buswell, the contractors of this city. His sojourn at the Ellis Cottage, Nahant, did him a power of good, and his strength is gradually but surely returning.

— By reference to her card it will be seen that Maud H. Littlefield, who is at Nantucket this week, will take up her classes on the violin on October 1. She has had marked success as a teacher of that instrument, and is unquestionable one of the most accomplished in this part of the country. She was one of Loeffler's pupils, which means much.

— Several Highland residents complain bitterly of the evil odors that are wafted over their homes from some of the leather establishments when the wind is in the right direction. The Chicago stockyards are a bed of roses compared with what the tanneries send forth: "The rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril."

— The contract for building the piece of State road on Cambridge street, for which the State Road Commissioners appropriated $5,000, has been received by the Woburn highway authorities and the work is to be done by local laborers. Senator Patch was instrumental in procuring the appropriation after the efforts on the part of others had failed.

— Marcus H. Cotton, James M. Kimball, Mrs. L. H. Owen and Mrs. Everett P. Fox, sang, very beautifully, at the funeral of Eugene G. Bullard, which was held at his late home on Mishawum Road, last Sunday. Rev. E. J. Burlingham of Trinity church conducted the religious exercises. There were a profusion of beautiful floral offerings.

— Last Monday Mr. L. Herbert Owen entered on his eighth year as Principal of the Woburn High School with more true friends and hearty supporters in the School Board and among parents and pupils than ever before. It was found out some time ago that Mr. Owen is a superior teacher, and the longer he works here the stronger the conviction grows.

— It is a feather in Miss Belle M. Wetherell's cap that she is now teaching the same school in Reading that was taught by her last year—her first one at the business. Her re-engagement shows that she is a worthy member of the honorable craft and gave satisfaction in her first essay at "teaching the young ideas how to shoot." Belle is a smart girl.

— FIRES—The alarm from box 212 last Saturday noon was a fire on the railroad bridge off New Boston street known as Boutwell's bridge. The fire was extinguished before the arrival of the department. The alarm from box 68 at 6.55 A. M. last Monday was rung in for the burning out of transformer on the electric light pole on Main st. The alarm was needless.

— It is reported that the city government are considering the matter of employing a professional road-builder, a specialist, to make some highways for this city. Good idea. Look at lower Main street and weep. Likewise, at Salem street, and see where money is going for nothing. What this town needs is an expert road-builder, and needs him bad.

— Miss Dora Alline Winn, No. 6 Highland street, has a card in this paper which is of interest to those who desire to learn to play the piano and their parents. Miss Winn received her musical training from the best masters and is accomplished in the art. Those who engage her as a teacher will make no mistake, but on the other hand will be well satisfied with her work.

— Copeland & Bowser, the leading and always reliable dry goods merchants of this city, are making extensive preparations for a large fall trade by filling up every department with the best and freshest fashioned goods in the wholesale markets of Boston and New York. They propose to offer to our people just as fine stocks, at as low prices, as Boston can give them, and in return ask to be appreciated and patronized by our home folks. Mr. Leon L. Dorr, who customers like, will continue to fill the office of head salesmen and general utility man at Copeland & Bowser's firstclass popular store, as he has in years past.

WHEN Whitcher was small his mother sent him for MEDICINE to BUSS', for she knew how CAREFUL and ACCURATE he was. TO-DAY, the mothers send their children, and go themselves and fathers go too, to The Pill Box, having the same confidence that everything is RIGHT when compounded

NEXT TO THE P. O.

CORRECT PIANO TUNING AND REPAIRING,
BY FRANK A. LOCKE.
24 YEARS EXPERIENCE.

Tuner in Woburn for a great many years. Every unison, octave and chord so evenly balanced and smoothly tuned as to make the harmony on your piano an exquisite pleasure to listen to. No jagged, rough, harsh, uneven chords so often left by tuners. Recommendations from manufacturers, dealers, teachers, colleges and the musical profession. Prices reasonable.
Boston Office: 179 Tremont St., Boston. Telephone 17-2 Jamaica.
Woburn Office, Moore & Parker's, 375 Main St.

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DR. GORDON'S MALARIAL TABLETS

THE BOMB
That Deals Death to Disease.

Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets

Recognized medical authorities concede that Pneumonia and Grippe are the outcome of the malarial germ. It is here (the root of the evil) where Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets arrest the cause of disease, and hence are recognized as reliable by the medical fraternity. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take.

For sale by druggists everywhere, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price—if your dealer can't supply you. 50c. a Box.
EDWARD C. CHURCH, Boston, Mass.
GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Wholesale Agents.

— Surface manifestations don't begin to indicate the real condition of politics in this city; the work and commotion going on underneath is truly wonderful. Great surprises are in store for some people. There are plans, schemes and combinations by the cartload, and never was more hard work done for candidates than at the present time. The outcome will be an eyeopener.

— Hon. John M. Harlow and Mrs. Harlow expected to leave here yester day for a tour through Vermont, New York and Canada. Their itiniary included Montreal, possibly Quebec, a steamer sail on the St. Lawrence, a skirmish along the shores of Lake Champlain, and other points of interest in northern lands. They will return after having feasted their eyes on things new and entertaining in those parts.

— Miss Ruth Vikberg, sister of the wife of Rev. N. E. Kron, pastor of the Swedish Luthern church of this city, is organist of St. Paul's church, Brooklyn, N. Y., and is also an accomplished singer. She presided, with great pleasure to the audience, at the organ at the song service of the Woburn church last Sunday evening, at which Pastor Kron gave with splendid effect, "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth."

— J. W. Smith, Section Director, Boston, of New England Section, Climate and Crop Service, in his weekly report ending Sept. 10, says: The weather for New England during the past week was generally fair with little rain. Moderate to strong winds have prevailed, intensifying the drought. Agricultural conditions have steadily grown more discouraging. The average number of clear days, 3; partly cloudy, 2; cloudy, 2.

— In confirmation of a statement in another place in this paper concerning the same subject the Boston *Herald* of Tuesday evening contained the following: "There are rumors afloat that the policy of the American Hide & Leather Company, so far as its factories in this city are concerned, will at once show a radical change, both in management and in a financial way. It is said there may be a general reduction in expense and a consequent curtailment in production."

— More peaches have been sold this season, and are now being sold, for canning, than ever before in the history of the trade in this city. They are abundant, and as to quality nothing equal to them have been offered in this market for years. Crovo Brothers have, and are having, an exceptionally big trade in this delicious fruit. They select the very best in Boston, and sell at the lowest prices. All day long the sidewalk in front of their popular store is lined with great, handsome, mellow peaches.

— Judge Johnson, Mr. G. W. Copp, Treasurer of the Republican Ward and City Committee, and other witnesses of unimpeachable veracity, testified that last Wednesday was the hardest and most uncomfortable day they ever passed in Boston. It was worse than in Woburn, if possible. The heat there was intense, humidity away up in the pictures, and the wind tremendous. A great amount of damage was done to yacnts and merchant vessels in the harbor. It was a regular hurricane, and in the Middle Western States was vastly worse than here.

— The Salvation Army of the country will celebrate their annual Harvest Festival from Sept. 22 to 25, inclusive. In former years it has been a great success, and hopes are entertained for a still more profitable week this year. The anniversary will be duly observed by the Army Post in this city, the officers of which respectfully ask aid and encouragement from the people hereabouts. Either money or articles that can be sold for money or in any way used by the Army will be acceptable and appreciated. They hope to receive generous contributions in clothing, groceries, furniture and other commodities. All gifts should be left with the Woburn Post on Montvale ave.

— Mr. Clarence Littlefield recently received a letter from his son Clarence H. Littlefield dated at Nome, August 3, which gave encouraging details of matters in that far away region. He wrote that Nome had changed very much for the better since his first visit North, but is composed of a migratory population and changes continue. The stories of sickness and suffering are greatly exaggerated, there being very little of the former, and as to the latter, while there are many enforced idlers, there is a plenty for them to eat, and nobody need go hungry. The character of the immigrants is a continual surprise. Men and women of 80 years and babes at the breast are common sights, and all seek the yellow metal, of which there is a plenty at Nome. Clarence is well, rugged and happy, but his father thinks he will be in Woburn again next fall.

Comer's Commercial College
Known Everywhere
as the most modern, progressive and in every way "up-to-date" business school. Prepares
Young Men and Women
in the shortest time—at the least expense—for good paying business positions. Day and evening sessions. If you want to know all about Shorthand, Book-keeping and the most successful Employment Department send for latest prospectus.
666 Washington St., cor. Beach St.,
BOSTON.

— A west bound car on the Woburn & Reading Street Railway jumped the track Tuesday afternoon at Button End and running with considerable force against a guy wire post shook up the 10 passengers aboard of it quite badly. Two persons were hurt. One was Mrs. Fred A. Parker of Reading, and the other Mr. C. A. Norton of West Derry, N. H. The car was a close one else the accident might have had more serious results. As it was, Mrs. Parker, by some means, had her neck twisted in such a way, and so badly, that a physician's services were necessary to get her head back into place, and it was also feared she was injured internally. At last accounts she was in bed at her home. Mr. Norton, who was coming to Woburn on business, was brought here in a private team that was passing at the time. The cause of the car's freak was a mystery.

— It is very much doubted if even the Oldest Inhabitant ever before, or since, experienced just such a day as last Wednesday. It was peculiar in every sense of the word. In the first place it was as hot as blazes, the thermometers showing from 90 to 95 along through the middle of the day, which all will admit was a high figure for September. Then again, there was hot water and steam enough in the atmosphere to drown rats, notwithstanding the wind was close in the west all the time. This made things sticky and uncomfortable. Lastly the wind. It was phenominal. We had no gauge to show just what its velocity was, but it approached closely that of an ordinary hurricane, but lacked cyclonic features. Dust was rampant in spite of all the street sprinklers could do, and in many places the streets were strewed with limbs, twigs and leaves from the shade trees. It was certainly a curious sort of a day, and a great and continual surprise and wonder to the people.

— There were in attendance at the High School at its opening last Monday 316 pupils, the largest number that it has ever began a year with. Only once in its history has the attendance registered as high as 290, and that was some 16 more than were really present at any session during the term. Notwithstanding the heavy increase, the business on Monday ran as smooth as oil, and not the least difficulty was experienced by Principal Owen in taking care of the large crowd. Mr. Owen says that if the School Board are satisfied with the atmosphere of the building they need not trouble themselves about the question of room, or taking care of the scholars, so far as placing them in the apartments is concerned. He has adopted a system to meet this latter question which obviates the necessity for additional room. Principal Owen was highly pleased with the absence of friction on the opening day, and the splendid department of the 316 young people under his charge. Oh, no, the antiquated system of two daily sessions of the High School is not needed here.

Former Colonel Bryan prefers the rear end of a Pullman car to the head of a regiment bound for the front.

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
MONDAY, October 1st, 1900.
Pupils will kindly arrange for hours at their earliest convenience.
12 Franklin St., Woburn.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
— IN —
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue. WOBURN

Miss DORA ALLINE WINN,
Painoforte Instruction,
6 HIGHLAND ST.
Arrangements for lessons can be made on or after Sept. 24.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,
(Pupil of Loeffler.)
VIOLIN INSTRUCTION.
ADDRESS:
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

MISS JOSEPHINE LANG
WILL RESUME
Pianoforte Instruction
Thursday, Sept. 20, 1900.
9 Montvale Ave., WOBURN.
ADDRESS: 25 Vinson St., Dorchester.

MRS. LEWIS,
Teacher of Pianoforte.
Private or class lessons may be arranged for, on or after
Monday, Sept. 10, 1900,
2 Bennett St.

A Refreshing Summer Drink
Standard
Ginger Ale
90c. PER DOZ.
A rebate of 40 cents per dozen allowed on bottles returned.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts.

Mr. Bryan says the Republican party puts the dollar before the man. So it does, and it is much better than placing an empty dinner pail before him.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

SALVATION ARMY.—Meetings every evening at 8 o'clock. Every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 3 and 8 P. M. No. 26 Montvale Ave.

UNITARIAN.—Preaching by the pastor at 10.30 A. M. Subject: "Why Stand Ye Gazing Up Into Heaven?" Sunday School at 12 M.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—14th Sunday after Trinity.
Morning Prayer at 10.30.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Reality." All are welcome.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor Society Meeting at 5.45 P. M. Evening Worship. Preaching by the pastor at 7. Prayer Meeting Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. C. B. Crane D. D. Subject: "The Earnest of the Spirit." Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor Meeting at 5 45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "A Great Calm." Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7.45.

SCAND. EV. FREE CHURCH.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Young People's Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.
Thursday, at 7.30 P. M., Sewing Circle.
Ludwig Akeson, Pastor.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN.—14th Sunday after Trinity.
At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "The Story of Naaman."
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 7 P. M., Divine Service. Subject: "The Faithful Saying."
All are invited.
Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

Married.

In this city, Aug. 31, 1900, by Rev. T. Barton Smith, Richard Smith Edmonds and Addie Frances Green, both of Woburn.

In this city, Sept. 8, by Rev. Henry C. Parker, Charles I. Henderson and Margaret A. Geldart, both of Woburn.

In this city, Sept. 9, by Rev. Cephas B. Crane, George Wendall Gordon and Cora May Welch, both of Woburn.

In Winchester, Sept. 2, by Thomas P. McMannion, Patrick F. Ring and Annie J. Lannon, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Sept. 6, Mary C., daughter of Philip and Mary Gilgun, aged 3 months, 2 days.

In this city, Sept. 7, Sarah Willcutt, aged 65 years, [illegible] days.

In this city, Sept. 7, Patrick Maguire, aged 70 years.

In this city, Sept. 9, Annie R. Granger of Roxbury, aged 41 years, 8 months.

In this city, Sept. 9, James H., son of Peter and Ellen Hogan, aged 6 months, 13 days.

In this city, Sept. 10, Patrick Fitzgerald, aged 58 years.

In this city, Sept. 11, Cornelius J. Burke, aged 35 years.

In this city, Sept. 11, Hugh Cassidy, aged 62 years, [illegible] months.

In this city, Sept. 12, Harry E. Crowell, aged 20 years, 1 month, 4 days.

Customers Visiting Our Store
Will find many chances to pick out
—BARGAINS.—
We believe it is good business to close out at some price our stock of
Summer Goods,
and we have marked them very low. There is no question about the price. Come in and see for yourself.
COPELAND & BOWSER.

Local News.

— The City Council held a meeting last evening.

— Police Officer French is at his post of duty again.

— Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Cottle are travelling in the South.

— Sept. 14: 8 a. m.: fair: cooler: Wind N. W.: still very dry.

— Mr. W. W. Hill and family have returned from Camp Ellis, Saco, Maine.

— Our best thanks are due to Miss Mary H. Hoover for a fine contribution of choice apples yesterday.

— Harry, son of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence M. Crowell, 20 years old, died last Wednesday of apendicitis.

— Particular attention is directed to the ad. of an auction sale by Gregory of valuable Woburn property. Read it.

— On Wednesday evening, Sept. 26, Charles Bowers Winn Camp 66, S. of V. will open a series of popular Whist Parties.

— The National Band gave a fine concert on the Common on the evening of Sept. 7. A great many people were present to enjoy it.

— Mr. and Mrs. J. Winn Brown gave a brilliant "At Home" at their residence on Arlington Road last Wednesday evening.

— Mr. Alex Grant received a letter a few days ago from his son, Lieut. Homer B. Grant, in the Philippines, which said he was well.

— Mr. Frank M Pushee. reports to the JOURNAL that a large share of his apple and pear crop was shaken from the trees by the tremendous wind last Wednesday. Winter fruit suffered as badly as the earlier varieties.

— Republicans, cut out the caucus notice in this paper and paste it in your hats. That will be a reminder that you should be at the polling places in your several Wards early and often, 7.30 p. m., Monday, Sept. 24, 1900. Don't fail.

— Rev. Mr. Robarts, who has been supported as a missionary in China by First church of Woburn for some time, is on his way home. He is a Connecticut man and went over to China from that State. He will probably visit his friends here after landing on our shores.

— Etta, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Charman, it is feared, was in the great Galveston hurricane, she being in that city when last heard from. She was a canvasser in Texas for the Century Dictionary Company and may, or may not, have been in Galveston when it was destroyed. Mr. and Mrs. Charman are exceedingly anxious about the safety of their daughter, and hope to get tidings from her soon.

Street Railroad Hearing.

A large number of interested gentlemen were present at the hearing by the Woburn City Council, Thursday evening, Sept. 6, on the petitions of the Concord & Boston and the Lexington & Boston Street Railway Companies, each for a franchise to construct a line of road from Woburn Centre via Cummingsville to the Lexington town boundary.

Judge John G. Maguire appeared for the L. & B. Company and made a strong argument for a favorable decision for his clients; while William P. Foster, Esq., a Boston Lawyer, and Mr. S. C. Cummings, a Boston stockholder, argued the case for the C. & B. company in an equally plausable and convincing manner. Several Burlington gentlemen were present and participated in the debate before the Council on the strength of one of their number having received assurances from a representative and large shareholder in the C. & B. that, if the Woburn franchise was granted to that Company, it would build their road through Burlington. It was quite plain to be seen that the gentlemen from our adjourning town favored the C. & B. petition, evidently for the reason, and for no other, that Burlington would be more likely to secure an electric road from that Company than from the L. & B. That was doubtless the feeling of the Burlington represetatives as gleaned from their speeches and private remarks.

The attitude of the City Council towards the petitioners of course could not be conjectured, nor would it be safe to predict what decision they will come to; but it was quite evident that the stand taken by the Burlington representatives had an effect on them as individuals, and that the best interests of the town, as well as our city, will be duly consulted in rendering a verdict on the matter in hand.

Listeners to, but not participants in, the discussion appeared to be favorably impressed with the arguments and pledges of Messrs. Foster and Cummings; while Judge Maguire's facts and logic carried weight with this class of attendants.

Cummingsville is sure of an electric road at an early day; and Burlington is equally certain of one. That is what Woburn wants.

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John P. Altgeld's attack upon the war record of Governor Roosevelt is in keeping with the man. The friend of anarchists and revolutionists cannot be expected to admire robust Americanism.

Literary Notices.

There are forty-three signed contributions by well-known writers in the September number of the SMART SET. The chief feature is a story of the stage by John D. Barry, The Leading Woman. That Mr. Barry knows his people is evident in every line, and he has caught the true atmosphere of that strange world known as behind the scenes. In Lady Mechante, the story of a pretty burglar, the whimsical Gelett Burgess is at his best. Gertrude Atherton contributes one of her startling short stories, The Greatest Good. Mrs. William Allen, a conspicuous figure in New York's 400, is the author of The Love Letters of a Liar. C. B. Lewis (M. Quad) writes a weird tale of The Moonlight at El-Kordo. Other contributions are A Martyr of the Quarter; The Love-Making of Loo; The Unlucky Shilling; At the Sixth Tee, by Rupert Hughes; The Resemblance that Came Between, by Jessie Llewellyn, daughter of the former Governor of Kansas; With the Government's Regrets, a story of late days in Havana; The Author's Evening at Home; A Millionth Girl; Wolves in the Fold, by Rosalie M. Jonas; The Secret, by Ella Wheeler Wilcox; The Yellow Garden, by Minna Irving; The Covert, by Charles G. D. Roberts; and Comedy, by Theodosia Garrison. That the SMART SET is a magazine of cleverness cannot be denied. With such a list of brilliant contributors it could not be otherwise. It is not too much to say that the SMART SET is the most entertaining magazine in the world.

Burlington.

This town is wideawake and up and coming for a street railroad. In one or the other of the proposed lines from Woburn Centre to Lexington our people think they see an opportunity. We need an electric road and Woburn wants one to Burlington as much as we do. At the hearing of the several petitions by the Woburn City Council last week a number of our prominent citizens attended for the purpose of putting in a good word for us. Evidently they made a favorable impression, for, although of course, the Council could do nothing for us at that hearing, the promoters of the lines petitioned for expressed not only a willingness, but a desire, to build through this town, and the ball then and there set to rolling will certainly result to our benefit. Burlington is one of the most beautiful towns in Middlesex County and is inhabited by sterling men. At present it is isolated, without proper communication with the outside world. But this is not always to be the case. If the petitioners for franchises in Woburn for lines to Lexington understand themselves they will certainly include Burlington in their plans, and in this way I think the day is not far distant when electrics will be seen here at the meetinghouse door.

Working Night and Day.

The busiest and mightiest little thing that ever was made is Dr King's New Life Pills. These pills change weakness into strength, listlessness into energy, brain-fag into mental power. They're wonderful in building up the health. Only 25c per box. Sold by Huntley & Co., druggists.

Wilmington.

Chester W. Clarke, Esq., the leading lawyer in this town, doing business in Boston, and one of our most prominent citizens, has got back from a fine tour through Nova Scotia, with which he was greatly delighted. Thousands of United States people tour the Maritime Provinces every summer, for there is no more charming section of country on this continent than they present. Esquire Clark spent a fortnight down there and got his money's worth from start to finish.

North Woburn.

Mr. and Mrs. Burleigh and sons have returned from Wakefield, N. H.

The Rumford school is again open for business.

Miss Annie Whidden has begun her school year at Mt. Vernon, N. H.

Miss Jennie Skinner is substituting for Miss Hattie Frye, who is still very ill.

Jell-O, The New Dessert,

pleases all the family. Four flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts. Try it to-day.

◆

When one plank of a political platform is admittedly rotten the entire structure should be condemned at the ballot box. The Republican party is not striving to hide or apologize for a single line of the Philadelphia platform.

◆

Red shirtism in North Carolina and Goebelism in Kentucky are omitted from all of Mr. Bryan's speeches on "government without the consent of the governed."

◆

A political party that cannot stand by its predictions will naturally run away from its platforms.

◆

If predictions were only electora votes Chairman Jones would be able to elect several Presidents this year.

NOTICE.
In accordance with an agreement of the Druggists of this city we shall close our store at 9.30 o'clock every evening from October first to April first.
Saturdays and Christmas Holidays excepted.
F. P. BROOKS,
Ph. G.,
361 Main St.

Boston Theatres.

THE BOSTON.

Liebler & Co. make the announcement that the opening performance of their production of "Monte Cristo," with James O'Neill as Edmund Dantes, at the Boston Theatre, has been postponed from Monday Sept 17th to Tuesday Sept. 18th. This is due to the desire of the firm to give twenty-four hours more to scene rehearsals, thereby offering the carpenters and mechanics full opportunity to familiarize themselves with the elaborate settings and intricate machinery required in the production. The entire company, as well as the complete production, is now in Boston, where work is going on night and day to get everything in ship-shape on the opening night. The advance sale of seats has now opened at the Boston Theatre box office. It took the two treasurers of the house four hours to get the first batch of mail orders out of the way. A long line stretches all day in front of the box office, reaching way out into Washington street. It is probably no exaggeration to say that the "Monte Cristo" advance sale is the largest recorded in the history of Boston, since Jenny Lind sang there many years ago. The public of this city is earnestly invited to send in their mail orders early, addressed to the box office.

THE TREMONT.

Next week will be the last of the stay of The "Dairy Farm" at the Tremont Theatre, where big audiences are nightly assembling to listen to the interesting story of life in a little country village away back in the fifties that Miss Merron's play so graphically tells, to watch and enjoy the capital acting of Manager Wallick's clever company, to roar with laughter over the abundant fun, and to delight their eyes with the beautiful pictures of rural scenes presented by the elaborate and realistic stage setting. On the 24th inst.—a week from next Monday—Anna Held, the bewitching little Parisienne, famous for her art as a comedienne, her skill as a singer, and her rare beauty as a woman, will begin an engagement to which conspicuous interest attaches. She will appear as the demure and dainty heroine of the piquant musical comedy "Papa's Wife," which is conceded to be among the very best works of Harry B. Smith and Reginald DeKoven. This merry and melodious piece it was that enabled Miss Held to take a commanding place among the leading comediennes of the world. The coming revival will be even more elaborate and beautiful in costuming and scenic adornment than the original production, and the cast will be very notable, including the inimitable comedian, Charles A. Bigelow, a player of quaint personality and distinctive drollery; George Marion, who will again present his capital impersonation of the amorous and choleric old French officer; Max Figman (last season with Mary Sanders), who will double the roles of the aged roue and the frisky young artist: Eva Davenport, Adella Barker, and others well known to Boston playgoers. With these will appear a bevy of girls embodying the pick and flower of metropolitan stage beauties. The engagement is for two weeks only, and will afford the last opportunities to enjoy Miss Held's performance in "Papa's Wife," as she will return to New York to make a holiday production of a new play she brought back from Paris, entitled "The Education of the Prince."

W. C. T. U.

The first meeting after vacation was held on Monday, September 10. Our Superintendent of the Flower Mission reported between four and five thousand bouquets contributed up to date. "Our Message," the Massachusetts organ of the W. C. T. U., giving statistics of this work throughout the State, shows Woburn to be far ahead of any other town, in the number of bouquets sent to headquarters for distribution. Our Mission will continue through this month.

After some necessary business, the President called for vacation reports and several responded. Mrs. Preston had spent some time at the Cape. Her account of fisheries and of methods of harvesting cranberries was quite interesting. Some of us had never before traced the cranberry beyond the provision store. Mrs. Hobbs and Miss Valentine had participated in Old Home Week, in Maine. The latter told us of the reception given by the W. C. T. U. of Portland, to visiting White-Ribboners. Some thousands had registered their names during the week, and were duly presented to Miss Cornelia Dow, Mrs. Stevens the National President, and Miss Anna Gordon, Vice-President. Old relics were exhibited.

Mrs. Burdett Taylor had spent the summer in Chicopee Falls and its vicinity. She gave a very bright account of suburbs of Springfield, visited by means of electrics. Mount Tom, Mount Holyoke Seminary, Smith College were described. The hour was too short for all, and two or three vacationists will tell their experiences at the next meeting.

PRESS SUPT.

A Night of Terror.

"Awful anxiety was felt for the widow of the brave General Burnham of Machias, Me., when the doctors said she would die from Pneumonia before morning" writes Mrs. S. H. Lincoln, who attended her that fearful night, but she begged for Dr. King's New Discovery, which had more than once saved her life, and cured her of Consumption. After taking, she slept all night. Further use entirely cured her." This marvellous medicine is guaranteed to cure all Throat, Chest and Lung Diseases. Only 50c and $1 00. Trial bottles free at Huntley & Co.'s drug store.

A Liberal Proposition.

In further support of our good faith in establishing this plan ["Investment Charge"], we will make the following bona-fide proposition: Excepting only those who did not use $20 worth of service last year, we hereby agree that anyone signing the contract, as offered with our plan of July 15th, and paying his bill in season to benefit by the discount, who is able to show at the end of the year that he has been asked to pay, or has paid, $1 more for the same quantity of electrical energy used during the year from July 1, 1900, than he used for the year ending July 1, 1900, we will furnish him with his lighting service without limit for one year from July 1st, 1901, free of all expense to him.

WOBURN HEAT, LIGHT AND POWER CO.,
L. R. WALLIS, Gen. Manager.

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Chairman Hanna has not been compelled to attempt an explanation of his connection with trusts for the simple reason that, unlike Chairman Jones, he is not a beneficiary of such organizations.

◆

When the Democracy becomes really penitent it should ask forgiveness for not having done the things it should have done and for having done the things it should not have done.

Editorial Notes.

Dick Croker is now utilizing the Hon. David B. Hill as a combination punching bag and lawn seat.

It is clearly the opinion of the Philadelphia *Record* that Aguinaldo ought not to surrender on any terms.

The returns are not complete and it is not believed that Mr. Bryan has heard from all of his notification committees.

Mr. Sulzer says he will bare his breast and defy the empire. Mr. Sulzer makes a specialty of challenging windmills.

With his paramount issue and his back number running mate Mr. Bryan makes a fine exhibition of the art of going backward.

The Democrats, recognizing that they have a monopoly of political mistakes, feel authorized to speak on the subject ex-officio.

The Hon. John J. Lentz announces his intention of making things warm in Ohio. As a hot air generator Mr. Lentz has no equal.

When it is all over, we have no hesitation in saying that it can safely be charged that it was John P. Altgeld who rocked the boat.

The Democratic campaign managers are not the least bit opposed to the policy of claiming votes without the consent of the claimed.

It will be perceived that Governor Roosevelt is not going about the country apologizing for his views of Democratic encouragement for the Tagals.

So far the gentlemen in charge of the Democratic spellbinding have been unable to announce any appointments for the Hon. Grover Cleveland.

There is one Anti-Imperialist, so-called, who really ought to know better. That is John J. Valentine, President of the Wells-Fargo Express Company.

"Populists balk at Stevenson," says one of the headlines. No reason why they should; Uncle Adlai will agree to anything or do anything that they want.

Among Mr. Bryan's many exploded predictions is the one of 1896 which threatened the country with four years more of hard times in case of his defeat.

The large increase in the sale of mileage books makes another huge bumper for the claim that the commercial travelers are being driven out of employment.

If, as the Democrats affirm, the Dingley bill is the mother of trusts, it must be admitted that quite a large family of children was born before their mother.

The Democratic managers have requested Mr. Altgeld to confine his remarks to German, but the German voters will understand the gentleman in more ways than one.

The Democratic leaders in Congress were not the least bit apprehensive about "militarism" when they were engaged in urging that the United States go to war to free Cuba.

Chairman Jones has not given up New York. It will be recalled that this astute campaign manager didn't give up the fight in 1896 for several days after the voting was over.

The Democratic Cincinnati *Enquirer* is not particularly pleased over its party's acquisition of the Hon. Webster Davis. Can it be possible that the *Enquirer* harbors any British gold on its premises?

The worst thing about the New York Ice Trust is not simply that it is as bad a trust as any other trust in the country could possibly be, but that it persistently pursued the policy of grinding hundreds of thousands of the poor of New York City.

Since Mr. Bryan is swinging around the circle so gayly, he might devote one of his single-topic speeches to a discussion of the validity of the fifteenth amendment to the Constitution to which he was so devoted; also to the "Consent of the Governed" in North Carolina.

The Hon. George S. Boutwell, most prominent of all the Anti Imperialists, so-called, thinks that the financial panic due to the common dread of Bryan's election would only be a short one. We also recall the case of the dear Old Hoss that died of the diet of ten-penny nails just as he was getting used to them.

"What I denounce," said William J. Bryan when a Congressman, "is a protective tariff; it is false economy and the most vicious political principle that has ever cursed this country." Since then the Gold Standard was the most vicious, and now Imperialism is the most vicious principle that ever cursed this country.

The anti-Goebel Democrats of Kentucky will support the Republican nominee for Governor and many of them, remembering Mr. Bryan's unqualified indorsement of Goebelism, have declared their intention of voting for McKinley and Roosevelt. The prospect for a general political housecleaning in Kentucky this year is excellent.

A Shocking Calamity

"Lately befell a railroad laborer," writes Dr. A. Kellett, of Williford, Ark. "His foot was badly crushed, but Bucklen's Arnica Salve quickly cured him. It's simply wonderful for burns, Boils, Piles and all skin eruptions. It's the world's champion healer. Cure guaranteed. 25c. Sold by Huntley & Co, druggist.

◆

The election of Bryan would be an endorsement of Gobelism, Red Shirtism, Tammanyism and all those unlawful methods employed by corrupt politicians for thwarting the will of the people.

◆

The Democratic managers are going to "appeal to the intelligent colored voters of the North." The Democratic party has two policies for the colored voters—a Northern policy and a Southern policy.

◆

There is no reason to doubt that the Democratic National Committee will pay all the expenses of the Anti-Imperialists and all other ostrich organizations calculated to support Bryan on the side.

WINCHESTER.

The Public Library is in applepie order again.

Town Clerk Carter is fishing and hunting down in Maine.

Trolley wires are killing some of our fine elm trees. They always do.

Beggs & Cobb have finished improvements that make their big leather factories about as good as fireproof.

Mrs. Lenora Houghton is 94 years old, the oldest person in town. Her daughter, Mrs. Joseph Shattuck, is over 70.

Stood Death Off.

E. B. Munday, a lawyer of Henrietta, Tex., once fooled a grave-digger. He says; "My brother was very low with malarial fever and jaundice. I persuaded him to try Electric Bitters, and he was soon much better, but continued their use until he was wholly cured. I am sure Electric Bitters saved his life." This remedy expels malaria, kills disease germs and purifies the blood; aids digestion, regulates liver, kidneys and bowels, cures constipation, dyspepsia, nervous diseases, kidney troubles, female complaints; gives perfect health. Only 50c at Huntley & Co.'s drug store.

◆

The efforts to introduce foreign issues into the campaign have come exclusively from the Democrats. The Republican platform appeals directly to the American voter and his welfare and doesn't evade a single issue.

A Famous Square.

There is said to be no equal in the world to the grand and imposing square of Paris, the Place de la Concorde. On one side of it is the Tuileries, on the opposite side the Champs Elysees and on a third the river Seine. In the center stands the obelisk of Luxon, a magnificent monolith of red Egyptian granite, 74 feet high and weighing 500,000 pounds. This obelisk was one of two of the same shape and size, erected in 1350 B. C., by Rameses the Great at the entrance of the temple of Thebes. Mohammed Ali, pasha of Egypt, presented it to the French government, and in 1836 it was removed to its present position in the Place de la Concorde. The removal and erection on the new site required an outlay of £80,000 and the employment of 800 men, the obelisk being transported to France in a vessel built especially for the purpose.

The Place de la Concorde is rich in historic interest. It was there that the guillotine was erected in the "reign of terror," after the death of Louis XVI, and it was there that the signal was given for the attack on the Bastille in 1789. Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette were beheaded there in 1793, and it was the scene of great rejoicing in 1848, when France was proclaimed a republic. The Place de la Concorde has also been termed the Place Louis XV and Place de la Revolution.

An Odd Sort of Dinner.

Lord Polkemmet, a Scottish lord of session, usually retired to his country residence during the part of the year when the court does no business. John Hagart, the Scottish advocate, equally idle from a similar cause, went to shoot, and, happening to pass Lord P.'s property, he met his lordship, who politely invited John to take, or, as he said, to tak', a family dinner with himself, his wife and daughter.

John accepted the invitation, and they all assembled at the hour of dinner. There was a joint of roasted veal at the head of the table and stewed veal at the bottom, veal soup in the middle, calf's head on one side of the soup and veal cutlets on the other, calf's foot jelly between the soup and roast veal and calf's brains between the stewed veal and the soup.

"Noo," said his lordship in his own blunt way, "Mr. Hagart, you may very likely think this an odd sort of dinner, but ye'll no wonder when you hear the cause of it. We keep nae company, Mr. Hagart, and my daughter here caters for our table. The way we do is just this: We kill a beast, as it were, today, and we just begin to cook it at one side of the head, travel down that side, turn the tail and just gang back again by the other side to where we began."

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To Walter Barker of Malden, Mary A. Barker of Woburn, both in said County of Middlesex, and Lockwood Barker of Chelsea in the County of Suffolk and Commonwealth aforesaid.

YOU are appointed executors of the last will and testament of George W. Barker, late of Woburn in said County of Middlesex, deceased, testate, which will was proved and allowed on the fourth day of September, A. D., 1900, by said Court, and is now of record in this Court:

And you are required to make and return into said Probate Court, within three months from the date hereof, a true inventory of all the real and personal estate of said deceased which at the time of the making of such inventory shall have come to your possession or knowledge;

To administer, according to law and to the will of said deceased, all the personal estate of said deceased which may come to your possession, or that of any person for you, and also the proceeds of any of the real estate of said deceased that may be sold or mortgaged by you;

To render upon oath, a true account of your administration, at least once a year, until your trust is fulfilled, unless excused therefrom in any year, by said Court;

And, also, within three months, to cause notice of your appointment to be posted in two or more public places in the city or town in which said deceased last dwelt, or cause the same to be published once in each week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, and return your affidavit of having given such notice, with a copy thereof, to the Probate Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, at Cambridge, this fifth day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

By E. J. GREGORY, - Auctioneer,
7 Water Street, Boston.

Positive Sale.

Will be sold at Public Auction on

Saturday, Sept. 22, 1900,

At 4 o'clock, P. M., on the premises, No. 10 Auburn stree, Woburn, Mass.

HOUSE AND STABLE.

Modern House, containing 12 rooms; 2 finished attics, 2 baths, arranged for two families, sewer connection, about ½ acre of land, good frontage, furnace, hot and cold water. This property is centrally located, near Main street, and will be a good investment. Easy terms. $100 deposit at sale; other terms announced at sale.

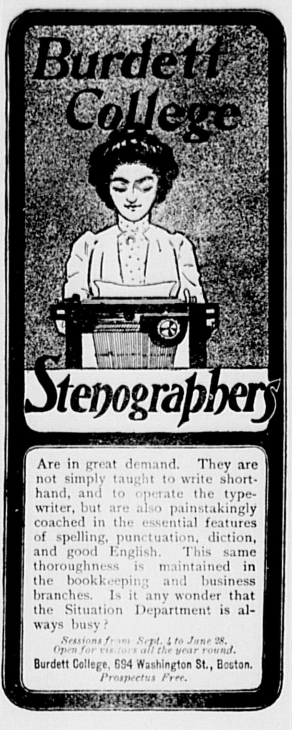
Property open for inspection at any time and up to the hour of sale. For further particulars see C. E. SMITH, 439 Main street, Woburn.

Sept. 18---Closes the Entries to the Bench Show at the Middlesex East Fair. Get Blanks of the following Committee:

A. S. ABORN, Wakefield.
W. H. WILLIS, Reading.
W. R. MURPHY, Stoneham.
D. E. LOVELAND, Melrose.
HARRY LEWIS, Malden.
F. J. LENIOR, Greenwood.

D. M. HOUSTON, Wakefield, Supt.

FIRE SALE
OF
PIANOS.
Having made settlement with the insurance companies, we offer the entire stock of pianos in our warerooms at the time of our recent fire at greatly reduced prices. Many of our finest pianos were not damaged at all. All these are included in our special sale. A few pianos were seriously damaged. These we shall not offer for sale. Not a single piano will be sold that we do not fully warrant. The stock is the finest in Boston and comprises everything from the largest grand to second-hand squares at $50 to $75. Never has such a stock of pianos of the highest grade been offered at such tempting prices. Every piano will be sold on our Rental Purchase Plan if desired, giving two and three years to complete purchase. First selections will, of course, be most desirable. Pianos purchased at this sale will be held and delivered in the fall, if desired. Full description by mail if you cannot call.
IVERS & POND PIANO CO.,
114 and 116 Boylston St., Boston.



Burdett College
Stenographers
Are in great demand. They are not simply taught to write shorthand, and to operate the typewriter, but are also painstakingly coached in the essential features of spelling, punctuation, diction, and good English. This same thoroughness is maintained in the bookkeeping and business branches. Is it any wonder that the Situation Department is always busy?
Sessions from Sept. 4 to June 28.
Open for visitors all the year round.
Burdett College, 694 Washington St., Boston.
Prospectus Free.

CITY OF WOBURN.

—THE—

Registrars of Voters

will be in session at their office, Municipal Building, Common St., on

Friday Eve'g, Sept. 21, 1900

At 7.30 o'clock, and

Saturday Eve'g, Sept. 22, 1900

From 7 to 10 o'clock,

To receive applications for registration from those who desire to act in the respective party caucuses, as required by Sect. 37, Chap. 548, Acts of 1898.

Parties must produce evidence of assessment.

THOMAS E. MATHEWS,
HENRY L. ANDREWS,
CHARLES H. HARRINGTON,
JOHN H. FINN,
Registrars of Voters.

Woburn, Sept. 15, 1900.

CITY OF WOBURN.

BOSTON, MASS., Sept. 13, 1900.

To the Honorable Mayor and Board of Aldermen of the City of Woburn:—

The undersigned, a majority of the Directors of the Association for the formation of the Boston & Concord Street Railway Company, hereby respectfully petition for a location of tracks, with convenient and suitable turnouts and switches, commencing on Winn street at the Common, in the center of Woburn, thence through Winn street across the tracks of the Boston & Maine R. R. Company to the dividing line between the Town of Burlington and the City of Woburn; or commencing at the junction of North Warren and Pleasant streets; thence through North Warren street across the property lying between the northerly end of North Warren street and Winn street, to Winn street; thence along Winn street in a westerly direction to the dividing line between the Town of Burlington and the City of Woburn, with the right to erect necessary poles and other structures, and to operate the same with electricity.

CHAS. S. CUMMINGS, 2D,
ROGER W. BABSON,
GEORGE F. MEAD,
ERASTUS H. SMITH,
L. GUY DENNETT,
FRANK E. COTTON.

Boston, Mass., Sept. 13, 1900.

To the Honorable Mayor and Board of Aldermen of the City of Woburn.—

The undersigned, a majority of the Directors of the Association for the formation of the Boston & Concord Street Railway Company, hereby respectfully request that they may be allowed to present an alternate petition for location of their proposed Street Railway line from Woburn to Billerica, as follows:—

Beginning at the Junction of Bedford and Cambridge Sts., thence through Cambridge Street in a northerly direction to the dividing line between the Town of Burlington and the City of Woburn, also with convenient and suitable turnouts and switches, curves and track connections for the operation of their railway, also the right to erect necessary poles and other structures, and to operate the same with electricity.

CHAS. S. CUMMINGS, 2d,
ROGER W. BABSON,
L. GUY DENNETT,
GEORGE F MEAD,
ERASTUS H. SMITH,
FRANK E. COTTON.

In City Council, Sept. 13, 1900.

Upon the foregoing petitions, it is Ordered,—That due notice be given that the City Council will on **Thursday, October 4th, 1900,** at 8 o'clock, P. M., consider the expediency of granting the prayer of the above petitions, when all persons interested may appear and be heard.

Said notice to be given by publication of a copy of the above petition with this order thereon in the *Woburn News* and WOBURN JOURNAL.

Adopted.

A true copy. Attest:

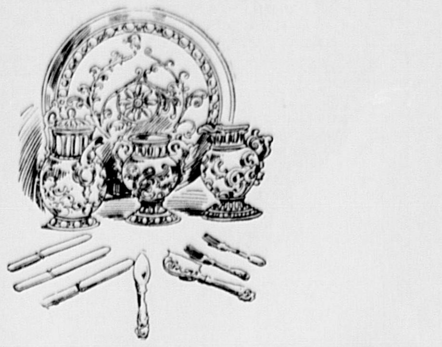
JOHN H. FINN, Clerk.

The Hon. Benjamin R. Tillman is the first Democratic leader to attempt to make political capital out of the Chinese trouble. Mr. Tillman's pitchfork is avoiding the real issues this year.

◆

Senator Hoar's logical reasons for urging the election of McKinley and Roosevelt have had a rather depressing effect upon the Democratic editors. They have suddenly discovered that he is not a patriot.

Silverware for Wedding Presents



A complete line of the celebrated COLONIAL PATTERN always in stock.
Fine Repairing a specialty.
L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Orville S. Greenwood and Cora L. Greenwood, his wife, in her right, to the Merchants Co-operative Bank, dated January 18th, 1899, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex (South District), Book 2712, Page 400, will be sold at public auction, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, at the office of Kern & McLoud, Room 1115 Tremont Building, 73 Tremont Street, Boston, on

Tuesday, the twenty-fifth day of September, 1900,

at 4 o'clock, in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described substantially as follows:—A parcel of land situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, being Lot Twelve as shown on a plan of lots belonging to Mary P. Foster, made by C. D. Elliott, C. E., dated October 22d, 1896, recorded in Book of Plans No. 101, Page 48, bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at a point on the easterly side of Laurel street, as shown on said plan, distant from the southerly side of Harvard Road one hundred feet; thence turning easterly by Lot Thirteen on said plan one hundred feet; thence turning and running southerly at right angles fifty feet; thence turning and running westerly by Lot Eleven on said plan one hundred feet to said Laurel street; thence turning and running northerly along the easterly side of said Laurel street fifty feet to the point of beginning, containing 5,000 square feet.

Said premises will be sold subject to any and all unpaid taxes and assessments.

For further particular inquire of Kern & McLoud, 1115 Tremont Building, 73 Tremont Street, Boston.

$200 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale. Balance in ten days from day of sale at 12 o'clock noon, at the said office of Kern & McLoud.

MERCHANTS CO OPERATIVE BANK, Mortgagee and present holder of said mortgage, by Albert E. Duffell, Treasurer.

Boston, August 29th, 1900.

By THOMAS M. SMITH, Auctioneer,
28 School St., Boston.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Diedrich Voss to Marks Berwin, dated December 22, 1898, and recorded with Middlesex (So. District) Deeds, Lib. 2708, Fol. 244, and for the breach of the condition thereof, will be sold at public auction on the premises described below (being the same in said mortgage described) on

Monday, September 24, 1900,

at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage, to wit:—A certain lot of land situated in Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, being Lots numbered 23 and 24 on plan of Lots surveyed by Arthur G. Bancroft, dated May, 1894, and recorded with Middlesex (So. District) Deeds, Book of Plans 85, to which reference may be had for a more particular description, and being bounded and described as follows:—Northerly by Ashbury Avenue, so-called, on said plan, thirty-six feet; easterly by Lots 27 and 28 on said plan, one hundred and fifty-six feet; southerly by Erie street, so-called, on said plan, thirty-six feet; and westerly on lots numbered 19 and 20 on said plan, one hundred and fifty-six feet.

Subject to the taxes for the year 1900, and to any unpaid assessments or betterments.

$50 cash to be paid by the purchaser at the time and place of sale; other terms announced at sale.

MARKS BERWIN, Mortgagee.

Boston, Aug. 27, 1900.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Alphonzo L. Baudoin to Louisa C. Hudson, dated July 28, 1896, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2487, Page 266, for breach of the condition of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises on

Monday, September 24, 1900,

at three o'clock in the afternoon all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described as follows, namely:—A certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn, containing 2095 square feet and bounded as follows, namely:—Southerly by Fowle Street, thirty feet; easterly by land formerly of Louisa C. Hudson, seventy one and 1 10 feet; northerly by the White Tannery Land, thirty feet; westerly by land of heirs of George Munroe, sixty-eight and 9-10 feet.

One hundred dollars in cash will be required of the purchaser at the sale. Other terms at sale.

LOUISA C. HUDSON, Mortgagee.

J. W. JOHNSON, Attorney.

Woburn, August 31, 1900.

By E. J. GREGORY, - Auctioneer,
Office: 7 Water St., Boston.

WILL BE SOLD AT

PUBLIC AUCTION

— ON —

Saturday, Sept. 15th, 1900,

At 2 o'clock, P. M., on the premises,

No. 106 Pleasant St., Woburn,

the valuable property known as the Bacon estate, the late residence of Judge Bond. The house contains 12 rooms, bath, open plumbing, improvements, sewer connections, double parlors, folding doors, large hallway, piazzas, concrete drive way, stone steps, granite underpining, beautiful lawn, all fenced, about one acre of land, large orchard, complete hennery, fruit of all kinds, flowers, shrubs, &c. Assessed value $6700; two thirds of the purchase money can remain on mortgage.

$100 deposit at sale; other terms announced at sale. Property open for inspection at any time up to the day of sale.

For further particulars see Gregory, Auctioneer, 7 Water street, Boston.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Jonathan Thompson, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for probate by John W. Johnson who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fifth day of September, A. D., 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

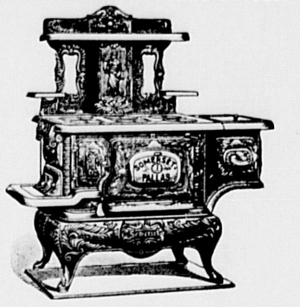
Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fourth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

To Let.
The Tenement No. 33 Auburn street. Rent low to a small family.
Apply to W. R. PUTNAM,
Union Street.

Dr. C. H. BUSS,
DENTIST
385 Main St., WOBURN
Telephone 71-3.

THE SOMERSET PALLAS
—AND—
GLENDALE GRAND RANGES.



Two of the most thoroughly made Ranges ever on the market. Have more useful improvements than any Range made for years.
C. M. Strout & Co.
Dow's Block, 322 Main Street.

"GOT A GRIP"
on the public's confidence in selling
GROCERIES
that are FIRST CLASS, and we intend to keep it, by upright dealing and well chosen stock.
WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street - - WOBURN
Telephone 133-2.

TREMONT THEATRE
JAS. H. WALLICK
BEGINNING AUG. 27
Mats. Wed. & Sat.
Presents The
DAIRY FARM
A Romance of Sleepy Hollow.
By Eleanor Merron.
109 NIGHTS IN NEW YORK!
130 TIMES IN CHICAGO!

We still continue to keep
SQUIRE'S
BOILED
HAM
— AT —
Linnell's Market
406 Main Street, Woburn
Telephone, 128-6.

To Let
At 353 Main Street, a suite of six rooms. The apartments are all light and airy and afford a beautiful outlook upon the Common, including the City Building, three Churches, the Savings Bank, and the Public Library. The building is new and finished in up-to date style, and furnished with all modern conveniences; large closets, bath-room, &c. No coal is needed for fuel. A large gas-range of latest pattern with hot water tank supplies every facility for doing housework. This suite is exactly adapted to a small family desiring a home at once central, genteel and cosey.
Apply to O. F. BRYANT.
371 Main St., Woburn.

DOMINION LINE
Royal Mail Steamers
Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.
Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by
JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS.
Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

Low Rents.
HOUSE No. 650 Main Street, 8 rooms, ($12.50) twelve dollars and fifty cents per month.
Also, HOUSE, No. 16 Wyman Street, 6 rooms, ($8) eight dollars per month.
C. E. COOPER & CO.,
415 Main Street.

For Rent.
A Tenement of eight rooms at No. 9 Johnson Street, with all modern conveniences, four minutes to depot and postoffice. Rent $20 per month.
E. H. RICHARDS,
25 Fairmount Street.

YOUR BODIES ARE TEMPLES

You believe that statement. But you only realize in part the obligations implied by it. Do you keep that temple of the body clean? If not, the defilement attaches to every service of the temple. Disease of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, affects the mind as well as the body. The dull mind stupified by poisonous gasses, enters on its service without desire, and accomplishes it without delight. A healthy body and a clear mind result from the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It removes the clogging and poisonous impurities from the stomach, stimulates the flow of the juices necessary to digestion and increases the blood supply in quality and quantity. The "Discovery" is strictly a temperance medicine and contains no alcohol or whisky, neither opium, cocaine, nor other narcotic.

"I had suffered from indigestion and only those who have suffered from it know what it really is," writes Mrs. M. J. Fagan, of 1613 East Genesee Street, Syracuse, N. Y. "I had had severe attacks of headache and dizziness with cold hands and feet; everything I ate distressed me, bowels were constipated and I was growing very thin and nervous. I cannot half express the bad feelings I had when I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I took nine bottles of the 'Discovery.' I commenced feeling better with the first bottle and kept on improving. Now I am so greatly improved in health my friends often speak of it."

BLIND, OH, SO BLIND!

Isn't it strange how people
Gaze with enraptured face
On the cunning work of the painter
Limning sweet nature's grace,
And yet with eyes that see not
Nor souls that beauty find,
Live in the world the painter paints,
Blind, oh, so blind?

Isn't it strange how people
Thrill in the keenest way
To the stories of life and its living
Told in book or in play,
And yet, with darkened vision,
To naught of their charm inclined,
Live in the world where the stories live,
Blind, oh, so blind?

—Ripley D. Saunders in St. Louis Republic.

THE BOSS DREW THE LINE.

Trading With a Corpse Was Not Allowed In His Camp.

The boss of the lumber camp refilled his pipe and lighted it.

"Yes," said he, "I drew the line on that.

"We had a man die in camp this winter. He lived just over the boundary. Nice feller he was, too—thrifty and all that. Every one liked him. Sorry to have him go. But after he was gone we did the best we knew how. Fixed the body up and sent two of the men out with it.

"He had bought a new pair of boots at the wongan camp two weeks before he died, and we thought it would be only right to put those boots on. So we did. The men started away and came back in three days. One of the men was wearin them new boots. The other feller gave it away. Said that just before they got to the house with the deceased the critter pulled them boots off the corpse and swapped. Other feller didn't like it, and said so. But the critter allowed that he had had some talk with the corpse about swappin a few days before he died. Corpse had allowed that the new boots hurt his corns and said that a pair that had been broken in would do better. Critter said that he couldn't bear to think of deceased bein buried in a pair of boots that hurt his feet. He said that he should wake up in the night, suttin, and think about the thing.

"Waal, course there was somethin in what he said, but as there warn't no way of gettin at the deceased's side of the matter, I concluded that I wouldn't let that trade stand. There's a good many things that go in this camp all right, but dickerin with dead men ain't one of 'em. I draw the line right there, and draw it sharp. I made that feller send them boots back. The deceased has still got the critter's old ones. The feller had to go to the wongan and get some new ones. And that's so much more for the company and a commission for me. 'Twarn't bad all round. When the feller got to jawin about the thing I told him he could still have the comfort of knowin that deceased wasn't wearin tight boots."—Lewiston Journal.

Fat the Foe of Consumption.

Consumption is most prevalent among those who are stinted or who stint themselves in the use of fat foods. Everybody has learned and employed the knowledge, usually when it is too late, that cod liver oil is good for consumption. Few seem to have learned that food of the same character suitable for the table is preventive of consumption. In the whole course of my professional observation, covering a period of nearly 60 years, I have known but rarely a family or an individual that was brought up on a liberal supply of butter and bacon who became tuberculous. Moreover, such food fortifies the system against other diseases as well as consumption. It establishes stamina.—Dr. Bell in the Sanitarium.

Remembered Too Late.

Speaking of the queer doings of absentminded people, the following anecdote is related by the London Globe: "A very irritable man left his house one morning to attend a race meeting some distance off. In order that he might have enough money to pay his hotel bill he tied a sovereign in the corner of his handkerchief. In the train he drew his handkerchief from his pocket, and noticed the knot in the corner. 'Now,' he said to himself, 'what was it I wished to remember?' Much thought failed to enlighten him upon the point, and at last, in a fit of passion he hurled the handkerchief out of the window. Then he remembered."

Applying the Rule.

After Sunday school little Ned and his younger cousin, Horton, were permitted to play in the yard on condition that they would be very good and quiet. They had not been out long when Ned's mother heard loud screams. Upon investigating the cause she found her small son sitting on his cousin, pounding him vigorously in spite of Horton's pitiful wails.

"Well, mamma," Ned exclaimed, "I wanted to teach him the golden rule, and he said he wouldn't learn it."—Detroit Free Press.

An Aspiration.

There is woe and whoa, and if woe would only obey our whoa it would be worth while driving.—Milwaukee Journal.

ODD MOON THEORIES.

THE MANY SUPERSTITIONS THAT FLOURISH ABOUT FAIR LUNA.

Laughable and Absurd Notions That Gain Credence In Untutored Minds Concerning the Changes and Eclipses of the Orb of Night.

For countless ages the darkness of night has exercised terror on all sorts and conditions of men, and in consequence the moon has become surrounded by untutored people with a degree of mystery that is sometimes merely laughable, sometimes ingeniously absurd, but in most cases the natural outcome of superstition and ignorance.

There is probably no country in the world where some kind of picture has not been made out of the visible markings on the moon's surface. We have our own old man in the moon who made that famous journey to Norwich, while in many parts of France it is a hunter and his dog that folks say they can distinguish.

In eastern Asia the marks in the moon are said to be a hare sitting on its hindquarters, while the Incas of South America maintain that the dark patch is the figure of a young lady who happened to be walking in the moonlight and suddenly became enamored of the brightness and beauty of a star. She sprang forward to embrace the object of her affection, and the moon, taking advantage of her amorous leap, caught her up and has kept her ever since.

Eclipses of the moon, being commoner than those of the sun, have always attracted more attention than solar obfuscations. In Peru an eclipse of the moon was always considered to be a sudden illness of that star, and so when one occurred the Peruvians would start treating everything that was capable of making a noise and in particular flog all their dogs, the theory being that the moon, witnessing the sufferings of the creatures it loved, would revive herself to come to their help.

The Khasias of northeast India have a very remarkable superstition regarding the sun and moon. They believe that the waning and increasing moon represents the state of that planet's strength as she wrestles with the sun, which is her husband.

The increasing moon represents that Luna is winning "hands down," the decrease that she is losing, until at last the sun swallows his wife and spits her head out into the sky. The wife then has another chance, so to speak, and the quarrel goes on without cessation.

A popular superstition among the Slavs was that the moon was condemned to wander through space for infidelity in company with the morning star. The Dakota Indians fancied that the moon as she decreased was being slowly nibbled away by mice, the Polynesians that she was being devoured by spirits of the dead.

Still more extraordinary is the superstition held by the Hottentots that the waning moon suffers from headache and always hides her face with her hands.

The Eskimos maintain that the same period in the moon's history merely betokens the fact that she is hungry and retiring to rest and eat previous to beginning another fast. As regards the markings on the moon the Eskimos have a most laughable theory. They say that Anninga, the moon, brother of the peerless and incomparable Malnia, the sun, was pursuing his sister and indeed had drawn so close to her that she was almost within his grasp, whereupon the enraged lady turned around and blackened his face and clothes with her fingers, which she had smutted with the soot of an oil lamp.

Other savages there are who maintain that the marks are the cinders resulting from the monthly destruction by fire of the moon by the incendiary sun.

The Chinese believe that when an eclipse of the moon takes place she is being vigorously attacked by a dragon. At the commencement of the lunar phenomenon they throw themselves prostrate and bang on gongs and drums to frighten the dragon away. In the meanwhile the mandarins and exalted personages present shoot arrows at the moon, which reminds one of the story of a former king of Portugal, who, hearing that a comet was in sight, hurried out to see it, scolded it vehemently and discharged pistol shots at the inexplicable monstrosity.

The Maoris believed that the moon was a great hole torn in the heavens through which could be seen the warm fires that kept the earth alive and the sun heated. When the moon was on the wane, they said that the gods were busy mending the rent, and when the moon appeared again in her crescent shape they said that the tear had burst once more.

Among the untutored peasants of the remote parts of France many strange superstitions are rife as regards the moon. Many aver that they can see Judas Iscariot hanging from an elder branch, others that it is Cain they see leaning on his spade and gazing at the murdered body of Abel, while some again say that it is a peasant compelled to freeze in the moon with his bundle of faggots for attempting to wattle a fence on the Sabbath.

At certain times of the year the Malopos, a tribe of African savages, bury a live goat with many strange rites. This, they say, has to be done to appease the moon, who expects a goat at stated intervals. They firmly believe that the goat makes its way through the center of the earth and falls into the moon, who is waiting to receive it.—London Answers.

Last year the graduates of professional schools numbered 16,448, of whom 5,597 were doctors, 3,065 lawyers and 1,673 clergymen.

Frozen Butterflies.

It is a common experience among mountain climbers to find butterflies lying frozen on the snow and so brittle that they break unless they are very carefully handled. Such frozen butterflies on being taken to a warmer climate recover themselves and fly away. Six species of butterflies have been found within a few hundred miles of the north pole.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Didn't Read It.

A little girl of 4 years, having written a letter consisting simply of waving lines, asked her father to post it.

"What did you say?" asked papa.

"I don't know," said Rosamond.

"Why, you wrote it!" exclaimed papa.

"Yes, but I did not read it," was the innocent reply.—Exchange.

Wasted Time.

"Early rising is commendable, but I can't afford it."

"Can't afford it?"

"When I get up early, I waste a lot of valuable time admiring myself for it."—Chicago Record.

Mrs. Pinkham's Advice

and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have restored health and happiness to scores of women. This is not a mere advertising claim, but a positive fact.

The reason Mrs. Pinkham is so qualified to advise women is because for 20 years she has been treating and studying woman's ills. Her address is Lynn, Mass.

If you are ill, write to her for help, as thousands of women are doing.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

relieves painful periods and regulates menstruation. It cures backache, kidney troubles and all uterine disorders.

Read the letters from women appearing regularly in this paper.

No Joke In That.

"You Americans," said the London young man as he stopped sucking his cane, "are always insinuating that we Englishmen don't know what a real joke is. Now, just hold your sides while I go over this one which I read in a home paper a week ago:

"'The Countess—M'lord, you were at the grand dinner last night, were you not? Just awhile ago I heard one of those vulgar Americans make the remark that this morning you had a big head.

"'The Duke—But, m'lady, there's nothing in it.'"

The American looked as sober as a criminal court judge.

"Well?" he asked.

"Don't you see," explained the disgusted Britisher, poking the other in the ribs with his cane, "the countess says some one accused her companion (ha!) of having a big head (ha, ha!), and he declares (p-ah, ha!) there's nothing in it!"

"Yes, but"—

"Blarsted idiocy, but what?"

"Her companion was a duke."

"Yes."

"And not any different from the rest of the English nobility?"

"No. But the joke, the joke! It is so adroitly put. In apparent inadvertence (desperately) the duke admits there is nothing in his head! Now, do you see?"

"Well, it's a little strange that the duke could make such a frank and candid admission, but—where does the joke come in?"—Brooklyn Life.

Anecdotes of Evarts.

One summer when William M. Evarts was at his country home in Windsor, Vt., a farmer who had followed his political career in the newspapers for many years was extremely anxious to see him in the flesh and drove 18 miles into town in order to catch a glimpse of his idol.

Senator Evarts at that time was being entertained constantly, dining out almost every night, and as he drove out of his grounds to an appointment one evening the farmer was lying in wait for him in the road. The latter, seeing the pale, ascetic face and meager form of the famous statesman, was disappointed.

"Well, I declare," he exclaimed, "looks as if he'd always boarded!"

An impromptu riddle is attributed to him here at his country place. One day in presiding at table with a swarm of grandchildren about him he asked, "What is the difference between this goose before dinner and me after?"

After much futile guessing he said in quiet glee:

"Now the goose is stuffed with sage, and then the sage," pointing to himself, "will be stuffed with goose."—Home Journal.

Must Have Had Experience.

When Dr. Thompson, a distinguished Scotch clergyman, was minister of Markinch, he happened to preach from the text, "Look not upon the wine when it is red in the cup," from which he made a most eloquent and impressive discourse against drunkenness, stating its evil effects on the heart, head and purse. Several of his observations were leveled at two cronies with whom he was well acquainted who frequently poured out libations to the rosy god. At the dismissal of the congregation the two friends met, the doctor being close behind them.

"Did you hear, Johnnie?" quoth the one.

"Did I hear't? Wha' didna hear't? I ne'er winked an e'e the haill sermon."

"Aweel, an what thought ye o't?"

"Adeed, Davie, I think he has been a lad in his day, or he couldna sea weel about it. Ah, he's been a slee hand, the meenister."—Kansas City Independent.

An Aerial Anchorage.

On last bank holiday a fete and gala was held in a country town. A balloon ascent was the chief feature of the day's amusements, and the process of filling the balloon with gas was watched with great interest by a crowd of country bumpkins, one of whom cast his eye upon the grappling iron in perplexity.

"Wot be that, Goiles?" quoth he to a companion.

"Whoy, that be the anchor," answered Giles.

"Anchor!" repeated the first bumpkin in even greater perplexity than before. "Wot use be an anchor to 'em up in the air? Wot can they anchor 'er to?"

"To the clouds, o' course!" replied Giles in tones expressive of scorn for his mate's ignorance.—London Answers.

His Only Fear.

The undaunted Corporal Caithness, so conspicuously daring in a "pinch" at the battle of Waterloo, was asked if he did not fear they should lose the day.

"No, no," said he. "I knew we could not do that. My only fear was that we should all be killed before we had time to win it."

A Type.

"Ethel is the kind of a girl who never awakens envy in any other woman."

"I see. Brilliant, but homely."—Harper's Bazar.

How to Handle a Gun.

In picking up your gun from lying flat, standing against anything, from a companion or a boat, do not take hold of the muzzle and drag it toward you. Take hold of it by the forestock and barrel if you are only using one hand; if two, in the regular way you grasp it when you go to shoot. In carrying your gun do not keep the muzzle directly behind you. Throw the butt to the right or left, whichever shoulder you are carrying it on. This will bring the muzzle toward the opposite shoulder, thus rendering it easy to carry, as it will be resting on your neck and shoulder instead of on the small part of your shoulder and with the muzzle upward will also lighten it a little.

I think there are more men shot with their own guns by taking them from a boat than in any other way. When you run your boat or canoe to the bank, your gun is likely to be in the bow, which I think is the best place for it. Take hold of it by the forestock and step out. Put it in a safe place where you are sure it will not fall down: Then draw up your boat or do anything else you have to do, but do not let your gun stay in the boat until you have shouldered your pack and then catch hold of the muzzle, drag it up over the gunwale, hook the hammers and have it explode. It is likely to blow out your brains.—Forest and Stream.

Steel Forks In the White House.

Writing of "One Hundred Years In the White House" and recalling some of the notable entertainments given by our chief executives, Rene Bache in The Ladies' Home Journal says that "President Madison revived much of the formal ceremony which Thomas Jefferson had discarded, and under his administration great attention was given to the state banquets, no expense being spared in making them as fine as possible. President Jackson disliked ceremony even more than did President Jefferson, and, preferring a steel fork himself, he always provided each guest with one silver fork and one of steel. After dinner he smoked a long stemmed corncob pipe. He wished to throw the doors of the White House wide open to the public, but this idea he was forced to relinquish after the experience of one occasion on which he extended an ill judged hospitality to all comers. The carpet in the east room was ruined by punch which the mob spilled in its eagerness to get at the buckets containing the beverage, the gowns of many ladies were spoiled, and the furniture was broken. At his farewell reception President Jackson introduced a curious novelty in the shape of a gigantic cheese which was cut into pieces and distributed among the guests."

Knocked Out the Poetry.

James Russell Lowell was dreamily strolling along toward his home in Cambridge one unusually beautiful night. Slowly, with serene, queenly majesty, a full moon was ascending her "azure throne," pouring her lavish light over all things and softening into semblances of beauty even the ugly outlines of the conventional domestic architecture round about. Duly illuminated by the loveliness of the spectacle, the poet as he passed by the house of the estimable brother man who supplied meat to him regularly for a slight consideration of profit noticed that valuable citizen leaning on his fence and gazing up in a kind of rapt way.

It pleased Lowell to think that the butcher's immortal soul was bathing itself in the flood of semispiritual moonlight and, pausing, he remarked, "What a beautiful night it is, neighbor!"

"Yes, Mr. Lowell. I was just a-thinkin what a bully night for a slaughterin this would be!"

"Of course, of course," gasped the poet, beating a hasty retreat.—Argonaut.

As Good as Teeth.

Less than an hour's ride from New York is a community in which a certain meat and vegetable grinding machine has attained such popularity that it threatens to affect the dentist's work and income. Not content with using it for the preparation of hash and similar made over dishes, it is screwed to the table in many houses and made to do the work of knife and fork in cutting up food.

"Father and I was talkin about gettin some false teeth," said one elderly woman, "but since we bought this machine, I declare, we don't need 'em, and we can save the money. I guess it would cost as much as $5 apiece for us to get new teeth, and I bought this machine for $1.15. If I'd only know'd it, they had a bargain sale one day when I could a got it for 85 cents."—New York Press.

Business Tomorrow.

When the Spartans seized upon Thebes, they placed Archias over the garrison. Pelopidas, with 11 others, banded together to put Archias to the sword. A letter containing full details of the plot was given to the Spartan polemarch at the banquet table, but Archias thrust the letter under his cushion, saying, "Business tomorrow." But long ere that sun arose he was numbered with the dead.

Usually, when you pass two women, you can hear one ask, "Did you make it without a pattern?"—Atchison Globe.

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THIS IS A MAN'S METHOD.

His Way of Making a Carpet Bargain While His Wife Was Away.

"I want both my upper and lower halls recarpeted," was the remark Charles J. Jones of East Walnut Hills made to a well known carpet man. "And I'm going to move out of the house until you finish the work! I'll leave the choice and color to you! My wife is out of town, you see, and I want to surprise her upon her return. There is only one condition to this bargain—I must ask you, as we are old friends, to give me a small figure in the carpet."

"All right!" said the carpet man.

And Charles Jones staid away from home for two days, while the carpet man's hirelings banged away with their hammers, and he hugged himself as he thought of the surprise that was in store for his wife when she returned. Last Thursday the carpet man called Jones up by telephone and announced that the carpet was laid.

"It's a dark green!" said the carpet man.

"I'm glad of that!" answered Jones.

"And as small a figure as is consistent with the carpet!" roared the carpet man.

"I'm gladder than ever!" said Jones.

That evening he visited his home and was satisfied that the carpet was a peach. The next morning he met the carpet man.

"How much do I owe you?" inquired Jones.

"It is $98.65," said the carpet dealer.

"What!" yelled Jones. "Where's the small figure you and I agreed on?"

"Why, on the border of the carpet!" said the amazed dealer. "It's a morning glory vine with pink and white flowers! You've got a bargain at that figure!"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

HOME LIFE ON THE WANE.

English Hostesses Accused of Being Perpetual Gadabouts.

Slowly, but surely, the pride the English hostesses took in their home, in their reputation for hospitality and in their ability to plan pleasant little entertainments for their friends is passing away. The smart young hostess no longer cares to welcome her guests among her Lares and Penates; it is no longer her earnest desire to display her housewifely genius; no longer her ambition to shine as a "clever little woman who so thoroughly understands just what every one likes."

There are too many irons in society's fire to look after nowadays for her to fritter away time in this fashion. Moreover, people want incessant novelty; they are bored with even good menus, they tire of certain surroundings, they must have everything a little in advance, and as little as possible like anything that obtained a decade, to say nothing of two decades, ago. Thus it is we rush with our friends in unhomelike fashion from restaurant to restaurant, like bona fide travelers; thus it is we inhospitably, one might almost venture to say meanly, ask our friends to share expenses with us in the little pleasures we should once have offered them. The commercial spirit is indeed rampant in us in this advanced age. One almost dreads to think what next must be sacrificed to it and what will be the home life and the English housemother of the next generation.—Ladies' Pictorial.

When You Buy Dollies.

A father was commissioned by his small daughter to buy a dozen little bisque dolls. Her instructions were so many and so detailed that the father found himself hesitating to perform the commission.

"See here, Ethel," he said at last, "I'm afraid I'll make some awful mistake. Don't you think you'd better wait until your cold is better, and then you can go into town some day with mamma and pick out the doll babies for yourself?"

"Oh, no, papa," cried Ethel, "I do so want them right off. And, papa, I'll tell you how to choose them. Just pick each one up and look straight into its eyes, and if it looks at you as if it really and truly loved you, why, you buy it."—New York Sun.

No Flies In Skyscrapers.

"If I was a baldheaded man I would get me an office on one of the upper floors of the tallest skyscraper in town," remarked an attorney. "Why? Because I'd never have to brush a fly from my hairless pate. Flies stay near the ground, seldom getting more than 30 or 40 feet above it. The only flies you get in a skyscraper are the ones that stray up through the interior of the building, and they are mighty few. You will find them on the lower floors, but just keep your eyes open when you are in high buildings, you'll see mighty few of the little pests above the third or fourth floors."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Hired by the Hour.

When Remenyi, the famous violinist, was a young man, he was engaged by a parvenu to play at a dinner, the agreement stating that he was to furnish music from 8 o'clock to 11. He began with an andante movement from Mozart, a composition which opens very low and soft.

The host turned to his guests, "That's just like those musicians," he said. "I hired him by the hour, and see how slow he plays."—Kansas City Independent.

Didn't Work Well.

"We couldn't get along with two office boys."

"Not enough work?"

"That wasn't it; each was afraid he'd get here in the morning before the other."—Chicago Record.

Old Friends.

Snarley—Old friends are the best.

Yow—They are if they don't get rich before you do.—Syracuse Herald.

Went All the Way.

It is said that the reason why there are no snakes in New Zealand is that it is at the direct antipodes of Ireland, and that when St. Patrick banished the snakes from Ireland his blessing went right through the earth and banished the snakes from New Zealand also.

Protected In Bed.

In Santiago in the better class of houses the bedsteads are surrounded with a close kind of netting, beginning at the floor and gathered at the top. This is intended as a protection against tarantulas, the bites of which are poisonous.

The Chinese study phrenology, judging a man by the development of his forehead and a woman by the form and size of the back of her cranium.

Philosophy is an extremely agreeable companion to people in easy circumstances.—Brooklyn Life.

Ancestors of Presidents Tyler, Lincoln, Hayes and Cleveland were among Major John Mason's band of 35 pioneers who founded Norwich, Conn.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XII, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, SEPT. 16.

Text of the Lesson, Luke xii, 13-23. Memory Verses, 19-21—Golden Text, Mark viii, 36—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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13. "One of the company said unto Him." It was an innumerable multitude of people who trod one upon another (verse 1) to whom He had been speaking, but they were probably like those described in Isa. xxix, 13; Ezek. xxxiii, 31, honoring Him with their lips, while their hearts were far from Him; hearing His words, but not doing them. This man, at least, had not profited by the sermon, for his heart was full of covetousness; things seen and temporal were more to him than things unseen and eternal. He called our Lord "Master," but saying "Master" does not make a man a disciple (Math. vii, 21, 22).

14, 15. "Take heed and beware of covetousness." It is written of our Lord that "though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor" (II Cor. viii, 9), and this He did that we might forever enjoy His riches. This covetous man was the greatest possible contrast to Him who emptied Himself and made Himself of no reputation for us (Phil. ii, 7, R. V.). He is our life, even life abundant, and apart from Him there is no real life (I John v, 12; Col. iii, 4; John x, 10). Solomon possessed an abundance of all things that wealth could obtain, but found only vanity and vexation of spirit therein, and what can any man do compared with such a king? (Eccl. ii, 10-12.) Let us give heed to I Tim vi, 8; Heb. xiii, 5: "Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content."

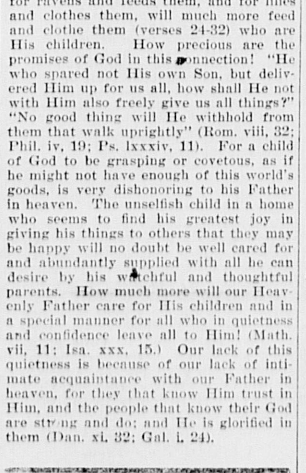
16, 17. "What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits?" Our Lord takes advantage of the covetous man's question to speak a parable to the people, for He turns everything to good account. The rich man of the parable has a center in his life, and that center is himself and his possessions; he has no thought of others or of giving to them. He does not consider who gave him his fruits, nor give any evidence of gratitude to God, nor of any recognition of Him.

18, 19. "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry." Thus God heard the rich man talking to himself, for He knows all the things that come into our minds (Ezek. xi, 5; Ps. cxxxix, 4). In this man's thoughts and words (verses 17-19) there are six I's and five my's. It is my barns, my goods, my fruits and my soul, as if the barn was for his soul and his soul could live on fruits and goods. The only life that he knew was that of eating, drinking and being merry; dumb brute beasts could enjoy as much. In God's sight he was as one dead, for any one who lives in pleasure is dead while he liveth (I Tim. v, 6); dead in trespasses and sins (Eph. ii, 1, 4, 5). He knew nothing of the kingdom of God, which is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost (Rom. xiv, 17).

20. "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee! Then whose shall those things be?" Thus said God to him, the God who gave him life and breath and all things; but he did not consider it (Acts xvii, 25; Dan. v, 23). He did not know or consider that he was entirely forgetful of the One who gave him being, kept him alive and caused his fields to produce as they did. How many people live on from day to day enjoying the gifts and constant care of Him who maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust (Math. v, 45) and never think of their Creator, much less of their Redeemer, who His own self bore their sins in His own body on the cross! (I Pet. ii, 24.) Long does He put up with such ingratitude, but the time always comes when each one must for himself meet God, and the word is always a seasonable one, "Prepare to meet thy God" (Amos iv, 12).

21. "So is he that layeth up treasure for himself and is not rich toward God." It is always, in all things, either one's own self or God. Our Lord Jesus never lived for Himself, never sought His own will or glory, nor lived to please Himself (John vi, 38; viii, 50; Rom. xv, 3), but did always those things that pleased the Father (John viii, 29). How shall we obtain this treasure in the heavens that faileth not and have our affections set on things above, not on things on the earth? (Verses 33, 34; Col. iii, 1, 2.) His word to Nicodemus is the answer. We must be born again or anew or from above; we must look to Him who died for us and truly receive Him, putting all our trust in His blood, which was shed for us (John iii, 3, 5, 7; i, 12; Lev. xvii, 11; Acts iv, 12). He is the gold tried in the fire, and His is the white raiment and the eye salve. We must lay our treasure in the dust that the Almighty may become our treasure (Rev. iii, 18; Job xxii, 24, 25, R. V.).

22, 23. "And He said unto His disciples, Therefore I say unto you, take no thought for your life what ye shall eat; neither for the body what ye shall put on." This is now a special word for His disciples, who, having received Him, are rich toward God, being through His poverty made rich, and, having forsaken all for Him, He assures them that God, who is now their Father, will see that all their need is supplied. God, who cares for ravens and feeds them, and for lilies and clothes them, will much more feed and clothe them (verses 24-32) who are His children. How precious are the promises of God in this connection! "He who spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?" "No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly" (Rom. viii, 32; Phil. iv, 19; Ps. lxxxiv, 11). For a child of God to be grasping or covetous, as if he might not have enough of this world's goods, is very dishonoring to his Father in heaven. The unselfish child in a home who seems to find his greatest joy in giving his things to others that they may be happy will no doubt be well cared for and abundantly supplied with all he can desire by his watchful and thoughtful parents. How much more will our Heavenly Father care for His children and in a special manner for all who in quietness and confidence leave all to Him! (Math. vii, 11; Isa. xxx, 15.) Our lack of this quietness is because of our lack of intimate acquaintance with our Father in heaven, for they that know Him trust in Him, and the people that know their God are strong and do; and He is glorified in them (Dan. xi, 32; Gal. i, 24).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A Charmed Life.

The scenery along the Kentucky river above and below Harrodsburg has been justly compared to the highlands of the Hudson. Towering cliffs hundreds of feet in height impress the beholder. In "Historical Sketches of Kentucky" an incident is told of one of the highest of these.

Jotham Strout was hoeing corn in the bottom just opposite the ferry, when his attention was attracted by a rattling noise above his head. Looking up, he was staggered at seeing a man tumbling down the fearful precipice, now touching and grasping at a twig, now at a root, without being able to check himself. Finally, with a crashing of limbs, he landed in the top of a buckeye tree about 50 feet above the general level of the bottom.

Mr. Strout ran to the place with all haste, dreading to find a dead man and not doubting he would be terribly injured if alive, for the distance the man had fallen was 170 feet, and from the last point where he had touched the rock to the top of the tree where he lodged was 45 feet.

Fancy Mr. Strout's surprise, then, to find the man standing erect at the foot of the tree, feeling of his arms and body.

"Are you hurt?" cried Mr. Strout.

"That's what I'm trying to find out, my friend," was the answer. "It's my impression that I am alive, but rather sore."

Not a bone was broken, and despite a few bruises the man seemed to be as sound as before the terrible fall.

"That fellow bore a charmed life," was Mr. Strout's remark whenever he told the story.

Leighton and the Poor Student.

Of Leighton's hearty, eager helpfulness many instances might be given. Here is one. After a certain prize day at the academy a student was passing through the first room on his way to the entrance. He looked the picture of dejection and disappointed wretchedness—poorly and shabbily dressed and slinking away as if he wished to pass out of the place unnoticed. Millais and Leighton, walking arm in arm, came along, pictures of prosperity.

Leighton caught sight of the poor, downcast student. Leaving Millais, he darted across the vestibule to him and, taking the student's arm, drew him back into the first room and made him sit down on the ottoman beside him. Putting his arm on the top of the ottoman and resting his head on his hand, Leighton began to talk as he alone could talk, pouring forth volumes of earnest, rapid utterances, as if everything in the world depended on his words conveying what he wanted them to convey. He went on and on. The shabby figure gradually seemed to pull itself together, and at last when they both rose he seemed to have become another creature. Leighton shook hands with him, and the youth went on his way rejoicing.

It is certain that if other help than advice were needed it was given. But it was the extraordinary zest and vitality which Leighton put into his help which made it unlike any other. He fought every one's cause as others fight their own.—London Telegraph.

Oxford's Witty Bishop.

Two stories are attributed in The Railway Magazine to the witty bishop of Oxford. He was once talking to some boys in a school and said to them: "Now, my boys, I dare say you think it's a very fine thing to be a bishop. But I assure you I'm a very busy man. I have to go about all over my diocese, and I haven't time to study like you have. In fact, nearly all my study has to be confined to only one book. It begins with a 'B.' Do you know what it is?" "The Bible, sir; the Bible," shouted the boys all together. "No," replied the bishop, with a merry twinkle in his eye. "It's called 'Bradshaw!'"

The other story is still better. On one occasion when he alighted from the train at Wheatley, the station for Cuddesden palace, an officious porter rushed up to him and asked, "Any articles in the van, my lord?" "Articles," said the bishop grimly. "Yes, 39 articles." Off hurried the porter and worried the guard almost out of his senses by the way he searched the van and detained the train. Presently he came back to the bishop with a crestfallen expression of countenance. "There are only seven, my lord." "Only seven? Ah, you're a Dissenter then, I should think."

Lacking In Romance.

"Swigsby hasn't a particle of romance about him."

"I never thought he had. Any new proof of it?"

"Yes. He was calling on Daisy Swinnerton. You know Daisy. Little thing, but full of poetry. Swigsby said he wondered where they met the first time, and Daisy in her poetical way said she guessed it was in the gloaming. Swigsby looked puzzled, and then what do you suppose he said?"

"Give it up."

"Said he guessed she was mistaken, because he couldn't recall any apartment house by that name."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Assisting His Memory.

Bobby was spending the afternoon at his aunt's and for some moments had been gazing out of the window in a painfully thoughtful sort of way.

"What makes you so serious, Bobby?" asked his aunt.

"Why, ma told me that I must remember not to ask for anything to eat, and I am trying to remember it."—Union Signal.

A Practical Joke.

He was a wag and was passing a large draper's shop in Manchester. There, drawn up, were three or four vehicles, and among them was a closed brougham with the driver fast asleep on the box. Evidently the mistress was inside the shop. Without a word the wag stole quickly up and, opening the carriage door, carefully slammed it to. In an instant the coachman straightened himself up and gazed up the street as if he had never seen anything more interesting to look at in his life. Then he stole a look over his shoulder and saw the wag standing, hat in hand, apparently conversing with some one inside the carriage.

"Thank you, yes. Good morning," said the practical joker and bowed himself gracefully away from the door, turning as he did so to look at the coachman and say, "Home!"

"Yes, sir! Tch! Get up!" and away went the brougham "home."

Where that "home" was, who the mistress of the carriage was or what she did or said when she came out of the shop or what the coachman did or said when he stopped at the door of "home" and found the carriage empty—all that only the coachman and the lady know.—London Tit-Bits.

To Retrench.

"Home is the dearest place on earth," remarked Bilkens to Wilkins.

"Yes," replied Wilkins, "that's why we quit housekeeping and went to board."—Columbus (O.) State Journal.

Chinese Pulse Feeling.

The Chinese physicians, it is well known, have long had the credit of paying very particular attention to the pulse. They even pretend to derive a much more minute and accurate knowledge of the state of the sick from that source than European practitioners lay any claim to.

The patient is directed to be laid in bed, with his arm resting on a small cushion. The physician must be seated, and both parties are enjoined to remain calm, silent and collected. The fingers are next to be applied in due succession, one after another, in order to judge of the compressibility of the artery.

The Chinese do not infer solely from the rapidity of the pulsations. Their mode is to compare the number of pulsations of the artery with the intervals of the respiration of the patient. The number of pulsations of a man in moderate health they consider in relation to the time of a natural inspiration and expiration. Four beats of the pulse during this period they consider as indicating perfect health. If it exceeds five pulsations, it is considered as too quick; if under that number, as too slow respecting good health. It is required to reckon 50 pulsations in order to form a correct indication. Their chief divisions of the pulse are four, the superficial, the profound, the quick and the slow. These they consider as having relation to the four temperaments, the choleric, the sanguine, the phlegmatic and the melancholy.—

Wealthy, but Couldn't Write.

"Hotels entertain a good many people who can't write," said the clerk of a large hotel, "and the bad pen comedy is enacted quite frequently. Of course the clerk has to be very careful not to let the guest suspect that he is on to the dodge, for such folks are very sensitive about their educational infirmities.

"I once knew a man who paid $1,200 a year solely to keep hotel clerks from knowing that he couldn't write his own name. He began life as a day laborer, drifted out west and made a fortune through leasing a supposed worthless mine in Montana. When he accumulated about $150,000, he sold out and started in to travel and have a good time. He was naturally shrewd, but he had never had a particle of schooling, and dodging registers at new hotels became the chief worry of his life.

"At first he used to tie up his hand in a handkerchief and pretend it was hurt, but he realized that the trick was pretty transparent, and at last he employed a young newspaper man at $100 a month to travel with him as his 'secretary.' The ex-miner never sent or received any letters, he didn't care for reading, and the secretary's one and only duty was to sign hotel registers. They would walk in together, and the young chap would say deferentially, 'Shall I do the registering for us both, colonel?' 'If you please,' his boss would reply, and he would thereupon write, 'Col. —— and secretary, Montana.'"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Mines That Burn For Years.

A number of good sized mines are now on fire in the United States and have been for years. The Vulcan mine on the Green river, opposite Newcastle, in Colorado, has been on fire since the great explosion several years ago, when about 80 persons lost their lives. All efforts to quench it have proved fruitless. In Butte there is a mine which has been afire since 1884. It has been treated with carbonic acid gas generated on a large scale, quicklime and acids and all the stifling devices that genius and experience could devise, but so far without effect.

In Pennsylvania there are several steadily burning mines, and in one place where the outlet of natural gas is very great the spectacle it affords is of surpassing interest. For miles around a great tower of fire may be seen day and night, and the dense black smoke which it gives off settles upon the surrounding country. How a mine gets afire is easily explained, even though the greatest precautions are taken to prevent it. Coal seams exude a gas varying in quantity according to the pressure and the quality of the deposit, which gas when mixed with air in certain proportions is about as explosive as gunpowder.—New York Post.

Funny Freaks of Yvette Guilbert.

Mlle. Yvette Guilbert in the heyday of her American success was in splendid spirits. In crossing a certain district on Sunday she was unable to get a bottle of claret.

"If I give it to you, madame," said the waiter, "I shall have to go to jail."

"Then go," said Mlle. Guilbert cheerfully, "but first get me my claret."

One afternoon in Chicago two blank cards were sent up to her by callers desiring her autograph. On the one she wrote, "Yvette Guilbert is a very good singer," and on the other, "Yvette Guilbert is a very naughty singer."

"Now," she said airily as she dropped them on the tray, "let them choose wheech is wheech."

Her wisdom was of a worldly description. "For who will give me bread when I no longer please by my songs, the dear publeec? No. Therefore I come to America, and I come high."—Saturday Evening Post.

The Source of Wisdom.

"I wonder how Solomon became the wisest man on earth?"

"That's easily explained," replied the man with the intellectual but worried face. "You see, Solomon had a large number of families, and of course his children asked questions, just as all children do. I have no doubt Solomon was like anybody else and had a certain dislike to exposing his ignorance. When one of the children would ask him something he didn't know, he'd make believe he wanted a drink of water and then go out and look in the back of the dictionary. I shouldn't be surprised if he were compelled to do this 50 or 60 times a day. Under such conditions a man couldn't help getting wise."—Washington Star.

An Awful Loss.

At a fire in Cambridge, Mass., an occupant of the damaged house was bewailing the loss of her purse. Several firemen joined in a search for the missing pocketbook, but after spending some time in their quest were still unsuccessful. Finally the chief said to the woman:

"How much was in the pocketbook?"

As she answered, "Fifty cents," the look of disgust on the chief's face was too evident to be mistaken.

The Masculine View.

Gentleman—My wife has lost her waterproof, and she wished me to stop in here and order another sent up at once, as it looks like rain.

Dealer—Yes, sir. What sort, sir?

Gentleman—Um—I've forgotten the name, but it's one of those that make a woman look better dressed in wet weather than she is in dry weather.—New York Weekly.

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THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. L. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1900. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 42.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect JUNE 25, 1900.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.14, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.39, 8.00, 9.10, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY—To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return,** 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.28, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, *9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.22, 7.04, 7.34, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, 8.42, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.46, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 12.00, 4.52, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.33 8.28, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, *9.30, 5.26, P. M

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.28, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.28, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 8.28, 6.33, 11.11, A. M., 6.42 P. M , Saturdays only. Except Claremont.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.28, †11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, ‡6.33, 8.28, 11.11, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P.M

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.28, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.28, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

*To Nashua only.
†To Franklin only.
‡Weirs only.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.55, 9.13, 9 30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.21, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.16, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 4.03, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, [illegible]33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Jan. 1, 1900, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 and 11.15 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Wakefield & Stoneham St. R'y Co.

On and after January 1, 1900, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, then *9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30 , p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington, at 5.15, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.30, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.45, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m., then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 8.35, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. M. LANE, Acting Supt.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00 *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

Business Cards.

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Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Cainan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

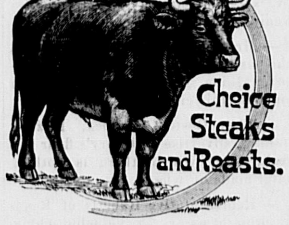
—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Business Cards.

George Durward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and SURVEYOR.
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AT THE "SIGN OF THE SMILE."

We're weary a-walking the Highway of Life;
We're fretted and flustered with worry and strife.
Let us drop by the wayside the heavy old load
And rest at the inn at the turn of the road;
Let us tarry awhile
At the "Sign of the Smile."

Ho, the "Sign of the Smile" is a jolly inn,
With gargoyles about it that do naught but grin.
There's always a laugh and a shoulder to whack
And an echo that ever will answer us back;
Let us tarry awhile
At the "Sign of the Smile."

At the "Sign of the Smile" we will linger long there,
For the strictest of rules is the ban upon care,
And the guests must forget there are such things as years
And never shed any but laughter brought tears;
Let us tarry awhile
At the "Sign of the Smile."

There'll be flagons of jollity for us to sip,
And many and many a rollicking quip;
Though the jokes may be old, like the juice of the vine,
They mellow with age to the richest of wine;
Let us tarry awhile
At the "Sign of the Smile."

Let us tarry awhile at the "Sign of the Smile,"
Forget all our griefs in the joys that beguile.
Let us pleasure the noon till it changes tonight,
Then up with our loads, and we'll find they are light,
If we tarry awhile
At the "Sign of the Smile."
—Josh Wink in Baltimore American.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

Story of a Hidden Treasure.

BY FREDERICK J. BURNETT.

The wheels of train No. 14 on the Michigan Central were just clicking over the last switch out of Kalamazoo as I leaned back in the corner of the smoking room to enjoy my after dinner cigar and meditate upon the ease and comfort of my journey across the state, and the sharp contrast it presented to the journeyings of Marquette and Cadillac. The only other occupant of the room, a slight man with a sandy mustache, sat close to the window, using the last gleams of daylight to read something that appeared to interest him greatly in one of the small 5 cent magazines of which we were at that time having quite an epidemic.

After a little he closed his magazine and looked out of the window; then, turning to me, said:

"I wish people who write stories wouldn't stop in the middle of 'em, as if the first half was all a person would want to know."

"Another of 'The Lady or the Tiger' brand?" I asked.

"Not this time; one of those yarns about a fellow who is dead broke finding some hidden treasure that makes him a regular Crœsus. This is the third I've read in a couple of days, and they all stop at the find—only say something about his rolling in wealth afterward.

"Now, I want to know the whole business; how he turned his diamonds into ducats; how he felt dropping from his old ways into new ones; if he had any trouble proving his right to his find. If it was something that had belonged to some one else at some time or other, or on land that wasn't his, even if in a wilderness, seems to me there'd be somebody trying to claim it. I want to know how he worked it to hang on to what he found."

Some one had been at the washstand while he was speaking, and as he concluded a tall, slender man appeared at the door with a towel in his hands.

"I've read a number of those yarns, too," he said, smiling, "and quite agree with you about the last half of the story being worth the telling. I suppose the authors like to leave something for their readers' imagination, so they let us finish as we like."

He stepped back to the washstand, but reappeared in a moment and, taking a case from his pocket, said:

"If you will have a fresh cigar with me and would care to hear it, I will tell you a story of that kind, for the truth of which I can vouch, and give you a second chapter, too, though in this case it was ducats and not diamonds."

Of course we wanted to hear, and, leaning back in one corner, he began:

"I once knew a young man who was a clerk in a coal office in Omaha. He worked for a firm that was not doing a very large business, so he didn't get a very large salary, but as he was the only clerk and had to give more or less time and attention to affairs that were personal to the two members of the firm and not connected with the coal business he was kept pretty busy and pretty closely tied to the office. If he went out, it was on a business errand, and he must hurry back; no running out to get his hair cut or buy a pair of shoes or anything like that till he had locked the door at the end of the day, and they were pretty long days.

"He was an ambitious chap and something of a dreamer besides, and each of these characteristics made him a bit dissatisfied with his lot. He wanted to rise in the business world or else leave it entirely and live among books and pictures, purple mountains and sunsets and poetic things in general. But to do either he must have money—more money than it appeared as if he stood any chance of ever getting. It was a steady grind from week's end to week's end, and at the close of the month but a few dollars more than enough to pay for his board and lodging and a small draft to his mother back in the east. Economize as he might he could save but little. In the three years since he came from the eastern village that couldn't offer him what he was getting now he hadn't been able to accumulate $100, and so when he thought of the future and how the years were slipping away without improving his condition or bringing him any better opportunities to improve it it gave him the blues.

"He didn't want money for the mere sake of having it, but for what he could do with it. He wanted to try his hand at manipulating some, feeling sure he could double it as rapidly as most men, and he also wanted enough to enable him to see the world before his eyes became too dim to see it.

"One Sunday afternoon this man tramped from Omaha to Florence, a little town just north, and was rambling about among the hills that surround it. Walking was his principal recreation. It was cheap, and he enjoyed it. He had wandered away from roads and paths into a wood that was tangled with vines and underbrush. It was September and warm, and when he came out into the open, being hot and tired, he threw himself down under a walnut tree to rest.

"Before him was a little glade which the woods bordered on all sides. Part of it was covered and part was planted with millet. Besides this there was nothing to show that a human being had been there before. The ragged, poorly tended corn suggested to him an aboriginal maize field, and it seemed to him as if the spirits of Mondamin and Hiawatha brooded over that peaceful little valley. Some of the stalks had been cut and gathered into shocks that looked like Indian tepees, and by half closing his eyes the tassels of the more distant corn were transformed into eagle feathers, nodding and bowing as if their savage wearers were engaged in some sort of a ghost dance.

"As he lay there thinking of the red men and maidens who used to dwell among the hills over which he had just been wandering, and who perhaps had planted maize in that very spot, from up in the woods behind him came the tap, tap, tap of a woodpecker, which was answered by another tap, tap, tap from the woods on the other side. There was a lull in the wind just then, and the eagle feathers stood still, as if listening. He knew the taps to be woodpecker rappings, but it seemed as if they were Indian signals. I told you he was a dreamer.

"Presently a walnut fell from the tree above him and rolled into a little gully that the water coming down the hill behind him had washed near by. He followed it with his eyes and where it stopped noticed what looked like a bit of dirty canvas sticking out of the ground; not a little scrap, but apparently part of something that was buried. It was beyond the reach of his walking stick, but a dead branch lay at hand, and with this he poked at it in an idle sort of way. There seemed to be something harder than earth under it, and he poked it again with a little more vigor, whereupon it tore, and three yellow disks about the size of silver dollars rolled out.

"In an instant he had cast aside the branch and was on his knees over the canvas gathering gold eagles and half eagles and double eagles into his pockets with a feverish haste that would hardly have seemed possible in the idle dreamer of a few moments ago. He moved as if his life depended upon getting them out of sight as soon as possible."

He paused for a moment and blew some smoke wreaths toward the ceiling.

"There," said the man by the window, "is where such stories usually end—with the first chapter."

"This one doesn't end there. It has a second chapter.

"When the bag—for such the canvas was—had been emptied, he dug with his pocketknife as well as he could all around it to see if there might be another, but could find no more. He then proceeded to cover up all signs of disturbance, making the ground look as nearly like that about it as possible and dragging some fallen branches and dead leaves over it, looking about him now and then to see if any one was in sight; not that he felt for a moment that he was stealing, as the coin appeared to have been buried for a long time, and he believed a finder's title to be good, but didn't care to discuss the matter with any inquisitive farmer or tramp who might happen along.

"He had stuffed it into his pockets hastily, without counting it, feeling it to be of the greatest importance to get away from the scene as soon as possible, before any one's suspicion that something had been found should be aroused, but he judged he had several thousand dollars. How much the possession of all this meant to him he had scarcely realized, his mind being busied in devising ways and means of keeping the find from coming to the knowledge of any one.

"By the time he had covered the ground so he thought there was nothing to attract the attention of the most observant he found that he was in a profuse perspiration and trembling like an aspen leaf.

"He went slowly up through the woods and out into a road, and here, in the shadow of some sunflowers, he sat down to rest and think. And then he began to realize that a few thousand, even a very few, would make a big change in his life.

"He pulled a coin out of his coat pocket. It was a twenty of 1855. He took one from his trousers. It was a ten of 1849; another was a twenty of 1854. One at a time he drew out a number and found them all to be as old as 1855, which seemed to show that they were buried, or, at least, gathered together, not long after that time, so he decided that he need give no thought to the rightful owner—that is, the original owner of the bag; that he and any one who knew of the burying were probably beyond the need of gold, or it would not have been permitted to remain there all these years, but the owner of the land on which he had found it might have a legal title to it and might endeavor to enforce it should the finding come to his knowledge and he could not prove that it did not belong to any one who might claim to have buried it. So the only thing was to keep quiet as to the whole business and get the coin into circulation in some way that would not excite suspicion.

"The sun was getting low, and it was several miles to an Omaha street car; so, after he had rested a short time, he crossed the road to a walnut tree and picked up enough nuts to fill the tops of his outside pockets, and thus account for their bulginess, and then started homeward, his heavy pockets pounding against him on the outside and his heart pounding against him on the inside for fear some one would hear the click of his coins and guess what he was carrying.

"He took a bobtailed car at the north edge of town—that was before there were any electric cars—and of course imagined every one in it was eying him suspiciously, but he reached down town without any one's speaking to him and went to the office where he worked.

"After locking the door he went to the desk farthest from the window and took out and counted his treasure. There was $5,005 and no coin dated later than 1855. He weighed one twenty on the letter scale and figured out the weight of the whole to be a trifle over 18 pounds.

"Putting a few of the smaller pieces in his pocket, he did the rest up in packages, which he put in the office safe, behind the books, so if by chance any one opened it before him in the morning they would not see it. You may be sure he was certain the safe was locked before he left the office.

"He went to a newsroom and bought a magazine, paying for it with a $5 goldpiece, and he paid his check at the restaurant where he got supper with another, putting the change he received and money from his purse to make up the amount spent with the other gold in a separate pocket.

"Then he went to his room, a little hall bedroom, but all the home he had, went to bed and lay until after the high school clock struck 1, thinking about his future and planning how he should invest his little fortune.

"He must change his manner of living gradually. It wouldn't do to leave his position at once. People must get used to his having money by degrees, he felt. There was a boom on then in Omaha, and South Omaha was just rising out of the prairie, and he knew he could very soon double his dollars and double those by judicious management.

"He thought of the office he would have—his own office—where it would be for him to command instead of to obey; where he would not have to swallow as much as he had been doing, but could talk back; of the long vacation he would take after a few more years of hard work; of the green fields of England and the sandy wastes of Egypt; of the fiords of Norway and India's coral strand; of the Louvre and the Vatican; of foreign railway carriages and P. and O. steamers, and in all his thoughts there was mixed up a pair of gray eyes in which he had read life's meaning some years ago, but had not dared to confess it, because he couldn't see his way clear to ask them to leave the village academy and brighten a home for him.

"He went to sleep thinking how he was going to get rid of his gold without attracting attention, for, of course, he didn't want any one to notice it.

"Monday morning it didn't bother him much when he was repeatedly called from footing a column of figures to answer the phone or when one of the partners criticised him for not attending to a matter that had never been brought to his knowledge.

"When his lunchtime came, he went to the savings bank where his few dollars were and deposited $90 in gold and the $10 for which he had exchanged gold the night before. At one national bank he got a cashier's check to his own order for $50, paying for it with gold; in another he got a demand C. D. for $100 to his own order; in a third he got a cashier's check for $200. Then he went to a national bank the cashier of which he knew and opened an account, saying that he was going to do something in the real estate line. Here he deposited the demand C. D., $150 in gold and $50 in currency, for which he had exchanged gold at the office. This took him half an hour; the other half he spent in buying five lots for a total of $350, which he paid in gold, thus getting rid of $1,000 altogether, and in buying some doughnuts at a bakery, from which he made his lunch later in the day when he was alone in the office.

"In two weeks he had managed after this fashion to get all his gold but the odd $5, which he kept for a relic, into circulation without any one's commenting thereon to him. In three months he sold his first lots that cost him $350 for an even $1,000 and resigned his position, opened a real estate office and was soon raking in considerable in commissions, besides his profits on his own investments, in which he was exceptionally fortunate.

"If you know anything about what Omaha was in the latter half of the eighties, you can understand how rapidly one could double a few thousand over and over; if you don't, there's no use in my trying to explain.

"By spring he had a stenographer and an office boy, and when June came he added a clerk to his force and went back east to see his mother and the gray eyed girl. He took the gray eyes a long drive into the country, and when they got home the eyes were very bright, and their owner wrote the trustees of the academy that she couldn't teach there next term.

"In September he went east again and took her back with him, and in a little cottage in a quiet street, from the window of which were to be had glimpses of the shining river and the blue Iowa hills, they set up their household gods and were very happy.

"All this time he had kept his capital invested in city property, and after his real estate office had been open for a few months he made his expenses out of that, so all the gain from the original $5,000 was added to it. As soon as he sold a piece of property he bought more with the proceeds, and whatever he bought went up, so that every transaction increased his capital, his commissions on sales from other people giving him a fair income, so they could buy books and pictures now and then and keep a horse and take occasional runs back east or to the cool of Colorado.

"Just before the panic of 1893 he sold out all his holdings except some good rent paying business property and a few close-in dwellings that rented well and after a bit put his funds into first class stocks. By that time his $5,000 had grown to a sum the income from which would support him and his wife anywhere, so they let their house to some friends that wanted to be married and started out to find all the things there were to see in the world and are doing that yet.

"No, he never knew anything about the previous history of the money, but he supposed that it was buried by some of the Mormon crowd that stopped about there for a time on their way to Salt lake. The dates of the coins were old enough, and that seemed a probable solution.

"Unusual ability? I don't think so; perhaps exceptional opportunities, though almost any young man who is willing to work and has a little horse sense could do about as well with that start. The trouble is to get the start. You know, Carnegie says it's easy enough after you have the first thousand dollars."

"Did it ever get out about his gold?" asked the man by the window. "Did he always keep it a secret?"

"Nobody ever learned any more than he chose to tell. He told his wife; there was no use telling any one else. I knew about it at the time. I was his closest friend then. Of course I would not have told you if you knew him."

"I think I have met him," I said.

"Perhaps," he answered as he rose to go, "but you do not know his name."
—Chicago Record.

No Good For Food.

The people of Murray Island, a small coral reef between New Guinea and Australia, have not yet forgotten the pleasure their ancestors had in feasting on the flesh of white men whenever a ship was so unfortunate as to be wrecked on their coast. An English lady who visited the island a few years ago to paint native flowers and the scenery was reminded of this old custom in a way nowise complimentary to her personal appearance.

After breakfast I went with some of the native girls to the top of the hill to sketch. You would have been amused to see me trying to make myself understood by signs and by drawing pictures on the sand.

The mosquitoes bit my wrists and hands, and my companions were delighted when I pulled up my sleeve and were much amused either at the thinness of my arms or the color, for they laughed heartily and tried to make me understand that they were no good for food.

One girl, less shy than the others, took my arm up and pretended to bite it; then, making a wry face and shaking her head, she put it down and laid her own sleek brown one beside it, patting it impressively to let me see what a superior article it was.—Youth's Companion.

Rousseau and Mme. d'Epinay.

It is in 1756 that Mme. d'Epinay offers Rousseau the famous "Hermitage"—the little house situated near La Chevrette, on the borders of the forest of Montmorency and belonging to M. d'Epinay. Rousseau responds to the offer after his manner. "Do you want to make me a valet, a dependent, with your gift?" says he, and he takes it.

Madame has now the satisfaction of seeing every day the greatest scoundrel and genius of the time. Here is the man at once mean and great, lower than the beasts in his instincts and with aspirations reaching to the gods. Here he is, very vile, but not wholly vile, mixed in the basest intrigues, vain, mad, morbid, lying, treacherous and yet with ideals not all ignoble and a rugged earnestness not to be denied.

Madame's pleasure at being so nearly in touch with a celebrity can never be quite unalloyed. The celebrity is from the first consistently rude and ungrateful, always taking offense where no offense is meant, piqued, childish, ridiculous and obstinately seeing the world en noir.—Longman's Magazine.

Napoleon House.

There is a house in Ring street, London, known as "Napoleon House." It was to that house that the ex-king of Spain, Joseph Bonaparte, then under the name of Comte de Surville, came to persuade his nephew to forego all claim to the imperial throne. While living there Louis Napoleon forgot his latchkey one night, having changed his clothes. While strolling up and down the Haymarket, undecided what to do, he met by chance Miss Howard, whom he afterward created Comtesse de Beauregard and who lent him a matter of £40,000 to stave off his creditors, thus enabling him to wait for better days. Napoleon III, like his famous uncle, was the incarnation of gratitude, and he never forgot a service rendered, though he often chose not to remember an injury.—London Standard.

A Fierce Spider.

There is a spider in the London zoo, obtained from somewhere in the Sudan, that is the fiercest beast of his kind that ever spread out his legs in a menagerie. The ordinary spider has only four legs on a side. This creature has five, and those who have seen him find his counterpart in the terrible "devilfish" described by Victor Hugo in his "Toilers of the Sea." The scientific name of the terror is galeodes.

He Used the Dye

Queen Margherita of Italy was anxious that her husband, King Humbert, should follow the example of his father and the fashion common among elderly Piedmontese officers and dye his hair. Her pleadings were in vain. Seeing entreaty was in vain, the queen had recourse to stratagem. She caused a quantity of fine hair dye to be sent from Paris and put in the king's dressing room, together with directions for its use, making, however, no allusion to the subject. The king, too, said nothing, though he could not fail to see the pigments.

Now, the queen had a large white poodle of which he was very fond. What was her horror a few days later to see her pet come running into her room with his snowy locks all turned to a jet black. King Umberto had expended the dyes upon changing the color of the poodle's hair! From that day forth the subject of hair dye was dropped between the royal couple.

The Wag and Mr. Fresh.

Mr. Fresh—What's the best thing you ever read on mules?

The Wag—This:

> The traveler observes at Ems as he passes—
> Here, as elsewhere, the women run after asses!

Fresh—That's good. Who wrote it?

Wag—Why, Owen Meredith, and let me tell you he knew his business.

Fresh—Who was it said, "When you see a beautiful woman, run?"

Wag—Old man Socrates, the wisest rat in the Athenian barn.

Fresh—Was he?

Wag—Sure, but the trouble is the boys run the wrong way.—Atlanta Journal.

VERY CLOSE TO A LYNCHING

How the Neck of a Reckless Sleuth Was Saved by an Accident.

"An officer often has to risk his life to protect a prisoner," remarked an old railroad detective recently, "but generally a little strategy will outwit a mob. The queerest case of that kind I ever heard of happened years ago out in Colorado at a place called Carbonville. It was a pretty tough mining camp, and one night, in a brawl, the town marshal was shot dead by a gambler named Connors. The murderer was a stranger in the place and managed to make his escape, but the marshal had been very popular, and the miners swore all kinds of vengeance.

"About a week later a couple of deputy sheriffs captured Connors at a place some 30 miles away and decided to take him to the next county seat for safe keeping. The road ran through Carbonville, and, as the news of the arrest had already reached that camp and stirred it to a fever pitch, they calculated, very correctly, that there was likely to be trouble when they showed up. At last one of the deputies, a reckless sort of chap named Jake Higgins, suggested a scheme. 'I look a good deal like Connors,' he said, 'and those folks over there hardly know him. Suppose I play prisoner, while we send an officer with our man through town by a back road; they ain't going to hang me right away sudden, and while they are powwowing about it Connors will be through and gone. Then we can tell 'em who I am, show 'em our badges and papers, have the laugh on the gang and follow on behind.' This brilliant idea, which would have occurred to nobody but a scatter brained lunatic like Higgins, was promptly adopted. He was handcuffed, put in a wagon between two deputies, and the real prisoner brought up the rear with another officer in a buggy.

"It was about dusk when the wagon reached Carbonville," continued the detective, "and, just as they had expected, a crowd of tough citizens were in waiting. They promptly held up the team and the spokesman told the officers that the good citizens of the camp had decided it wasn't worth while to waste any money giving Connors a regular trial. The only thing that was needed, he said, was a short piece of hemp, and they brought a section of shaft rope, all ready for the ceremony. The deputy began to expostulate to gain time, but they cut him short and started to drag Higgins out of the wagon, while some of the others threw the loose end of the rope over a nearby limb. That looked critical and the deputy got rattled. 'Hold on, boys!' he yelled. 'This isn't the man!' And with that he blurted out the whole story as fast as his tongue could wag.

"As they might have anticipated, if they had had any sense, the explanation was received with jeers. You see, Connors had been in camp only a few hours before he got into the shooting scrape, and Higgins was himself a stranger in that locality; so it was easy to confuse them, especially as they really did look alike. A dozen men in the crowd declared positively that the deputy was the real murderer and they simply laughed at his papers and star. 'It's too thin!' said the leader. 'We'll give you a couple of minutes to say your prayers and then up you go!'

"At that stage, when Higgins' life wasn't worth an old button, a miner came rushing up with the news that two men had been badly hurt in a runaway on the edge of the camp and that one of them was handcuffed. That started the crowd, and they suspended proceedings to investigate. It seemed that the other officer with the bona fide prisoner had attempted to cut around town at top speed and ran the buggy into a little gulch. He had his collar bone broken and Connors fractured his leg. When they carried them into a bar, it was seen at once that there had been a mistake, and, somehow or other, the idea that they had come within an ace of stringing up the wrong man took all the lynching spirit out of the mob. Connors was allowed to go through, spent six months in jail, got a change of venue and was actually acquitted on trial. I don't know what became of him. Higgins died a year or so ago. That's a true story, boys, and the very closest call in my memory."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Moral Suasion on a Dog.

A clergyman who went up into the country to preach and lived there a considerable time, had occasion in his ministrations to drive regularly over a certain road. At a house on that road lived a big bulldog which always came out and attacked him viciously. The minister stood this for a good while until finally, as he drove past one winter day in a low sleigh, a means of correcting the dog by moral suasion occurred to him. He stopped his horse in the road before the house. The dog rushed out madly, barking and threatening to jump into the sleigh. The minister sat in his sleigh and paid no attention. The dog retired, returned to the assault, retired again, and a third time rushed out to the attack, but did not touch the man. Then he returned to the doorstep and lay down, apparently utterly crestfallen and disgusted with such a man, and, as he paid no further attention, the minister drove off. After this the minister drove many times past the house, but the dog paid no attention to him, and never seemed to see him at all. He was cured.—Boston Transcript.

A Dilemma.

"Did I hear you say, guard, that the engine was at the rear end of the train?" asked an old lady of the guard.

"Yes, ma'am; we've got an engine at each end. It takes an extra one to push us up the steep hills."

"Dear, dear, what shall I do? I'm always so ill if I ride with my back to the engine."

That two men may be real friends, they must have opposite opinions, similar principles, and different loves and hatreds.—Chateaubriand.

The price paid for a cradle is hush money.—Chicago News.

Many scions of European royalty hold military commissions before they are old enough to walk.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, SEPT. 21, 1900.

Mr. Bryan should cede the sovereignty of his farm at Lincoln, Neb., to Spain or France. The land was acquired by the United States without the "consent of the governed" by another Democrat, Thomas Jefferson. How Mr. Bryan can consent to live in Nebraska, when this circumstance is considered, is unexplainable.

"If there is any one who believes the Gold Standard is a good thing, or that it must be maintained, I warn him not to cast his vote for me because I promise him it will not be maintained in this country longer than I am able to get rid of it."—Hon. William Jennings Bryan, Knoxville, Tenn., Sept. 16, 1896.

The Party (Democratic) stands where it did in 1896 on the Money Question.—Wm. J. Bryan, Zanesville, O., Sept. 4. 1900.

I do not share in the apprehension felt by many as to the danger of governments being weakened or destroyed by reason of their extension of territory.—Ulyssis S. Grant.

Mr. W. R. Hearst, Editor and Proprietor of the New York *Journal*, the San Francisco *Examiner*, and the Chicago *American*, all Democratic, made the following utterance in the *Examiner*: "MR. BRYAN MAY THINK HE IS CLOSE TO THE PEOPLE, AND THAT HIS SILLY TALK ABOUT 'IMPERIALISM' MOVES THEM, BUT HE WILL SOON FIND OUT THAT AMERICANS ARE AS MUCH IN FAVOR OF EXPANSION TO-DAY AS THEY WERE WHEN THEY APPLAUDED THE ACQUISITION OF THE LOUISIANA TERRITORY BY THAT NOTED IMPERIALIST, THOMAS JEFFERSON."

WASHINGTON urged the acquisition of Canada.

HAMILTON'S VIEWS—"We ought to look to the possession of Florida and Louisiana."

JEFFERSON declared for Extensive Empire and Self-Government; and acquisition of Cuba.

JACKSON said—"Never cede any land or boundary of the Republic but always add to it, thus extending Freedom."

BUCHANAN said—"Expansion is the future policy of our country and only cowards fear and oppose it."

DOUGLAS' VIEWS—"As fast as our interests and destiny require additional territory I am in for it."

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN advocated the acquisition of Canada.

KEEP THE FLAG FLYING.

STATE HIGHWAY.

By request we reproduce in this issue of the JOURNAL an Editorial article published by us on June 18, 1897, entitled "State Highway." It was inspired by, and the facts were obtained from, Mr. Gilman F. Jones of this city, who was also the originator of the plan for building the road from Lowell to Boston, as therein set forth.

The reason for reprinting the article at this time is a revival of Lowell sentiment in favor of the enterprise, and an assurance that steps have been taken in that city towards its speedy accomplishment. President Smith of the Lowell Board of Trade, and of the Textile School Corporation, has already petitioned the proper authorities for the Road, and is actively backed up by the Board of Trade, which is a business men's organization.

The scheme for a State Road from Lowell to Salisbury Beach, which was opposed in the JOURNAL's article, was long ago abandoned as visionary and impracticable. It originated with a company of speculators who hoped to prevail on the State Road Commission to improve and increase the value of their real estate, but failed in the attempt.

The fact that hundreds of thousands of dollars have been expended on building boulevards, parkways, etc., by the State and municipalities south of Lowell, and contiguous to the proposed Road, since the article was written three years ago, is, in view of the JOURNAL's statements therein, a reason for self-congratulation.

The Lowell people propose to push this matter forcibly and in doing so will meet with hearty cooperation from every town and city on the line between Lowell and Boston.

If we have been correctly informed, it is feared President Smith has failed in his petition to ask for as much land as the magnitude of the enterprise will require. Considering its great importance; that the highway will be extended through New Hampshire, the Governor of which is earnestly enlisted in its behalf; and so on and even farther north; a road less than 500 feet wide ought not to be thought of, at least the Commission should be asked for that width.

We expect to be able to furnish our readers with additional facts concerning the matter at an early day.

CONGRESSMAN KNOX.

When we watch and discover that the great bulk of substantial business men are headed the same way we naturally conclude that that is the right way to go. When we see the staunch, sober sided, thinking Republicans solidly united for the accomplishment of a common end it is conclusive evidence to our mind that the end sought is a worthy one. When we see the best and most influential members of our Party, and very nearly all of them, travelling the same path it is safe to conclude that the path leads to the right spot. This is Congressman Knox's showing for a renomination. Not only in Woburn but in every voting precinct in the District the class of Republicans above mentioned are his strong and hearty supporters. Especially are successful business men with him in this campaign. Why shouldn't they be? Mr. Knox is a business man. He is an intelligent practical man. He is no longer a boy, and Young says "The man of wisdom is the man of years."

Again, from a stalwart Republican standpoint, Mr. Knox has been right on every important public question that has come to the front during the six years of his service in the National House of Representatives. A finger can't be placed on a mistake he has made. He has stood manfully by McKinley's Administration from first to last; and loyal Republicans think McKinley is about right.

Furthermore, Mr. Knox's associates in the House say he is an able legislator. They also say that he wields a strong and beneficent influence on the transaction of the public business. They ought to know.

We have reason to think that Woburn Republicans have thought these facts all out for themselves, and will render their verdict next Monday evening in favor of Congressman Knox.

COL. AMES'S FRIENDS.

The attention of our Republican readers is directed to the fact that the Democrats of Woburn are doing all that lies in their power to bring about the nomination of Col. Butler Ames and the defeat of Hon. W. S. Knox for Representative to Congress from this District. This is not simply a surmise, or suspicion, of ours, but is, on the contrary, a well known and positive fact. Proof of it is handily available.

One reason for this action on the part of the Woburn Democrats, and the principal one, is that they think they see in Col. Ames a much less formidable opponent to the candidate they expect to nominate than in Congressman Knox, and in this regard they show commendable wisdom. In more than a single instance representative Democrats have appealed to, and even warned, Democratic employers to repress the activity of those of their Republican employers who are doing what they can, in an honorable way, to secure Knox delegates to the Congressional convention, and to compel them to desist. Names can be given.

Three times running Mr. Knox has signally triumphed over the Democratic cohorts at the polls in this District and the secret of their present anxiety for his defeat at the convention this year and the nomination of Col. Ames lies in a wholesome dread of the success of his campaign for a fourth term.

The Democrats are afraid of Knox and are not afraid of Ames, who, they believe, they can easily whip. Hence their activity in behalf of Col. Ames's present canvass, and anxiety for Ames delegates from Woburn.

Republicans should make a note of these facts.

ATTEND THE CAUCUSES.

Republicans are too apt to underestimate the importance of the primaries in determining the results at the polls. They are prone to consider the caucuses as of but little account and therefore fail to attend them. This is all wrong. A moment's reflection will show it to be so. The caucus is the first step, the starting point, in the campaign; it really selects, through delegates, the candidates to be voted for. Who the candidates may be depends on the action of the caucuses. Republicans ought to think of this fact and conduct themselves accordingly. It is a duty which they owe to their Party and its principles to attend and vote at the primaries. They ought not to shun or neglect that duty.

The Republican caucuses to be held in this city next Monday evening will be of more than ordinary account. As it now looks, they will settle the Congressional question in this District—whether the next Representative is to be Knox or Ames. The balance of the District is so divided between the two candidates, and committed to their support, that the Woburn Republican caucuses will cast the deciding vote in the convention. This statement should be sufficient to induce every Republican in the city to attend. It is a very important question that they are called upon to decide—the selection of the Congressional candidate—and the duty of participating in its settlement is imperative on every good loyal member of the Party.

WHY CHANGE?

The Ames people advance no sound arguments in favor of a change in the Congressional Representative in our District this fall. They give no reasons, that will hold water, for their attempt to bring about a change. Their only stock in trade when appealing for Ames support is "give the young men a chance." They make no charge against Mr. Knox. No charge of lack of ability or fidelity in the discharge of his Congressional duties can, in justice, be filed against him. Mr. Knox has filled the bill as creditably and completely as any member of the House. To make a change in these critical times would be the height of unwisdom.

Now, isn't it a fact that the only real reason that can be given by Col. Ames's supporters for their work in his behalf is that he wants to go to Congress? He greatly desires the honor, therefore we are going to bestow it upon him, if we can. Will candid, thinking Repubcans accept that as a reason why they should turn away from Mr. Knox and cleave to Col. Ames? A good many of us would like to go to Congress, but it does not follow that the people are under obligations to send us there.

GETTING READY.

It is surmised, and even hinted in some Ames quarters, that the young Lowell Colonel is not at this time making a serious fight for Mr. Knox's seat in Congress, but merely getting the ground ready for 1902, when, if nothing happens, he will be a bona fide candidate.

Col. Ames sees that his present work will help him greatly in the future, and that when the proper time comes it will contribute materially to securing for him the coveted prize. If current surmises and hints are correct, he is sowing seed that will yield him 40, 60 or 100 fold in 1902.

The Colonel is nobody's fool.

NO OPPOSITION TO WOOD.

It is gratifying to learn that there will be no opposition to the choice of A. S. Wood delegates to the Senatorial convention at the caucuses next Monday evening. Such unanimity in the selection of a Senatorial candidate shows good sense on the part of the Republicans of this city. It also ensures the nomination of Mr. Wood at the convention, and brings the honor of the position to Woburn.

It should be seen to that the names selected for Mr. Wood for delegates are on all the tickets at the caucuses.

GOOD REPORTS.

Canvassers have no doubt that, with full caucuses, Mr. Knox will get every Woburn delegate to the Congressional convention next Monday evening. Their figures show this, and they feel entirely sure that figures, in this case, do not lie. The business men, the solid men, and the men who think, are for Mr. Knox, and have made up their minds to work for his nomination. This accounts for the encouraging reports of the canvassers.

FROM THE ORIENT

CARPETS

Goods right—prices right—workmanship right—everything right.

We do by far the largest business in Boston in

Carpets and Upholstery.

What do you suppose the reason is?

JOHN H. PRAY & SONS CO.,
658 Washington Street, 658
Opp. Boylston St.,
BOSTON.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

Latest Styles for Fall & Winter
NOW IN STOCK AT
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

STEADILY INCREASING

Our Prescription Business. Reasons for It:

NO SUBSTITUTION.

Special Personal Attention. Best Drugs and Medicines money can buy. Your Doctor's orders executed in best possible manner even to the minutest detail.

This is HUNTLEY'S, "The Prescription Store,"
417 MAIN STREET.

WATCH THEM.

It has leaked out that the Ames managers in this city have made arrangements for a lot of young Democrats to vote for Ames at the caucuses next Monday evening.

If the Republican managers can't prevent the success of that dishonest scheme they ought to resign and let another set take the reins.

The Ames people are desperate, and no trick is too scaly for them to resort to.

THIN AND UNPROFITABLE.

To strengthen his canvas for Congressional nomination in this city Col. Butler Ames made a nice donation to one of our churches the other day. Of course the trick was too transparant to deceive even the most obtuse.

PLEASE ANSWER.

Does any sensible man believe that, had Col. Ames been a penniless youth, and hadn't had a grandfather, he would have been thought of for a Congressional candidate this fall?

☞ Last Tuesday the JOURNAL establishment was honored with a call from ex-Representative William A. Lang and ex-Representative George A. Roper, a brace of respected Lowell citizens, with the appearance of both of whom it was well pleased. Mr. Lang's credentials, because he is a native of York county, Maine, were approved without question; and Mr. Roper was a bright, intelligent mannered man, who looked his colloquist squarely in the eye when discussing matters and things.

Mr. Roper is a candidate for the office of County Commissioner for Middlesex County to succeed Commissioner Upham, and he informed us that Lowell would give him a solid delegation in the convention. That will be a big boost for him. In a former year his advocacy of the building of a State Road from Lowell to Boston lost him Lowell's support. But times and conditions have changed since then, and his chances for the nomination are said to be good.

Both of the JOURNAL's last Monday guests, like the sensible men they are, strongly favor the construction of "Montreal Avenue," meaning by this, the proposed State Road from Lowell, via Woburn, to Boston.

☞ The Merchants and Manufacturers 20th Century Exposition will open at Mechanics Building in Boston on Oct. 1, and close on Oct. 27, 1900, and is expected to be the largest and best affair of the kind ever seen in Boston. The arrangements for it are in the hands of strong committees who are leaving nothing undone to make it a splendid success. Many unique features have already been secured and others will contribute to the interest of the Exposition. Fanciulli's 71st (N. Y.) Regiment Band, Sousa's celebrated Band, the Pittsburg Orchestra, and other famous organizations, will furnish music for the Grand Fair.

☞ The appearance on the carpet of William H. Marden of Stoneham as an aspirant for Senatorial honors surprises nobody who knows him, nor does it alarm Mr. Wood and his friends the least little bit. He got together some of his few followers in a hall last Tuesday night and opened what he called his campaign. We have been told that hardly anybody takes his announcement seriously. The only wonder is that he did not come out for Congress.

☞ The best informed politicians are positive that Knox will win the Congressional nomination by a handsome majority.

☞ The Massachusetts Republican Editorial Association will hold a Reunion at a Ratification Dinner to be tendered the nominees of the State convention at the Parker House, Boston, at 1.30 p. m., Monday, Oct. 8, next. Senators Hoar and Lodge, and other eminent political orators, will deliver addresses, and the affair will doubtless be an important one to the Editorial Guild and also to the public.

☞ The whole number of delegates entitled to seats in the Fifth Congressional District convention is 131. Of these Woburn's quota is 15. Lowell has 50 and Lawrence 30. The Lawrence delegation will be solid for Knox, while that from Lowell will be divided between Ames, Knox and Pickman, the first named getting the lion's share. The convention is to be held in Woburn.

☞ We print in this issue of the JOURNAL the Republican Ward and City Committee's notification of the time and places for holding the Republican caucuses next Monday, to which attention is directed.

It is of the greatest importance that each Ward should be fully represented. The Congressional contest will, most likely, result in large primaries.

☞ Instead of staying away from the caucuses next Monday evening and then finding fault with what was done at them, every Republican should attend and vote.

☞ It looks like a large Knox victory at the caucuses next Monday evening.

☞ Knox's friends and supporters in this city have got the Ames people on the run.

☞ The Woburn managers of Knox's campaign wear complacent countenances.

☞ A. S. Wood will have a solid Woburn delegation and a nomination in the convention by acclamation.

☞ But very little Representative talk is heard anywhere in the city.

[Republished by request.]

STATE HIGHWAY.

The Massachusetts Highway Commission have reported in favor of building a State road from the New Hampshire line at Tyngsboro, via Lowell, Lawrence, Haverhill and Newburyport to Salisbury Beach, and work on it has already been commenced at Lawrence. Two routes through Lowell were suggested by the Commission, one of which would costs to build $370,243, and the other $335,289.

The Commission say in their report: "It is difficult to say that the road above described constitutes a through road in the sense of any large business interests connecting the several populous industrial centres," an entirely unnecessary statement, for to everyone acquainted with the route the fact is patent that in no sense is it, or will it ever become, a business thoroughfare. Tyngsboro contains but a few hundred inhabitants, and Salisbury Beach is only a fourthclass summer resort, open three months in the year, and of no earthly account during the other nine. Neither is there any business interests in common between the cities on the proposed road that would warrant its construction, or the expenditure of such a vast sum of money.

What is the real reason then for building this State road? The Commissioners say in their report: "Further than this, if the road should be built, it will undoubtedly furnish one of the finest drives in the country for a district populated by nearly 200,000 people," etc. Does that fact, if it be a fact, justify the State in spending nearly $400,000 in the construction of the proposed highway merely for a pleasure drive for Lowell, Lawrence, and other places?

It is more than suspicioned that there is a cat under the meal. It comes from a reliable source that the scheme is nothing more nor less than a big land speculation on the Merrimac, and the State road is to be built in aid of it. It is a plausable story. No one will contend that the Commissioners were cognizant of such a scheme, but they lay themselves open to the charge that they are, unwittingly, contributing, or the State is, to its success.

This project of the State, if carried out, will violate a fundamental principle, antagonize a natural law. As all roads lead to Rome so all roads within a radius of 25 miles of Boston must lead to it, or at least point in that direction, otherwise their utility would be a doubtful quantity. A road leading from nowhere to nowhere, and away from Boston, as the proposed Lowell one will, if built, can never be made profitable either for business or pleasure.

What Lowell and the Merrimac country around Lowell and southern New Hampshire want is a State road running from Tyngsboro on the State line to Chelmsford, thence on or near the old Middlesex Canal to Billerica, and from there, through Woburn, Winchester, etc., to Charlestown, the southern turminus of that old waterway, a distance of about 27 miles. The grade from Chelmsford to the "Summit" in Billerica is only 32 feet, and from the "Summit" to tidewater 104 feet—less than that of any other route of the same distance in the State. On the other hand the proposed route to Salisbury Beach is unusually broken and hilly with numerous heavy grades.

The Lowell and Boston road, proposed and recomended by many practical men in this part of the State, would accomodate more than 600,000 people—more than three times as many as the Salisbury Beach proposition, allowing the estimate of the Commissioners to be correct.

For business purposes we will not insult the intelligence of our readers by pointing out the superiority of the southern route from Lowell over the Salisbury plan, for the most casual observer cannot but discover it at a glance. It is sufficient to say that it goes to Boston, the metropolis of New England, the centre of all business, the objective point for all industries and interests.

When this line of road strikes Woburn, 15 miles south of Lowell, it enters the domain of the Metropolitan Park and Boulevard Commissioners, and our readers know what that means as compared with the Merrimac River route from the standpoint of pleasure. It reaches a system of Parks and Boulevards in the construction of which millions of dollars have been expended, the most extensive and beautiful in this country, or perhaps in any other. This grand system is being extended continually by the Commission, the late Legislature having appropriated $1,000,000 for the purpose, by which is meant that new Parks and Boulevards are being constantly laid out and built within the Metropolitan District, in which Woburn is the most northerly municipality, being just 10 miles from the State House.

If it is seaside pleasures that the people of Tyngsboro and Lowell seek it is a strange perversity that induces them to go to Salisbury Beach. At anyrate if Salisbury Beach is such a paradise of a summer resort, such a charming retreat from the cares of the world, as to lead the State to build a road to it at a cost of nearly $400,000, it seems queer that nobody outside of Tyngsboro and Lowell should ever have heard of it.

A State road running south not only takes the Tyngsboro and Lowell people to Boston for business, but communicates with the finest seaside resorts in the world.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

R. G. Cook—To Let.
G. T. Connor—Goods.
E. H. Richards—To Let.
J. H. Murphy—Citation.
Rep. W. & C. Com.—Caucuses.
C. A. Nichols—Carpet Cleaning.
Tremont Theatre—Monte Cristo.

— Locke, tuner, telephone, this page.

— Mr. Fred Rogers is gaining slowly.

— Bertha Munroe is teaching at Agawam.

— John C. Parker and family are visiting in N. H.

— Miss Dora B. Buss has recovered from a severe illness.

— Sept. 30 is S. S. "Rallying Sunday" at First Church.

— Please read the ad. To Let by R. G. Cook in this paper.

— The Towandas are getting in trim for the season's bowling.

— Mr. Levi W. Cooper has gone to Worcester to visit friends.

— Mr. Waterman Brown was improving slightly at last accounts.

— Michael Doherty has gone to Montreal to study for the priesthood.

— Mr. E. H. Richards advertises a good tenement to rent at a cheap figure.

— Mr. and Mrs. Gilman F. Jones had a pleasant visit at Portland, Maine, last week.

— There are 325 pupils in the High School, and 300 beginners in the primaries.

— Mr. and Mrs. L. Waldo Thompson have lately been at the White Mountains.

— Attention is asked for the professional card of Miss Mertena Bancroft in this paper.

— Read Gregory's notice of the auction sale of the Bonnell property to be found in this paper.

— Mrs. Edwin H. Hobbs of Portland, Maine, is visiting the Editor's family here this week.

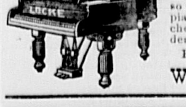
— Dr. Robert Chalmers has reached home from a greatly enjoyed and highly successful hunting trip.

— Peaches, pears, plums, apricots, and everything nice at the fine fruit store of Crovo Brothers.

Take Me To Whitcher's Pill Box
Next to Post Office.
℞

[In Woburn, Mass., this PRESCRIPTION BLANK is familiar to thousands who follow its behest when ill.]

The Lid of the PILL BOX will be closed at 9.30 P. M. from Oct. 1st to April 1st, on week days, except Saturdays and Holidays.



CORRECT PIANO TUNING AND REPAIRING,
BY FRANK A. LOCKE.
24 YEARS EXPERIENCE.

Tuner in Woburn for a great many years. Every unison, octave and chord so evenly balanced and smoothly tuned as to make the harmony on your piano an exquisite pleasure to listen to. No jagged, rough, harsh, uneven chords so often left by tuners. Recommendations from manufacturers, dealers, teachers, colleges and the musical profession. Prices reasonable.

Boston Office: 179 Tremont St., Boston. Telephone 17-2 Jamaica.

Woburn Office, Moore & Parker's, 375 Main St.

NEURALGIA
PNEUMONIA
MALARIA
COLDS
GRIPPE
DR. GORDON'S MALARIAL TABLETS

THE BOMB
That Deals Death to Disease.

Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets

Recognized medical authorities concede that Pneumonia and Grippe are the outcome of the malarial germ. It is here (the root of the evil) where Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets arrest the cause of disease, and hence are recognized as reliable by the medical fraternity. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take.

For sale by druggists everywhere, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price—if your dealer can't supply you. 50c. a Box.
EDWARD C. CHURCH, Boston, Mass.
GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Wholesale Agents.

— Herrick Brown goes to Williams College next week. He is one of Woburn's brightest young men.

— Remember that the Registrars of Voters will be in session this and tomorrow evenings. Register!

— Mr. John Connolly, Janitor of City Hall, was quite sick last week. He was attended by Dr. Keliher.

— Bicycle riding on sidewalks will be punished, on conviction, to the full extent of the law, so our authorities say.

— Col. John Black reports a splendid visit to Nova Scotia, and says his Association enjoyed every minute while away.

— All kinds of repairing at Leathe's. Our $2 50 hand welt calf shoes for men are equal to any $3 advertised shoes.

— There is lots of interesting reading matter anent the Wakefield-Reading Agricultural Fair on the outside of this paper.

— On Wednesday evening, Sept. 26, Charles Bowers Winn Camp, 66, S. of V. will give their first Whist Party of the season.

— According to the Almanac the days and nights are now of equal length. They won't run that way very long, though.

— Burglars got away with tools, etc. at the machine shop of J. T. Freeman & Co. to the extent of $75, a short time ago.

— The Woburn Democrats will hold caucuses to choose delegates to the several conventions on Wednesday evening, Sept. 26.

— Mr. J. Q. A. Brackett and family, who passed a pleasant summer at Southport, Maine, have returned to their homes in this city.

— The Boston Branch, Fitz & Stanley, advertise Pillsbury's flour this week, than which there is nothing better made of wheat.

— Representative Roberts of Reading brought us over a valuable public document last Saturday. We had a pleasant call from him.

— Janitor Nathaniel Simonds is proud of the new Flag which floats over the High School, the generous gift of Capt. John E. Tidd.

— John A. Henley of Lynn, the Socialist Laborer advocate, spoke on the Common last Saturday evening to rather a small audience.

— The number of scholars in attendance in our city schools last Friday was 2752, and that was exactly the number on Sept. 14, 1899.

— Trains were blocked near Winchester last Monday by the derailing of a train of dump cars and had to take to the Loop to get to their destination.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— Mr. Fred Olson, gatetender at Church ave. railroad crossing, has been under the weather this week, and Mr. William H. O'Reilly has been filling the position.

— This vicinity was blessed by a splendid rain last Saturday night and Sunday. It was greatly needed, and will make pastures blossom like the rose of Sharon.

— While in Montreal the other day Hon. John M. Harlow mailed a copy the *Daily Witness* of that city to the JOURNAL, for which he will please accept our thanks.

— Uncle Daniel Sullivan, the old Pleasant street gateman, now 80 years old, is a very sick man. He and Waterman Brown are the only two old B. & M. standbys alive.

— It is believed by many people that the Hide & Leather Company will shut down all the leather factories in Woburn before long. It is said that some of them have recently been closed.

— Is it possible that the less than half a dozen Republicans who have sold out to the Ames faction for "a mess of potash" will feel just a little streaked next Tuesday morning?

— According to the old rule and Gunther, we ought to have had a frost here last Monday night, and it would have come but for the rain.

P. S.—It came Tuesday night.

Comer's Commercial College
Known Everywhere

as the most modern, progressive and in every way "up-to-date" business school. Prepares

Young Men and Women

in the shortest time—at the least expense—for good paying business positions. Day and evening sessions. If you want to know all about Shorthand, Book-keeping and the most successful Employment Department send for latest prospectus.

666 Washington St., cor. Beach St.,
BOSTON.

— Mr. T. Marvin Parker returned from his old home at Lebanon, Maine, a few days ago. He told us that he never before saw it so dry in that section as it was when he was there.

— Charles J. Sheerin, aged 25 years, of Montvale, died in the Melrose Hospital last Tuesday evening from an operation for apendicites. He was a shoe cutter and worked at Stoneham.

— The Men's Class of the First church will hold its first services with Rev. Mr. Scudder, for the fall, on Sunday, Sept. 23, at 12 M. All old members welcome, and new comers invited.

— Thomas F. Quinn, late of the Wabash at the Charlestown Navy Yard, has been promoted to Storekeeper on the Topeka which has sailed on a European cruise via Hampton Roads.

— Capt. John E. Tidd recently presented the High School with a fine U. S. Flag. The colors he gave the school some years ago had become delapidated, and the Flag was give to replace them.

— Judge J. G. Maguire has been engaged in the contested will case of Mrs. Hiller of Wilmington at the Probate Court this week. A large number of lawyers represent the different parties litigant in it.

— There was another powerful rain last Monday night and Tuesday morning. It began with thunder and lightning just above the southern horizon at 7 p. m., and poured big from that time until breakfast time Tuesday.

— The Highland Orchestra, one of the very best in this region of country, are in prime condition for furnishing music for parties, entertainments, banquets, and other functions, this season, and are ready to respond to all calls.

— It looks as though no license will be carried in this city next December with a rush. There has been a remarkable change in sentiment in favor of "No" in the last year. Thinking men are turning to ways of righteousness.

— James McDonald, a Veteran of the Civil War, who died at the Chelsea Soldiers Home last week, was brought here for the funeral and burial last Saturday. He served in the Third Heavy Artillery and enlisted at Stoneham.

— Company G, 5th Regiment, of Woburn, got away with Company H, 6th Regiment, to the tune of 414 to 410 in a rifle shoot at Walnut Hill, last Saturday. The Woburn Company have some of the best rifle shots in the business.

— Ald. B. H. Nichols's examination of the Town Meadow drain, and a few suggestions of his, induced the overseers to make some changes in the work. It was a mere matter of the main being several inches above high tide in the brook.

— Mr. C. A. Nichols, successor to Mr. F. W. Bosworth as proprietor of the Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works in Buel Place, is doing a good business this fall. He understands it thoroughly, and does work that is satisfactory to all costomers.

— Several days ago Mr. George F. Hosmer of 350 Salem street returned from a carriage drive through the most picturesque sections of New Hampshire, which was greatly enjoyed by him, except his experience in the terrific wind storm of Sept. 12, the full force of which he received while climbing the N. H. hills. He had a fine trip.

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
MONDAY, October 1st, 1900.
Pupils will kindly arrange for hours at their earliest convenience.
12 Franklin St., Woburn.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
—IN—
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue, WOBURN

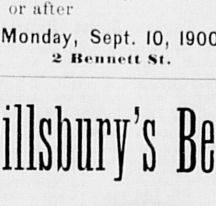
Miss DORA ALLINE WINN,
Painoforte Instruction,
6 HIGHLAND ST.
Arrangements for lessons can be made on or after Sept. 24.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,
(Pupil of Loeffler.)
VIOLIN INSTRUCTION.
ADDRESS:
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

MISS JOSEPHINE LANG
WILL RESUME
Pianoforte Instruction
Thursday, Sept. 20, 1900.
9 Montvale Ave., WOBURN.
ADDRESS: 25 Vinson St., Dorchester.

MRS. LEWIS,
Teacher of Pianoforte.
Private or class lessons may be arranged for, on or after
Monday, Sept. 10, 1900,
2 Bennett St.

Pillsbury's Best



FLOUR!
$5.50 Per Bbl.

Bear in mind that this IS the Best Flour on the market.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts.

The Hon. Adlai E. Stevenson's record as a greenbacker was made before Mr. Bryan had heard of the silver question. Adlai ought to stand very well with the Populists.

"I am glad to know that this year the place hunts the man, and not the man the place."—McKinley.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

SALVATION ARMY.—Meetings every evening at 8 o'clock. Every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 3 and 8 P. M. No. 26 Montvale Ave.

UNITARIAN.—Preaching by the pastor at 10.30 A. M. Subject: "The Deluge." Sunday School at 12 M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Unreality." All are welcome.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—15th Sunday after Trinity.
Morning Prayer at 10.30.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Service at 7.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. C. B. Crane D. D. Subject: "The First Thing at Which Our Savior Marvelled." Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor Meeting at 5 45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "The Second Thing at Which Our Savior Marvelled." Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7.45.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. A. E. Cotton of Boston. Subject: "An Unwritten Chapter of American History." Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor Society Meeting at 5.45 P. M. Evening Worship. Preaching by the pastor at 7. Prayer Meeting Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN.—15th Sunday after Trinity.
At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "Treasures in Heaven."
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 7 P. M., Divine Service. Subject: "Time is Short."
Thursday, Meeting of Y. P. S.
All are invited.
Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

SCAND. EV. FREE CHURCH.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Young People's Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.
Ludwig Akeson, Pastor.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Sept. 13, Margaret, daughter of Hugh and Margaret Gilgun, aged 2 years, 5 months.

In this city, Sept. 18, Bridget Doherty, aged 46 years.

In this city, Sept. 18, Charles J. Sheeran, aged 24 years.

In this city, Sept. 19, Walter Kenney, aged 34 years.

In this city, Sept. 19, George H. Leslie, aged 68 years.

At Soldier's Home, Chelsea, Sept. 13, James McDonald, aged 52 years, 10 months, 9 days.

Paper Pattern Department.

The October DELINEATOR, for sale in our Pattern Department, contains 100 illustrations of newest garments, millinery, garnitures, etc. It is a storehouse of dress information; a never-failing guide in a thousand and one other domestic matters in addition to garment-making. Fifteen Cents.

October Butterick Patterns are now on sale.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

To Open The Season

We shall place on our counters a line of fine combed Ladies' Fleeced Vests and Pants for Fall and Winter wear. This lot we have just bought direct from the manufacturer and were made to sell from 29 to 35 cents apiece. We shall open the season by selling these at 20 cents apiece. There is only a case of these goods and they will not last long.

Bicycle and Storm Skirts have always been a specialty with us and this season we have made arrangements with the best skirt maker in Boston and will make to order in three days any skirt we have in stock. We are selling these skirts from $1.75 up. Come and see this line and compare our prices with Boston.

This Vest 20 cents.

This Skirt $2.25.

REMEMBER THE LITTLE STORE.

No. 335 Main St., WOBURN

Local News.

— City Solicitor Curran, and Aldermen Wood and Nichols are a committee of the City Council to confer with the Lynn & Boston Street Railway Company respecting a franchise for a continuance of the line from North Woburn to the Wilmington town line.

— Col. A. L. Richardson attended the 31st reunion and banquet of the Royal Order of Scotland of the United States, held at Hotel Brunswick, Boston, last Monday evening. Hon. Josiah H. Drummond of Portland, Maine, a 33d Degree Mason, presided.

— Mrs. Capt. J. Henry Symonds was in this city viewing the landscape o'er last Saturday. She has been at Duxbury during the summer, enjoying the good things of that ancient burg, among them seabreezes, and expected to return to her home in New York this week.

— The Willow Club will give their first Grand Assembly at John Cummings Hose Hall, Cummingsville, on Friday evening, Oct. 5. Tickets for gentlemen 35 cents; for ladies 15 cents. Watt and Talty will furnish the music. Refreshments will be served in the Hall. A fine time is expected.

— Mr. Henry F. Davis of the firm of J. T. Freeman & Co. reports a considerable falling off lately of the volume of business at their machineshop. As that establishment, one of the largest in this part of the country, generally serves as an index to the local business situation, the report of Mr. Davis is not encouraging.

— Fall is beginning to don her russet robes, and the chill in the morning and evening air reminds us that summer is ended. But, as Felicia Hemans wrote: "Leaves have their time to fall, and flowers to wither at the North Wind's breath," so we must take the seasons as they come in good part and without grumbling.

— Last Friday the Woburn Flower Mission, of which Mrs. E. C. Collamore is President, made up and sent to Boston 381 beautiful bouquets, making a total this season of 5,650, the largest number contributed by any Auxiliary Mission. Flowers will be gratefully received at First church vestry the balance of this month.

— Ensign Prudder, who is in charge of a portion of the slum work in Boston, will assist in the Salvation Army Meetings here Sunday. All persons desiring to contribute either money or salable articles will please send the same, or a card, and it will be called for, to Ensign Lovell, 26 Montvale ave. Sale of goods Monday and Tuesday evenings, Sept. 24th and 25th.

— Mrs. Helen G. Rice of Boston, will address the ladies and children of Woburn, on Friday, Sept. 21, at 4.15 P. M., for the purpose of forming for the children a Loyal Temperance Legion. The meeting will be held in the Swedish Lutheran church, and is under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. Boys and girls with their parents are cordially invited to attend.—PRESS SUPT.

— At a meeting of the Trustees of the Rumford House held on Thursday evening, Sept. 13, it was voted to dispense with the services of Miss Marian T. Hosmer as housekeeper after Oct. 15, next. Since then several kind hearted women have started a petition to the Board to allow Miss Hosmer to remain in the position until April 1, next, and the same is being numerously signed.

— Mrs. F. Gardiner Silver of New York City, niece of Rev. Dr. Walter A. Gardiner, an eminent New York clergyman, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Strout at their home on Montvale ave. early this week. Dr. Gardiner, Mrs. Silver, and the Strouts became acquainted and formed a warm friendship at Northport this summer. Mrs. Silver returned to N. Y. last Monday.

— Mr. George T. Connor has an advertisement in the JOURNAL this week which is worth reading. His announcements always speak the truth. He is reliable, and that accounts, in a great measure, for his success in trade here. He commenced business on Main street in a modest way; it has steadily increased; and now he is flourishing. When the sales people at his store say a thing is so, it *is* so.

— Edward Everett Hale's Lend-a-Hand Society have issued an appeal to fruit growers for contributions of apples for the poor of Boston, which the railroads centering there will receive and convey free of charge. The apples may be sent in bags, barrels and boxes, and should be plainly marked "Farmers Fruit Offering, D. L. Griggs, Supt." In 1896 the fruit offerings of the farmers to the Boston poor amounted to 5,500 bushels, and it is hoped that figure will be overtopped in 1900. It is a worthy charity, else Edward Everett Hale's name would not head it.

— In his report ending Sept. 17, J. W. Smith, Section Director of the N. E. Sec. Climate and Crop Service of the Weather Bureau, says: Grass: the crop is everywhere light. Grain: the crop is generally considered medium. Fruit: A large percentage of the apple, pear and peach crop fell during the first day of this week. Vegetables: potato digging continues; early planted potatoes are very poor; onions are about an average crop.

— The city of Waltham has been doing considerable crowing over the large number of scholars with which their High School opened on Sept. 4, 1900, to wit, 313. Now, Waltham's population exceeds Woburn's by 4,000 or 5,000, and yet our High School registered on opening day this year, Sept. 10, 316 pupils, and now has 325. Either this is a poor showing for Waltham, or a mighty good one for Woburn. Probably the latter.

— Mr. Charles G. Lund has been appointed General Superintendent of the factories and manufacturing affairs of the American Hide & Leather Company in this city, a responsible position for which he is well fitted. He has been brought up at the trade of leather making, as his father before him was, and is, in addition, a young man of excellent business ability, and as square as a brick. Mr. Lund is also popular with the employees of the Company.

— Mr. and Mrs. Frank Charman received a dispatch from their daughter Florence E. who was then at Houston, Texas, which gave them great relief. She was in Galveston when the great hurricane struck that city and passed through its perils, but must have escaped with her life, and probably uninjured, as her telegram was dated after the storm and wreck. The parents are heartily congratulated on the escape of their daughter. A letter since received confirms her safety.

— Burdett's College in Boston opened on Sept. 4 with a larger attendance than ever before in its history. It stands at the head of business colleges in New England and increases in size and importance each succeeding year. New features are being constantly added to its courses of studies, and that, with its up to date administration and superior instruction, is what gives it the leadership.

— The funeral of Harry E. Crowell was held Friday afternoon. The Rev. Henry C. Parker of the Unitarian church officiated. Mrs. Everett P Fox rendered "Here and There" and "No Sorrow There." The bearers were Lewis and Ernest Parker, John H. Bates, Jr., William Carleton, Joseph Bennett and Willis E. Buckman. The interment was at Woodbrook cemetery. More than 20 years ago the mother of Harry, then Miss S. Emma Parker, was a compositor in the JOURNAL office, as was also her sister Lizzie, who afterwards married Mr. William Ellard, now a resident of Lynn.

— The 10-mile bicycle race in this city last Saturday afternoon drew a very large crowd of people. It was an exciting contest in which some of the best wheelmen in this part of the State participated. Many valuable prizes were offered. The route was from the Woburn golf clubhouse, Main street, north on Main street, Elm, Main, around Wyman Green and return over the course four times. Sixty-one started and 46 finished. At Wyman green George Carter, who was ahead, attempted to make a short cut to the left and did so successfully. P. J. McCarron was not so fortunate, for Carter struck him. Both were thrown, and for a minute the air was full of riders and wheels. McCarron was badly injured about the head, and one leg was bruised. Carter was shaken up only. The time prizes were won by R. F. Swan, 30m 44s, and E. F. Root, 30m 50s. First position prize went to S. Browne Jr., of West Roxbury.

— Edith Lillian Smith, daughter of Mr. C. Willard Smith, had one of her arms broken at Holyoke last Tuesday. She entered Holyoke College this fall.

— The City Council gave the Concord & Boston the franchise for the Lexington road last evening.

— A good rain last night; 8 A. M. Sept. 21: still drizzling.

NOTICE.

In accordance with an agreement of the Druggists of this city we shall close our store at 9.30 o'clock every evening from October first to April first.

Saturdays and Christmas Holidays excepted.

F. P. BROOKS,
Ph. G.,
361 Main St.

Rifle Match.

Last Tuesday the 5th Regiment, M. V. M., held their annual rifle match at Walnut Hill, and in the contest Company G of Woburn won out in handsome style. It was not a good day for target shooting. It rained in the morning, and a brisk wind prevailed, which had a tendency to lower the score of the contestants.

The teams were allowed two hours each to complete their scores, and a number of them were well inside the limit, while but one took the full time. Things ran along smoothly, although the number of men present who could only draw a goose egg was surprising, while the average of all was very low. Company G of Woburn maintained its reputation for steady holding, closing its scores with 19 over centres, leading the field easily. The following was the score of

COMPANY G, WOBURN.

Lieut. McCarthy	4	5	4	5	3	4	4	4	4	5—42
Priv. Sweeney	4	4	4	5	5	4	4	4	5	5—44
Priv. Rogers	4	4	4	5	4	3	4	5	5	4—42
Corp. Carlton	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	5	5	4—42
Mus. Cummings	4	2	4	3	5	3	4	5	4	3—37
Lieut. Cutler	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	4	4	4—41
Priv. Kean	3	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	4	4—40
Corp. Durward	4	4	4	4	5	3	5	4	5	4—42
Sergt. Gambell	5	4	5	4	4	4	4	5	4	5—44
Priv. Durward	4	5	5	5	4	5	4	5	4	4—45
Total										419

Nine individual prizes were shot for and five of the nine were won by Co. G.

1st prize,	Priv. Cook,	Co. I,	47
2d "	Sergt. Pratt,	" F,	45
3d "	Priv. J. Durward,	" G,	45
4th "	Priv. Sweeney,	" G,	44
5th "	Sergt. Gambell,	" G,	44
6th "	Sergt. Berg,	" L,	43

OFFICERS PRIZES.

1st prize,	Capt. Hamilton,	Co. F,	43
2d "	Lieut. McCarthy,	" G,	42
3d "	Lieut. Cutler,	" G,	41

Mr. James Durward handsomely upheld the reputation of the Durward family for superiority of markmanship with the rifle.

Boston Theatres.

THE TREMONT.

Since the critical opinions of New York still count for a great deal outside, local amusement-lovers may be gratified at the information that Boston's verdict on Anna Held and "Papa's Wife" has been unqualifiedly endorsed by Gothamites. After its term at the Boston Theatre it was taken almost direct to the Manhattan, where it finished the season in a blaze of glory. Reviewers were enthusiastic in their praise of Miss Held and of Charles A. Bigelow, her principal fun maker; of the piece presented; and, finally, of the manner of its presentation. With reports of this success, play and players will be seen next week at the Tremont. Messrs. Smith and DeKoven, mentioned above as being responsible for "Papa's Wife," will be remembered as the author and the composer respectively of such hits as "Robin Hood" and "The Three Dragoons." In preparing Miss Held's vehicle the latter seemed to surpass himself, the melodies being of remarkable rhythm and swing. Mr. Smith's lines and lyrics, which proved to be of unusual humor, will be recalled as being twined around the story of a dissipated father and a supernaturally proper son. Miss Held's work in this complication will be recollected as of a delightful quality—her old chic and piquancy tempered by the reserve and discretion that has so much to do with histrionic art at its best. Mr. Bigelow's famous squeak continues to stand him in good stead, while the remainder of the principals are highly commended. The chorus contains the very bud and flower of Rialto beauty. Settings, costumes and properties are described as being of a kind to greatly enhance the performance.

Congressman Knox's Brother.

The *Salem News'* Peabody correspondent tells the following story of local interest:

Congressman W. S. Knox, of Lawrence, was in Peabody, Saturday afternoon, and while in W. A. Smith's barber shop made a startling discovery which, for an instant, nearly floored him. Mr. Knox lost a brother in the War of the Rebellion, James R. Knox by name. He was a member of Co. C, 40th Massachusetts, and it was always supposed that he had died in the prison at Florence, after being removed from Andersonville, but no corroborative evidence of it was ever received.

During the conversation in the barber shop Saturday afternoon, the death of the Congressman's brother was referred to by Mr. Knox, and he was almost stunned with surprise to learn that Mr. Smith was a prisoner at Andersonville, was afterward removed to Florence, and that James R. Knox died while lying beside him at that place. Mr. Smith knew the man and remembered with all the details the fact of his death. It was a great revelation to Congressman Knox and he was more than anxious to learn the full particulars, which Mr. Smith, very fortunately, was able to give him.

Working Night and Day.

The busiest and mightiest little thing that ever was made is Dr King's New Life Pills. These pills change weakness into strength, listlessness into energy, brain-fag into mental power. They're wonderful in building up the health. Only 25c per box. Sold by Huntley & Co., druggists.

"With us war always stops when the assailants of our flag consent to Grant's terms of unconditional surrender.—"McKinley.

Obituary.

Mr. FREEMAN A. LORING, of Medford, who died on the 14th inst, was identified with the leather business of Woburn and Winchester for some thirty-five years. He began as a salesman with Moseley & Dunn, and became a partner with A. Moseley & Co., after the dissolution of the former firm. He then formed a partnership with John Avery, under the firm name of Loring & Avery, and after that firm dissolved he carried on the business at North Winchester and Woburn, under the name of F. A. Loring & Co., John A. Williams being his partner. He was afterwards connected with J. M. Jones & Co.

His funeral was held at Medford, on Tuesday last, at 2.30 P. M., Rev. H. C. DeLong officiating. There were present representative delegations from several organizations with which he was connected, such as the Boston Commandery Knight Templars; Mt. Hermon Lodge; Mystic Royal Arch Chapter; Medford Council of Masons; S. C. Lawrence Post, 66, G. A. R.; the Veteran Fireman's Association; the Medford City Government, of which he was formerly a member; and representatives of Camp 54, Sons of Veterans, and S. E. Fuller, Tent 22, Daughters of Veterans. There were many beautiful floral tributes. Music was furnished by a Quartette. Interment was in the family lot in Oak Grove Cemetery. Mr. Loring was a thirty-second degree mason, and his age at time of death was sixty-three years.

A Night of Terror.

"Awful anxiety was felt for the widow of the brave General Burnham of Machias, Me., when the doctors said she would die from Pneumonia before morning" writes Mrs. S. H. Lincoln, who attended her that fearful night, but she begged for Dr. King's New Discovery, which had more than once saved her life, and cured her of Consumption. After taking, she slept all night. Further use entirely cured her." This marvellous medicine is guaranteed to cure all Throat, Chest and Lung Diseases. Only 50c and $1 00. Trial bottles free at Huntley & Co.'s drug store.

B. & M. Employs 22,366.

The Boston & Maine railroad has just completed a census of its working force, which shows the total number of employees to be 22,366. Of these, the largest number is in the road department, 5820. The number of those employed in the running of trains is 4343, and in and about the stations, 5075, while it requires 3736 men to look after the motive power department. In the car department the force numbers 1969, and in the fuel department, 438. In keeping the signals and the electrical apparatus in working order 205 people are employed, while in the general office there are 740.

Previous to taking in the Fitchburg the total was in the neighborhood of 16,000.

If the number of those dependent on each one of these thousands of employes averages four, it will be seen that almost 90,000 persons are, directly or indirectly, supported by the present Boston & Maine system.

White House Weddings.

"The first wedding at the White House was that of Miss Maria Monroe, the President's daughter, in 1820. She married Samuel L. Gouverneur," writes Rene Bache, in the September *Ladies' Home Journal.* "During the Hayes regime Miss Lucy Platt, a niece of Mrs. Hayes, was married at the Executive Mansion to General Russell Hastings. The most notable wedding celebrated at the White House was that of Miss Nellie Grant, who was married May 21, 1874, to a young Englishman, Algernon Charles Frederic Sartoris. The only White House wedding in which the Chief Executive has taken the bridegroom's part was celebrated June 2, 1886, when President Grover Cleveland married Frances Folsom, the daughter of his former law partner. President Tyler married during his incumbency, but in New York."

Democrats for Expansion.

"We declare in favor of a strict adherence to the traditional policy of the Democratic party in the matter of territorial extension: that the speedy annexation of Hawaii, the independence of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines and their acquisitions are favored, if in keeping with enduring peace with the powers of Europe."

This is not an extract from a Republican platform; not at all. It is part of the platform adopted by the Democrats at Mt. Clemens, Mich., in June, 1898. It contrasts strongly with what these same Democrats are now asked to support if they follow the vagaries of Mr. Bryan.

North Woburn.

Mrs. Alfred Eaton is again quite ill.

The Walker family have moved from the Brooks house.

Mr. Marshall Tidd has returned from his summer outing.

Miss Frances S. Emerson, artist, and lecturer on art, passed last week at the Rumford House, guest of Miss Hosmer.

New Line to Lowell Planned.

LOWELL, Sept. 14, 1900. A petition for a new electric railroad has been filed with the Selectmen of Billerica and other towns, starting at the termination of the Boston Elevated in Belmont and passing through Woburn, Burlington, Lexington, Lincoln, Concord, Billerica and Chelmsford to Lowell. To the Billerica people the new line promises a 15 cent fare to Boston, and a 5-cent fare to Lowell. The request for a location in Lowell has not yet been made.—*Boston Herald.*

Stood Death Off.

E. B. Munday, a lawyer of Henrietta, Tex., once fooled a grave-digger. He says; "My brother was very low with malarial fever and jaundice. I persuaded him to try Electric Bitters, and he was soon much better, but continued their use until he was wholly cured. I am sure Electric Bitters saved his life." This remedy expels malaria, kills disease germs and purifies the blood; aids digestion, regulates liver, kidneys and bowels, cures constipation, dyspepsia, nervous diseases, kidney troubles, female complaints; gives perfect health. Only 50c at Huntley & Co.'s drug store.

"Could we, after freeing the Filipinos from the domination of Spain, have left them without power to protect life or property or to perform the international obligations essential to an independent state? Could we have left them in a state of anarchy and justified ourselves in our own conscience or before the tribunal of mankind? Could we have done that in the sight of God or man?"—McKinley.

One of the Massachusetts free silver leaders, the Hon. Timothy Coakley, who has served a term of enlistment in the Philippines, is so disgusted with Mr. Bryan's policy of surrender that he is coming home to support the Republican ticket. He declares that National honor is paramount to financial questions. In other words, he places the Nation above the dollar.

Captain William E. English, of Indianapolis, is another Democrat who cannot be deceived by the paramounting process. He has announced his intention of supporting McKinley and Roosevelt.

There is nothing in the constitution to conflict with the Hon. P. Altgeld's aspirations for a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court, but they are destined to receive a rude shock at the hands of the American voters.

WINCHESTER.

The Winchester Golf Club are practicing for all they are worth.

Contractors are invited to submit bids for building a road to Middlesex Fells.

The ladies of Highland Bethany Chapel will hold a sale of the Congregational church on Thursday, Oct. 1.

The Y. M. C. A. will give a course of entertainments and lectures this season, the first to be given on Nov. 1, by the Royal Tyrolean Concert Troupe. Tickets for the course, $1.

Mrs. Wilson, wife of the genial and able Editor of the *Star*, is travelling in Nova Scotia, a land she dearly loves. Her illustrated letters of travel and scenes are highly entertaining.

It was stated in a recent issue of the Boston *Journal* that another newspaper is to be started in this village early in October; that some 50 leading citizens had organized a company for the business; that a plant had been bought for the purpose, etc. Now, I don't profess to know much about the scheme, but take the liberty of asking the 50 leading citizens if it is not barely possible they have bought an elephant? Certain parties, the promoters in this affair, had an abandoned printing office that they wanted to sell and took this means of getting it off their hands at a good round price. It is to be moved to this town and set to running. I am not speaking of my own knowledge but base my remarks on heresay. And what do these 50 leading citizens expect to accomplish? The town is not large enough for two papers, and the *Star* is so firmly established in the good graces of the people that the new enterprise cannot expect to successfully "buck" against it. How is the new venture to succeed?

"Did we need their consent to perform a great act of humanity? We had it in every aspiration of their minds, in every hope of their hearts. Was it necessary to ask their consent to capture Manila, the capital of their islands? Did we ask their consent to liberate them from Spanish sovereignty, or to enter Manila Bay and destroy the Spanish sea-power there? We did not ask these things; we were obeying a higher moral obligation, which rested on us and did not require anybody's consent."—McKinley.

A Shocking Calamity

"Lately befell a railroad laborer," writes Dr. A. Kellett, of Williford, Ark. "His foot was badly crushed, but Bucklen's Arnica Salve quickly cured him. It's simply wonderful for burns, Boils, Piles and all skin eruptions. It's the world's champion healer. Cure guaranteed. 25c. Sold by Huntley & Co., druggist.

"The hum of industry has drowned the voice of calamity, and the voice of despair is no longer heard in the United States, and the orators without occupation here are now looking to the Philipines for comfort."—McKinley.

Jell-O, The New Dessert,

pleases all the family. Four flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts. Try it to-day.

His Opinion.

Fiddleback—Are you going around to Miss Muffin's tomorrow night, Mrs. Von Blumer?

Mrs. Von Blumer—She gives a chafing dish party, doesn't she?

Fiddleback—Yes.

Mrs. Von Blumer—We may. Are you?

Fiddleback (smiling)—Well, hardly.

Mrs. Von Blumer—Why, I thought you were fond of Miss Muffin.

Fiddleback—I am, but not of her chafing dish parties.

Mrs. Von Blumer—You mean—

Fiddleback—I mean the chafing dish part.

Mrs. Von Blumer—You don't like that?

Fiddleback—Well, I can stand a good deal, but the concoctions Miss Muffin gets up in that instrument of torture are too much for me.

Mrs. Von Blumer—You are too hard on her, I am sure.

Fiddleback—Hard on her, do you say! Well, I guess she is pretty hard on the rest of her victims.

Mrs. Von Blumer—What particular dish of hers don't you like?

Fiddleback—Well, I can't say that I am partial to any of them. I've tried them all, and there isn't much choice. Her lobster Newburg can produce about as much complex agony as anything else. But I think for suffering long drawn out, for steady, unintermittent, ablebodied pain, her Welsh rabbit takes the blue ribbon. Have you ever tried Miss Muffin's Welsh rabbit?

Mrs. Von Blumer—Oh, yes, indeed! Why, I have been giving her cooking lessons for the last six months!—Harper's Bazar.

His Moments of Joy.

Did you ever hear of the strange man who went out to a summer hotel once for a holiday? He impressed on the clerk the first day he was there that it was of vital importance that he be called at 6 o'clock next morning. He was called. He didn't come down stairs till 2 in the afternoon. The injunction to the clerk was repeated every day, and every day the mysterious guest staid in his room till late in the afternoon. When he had been at the place a week and was about to leave, the clerk said to him:

"I beg your pardon, sir; it's none of my business, but why have you left orders to be called at 6 o'clock every morning and never got out of bed till several hours later?"

"Well," he replied, "I'll tell you. Back in the city I've got a job that compels me to get up every morning, summer and winter, at 6 o'clock. This is my first vacation for five years. Every day when your bellboy has come up stairs and banged at the door I've started up to dress and get down to the office and then suddenly let the conviction steal blissfully over my brain that I didn't have to. Then I've gone back to bed, hugged the pillow and dreamed that I was in the Elysian fields. That moment of joy that has followed the banging on my door every morning has been worth three times the price of the bill."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Rubens received for his painting of the grand ceiling at the banqueting house, Whitehall, the sum of $20,000. The space covered by this painting is about 400 yards, so that he was paid nearly $50 a yard.

Benares, India, was an ancient capital before Babylon or Nineveh was founded.

PIANOS
At Fire Sale Prices

OVER 100 pianos in our warerooms at the time of the fire were uninjured; their only fault is that they have seen a fire—at a distance; all these will be sold at a heavy discount; every one fully warranted; easy payments—two or three years to finish paying if desired; Ivers & Pond uprights, $275 and upward; uprights of other makes, $180 and upward; squares $50 and upward.

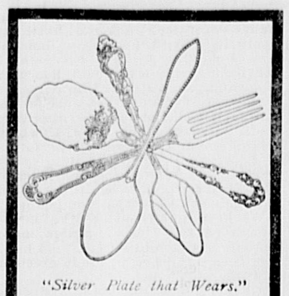
HANDSOME Ivers & Pond upright, mahogany case, medium size; was not near the fire, stood in another part of the warerooms; is in perfect condition; price before the fire $375, now $275; $20 down and $8 per month.

BEAUTIFUL Ivers & Pond upright, mahogany case, large size; entirely new; you would never know it had been near a fire; delightful tone and action; regular price, $475; special sale price, $315; $25 down and $10 per month.

IVERS & POND upright, our largest and most expensive style; had been slightly used before fire; not damaged by the fire in the slightest; exquisite tone, delightful action; regular price, $500; fire sale price, $335, on easy payments if desired.

150 more genuine bargains can be seen at our warerooms. If you cannot call, write for list of special bargains.

IVERS & POND PIANO CO.,
114 and 116 Boylston St., Boston.



"Silver Plate that Wears."

The trade mark

"1847 Rogers Bros."

on Spoons, Forks, etc., is a guarantee of quality the world over. The prefix—1847—insures the genuine Rogers quality. For sale by leading dealers everywhere. Send for catalogue No. 234, to

International Silver Co. Meriden, Conn.

..REPUBLICAN..
CAUCUSES.

The Republican Voters of Woburn are requested to meet in the polling places in their respective Wards, as designated below, on

Monday, Sept. 24, 1900,

At 8 o'clock, P. M.,

To choose Delegates to the State, Congressional, Councillor, County, Senatorial and Representative District Conventions; to elect 5 Voters from each Ward to serve as a Ward Committee for the year beginning Jan. 1st, 1901; and to transact any other business which may properly come before the meetings.

To the State, Congressional, Councillor, County and Senatorial Conventions, the several Wards will be entitled to the following representation:

Ward 1, Two Delegates. Ward 2, Three Delegates. Ward 3, Three Delegates. Ward 4, Three Delegates. Ward 5, One Delegate. Ward 6, Two Delegates. Ward 7, One Delegate.

To the Representative District Convention:

Ward 1, Four Delegates. Ward 2, Five Delegates. Ward 3, Five Delegates. Ward 4, Five Delegates. Ward 5, Two Delegates. Ward 6, Four Delegates. Ward 7, Two Delegates.

Polling Places have been selected as follows:—

Ward 1 Co-operative Bank Room, Dow's Block, Main street.
Ward 2 Armory, Prospect street.
Ward 3 Mechanics Hall, Mechanics Building, Main street.
Ward 4 Republican Headquarters, Main street.
Ward 5 Hose House, Montvale.
Ward 6 Hose House, North Woburn.
Ward 7 Hose House, Cummingsville.

The Caucuses in the several Wards will be called to order by the Chairman of the Ward Committee and the Caucuses will be conducted in accordance with the provisions of the Election Law of 1898.

Republican City Committee.
HERBERT S. RILEY, Chairman.
CHARLES H. HARRINGTON, Secretary.

MIDDLESEX
East Agricultural Association,

READING and WAKEFIELD,
September 26-29.

OUR PHOTO CONTEST.

PRIZES—

For Pictures taken during the Fair—1st Prize, $3.00; 2nd, $2.00; 3rd, $1.00; also 50c. each for such other pictures as can be used by Society for cuts.

Pictures to be sent on or before October 15, 1900, to the undersigned, Chairman of Committee.

C. A. PERKINS, Wakefield, Mass.

TREMONT THEATRE SEPT. 24, Two Weeks Only

ANNA HELD IN PAPA'S WIFE

MATINEES SATURDAYS.

MUSICAL COMEDY By Harry B. Smith & Reginald De Koven.

Bad Manners.

An old gentleman, walking up Cork Hill, Dublin, overtook a coal cart heavily loaded and drawn by a wretched quadruped with its legs bending under it, its bones sticking through its skin.

"How can you ill treat your horse so?" he cried, addressing the driver. "It is quite exhausted. Look at the way its tongue is hanging out."

"Exhausted, is it?" answered the boy. "Why, 'tis the bad manners of him. He's putting it out at you!"—London Tit-Bits.

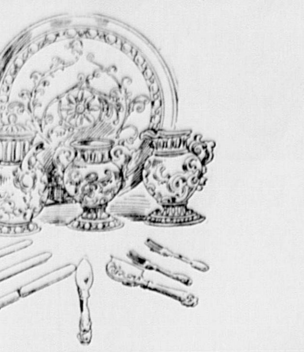
A Kind Hearted Lady.

A Mrs. Abigail Vaughan left a legacy of 4 shillings per annum with which to buy fagots to burn heretics. She left it to St. Martin Outwich, now demolished. Mrs. Vaughan's remains were among those removed to Irford from the Church of St. Martin Outwich. The facts are given in a history of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, by a late rector.—Notes and Queries.

Built on a Wreck.

If ships had ghosts, one office down on Front street would be haunted. Years ago a big ship ran ashore just where this office now stands. The city did not extend as far out into the river as it does now, and Front street did not exist. The wreck remained where it was, and the sand drifted around it. When the city moved out toward the river, no effort was made to remove this wreck. It was buried by the refuse and dirt dumped on it. When the office building was erected, the wreck was so far below the surface that it did not interfere with the foundations, and there it is to this day. The man who owns this building says that it is the only one in this city which is built over the wreck of a ship, and apparently the old boat is stanch enough to stand the burden.—New York Sun.

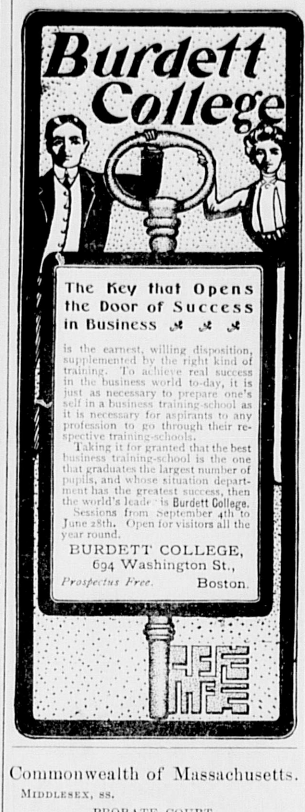
Silverware for Wedding Presents



A complete line of the celebrated COLONIAL PATTERN always in stock.

Fine Repairing a specialty.

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers.



Burdett College

The Key that Opens the Door of Success in Business

is the earnest, willing disposition, supplemented by the right kind of training. To achieve real success in the business world to-day, it is just as necessary to prepare one's self in a business training-school as it is necessary for aspirants to any profession to go through their respective training-schools.

Taking it for granted that the best business training-school is the one that graduates the largest number of pupils, and whose situation department has the greatest success, then the world's leader is Burdett College.

Sessions from September 4th to June 28th. Open for visitors all the year round.

BURDETT COLLEGE,
694 Washington St.,
Prospectus Free. Boston.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To Walter Barker of Malden, Mary A. Barker of Woburn, both in said County of Middlesex, and Lockwood Barker of Chelsea in the County of Suffolk and Commonwealth aforesaid.

YOU are appointed executors of the last will and testament of George W. Barker, late of Woburn in said County of Middlesex, deceased, testate, which will was proved and allowed on the fourth day of September, A. D., 1900, by said Court, and is now of record in this Court:

And you are required to make and return into said Probate Court, within three months from the date hereof, a true inventory of all the real and personal estate of said deceased which at the time of the making of such inventory shall have come to your possession or knowledge;

To administer, according to law and to the will of said deceased, all the personal estate of said deceased which may come to your possession, or that of any person for you, and also the proceeds of any of the real estate of said deceased that may be sold or mortgaged by you;

To render upon oath, a true account of your administration, at least once a year, until your trust is fulfilled, unless excused therefrom in any year, by said Court;

And, also, within three months, to cause notice of your appointment to be posted in two or more public places in the city or town in which said deceased last dwelt, or cause the same to be published once in each week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, and return your affidavit of having given such notice, with a copy thereof, to the Probate Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, at Cambridge, this fifth day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Jonathan Thompson, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for probate by John W. Johnson who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fifth day of September, A. D., 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fourth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Catherine J. McDonald, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, James W. McDonald, the administrator of the estate of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the final account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County, on the ninth day of October, A. D., 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said administrator is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each each week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this nineteenth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

WOBURN
Steam Carpet Cleaning Works,
No. 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN.

Carpets taken up, cleaned and relaid. Made over and fitted to other rooms. All kinds of carpet work. Naphtha cleansing. Rugs, Feather Beds and Pillows renovated. Goods called for and delivered.

C. A. NICHOLS, Prop.
Successor to F. W. Bosworth.
P. O. Box 521.
Cane Seat Chairs Re-Seated.

TENEMENT
To Let.
Inquire of R. G. COOKE, No. 9 Wright St., Woburn.

Dr. C. H. BUSS,
DENTIST
385 Main St., WOBURN
Telephone 71-3.

THE SOMERSET PALLAS
—AND—
GLENDALE GRAND RANGES.

SOMERSET PALLAS

Two of the most thoroughly made Ranges ever on the market. Have more useful improvements than any Range made for years.

C. M. Strout & Co.
Dow's Block, 322 Main Street.

"GOT A GRIP"
on the public's confidence in selling
GROCERIES
that are FIRST CLASS, and we intend to keep it, by upright dealing and well chosen stock.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street - - WOBURN
Telephone 133-2.

Print Butter
— AT —
Linnell's Market
406 Main Street, Woburn
Telephone, 128-6.

By E. J. GREGORY, - Auctioneer,
7 Water Street, Boston.

Positive Sale.

Will be sold at Public Auction on

Saturday, Sept. 22, 1900,

At 4 o'clock, P. M., on the premises, No. 10 Auburn stree, Woburn, Mass.

HOUSE AND STABLE.

Modern House, containing 12 rooms; 2 finished attics, 2 baths, arranged for two families, sewer connection, about ½ acre of land, good frontage, furnace, hot and cold water. This property is centrally located, near Main street, and will be a good investment. Easy terms. $100 deposit at sale; other terms announced at sale.

Property open for inspection at any time and up to the hour of sale. For further particulars see C. E. SMITH, 439 Main street, Woburn.

To Let

At 353 Main Street, a suite of six rooms. The apartments are all light and airy and afford a beautiful outlook upon the Common, including the City Building, three Churches, the Savings Bank, and the Public Library. The building is new and finished in up-to-date style, and furnished with all modern conveniences; large closets, bath-room, &c. No coal is needed for fuel. A large gas-range of latest pattern with hot water tank supplies every facility for doing housework. This suite is exactly adapted to a small family desiring a home at once central, genteel and cosey.

Apply to O. F. BRYANT,
371 Main St., Woburn.

DOMINION LINE
Royal Mail Steamers

Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.

Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by

JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS.

Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

Low Rents.

HOUSE No. 650 Main Street, 8 rooms, ($12.50) twelve dollars and fifty cents per month.

Also, HOUSE, No. 16 Wyman Street, 6 rooms, ($8) eight dollars per month.

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
418 Main Street.

For Rent.

A Tenement of eight rooms at No. 9 Johnson Street, with all modern conveniences, four minutes to depot and postoffice. Rent $20 per month.

E. H. RICHARDS,
25 Fairmount Street.

Get Your Printing Done At This Office

A Ray of Light

For woman's guidance is found in the fact that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures female weakness and the diseases of the delicate womanly organs which darken the lives of so many women with suffering and sorrow. That ray of light has penetrated many darkened chambers where women moaned in misery, and has guided them out to health and happiness. "Favorite Prescription" is not a tonic, not a palliative, but a positive cure for the diseases which are peculiar to women. It gives vigor and vitality. It banishes nervousness, headache, and all the aches which come from a diseased condition of the womanly organs. A temperance medicine, it contains neither alcohol nor narcotics.

"I was troubled for three years with ulceration and female weakness and my doctor gave me but little relief," writes Mrs. Lulu Hunter, of Allenton, St. Louis Co., Mo. "I saw an advertisement in the paper of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I began the use of it about a year ago. I took five bottles of it, and one bottle of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and my health is better now than it was for years. I have also recommended these medicines to some of my friends, who suffered from female weakness, and good results have followed."

FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION

MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG AND SICK WOMEN WELL.

TO THE FAIR GROUNDS.

AGRICULTURAL PARK, READING AND WAKEFIELD, THE PLACE.

The Date is Sept. 26-29—Colossal Attractions Abound on Every Hand and Every Day There is Something New.

A loud call has gone forth from the managers of the Middlesex East Agricultural association to its thousands of old-time patrons, and the new friends everywhere it may attract, that their annual fair this year will be held on Sept. 26, 27, 28 and 29, and that the place, Agricultural park, half way between Reading and Wakefield, Mass., is easily reached by electrics from all quarters.

Last year it was found that the exhibition building would not nearly provide space for the many departments, and a series of large tents will this year be provided. They will be placed along the sides of the exhibition building, the first containing the poultry and small stock exhibits, the next the bench show, and just beyond and close to the track the automobile exposition.

The new cattle sheds that were such a success last year have already booked entries that will test their capacities to the fullest extent, and this is also true of the quarters for sheep and swine, for which a large interest is assured.

The Exhibition Building.

The exhibition building will, as last year, be under the direction of George H. Sweetser, who with an efficient corps of assistants will assign space, answer questions, and divide himself into a thousand pieces during the four days of the fair, without losing a smile. The first official the exhibitor runs across is Secretary Talbot, at his office to the right of the main entrance on the first floor of the building. What seems like wild confusion on the morning of the first day is really an orderly and systematical booking of the thousands of exhibits, and attention to essential details.

A distinct feature in the exhibition building will be the floral exhibit, that Superindentent Flanders, President of the Reading Amateur Gardeners' association, has under his direct supervision. The steadily increasing interest in this department has been most encouraging, and with largely increased space and expert management the exhibit this year will surpass any previous effort.

The women's department, again under the direction of Mrs. Jeanette W. Crafts of Reading, will make an exhibit that will exceed anything of the kind ever shown in New England. The Boston Transcript said of the woman's exhibit last year "that it was only through the most enthusiastic co-operation on the part of the committee responsible for the work that a woman's exhibit of such magnificent proportions could be gotten together, and one that gave evidence of painstaking attention."

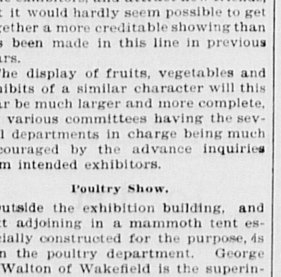
The removal of the restaurant from the building to the hall in the grand stand gave the women an opportunity to utilize much needed space that was instantly availed of, and the art department, a very popular feature in previous fairs, was installed.

Largely increased premiums for china painting will please and encourage old-time exhibitors, and attract new friends, but it would hardly seem possible to get together a more creditable showing than has been made in this line in previous years.

The display of fruits, vegetables and exhibits of a similar character will this year be much larger and more complete, the various committees having the several departments in charge being much encouraged by the advance inquiries from intended exhibitors.

Poultry Show.

Outside the exhibition building, and next adjoining in a mammoth tent especially constructed for the purpose, is seen the poultry department. George K. Walton of Wakefield is the superintendent, and W. B. Atherton of The American Stock-Keeper, Boston, has been secured as judge. Chickens are shown in pairs and exhibition pens, and suitable accommodations are provided all exhibitors. Space will be assigned by the superintendent, and all poultry for competition or exhibition must be in position on the first day of the fair at 12 m.



First Annual Bench Show.

Next adjoining and alongside the poultry tent is seen a new and much-advertised feature. It represents the first annual bench show of the Middlesex East Fair association, and will be found as complete and as representative of the canine world as could be expected from initial efforts. D. M. Houston is the superintendent of this department, to whom all entries and communications should be addressed. The committee of arrangements are: Arthur S. Aborn, Wakefield; William H. Willis, Reading; William R. Murphy, Stoneham; David E. Loveland, Melrose; Harry Lewis, Malden; Fred J. Lenior, Greenwood, and Dr. G. H. Allen, Stoneham, veterinary.

The judges are: Bloodhounds, St. Bernards, mastiffs, great Danes and Russian wolfhounds, D. C. Loveland, Melrose; pointers, F. L. Lenoir, Greenwood; setters, G. P. Kirkpatrick, Medford; Boston terriers and bull dogs, Alexander Goode, Boston; all other breeds, J. A. Pulley, Melrose.

Rules and regulations, prize lists, entry blanks, and all the accompaniments of a high-class dog exhibition have been provided, and the interest thus far created has served to attract the service of expert judges of the different classes that are well qualified to serve.

Money prizes, ribbons, and diplomas for special merit will be awarded. Dogs will be fed under the personal care and direction of an experienced hand.

FIRST AUTOMOBILE EXPOSITION.

Grand Parade and Track Events Presented Daily.

The management of the Middlesex East Agricultural association have touched a popular chord in their announcement of a Grand Automobile Exposition and Races, as is evident from the large list of entries already received.

The Exposition will be held in connection with the four days annual Fair of the association at Agricultural Park, Reading and Wakefield, Sept. 26th to 29th, inclusive.

Exhibition of Automobiles.

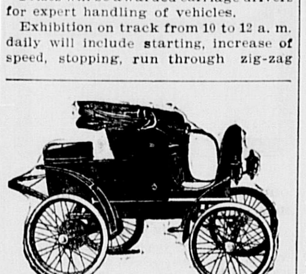
The management will provide floor space for 60 to 80 motor carriages with power for electric motors furnished free on the grounds.

Competent judges will officiate and diplomas will be awarded for general excellence on these points: Appearance, Simplicity of Operation, Speed, Strength, Utility and low cost.

Track Events.

Prizes will be awarded carriage drivers for expert handling of vehicles.

Exhibition on track from 10 to 12 a. m. daily will include starting, increase of speed, stopping, run through zig-zag lane, side shift from one track to another or working a vehicle into an opening in its own length.



Run of 20 carriages one mile, and backing up to the platform as carriages at a railway station.

Grand Parade.

A grand parade of the automobiles in the exhibit will take place on the track each day. The passenger vehicles to carry on Wednesday, Sept. 26th—school children, both lads and lassies; Thursday, Sept. 27th—aged men and women; Friday, Sept. 28th—a selection of the handsomest young ladies from each of the nearby towns. The vehicle containing the most attractive occupants will receive a prize, the entire audience serving as judges; Saturday, Sept. 29th—officers and directors of the Fair, including judges and heads of departments.

Automobile Racing Events.

Wednesday, Sept. 26th, 1 p. m.—One-half mile standing start from wire to wire, and stopping plump on stretch, $6.00, $4.00, $3.00, $2.00.

Thursday, Sept. 27th, 1 p. m.—Two miles, open to all, $15.00, $8.00, $4.00, $3.00.

Friday, Sept. 28th, 1 p. m.—Grand five-mile race open only to motor carriages in Exposition, $25.00, $12.00, $7.50, $5.00.

Saturday, Sept. 29th, 1 p. m.—One mile, open to all, $10.00, $5.00, $3.00, $2.00.

Exhibition Drill.

On Saturday, Sept. 29th, an exhibition drill of light battery field work that will include 12 to 20 motor carriages will be an interesting feature, showing the manipulating possibilities of the perfect machine. These evolutions will be under the direction of a Light Battery officer of the regular army.

Notes.

The motor races, subject to rules defined by the management, are open to all motor carriages of four wheels on exhibition during the four days of the Fair, Sept. 26th-29th, inclusive. They must be of American manufacture, but without restriction as to size, weight or power.

In races none but the operator, and one person representing the owner, will be allowed to occupy a carriage.

Rules of the National Trotting Association will govern the conduct of the races.

No expense or entrance fee is required from exhibitors, except that all owners, agents, and operators shall pay the regular admission fee at the gate.

Suitable police attendance, both day and night, will be guaranteed by the management, but no responsibility for losses through accident or otherwise will be assumed.

Large Entries of Live Stock.

When Superintendent of Cattle Hooton was prevailed upon to take charge of the live stock department he was promised all the necessary aid and assistance that could be extended, and at his suggestions a large increase in premiums for the several classes was made. As a result of this liberality the cattle raisers both far and near have signified their intention of making large exhibits, and a notable gathering of high grade stock will be the result.

Telephone at the Fair.

Long distance telephone communication will be established during the fair days in the office of the Secretary, at the right of the entrance on the first floor of the Exhibition Building.

BIG RACING PURSES.

Track Management of the Middlesex East Agricultural Association Offer a Splendid Programme at the Grand Fair, Reading and Wakefield, Sept. 26--29.

Of course the horse racing is the center of attraction at all fairs, and recognizing this, and fully alive to the interests of the association, the management have largely increased the amount offered in purses of last year, and offer the following as a result of their endeavors: Wednesday, Sept. 26.—2:22 class, pace, purse $300; 2:40 class, trot and pace, purse $250. Thursday, Sept. 27.—2:35 class, pace, purse $300; 2:16 class, pace, purse $400. Friday, Sept. 28.—2:19 class, trot, purse $400; 2:27 class, pace, purse $300. Saturday, Sept. 29.—2:10 class, pace, purse, $400; 2:28 class, trot, purse $300.

Common Sense Talk with Women

If a person is ill and needs a medicine is it not wise to get one that has stood the test of time and has hundreds of thousands of cures to its credit?

A great many women who are ill try everything they hear of in the way of medicine, and this experimenting with unknown drugs is a constant menace to their already impaired health.

This seems to us very unwise, for there are remedies which are no experiments and have been known years and years to be doing only good.

Take for instance Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; for thirty years its record has been one unbroken chain of success. No medicine for female ills the world has ever known has such a record for cures.

It seems so strange that some people will take medicines about which they really know nothing, some of which might be, and are, really harmful; while on the other hand it is easily proved that over one million women have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

We have published in the newspapers of the United States more genuine testimonial letters than have ever been published in the interest of any other medicine.

All this should, and does, produce a spirit of confidence in the hearts of women which is difficult to dislodge, and when they are asked to take something else they say, "No, we want Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which has been tried, and never found wanting, whose reliability is established far beyond the experimental stage."

We have thousands of letters like the following addressed to Mrs. Pinkham, showing that

Monthly Suffering is Always Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, also Backache and Bearing-down pains.

"I suffered untold agony every month and could get no relief until I tried your medicine; your letter of advice and a few bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have made me the happiest woman alive. I shall bless you as long as I live."—Miss Joie Saul, Dover, Mich.

"Four years ago I had almost given up hope of ever being well again. I was afflicted with those dreadful headache spells which would sometimes last three or four days. Also had backache, bearing-down pains, leucorrhœa, dizziness, and terrible pains at monthly periods, confining me to my bed. After reading so many testimonials for your medicine, I concluded to try it. I began to pick up after taking the first bottle, and have continued to gain rapidly, and now feel like a different woman. I can recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the highest terms to all sick women."—Miss Rosa Helden, 126 W. Cleveland Ave., Canton, O.

Two Letters which Prove that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Will Remove Tumor and Cure Other Female Weakness.

"Two years ago I was a great sufferer from womb trouble and profuse flowing each month, and tumors would form in the womb. I had four tumors in two years. I went through treatment with doctors, but they did me no good, and I thought I would have to resort to morphine.

"The doctor said that all that could help me was to have an operation and have the womb removed, but I had heard of Mrs. Pinkham's medicine and decided to try it, and wrote for her advice, and after taking her Vegetable Compound the tumors were expelled and I began to get stronger right along, and am as well as ever before. Can truly say that I would never had gotten well had it not been for Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound."—Mary A. Stahl, Watsontown, Pa.

"After following the directions given in your kind letter for the treatment of leucorrhea, I can say that I have been entirely cured by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies, and will gladly recommend them to my friends."—A. B. Davids, Binghamton, N. Y.

Another Case of Womb, Kidney and Bladder Trouble Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"Dear Friend—Two years ago I had child-bed fever and womb trouble in its worst form. For eight months after birth of babe I was not able to sit up. Doctors treated me, but with no help. I had bearing-down pains, burning in stomach, kidney and bladder trouble and my back was stiff and sore, the right ovary was badly affected and everything I ate distressed me, and there was a bad discharge.

"I was confined to my bed when I wrote to you for advice and followed your directions faithfully, taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, Liver Pills and using the Wash, and am now able to do the most of my housework. I believe I should have died if it had not been for your Compound. I hope this letter may be the result of benefiting some other suffering woman. I recommend your Compound to every one."—Mrs. Mary Vaughn, Trimble, Pulaski Co., Ky.

The conditions are that six shall enter, five to start, that races shall be trotted in mile heats, best three in five, to harness. The purses will be divided—50, 25, 15 and 10 percent. Winners to receive one money only. National Association rules to govern except that hopples may be used.

Special Features.

On Thursday, Sept. 27, a local race is announced, open only to horses without records, owned in Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading and North Reading. This trot will be decided in half-mile heats, the entries to be 10 percent of the purse of $100.

Another special feature, and one that will create the wildest kind of enthusiasm, is the running races on Friday. No expense will be spared to attract the best running horses to be found, and the races will abound in neck-to-neck finishes.

WEDNESDAY—CHILDREN'S DAY.

A Carefully Arranged Programme of Sports and Games with Automobile Events.

An announcement that will please the children is the fact that on Wednesday, the opening day of the fair, children of fifteen years and under will be admitted for ten cents. This is an attraction specially extended the children for the growing interest they have manifested in the yearly fairs of the association, and the thousands of little folks who will avail themselves of this opportunity are promised a round of attractions that will give them something to talk about until the fair of 1901. About 10 a. m. is the time set for the fun to commence, and the several places from which things can be seen to the best advantage will be thrown wide open for the occasion, that all may see and hear and go away filled with the host of good things they have enjoyed. Just as soon as the crowd gets together the stage show will commence, and when everything is as lively and as merry as the juvenile heart can wish, the sports and games on the track will take place.

These events will be held under the direct supervision of H. A. Maxwell, secretary of the Reading Y. M. C. A., who has kindly volunteered his services.

The automobile features on the opening day have been arranged to please the young folks, and all will envy the fortunate children that will be invited to encircle the track in the handsomest motor carriages in the exhibit.

The following is the program of the boys' races on Wednesday, Sept. 26, at 10 a. m:

Open to boys under 17 years of age. 100-yard dash; 3-legged race; sack race; potato race; 1 mile bicycle race; 100-yard dash, open to Reading Y. M. C. A. Jrs. only.

Open Events.

100-yard dash; 1-2-mile run; 1-mile run.

On Saturday, Sept. 29: 100-yard dash; 1-2-mile run, open to Y. M. C. A. members only.

1 Mile Relay Race.
Reading Y. M. C. A. vs. Picked Team.

Notes.

Merchandise prizes to the value of $2 for first prize, and $1 for second prize, will be awarded in the boys' races. In all the other events the first prizes will be silver loving cups, value $5 each; second prizes, bronze medals.

Races open only to residents of Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Saugus, Lynnfield and North Reading.

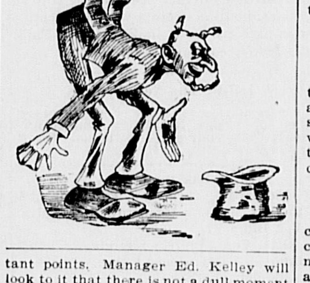
Prizes will be on exhibition in Reading, Wakefield and Stoneham before the fair.

Entries must be sent to H. A. Maxwell, Reading, Mass., and will be received until Tuesday, Sept. 25.

SELECTED VAUDEVILLE.

Only the Highest Class Entertainers Will Appear.

It is only through a lavish outlay of money, and a most judicious selection of the variety of talent at hand, that a vaudeville attraction pleasing to all can be gotten together. Virtually the entire country has been drawn on for the stage show this year, as the several star specialists have come from widely distant points. Manager Ed. Kelley will look to it that there is not a dull moment from the start to the close of each performance.



The list of attractions, which are given herewith, will amply testify to the liberality of the board of directors.

The Bonnettes.

These are the celebrated performers who so delighted the thousands of people that attended the Fair last year. This year they have added to their performance the most daring act of all, a Cannon Ascension.

They are the first people in the east to introduce Cannon Ascensions. A man shot from a cannon in mid-air suspended from a balloon. In doing this act a cannon eight feet long is used. In this cannon a man and parachute lies. The cannon is attached to another parachute suspended from balloon. When a great height is reached the parachute with cannon attached leaves the balloon. The parachute opens; instantly a loud report is heard and the man is seen, shot from cannon, through fire and smoke. Dropping a long distance, his parachute opens and he sails gracefully down to earth. The parachute with cannon also sails down. In this act you see one mammoth balloon and two parachutes. This act is undoubtedly the strongest drawing card before the public.

Reed and Shaw.

These two noted young acrobats with their beautiful nickel plated apparatus are the cynosure of all eyes wherever they appear. Their marvellous exhibition on the trapeze and flying rings is pronounced the finest and most daring act of its kind. The little comedy act of these performers on the trapeze is sure to please.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

TRADE MARK

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

The Partellos.

The Partellos, in their phenomenal trick-horse comedy act, will furnish one long continuous laugh. It will keep the eyes of the audience at work to follow them in the mysteries of their sensational appearances and disappearances, and that their act is one which the committee had to arrange for long before the season was under way is the best proof of the demand there is for their services.

Bennett and Merode.

For the little people to whom we desire to cater most thoroughly, we have specially engaged Bennett and Merode and their educated donkey. This announcement will call to mind the famous picture, "When shall we three meet again?" The funny old clowns and their handsome and superbly educated donkey, the best that has ever been exhibited, will furnish a world of amusement, being a demonstration of the possibilities of mule education and at the same time an exemplification of the adage that "Clowns Enter Where Angels Fear to Tread." A ludicrous mule-riding performance by Messrs. Bennett and Merode.

James B. Macks.

Inasmuch as all shows are expected to meet with a little interruption, the association has arranged for a monopoly of all that sort of thing, and in order to ensure it they have engaged James B. Macks, Forepaugh's Yankee Farmer, who has the enviable distinction of having been subjected to arrest over 3000 times for disturbance of the peace. This incorrigible offender has interference developed as a "habit," and notwithstanding his police record will furnish a fund of fun.

Aldrick Senecal.

Presenting one of the cleanest and most finished novelty acts of the day.

Originator and only artist juggling a common buggy wheel with the feet, a performance that is sensational and excites great applause, a whole show in itself.

NOTE. This act is nothing like the work done by Japanese foot-jugglers, it being far more difficult and up-to-date, all done with such astonishing speed and daring that the audience are kept interested every second.

The knowing ones say its a great act.

Lafayette Quartette.

We do not want a wait to occur from the opening of the closing of the show, and will see that the leather-lunged, sweet singers, the Lafayette Quartette, will illustrate the wonders of the ragtime world, and tell in verse the troubles of the chicken-loving lads.

What It All Costs.

Commencing at the gate the uniform charge to young and old alike is 25 cents, except on the opening day (Wednesday), when children of 15 and under are admitted for 10 cents.

An admission of 25 cents is charged to the quarter stretch (that is the space directly in front of the two grand stands) and this also entitles the holder to a seat in the open grand stand. A quarter-stretch ticket with coupon attached, allowing the purchaser to leave and return at will to the enclosure, will be sold for 25 cents additional, and this ticket will entitle the holder to a numbered seat in the covered grand stand.

Reserved seats in the covered grand stand for any or all of the four days, Sept. 26, 27, 28 and 29, will be on sale Sept. 10, at 9 a. m. at the following places: Stoneham, Arthur W. Rice; Wakefield, Stephen E. Ryder; Reading, William H. Willis, where selections from a plan of seats can be made.

Restaurant in Grand Stand.

A finely equipped restaurant has been established under the grand stand and here the weary pilgrim will with delicious coffee and a well-cooked, full-course dinner, gain new strength and vigor to enjoy the attractions of the afternoon.

The Vampire Bat.

South America, especially Venezuela, is the home of the vampire bat, that horrible animal whose blood sucking propensities are so well known. In Venezuela the vampire when caught is often made the subject of an experiment that is as curious as it is cruel, though in connection with such a loathsome animal as this giant bat the cruelty is rather naturally lost sight of by the people who have to suffer from its ravages.

The vampire is captured in a thick cloth. It is then taken out, and through its two extended wings nails are driven, securing the animal to a door or a wooden paling. A cigarette is then lighted and placed in the bat's mouth. At once the animal's eyes shine strangely, and it begins to puff the smoke in and out with frenzied gasps, its actions being exactly those of the most hardened smoker, keeping firm hold of the cigarette the while between its sharp, deadly teeth. When the cigarette is nearly finished, a blow on the head puts an end to the animal's existence.

The extraordinary part of the experiment lies in the fact that the bat does not at once reject the cigarette, as he is of course at liberty to do. There are many who affirm that the bat really does enjoy the tobacco. The probability is that the animal is so maddened by fear and pain that he puffs away unreasoningly and fiercely, his instinct telling him that in the properties of the tobacco lies oblivion.

To Philip Sober.

When a woman who asked Philip of Macedon to do her justice was snubbed by the petulant monarch, she exclaimed, "Philip, I shall appeal against this judgment."

"Appeal!" thundered the enraged king. "And to whom will you appeal?"

"To Philip sober," was her reply.

Ready For Use.

"Beg pardon," said the long haired visitor, "but is there a literary club around here anywhere?"

"Yes, there is," said the editor significantly, reaching under his desk. "Are you a literary man?"—Catholic Standard and News.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XIII, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, SEPT. 23.

Text of the Lesson, Luke xii, 35-46. Memory Verses, 43, 44—Golden Text, Math. xxvi, 41—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1900, by American Press Association.]

35. "Let your loins be girded about and your lights burning." Having been redeemed by His precious blood and thus made children of God, we are to be, like Israel in Egypt, eating the lamb, and ready for the journey, whether it be the call to leave this mortal body or take it with us, changed in a moment, to meet Him in the air. Our treasure being in heaven, we are here as strangers and pilgrims, with girded loins, waiting for the revelation of Jesus Christ (I Pet. ii, 11; i, 13). We are also soldiers enduring hardness and standing against the enemy, and as such need as part of our armor our loins girt about with truth (II Tim. ii, 3; Eph. vi, 11, 14).

36. "Men that wait for their Lord open unto Him immediately." The true attitude of the believer is to be ever serving the living and true God and waiting for His Son from heaven; looking for that blessed hope, the glorious appearing of the great God, even our Saviour Jesus Christ (I Thess. i, 9, 10; Titus ii, 13). Some will see Him as He returns from the wedding, when He shall come in glory upon the white horse, and all the armies of heaven with Him, and shall say, "This is our God; we have waited for Him, and He will save us" (Rev. xix, 11; Isa. xxv, 9); but we expect to be with Him at the wedding (Rev. xix, 7).

37, 38. "Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when He cometh shall find watching." These two verses begin and end with "blessed are those servants," and they are "blessed" because they are watching for their Lord. The last word on record from our Lord in heaven is "Surely I come quickly," and it becomes us to say, "Even so come, Lord Jesus" (Rev. xxii, 20), and live every day as if we expected Him. We will not be entangled with anything He would not approve of if we are watching for Him.

39. It is said that the coming of the Lord will be to some as a thief in the night (I Thess. v, 2; Rev. iii, 3; xvi, 15), but not so to those who are watching for Him (I Thess. v, 4). We will not understand the second coming of Christ and the many references to it unless we see the two stages of His coming: first to the air where His saints meet Him, and then to the earth, even to the Mount of Olives, from which He ascended (I Thess. iv, 16-18; iii, 13; Zech. xiv, 3-5). We are not to say, as some do, There is one thing sure—we must all die. But we are to believe I Cor. xv, 51, 52, and expect the possibility of being excused from keeping the appointment of Heb. ix, 27.

40. "Be ye therefore ready also, for the Son of Man cometh at an hour when ye think not." Compare Math. xxiv, 42, 44; xxv, 13. The coming of the Son of Man is an expression that is never used in reference to the death of a believer or of any one, but always refers to the event recorded in Dan. vii, 13, 14, when He shall come in glory to establish on earth a kingdom of peace and righteousness, with Israel as a center. Death is an enemy yet to be destroyed, and we may safely say that God hates death (I Cor. xv, 26; Hos. xiii, 14), but when Christ comes it will be for the resurrection of the bodies of His saints and for the translation of the living believers. The readiness for the presence of God is the righteousness of God which He has provided in Christ and gives freely to all who believe (Rom. iii, 22; vi, 23; Isa. lxi, 10).

41-43. "Blessed is that servant whom his Lord when He cometh shall find so doing." As redeemed people we are stewards of the manifold grace of God which we have received in order that we may minister to others as God enables us. We have received the pounds and the talents that we may with them "occupy till He come" (I Pet. iv, 10, 11; Luke xix, 12, 13; Math. xxv, 13-15). The one thing God requires of us is that we act as faithful and wise servants (Math. xxiv, 44-47); He does not say "successful," but "faithful and wise." He is Himself "the Faithful Witness" and "the Wisdom of God" (Rev. i, 5; I Cor. i, 24), and if we will allow Him to live in us and possess us fully, that the life may be "not I, but Christ living in me" (Gal. ii, 20), He will make manifest His own life in our bodies (II Cor. iv, 11). There is a special word here for all who are privileged to teach others, an admonition to give the household their portion of meat in season. It may be that they cannot eat strong meat and can only bear milk (I Cor. iii, 1-3; Heb. v, 12-14); but the faithful and wise servant will give the milk or meat of the word of God as they are able to bear it.

44. "Of a truth I say unto you that He will make Him ruler over all that He hath." It may be over five cities or ten cities, or more; ruler over many things, entering into the joy of the Lord, in greater or less measure sharing the glory which God has given to His Son (Luke xix, 16-19; Math. xxv, 19-23; John xvii, 22). While our preparation for the presence of God is wholly of grace through the merits of the Lord Jesus by virtue of His blood and is the same for all, there being no degrees in our safety or fitness for heaven, the believer's reward and position in the kingdom will depend upon faithfulness here after being redeemed (Rev. xxii, 12; Luke xiv, 14; II John, 8). The Lord Jesus and His redemption are the only sure foundation; but it is possible for the redeemed to build upon that foundation works comparable to wood, hay and stubble, or to gold, silver or precious stones, which may be burned up and we suffer loss or be approved and rewarded (I Cor. iii, 11-15).

45, 46. "His portion with the unbelievers." What a fearful thing that a professing servant of Christ should ever be cast out with unbelievers! And yet see Math. vii, 22, 23; xxv, 24-30. While it is gloriously true that none of the truly redeemed can ever perish (John x, 27-29), it is also true that some who profess Christ may not possess Him, but may be deceived in thinking that they have that which they have not, but only seem to have (Luke viii, 18). All who depend upon anything but the precious blood of Christ for their salvation are surely deceived (Acts iv, 12; Lev. xvii, 11; Heb. ix, 22). The next two verses teach that punishment shall be in proportion to guilt as truly as reward shall be according to works. Let all be sure first that they are safely under the blood (Ex. xii, 13), and then that, with loins girded, they feed continually upon the Lamb and follow Him fully.

DEMAND THE OLD RELIABLE
FRAZER
AXLE GREASE
THIS IS JUST WHAT I SHALL DO AFTER THIS
MY FRIEND! YOU SHOULD USE FRAZER AXLE GREASE
TRADE MARK
SOLD EVERYWHERE
WILL WEAR TWICE AS LONG AS ANY OTHER, TRY IT!
USE THE BEST
TAKE NO OTHER

UPHOLSTERING!

C. L. SMITH,

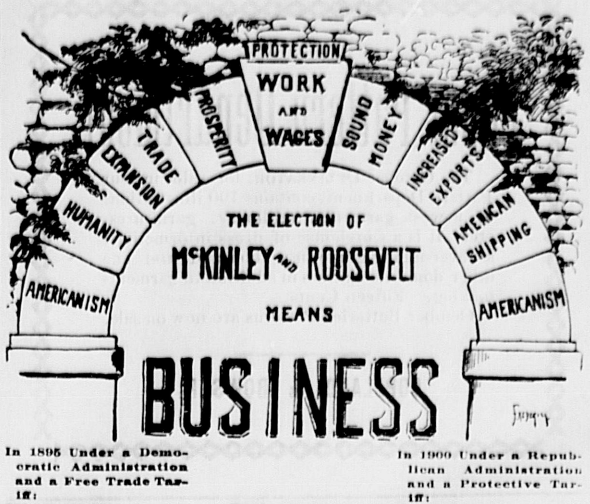
No. 91 Prospect Street, - Woburn, Mass

(Formerly with Thomas Morris.)

I announce that I have established the business of Upholstery and Carpet Laying at the above location, and respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

☞ Satisfaction guaranteed in Work and Prices

THE PARAMOUNT ISSUE.



In 1895 Under a Democratic Administration and a Free Trade Tariff:		In 1900 Under a Republican Administration and a Protective Tariff:
$50,000,000,000	Bank Clearings	$105,000,000,000
$1,539,508,130	Foreign Commerce	$2,244,193,543
$793,392,599	Exports of Merchandise	$1,394,479,214
$152,158,617	Customs Receipts	$233,857,958
Deficit, $42,805,223	Treasury Balance	Surplus, $81,229,771
$75,568,200	Balance of Trade	$544,764,885
$226,096,834 (1896)	Failures	(1899) $90,879,889
$2,291,016,000	Wages Paid	$3,056,635,000
38,298,783	Sheep, Number	63,121,881
$65,167,735	Sheep, Value	$246,175,335
6,657,388 (1894)	Pig Iron Production, Tons	(1899) 13,620,703
1,650	Miles Railroad Built	5,100
1893-7 Loss in Value $4,283,000,000	Farm Products	1897-1900 Increase In Value $6,355,000,000
In 1894-6 Had to Borrow $262,000,000	Uncle Sam	In 1900 Has $300,000,000 In Bank

AND AMERICANS ARE LENDING MONEY TO ENGLAND.

If Bryan Wins.

H. W. Peabody, a well-known banker of Boston, says "The currency is the leading issue of this campaign" in a recent article. He thus sums up the situation in case that Bryan should win:

"A lapse from the gold basis would occur immediately after Mr. Bryan's election was a known fact. All greenbacks and treasury notes and gold certificates would be presented for payment in gold, so long as the treasury had gold to pay with, when the treasurer would be obliged to stop and the banks would also stop payment of gold.

"This national bankruptcy would destroy confidence of all holders of American securities, which would be thrown upon our market for forced sale, and enormous demands for gold would quickly place it at a premium over our paper currency, as during the Civil war.

"The withdrawal from circulation of United States notes and gold in circulation and in bank reserves, would cause contraction, stringency and panic. We might not be squarely upon a silver basis until free coinage was established by law, and this chance would prevent the utter depreciation of our currency, according to the silver strength of congress. We should be upon a paper basis, with silver certificates, United States notes and bank notes redeemable only in silver, as we should have no other coin. Prices of the necessaries of life would advance according as the gold value of our currency depreciated, and along with the depreciation the deposits in banks and savings institutions, income salaries and wages would shrink as the money they are payable in deteriorated. The election of Mr. Bryan would reverse our prosperity into calamity."

The New York Journal's List.

From the Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

On Monday, Aug. 27, the New York Journal, an ardent and industrious (not to say imaginative) advocate of the free silver school of Bryan, published a list of "distinguished Republicans in several states who declare their reasons for forsaking the Republican party, as now controlled." Among the names mentioned is a list from Maine, as follows:

Ex-Justice Clarence Willis, Silas Look, Daniel T. Salt, Abraham Piper, Charles Bond, Lewis Fay.

The New York Journal goes widely into this state purely as a sensational newspaper. Its reputation as a political prophet is now and always has been bad, and this but makes it worse. A whole army of names, in black type like the above, adorns the same page as this unique list from Maine. Not one of them from this state ever existed. Every one of them was born in the imagination of the astute political novelist in Mr. Hearst's office, who had to have a list of recalcitrant Maine Republicans because Maine's vote is earliest of all the states.

"There is another reason why the people have gone into the city and left the farm. It is because your legislation has been causing the foreclosure of mortgages upon the farms. * * * I cannot understand how a man living upon a farm can be deluded with the idea that the gold standard has anything but misery and suffering for him."—Bryan's speech at Monmouth, Ills.

The gold standard has remained in operation since this assertion, yet the condition of the farmers has been, in the four years since that time, vastly improved, as shown by the value of farm products already quoted; while the speed with which the mortgages complained of have been paid off is illustrated by the figures for Mr. Bryan's own state, which show an increase of 50 percent for the state of Nebraska alone, in the value of mortgages released in 1898 as compared with 1896.

"It is a question, whether we are to have prosperity or adversity. It is a question whether William McKinley is going to be President of the United States or Mr. Bryan. It is a question whether the Republican party is to continue to rule as it has ruled the country for 40 years, practically, I mean as to legislation. It is a question whether the Republican party, which is used to legislation, knows how, is progressive, has courage, has intelligence, or the Democratic party shall control the affairs of this republic, the latter party without experience except in one single Dolly Varden piece of legislation, the Wilson bill.—Senator Frye.

Campaign Echoes.

"Let us strive to make the conditions of life such that as nearly as possible each man shall receive the share to which he is honestly entitled and no more, and let us remember at the same time that our efforts must be to build up rather than to strike down, and that we can best help ourselves, not at the expense of others, but by heartily working with them for the common good of each and all."—Governor Roosevelt.

"I love liberty, I love equality, and I love justice, and when the party to which I belong is too cowardly to make a stand for the right, I leave it for good. Given the choice between McKinley and Roosevelt, upon the one hand, and Bryan and Stevenson and the unpatriotic Kansas City and Chicago platforms, upon the other, I shall without hesitation record my vote on election day for William McKinley and for Theodore Roosevelt, whose name and fame are dear to every soldier of the Spanish-American war and every citizen of the United States who venerates courageous, incorruptible American manhood."—Captain William E. English of Indiana.

"I want a government that gives every poor man the hope of becoming rich some day," says Bryan. That is the kind of a government he has always lived under, and personally he illustrates American opportunities. As for getting rich by cutting the value of the dollar, that is a joke.—Milford Journal.

Following is the schedule of wages per hour in Lyons, France, at the present time, as furnished by United States Consul Covert: Carpenters, 13½ cents; masons, 12 cents; locksmiths, 11 cents; plasterers and painters, 12 cents; plumbers, 11 to 12 cents; stone cutters, 11 to 12 cents; chimney builders, 11 to 12 cents; layers of mosaic paving, 12 cents; laborers, 9 cents.

"When the peace congress met it concluded in the treaty to buy the Philippines and take chances with them. Many senators among the Republicans were not in favor of ratifying this treaty. Colonel Bryan was the instrument that succeeded in making the Philippines part of our territory. He came to Washington, and by personal and persistent appeals rallied enough Democratic senators to the support of the treaty to insure its passage, and it is this same William J. Bryan that is now bringing forth this cry of imperialism for a new hobby on which to ride into power."—Senator Hale of Maine.

Judge John J. Hunt, who was the leader of the Silver Democrats of Georgia in 1896, has written a letter in strong opposition to Bryan and his "paramount issue" of imperialism. "For my part," he says, "I do not intend to agree, in the face of all evidence to the contrary, that the American people, or even any respectable political party in America, is capable of making vassals and slaves of the Filipinos, or that the American people or any respectable political party in my country is an aider and abettor in any scheme of conquest." He adds: "Any Democrat has a right to protest against this senseless issue being thrust on a great historic party as a paramount issue, merely because Mr. Bryan, at the expense of the greatest and most glaring personal inconsistency, wishes it done."

While the Democratic party is talking about "paramount" issues Mr. McKinley has met their cry with a better one in his letter of acceptance. He says in reference to the silver question:

"If another issue is paramount, this is immediate. It will admit no delay and will suffer no postponement."

The stability of our national currency is therefore secure, so long as those who adhere to this platform are kept in control of the government. In the first battle, that of 1896, the friends of the gold standard and of sound currency were triumphant, and the country is enjoying the fruits of that victory. Our antagonists, however, are not satisfied. They compel us to a second battle upon the same lines upon which the first was fought and won.—McKinley's letter of acceptance.

It is becoming evident that Mr. Bryan does not want much said about free silver before the election. The American people, however, are not so much concerned in what may be said before election as in what will be done after the election.—Barre Telegram.

Too Green to Burn.

One of a gang of carpenters was called by his mates "Green Jim" on account of his being, or supposed to be, a bit soft.

One day, thinking to play a joke on Jim, one of them filled his basket with shavings, intending to drop a lighted match into it after Jim had slung it on his shoulder ready to go home.

All went well, and as Jim bade his mates good night, on pretext of telling him something one of them slipped a lighted match into the basket.

Stepping back into the building, expecting Jim to turn back in a rage, they waited.

Jim came back, but simply to say, as he put his head through the doorway:

"I took the wrong basket, so I came back to change it. Ain't you others going?"

So they all did then, and one of them found his basket still smoldering.

Shouting at Jim for taking the wrong basket, he was met with the reply, as Jim walked off now with his own basket:

"Oh, ah, but I'm too green to burn!" Jim had discovered the trick before leaving and had put the shavings in another basket.—London Answers.

Eve's Origin.

One of many legends that have offset the parsimony of Eve's Biblical history represents her as the end of man's creation in a quite literal fashion—made out of his tail! Strangely enough, the legend anticipated science in its view of the primitive man's terminal facilities. Another legend gives a dozen reasons why Eve was not made from this, that or the other part of Adam, but from the rib only, and then says that she had all the faults and failings which Yahweh had endeavored to avoid.

Clearly the legend of Eve, if not the Genesis narration, is dominated by a spirit of hostility to womankind. She is another with Potiphar's wife, and the wicked Jezebel, and the rebellious Vashti, and the tricksy Delilah. She is typical of the women who get men into trouble and who give color to the story that when there was mischief in Persia the king's first question always was, "Who was she?"—Rev. J. W. Chadwick in Harper's Bazar.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect JUNE 25, 1900.
Passenger service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.14, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.39, 8.00, 9.10, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY—To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.28, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.22, 7.04, 7.34, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, 8.42, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 9.46, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 12.00, 4.52, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.33 8.28, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, *9.30, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.28, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.28, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 8.28, 6.33, 11.11, A. M., 6.42 P. M., Saturdays only. Except Claremont.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.28, †11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, ‡6.33, 8.28, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.28, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.28, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P. M.

*To Nashua only.
†To Franklin only.
‡Weirs only.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.21, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.55, 9.13, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.21, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.16, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 4.03, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Jan. 1, 1900, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 and 11.15 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Wakefield & Stoneham St. R'y Co.

On and after January 1, 1900, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 5.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, then *9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30 , p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington, at 5.15, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.30, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.45, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m., then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 8.35, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. M. LANE, Acting Supt.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00 *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 7.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

Business Cards.

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415 Main Street, WOBURN

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

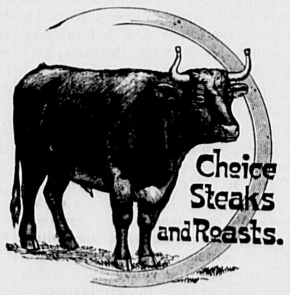
—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Business Cards.

George Durward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CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street, BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass.

TELEPHONE 6-3,
LAWRENCE READE,
Sexton of St. Charles Church.
Undertaker & Funeral Director,
241 Main St., Woburn

John G. Maguire,
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BORROWING THE BABY.

Good mornin. My ma sent me
To ast you how you was,
An hope you're well. You know 'at is
Th' way she allus does.
My ma, she sez, you're strangers,
But then she kind of thought
She'd like to borry th' baby
'At you folkses 'as got.

My ma sets by th' winder
An watches you an him
An kind of smiles an cries to wunst,
'Cause he's like baby Jim.
Who's Jim? He was our baby.
We named him after pa.
Say, c'n we borry your baby
A little while fer ma?

My ma, she sez she wouldn't
Mind if your baby cried.
She sez 't 'd be like music,
Since little Jim has died.
She sez she'll be good to him,
An she'd like a whole lot
If we c'n borry the baby
'At you folkses 'as got.
—Josh Wink in Baltimore American.

The Russian Cigarettes.

A TALE OF A ROYAL VISIT.

The visit of Prince Sergius Mendelejeff to England is still a matter of recent history—to most people but a proof of the safety enjoyed by all nations, without discrimination, under the shadow of the British flag; to myself and a few others an anxious nightmare in which we prevented as if by miracle the attacks of the nihilists on the august person of his imperial highness.

On the afternoon of April 25 I sat in my chambers putting the final touches to a draft of the route which was to be taken by the royal visitor. The prince was to arrive at Portsmouth in his yacht in the early morning of the 26th, to land incognito and to entrain at once in the "special" that would be awaiting to convey him to London. On the journey the train was to halt at Grayford, a small rural station, for an hour while the prince breakfasted in the open air, this being his usual custom while traveling in Russia. He was then to proceed to Waterloo, being met there by several members of the English royal family. Such was the programme arranged by the foreign office, and I was the official intrusted with the supervision of the arrangements and held responsible for Prince Sergius' safety, a post that promised to be little of a sinecure.

I had finished annotating the draft and was stretching out my hand for a cigarette when the page entered and said that a lady was waiting below and insisted on seeing me.

In my capacity of chief in the secret service I have many unconventional visitors, but on this occasion I felt some annoyance, for I was very busy.

"Can she call again?" I began when the lady herself appeared in the doorway and dissipated the text of my remonstrance.

She was a stylish, well dressed girl of 19, with clustering curls of dark brown hair peeping out from beneath her picture hat and radiant violet eyes, which looked pleadingly toward me.

My chagrin vanished with the pathetic little smile on her face, and I found myself shutting the door and placing a chair for the fair stranger.

She sat down and played nervously with her gold muff chain while mustering up courage to speak. "You will forgive me for interrupting you, sir, when I tell you that my errand is very closely connected with the safety of his imperial highness Prince Sergius Mendelejeff," she said after a few minutes had elapsed.

"Indeed!" I remarked.

"My name is Muriel Clough. You know Captain Clough, I suppose," she continued, "the officer who has been appointed to the prince's suit during his visit to England?"

I signified my assent.

"He is my stepbrother. It is for his sake that I have come here today—for his sake and that of the family honor. I know nothing definite, you understand, but I fear the danger all the more for its obscurity.

"He has fallen under the spell of Princess Olga Skobensky, a nihilist refugee in London, who is as beautiful as she is cruel and unscrupulous. My brother is merely wax in her hands, and from certain hints that he has let fall I feel convinced that she is urging him to attempt, or, at all events, connive at, the murder of Prince Sergius during his visit to England, a crime for which his appointment offers such fatal facilities. Oh, sir"—

She rose from her chair and stretched out her hands appealingly.

"I beseech you to frustrate the princess' schemes and to save Rupert from the consequences of his fatal fascination."

"You may rest assured that I shall do my best, Miss Clough, both for the prince's sake and your own," I replied. "It would be dangerous to have your brother removed from the position to which he was gazetted last night. Such a step would probably precipitate some horrible outrage on the part of the nihilists. I think I may promise, though, without boasting, that Captain Clough will have little opportunity for injuring his royal highness with the circumspect watch that the detectives and I will keep over him."

"Thank you; thank you, a thousand times," she said gratefully. "That is just what I wanted."

"The obligation is on our side," I answered, smiling, as I ushered her to the door.

I stood watching her drive off in her smart little victoria, and then began to laugh at myself for the sentimental day dreams that were weaving in my matter of fact brain.

But the laugh died out on my lips as I considered the serious news that Miss Clough had brought me. Her impressions of Princess Olga Skobensky closely tallied with my own experience, as I knew that for years the princess had been the terror and bugbear of the Russian police.

I knew the princess in society, and a sudden idea came into my mind that I would call on her and see as much as possible how the land lay.

I found her in her blue and silver boudoir smoking Russian cigarettes. She was surprised and I fancied for a moment alarmed at my entrance.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Sir George," she said, smiling. "You have not been to see me for ages."

"Business, my dear princess; business," I responded, taking the cup of coffee that she had poured out for me. "I am worked to death on account of your compatriot's visit. I only hope that you nihilists will refrain from troubling the poor chap while he is over here."

The princess arched her dark eyebrows in well affected surprise.

"Nihilist!" she repeated. "Oh, I am only a nihilist so far as it furnishes a fashionable excuse for living in England. You know quite well that I would not hurt a fly, much less a prince of my own nation."

I thought this pretty good from a woman who had stabbed with her own hand the chief of the Ninth section in her palace at St. Petersburg. However, I only smiled and took out my cigarette case.

"Won't you try some of these? I got them from Moscow this morning," interrupted the princess, handing me her own case.

I took a gold tipped cigarette and lighted it. It proved a delicious smoke.

"You like them," said she, watching me intently.

"They are fit for the gods, princess."

"Give me your case, and I will fill it for you."

I handed over my silver case and submitted myself to her generosity.

"Where is your gold case," she asked when the other was filled—"the one you keep for grand occasions?"

"No, no, princess, you have been quite liberal enough," I replied.

"Not at all," she said. "You may have the chance of presenting it to the prince, and I am sure he would appreciate these cigarettes."

And while I drank some more coffee she filled the gold case also. We chatted on indifferent topics for some time, and then I took my leave, having just said enough to Princess Olga to show that I was on my guard against her.

After leaving Princess Olga's house I had just time for dinner and to take a hansom to Waterloo. Here I joined the company who were to proceed by special train to meet Prince Sergius. They included the Russian embassador, with several of his attaches, 15 detectives and officials of the secret service, and several English officers, among whom was Captain Rupert Clough.

During our journey down I took an opportunity of rallying Clough on his evidently low spirits.

"My word, Fraser," he replied bitterly, "I have enough to make me miserable. I see no alternative between crime and dishonor and blowing my brains out. The latter appears the more enviable course to pursue."

He gave a hollow laugh and stared moodily out of the window of the saloon.

"Come, come," I said, "don't let yourself get into this morbid state of mind. If you tell me your troubles, perhaps I can see a way out of them."

But he only shook his head, so I smoked on in silence until our arrival at Portsmouth.

Prince Surgius Mendelejeff landed at the pier at 6:30 on the following morning, where we were waiting to receive him.

His imperial highness is of middle height, dark complexioned, with clear, well cut features and a heavy black beard and mustache. On this occasion he wore a blue undress uniform and seemed much pleased with his informal reception. I was included in the presentations that were made to him and had the honor of leading the way to the "special," which began to move from the platform as soon as the last of the party had entered the train. The railway arrangements were perfectly carried out, and we reached our one stopping place without a hitch. Grayford is very picturesque. The little platform, with its wooden shed, is one of the most unassuming of rural stations, and the stolid villagers betrayed no inquisitive interest in the arrival of the royal train. Lord Selven's park is just opposite the railway station. Here, under the spreading oak trees, his lordship's servants had prepared a sumptuous breakfast for the prince and company, to which we all did justice, with appetites whetted by the fresh morning air.

When the prince had finished eating, the company rose and, dispersing into groups, strolled about on the greensward chatting gayly.

I was speaking to Captain Clough when Prince Sergius, accompanied by the Russian embassador, approached us. "Talk without smoke, gentlemen, is like a service without music—unsatisfactory," he remarked. "Will you have a cigarette?"

He opened his case to hand it to me and then burst out laughing. It was empty.

"I could have sworn Paul filled it for me this morning. However, I must be abstemious for a little," he said.

Immediately the embassador and I presented our cases.

His imperial highness chose a cigarette from each. "I will smoke the embassador's first and then yours, Sir George." And, nodding his thanks, he sauntered off with his companion.

"Have a cigarette and act up to the prince's maxim," said Clough. I helped myself from his case and reciprocated by giving him one from the gold case that Princess Olga had filled for me.

We walked along in silence for a few minutes, when Clough suddenly surprised me by saying: "I have noticed the careful watch that you and the detectives have kept on my movements ever since the prince landed and have drawn my own conclusions as to what you know or guess. You need not be afraid of me, though, Fraser. I told Olga yesterday that I refused to be a party to assassination. She wanted me to offer cigarettes containing a powerful explosive to the prince."

Fortunately a small stream runs through Lord Selven's grounds. Without stopping to explain, I snatched the half smoked cigarette from Clough's mouth and flung it into the water; then I tore off to where I had left the prince, cursing my folly as I ran.

Until Clough's speech the bare possibility of such an atrocious and cowardly method of assassination had never occurred to me. Now I did not doubt that the cigarettes in my gold case (as was afterward proved) contained an explosive substance calculated to cause instant death to the smoker as soon as the burning ash touched it. Princess Olga's cunning in placing harmless cigarettes in my silver case, well knowing that I would smoke these first, had duped me completely, and her plot would have been only too successful if Captain Clough had not been induced to confess to me the secret under which he labored.

I shall never forget that two minutes' race along the turf of Selven park. The life of Prince Sergius and the honor of Great Britain depended on my speed, while a sickening horror clutched at my heart, telling me that perhaps I was already too late. At that moment the prince might be lying dead under the oak trees, killed, unwittingly, by the hand of him who had been appointed his guardian and protector.

How that fiend of a woman must have chuckled when she made me the unconscious instrument of her wicked design.

These thoughts lent wings to my feet, and I arrived, panting and breathless, before his imperial highness just as he was putting a match to the paper tube of death.

"Stop, your highness, stop!" I cried, and relieved at the prevention of the catastrophe, I stammered out an explanation of my seeming impertinence.

"You came just in time, Sir George," remarked Prince Sergius, patting me affectionately on the back as I concluded. "Another three minutes and I should have smoked Princess Olga's cigarette."

* * * * * *

Both the Russian and the English secret service authorities maintain a discreet silence as to the whereabouts of the beautiful Olga Skobensky. I have heard of a story which tells of a nihilist princess being immured at Cronstadt, who was made every day to smoke from a box containing 99 ordinary cigarettes and one that she had placed, on a former occasion, in my gold case. A day came on which she chose this particular cigarette, and the memory of the chief of the Ninth section was avenged. Instead of being blamed for my imprudence, I was rewarded far beyond my deserts. Prince Sergius gave me the Order of St. Andrew and Captain Clough a greater gift still.

For his sister Muriel, after thanking me for rescuing her brother, she consented to be my wife. Need I say more to tell you of my happiness?—Tit-Bits.

CLEVELAND'S
Superior Baking Powder

Insures
light, sweet, delicious
and wholesome
food

Cleveland's baking powder makes the biscuit and cake of finest flavor and quality and renders them more digestible and nutritious.

CLEVELAND BAKING POWDER CO.,
NEW YORK.

Care must be taken to avoid baking powders made from alum. Such powders are sold cheap, because they cost but a few cents per pound. Alum is a corrosive acid, which taken in food means injury to health.

Laughs and Mishaps.

What queer things the average person laughs at. If some one slips and falls or is unfortunate enough to make any awkward blunder, the average person thinks it very funny and laughs and repeats the affair for a funny story. If some one makes an unfortunate remark accidentally, his embarrassment is always a theme for merriment. Women, who are supposed to be sympathetic, are the ones who have the largest stock of such funny stories. They always seem to be a success. People love to laugh at the misfortunes of others.—Atchison Globe.

The Inexperience of Youth.

"Look here, sir!" exclaimed the maiden lady. "I want you to take back that parrot you sold me. I find that it swears very badly."

"Well, madam," replied the dealer, "it's a very young bird. It'll learn to swear more perfect when it's a bit older."—Philadelphia Press.

The Umbrella.

Jack—I made two calls this afternoon, and I must have left my umbrella at the last place I called.

Tom—How do you know but that you left it at the first place?

Jack—Because there's where I got it.
—Chicago News.

A LAND OF DANGERS.

THE WILD AND DEADLY COUNTRY ARIZONA WAS IN 1870.

In Those Days Prospectors and Ranchmen Carried Their Lives In Their Hands When They Visited That Lawless Region.

"The Arizona of 1870," said a Spokane man, "was a country in entering which the hardy prospector and equally fearless ranchman literally carried their lives in their hands. Phenix and Tucson were ten years away, and in that vast expanse of sun baked mountain and plains the principal inhabitants were the yellow rattlesnakes, white scorpions, tarantulas, Gila monsters and, deadly as these loathsome reptiles and insects are, more deadly still the dread Apaches, who made the mountain fastnesses of the territory their hiding place and retreat, from which they made swift and murderous raids upon outlying frontiersmen's homes.

"Geronimo had still 15 years of his blood bespattered and foul career to riot through unchecked, and there were other and worse chiefs than he who helped to make Arizona the living hell it was in those faraway days. Few or no army posts existed there, and he who sought fortune in that wilderness did so with the conviction that 'kill that ye may live' must be the rule of his life. Every murderer and blackleg who found the rest of the frontier too hot to live in was sure of an asylum in that desert, and between the deadly animal and deadlier human being it was a country into which none but the brave dared venture, where might was right and the strong arm of the law had not as yet even cast the shadow of its future coming. Such was the Arizona I knew in 1870 and such a country I pray it may never be my fate to again some in touch with.

"Of all the reptiles there the tarantula was the worst, but almost as dangerous was the white scorpion, for to his 2½ inch body was attached a sting that he could drive a full half inch into a man's body, and thus send the deadly poison coursing through his blood. The Gila monster, in spite of his dangerous reputation in the east, is not as dangerous as these others, but it is the veritable horror of his appearance that gives him his reputation.

"An overgrown and bloated lizard frequently attaining a length of 15 inches, he is fearful to behold, his alligatorlike body being of a dirty dark gray and covered with hard shell. His bite, however, compared with those of the others, is innocuous and need not be fatal if the one bitten applies without delay remedies to counteract the poison. I think it was on this trip that I witnessed as strange a sight as I had ever looked upon.

"One of our party, who had previously been in the country, assured us that he knew it all, and that a short cut across the mountains would save us many weary miles in our journey back to camp. We took him at his word, and midnight found us just on the crest of the divide, after fruitless hours spent in trying to follow a trail that had no existence. We were then in a cup shaped basin, the center of the cup being covered over by club chaparral and the balance with sun dried dead grass, and there we decided to remain the rest of the night. Tethering our weary horses without unsaddling, we lay down to catch an hour or two's rest.

"The Indian we had as guide," continued the narrator, "was tied by either arm to two of the party. This was done for safety's sake, for in that God forsaken country there was no precaution that looked toward safety it was safe to overlook. About an hour after we had lain down the Indian suddenly let loose a frightful yell, and every man rolled over on his stomach and covered him with his rifle. At the same time we became conscious of the hissing of numberless rattlesnakes, and the awful stench their bodies give off permeated the air.

"Why none of us was bitten, was a miracle, for they were all over the place, and one of them crawling over his body was the cause of the Indian's yell. That club chaparral was their home, and they must have inhabited it by the thousands. After we had got the horses and ourselves to a place of safety one of our number suggested that we fire the place, and we accordingly touched the dry grass off. In a moment the entire chaparral leaped into flame, and then occurred the weirdest of sights, for the snakes crawled up the dwarf trees and projected their horrible, writhing heads above the sea of flame, while from all about the great yellow rattlers hurried into the ring of fire.

"A snake by instinct, you know, rushes into, not away from, a nearby flame. To this day it is a vivid picture in my mind—that zone of fire, with the swollen yellow reptiles rushing into it and the heads, with their gaping, fork tongued mouths, rising above and falling beneath the leaping flames."—New York Tribune.

Liszt's Personality.

The best impression of Liszt's appearance in 1854, writes Dr. William Mason in The Century, is conveyed by a picture which shows him approaching the Altenburg. His back is turned; nevertheless there is a certain something which shows the man as he was better even than those portraits in which his features are clearly reproduced. The picture gives his gait, his figure and his general appearance. There is his tall, lank form, his high hat set a little to one side, and his arm a trifle akimbo. He had piercing eyes. His hair was very dark, but not black. He wore it long, just as he did in his older days. It came almost down to his shoulders and was cut off square at the bottom. He had it cut frequently, so as to keep it at about the same length. That was a point about which he was very particular.

As I remember his hands, his fingers were lean and thin, but they did not impress me as being very long, and he did not have such a remarkable stretch on the keyboard as one might imagine. He was always neatly dressed, generally appearing in a long frock coat, until he became the Abbe Liszt, after which he wore the distinctive black gown. His general manner and his face were most expressive of his feelings, and his features lighted up when he spoke. His smile was simply charming. His face was peculiar. One could hardly call it handsome, yet there was in it a subtle something that was most attractive, and his whole manner had a fascination which it is impossible to describe.

He Qualled.

"There is nothing," he said, as he held the beautiful girl in his strong embrace, "that I would not dare for you. There is no danger that I would not willingly face for your dear sake; no deed would be too hazardous for me to undertake with you to urge me on. When I look into your eyes, Genevieve, my heart leaps and becomes the heart of a lion; my whole being is thrilled; I seem to be imbued with the spirit of a knight of old. Ah, darling, I can well understand how the nobles who met in the lists long, long ago were willing to risk their lives when the colors of those they loved were fastened to their shields. I, too, could be a Lancelot with you, my Genevieve, to urge me on. Oh, if I might but have an opportunity to prove"—

"Hark!" she interrupted. "I hear papa coming in. Why not ask him for me now? You will never have a better chance. I'll go and meet him in the hall and send him in, and you can"—

"No, no!" he hoarsely whispered. "For heaven's sake, don't do that! It's 30 feet from the flat to the sidewalk. When I mention the matter to your father, I want to do it somewhere on the ground floor."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Enjoyable.

Tess—How did you enjoy yourself at her wedding?

Jess—Very much. Her gown was a wretched bad fit, and everybody was remarking how poor the presents were.
—Exchange.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, SEPT. 28, 1900.

Mr. Bryan should cede the sovereignty of his farm at Lincoln, Neb., to Spain or France. The land was acquired by the United States without the "consent of the governed" by another Democrat, Thomas Jefferson. How Mr. Bryan can consent to live in Nebraska, when this circumstance is considered, is unexplainable.

"If there is any one who believes the Gold Standard is a good thing, or that it must be maintained, I warn him not to cast his vote for me because I promise him it will not be maintained in this country longer than I am able to get rid of it."—Hon. William Jennings Bryan, Knoxville, Tenn., Sept. 16, 1896.

The Party (Democratic) stands where it did in 1896 on the Money Question.—Wm. J. Bryan, Zanesville, O., Sept. 4. 1900.

I do not share in the apprehension felt by many as to the danger of governments being weakened or destroyed by reason of their extension of territory.—Ulyssis S. Grant.

Mr. W. R. Hearst, Editor and Proprietor of the New York *Journal*, the San Francisco *Examiner*, and the Chicago *American*, all Democratic, made the following utterance in the *Examiner*: "MR. BRYAN MAY THINK HE IS CLOSE TO THE PEOPLE, AND THAT HIS SILLY TALK ABOUT 'IMPERIALISM' MOVES THEM, BUT HE WILL SOON FIND OUT THAT AMERICANS ARE AS MUCH IN FAVOR OF EXPANSION TO-DAY AS THEY WERE WHEN THEY APPLAUDED THE ACQUISITION OF THE LOUISIANA TERRITORY BY THAT NOTED IMPERIALIST, THOMAS JEFFERSON."

WASHINGTON urged the acquisition of Canada.

HAMILTON'S VIEWS—"We ought to look to the possession of Florida and Louisiana."

JEFFERSON declared for Extensive Empire and Self-Government; and acquisition of Cuba.

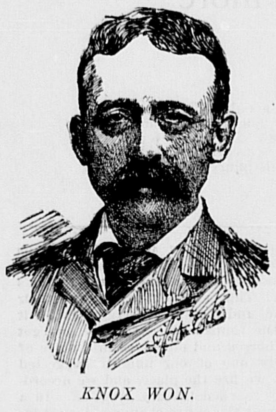
JACKSON said—"Never cede any land or boundary of the Republic but always add to it, thus extending Freedom."

BUCHANAN said—"Expansion is the future policy of our country and only cowards fear and oppose it."

DOUGLAS' VIEWS—"As fast as our interests and destiny require additional territory I am in for it."

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN advocated the acquisition of Canada.

KEEP THE FLAG FLYING.



KNOX WON.

Nerved and bouyed up by the esprit de corps (for the Colonel is a canoeman, too) the young men of Woburn fought a gallant battle for delegates favorable to the nomination of Col. Butler Ames in the caucuses last Monday. They displayed ability for organization, pluck and perseverance, hardly to be expected in partisans so inexperienced in the arts of political warfare, and although they failed to win the game, their soldierly qualities and the employment of them won the admiration and applause of "The Old Guard."

The young men made a thorough and systematic canvas of every ward in the city; their books were accurately kept; they were alert; their census takers attended strictly to business; and no grass was allowed to grow under their feet. Besides these, every man of them was brimful of courage; no doubts troubled them; nor did they believe that victory had perched on the enemy's banner until the votes were counted and declared. The young men put up a splendid fight for Ames. They are made of the stuff that will win Republican victories when the time comes for them to dominate the political stage.

But then, there were "The Old Guard!" "The Old Guard" were fully aroused to the importance of the contest and took up the fight with an old time ernestness, wisdom, skill, tact and pluck which their younger opponents could not hope to stand up against. "The Old Guard" have fought many hot battles at the ballotbox; they have learned war from hard knocks and victories; they know how to fight; they are the "Regulars" in the Republican army.

Of course, the young fighters for Ames couldn't hope to match or successfully cope with such odds, and so "The Old Guard," as usual, won out in brave style.

WOOD AT STONEHAM.

The Republicans of Stoneham held their caucus on Tuesday evening last.

Although Mr. William H. Marden of that town made a great ante-caucus blow and bluster, and was cocksure of the Senatorial delegates, Mr. Alva S. Wood of Woburn, the unanimous choice of the Woburn Republicans, swept things as clean as a whistle over there and captured every delegate.

Thus was Mr. Wood's only competitor in the District snowed under, and his nomination, without opposition, assured.

CAN READ HIS TITLE CLEAR.

The results of the several Republican Caucuses held in the 5th Congressional District on Monday evening, Sept. 24, enabled Hon. W. S. Knox, five minutes after they closed, to "read his title clear" to a nomination for a fourth term in the National House of Representatives. The whole number of delegates composing the convention is 131; necessary to a choice, 66; Mr. Knox secured 68 last Monday, or 2 more than a majority.

And thereupon Col. Ames threw up the sponge.

MAGNANIMOUS.

Col. Butler Ames and Judge John J. Pickman, the defeated Congressional candidates in this District, have generously tendered their services on the stump in behalf of Hon. W. S. Knox, the successful candidate.

LOWELL CAUCUSES.

Republican caucuses held in Lowell last Tuesday evening, so far as the Congressional contest was concerned, were a mere formality. Col. Ames and Judge Pickman, after hearing from the Monday evening caucuses at Woburn and Lawrence, withdrew, and the Lowell delegates are to cast their votes for Knox, who will be nominated at the convention, which is to be held in Lyceum Hall, Woburn, on October 2, by acclamation.

Thus happily ends the Congressional fight.

"THE PARAMOUNT ISSUE."

The "paramount issue" at the Woburn Republican caucuses last Monday day night was Knox versus Ames. Every other interest was subordinated to that one question. Other tickets owed their success to that fact. Minor delegations were not seriously considered—it was Knox or Ames—which was a favorable condition for aspirants.

Knox or Ames was the paramount issue," and Knox won handsomely.

CONGRESSIONAL CONVENTION.

The Republican Congressional convention for the 5th District will be held in Woburn on Tuesday, Oct. 2, 1900, in Lyceum Hall.

SENATORIAL CONVENTION.

The Republican Senatorial convention of the Middlesex-Essex District is to be held in Music Hall, Woburn, on Saturday, Oct. 6, 1900, at 2 o'clock p. m.

COUNTY CONVENTION.

The Republican County convention for Middlesex county will be held in Huntington Hall, Lowell, at 10.30 o'clock Tuesday, Oct. 9, 1900.

☞ Leaders of the Woburn Democracy are talking of selecting Mr. Lawrence Reade as a candidate for Representative, but it is doubtful if the rank and file have the good sense to nominate him. His candidacy would add materially to the respectability of their campaign, but this consideration will not count with that element of the Party that throws a majority of the votes. They seek in a candidate something more substantial than fitness for the position, and the man who will furnish the most of it will be the nominee. Mr. Reade is a good, clean man. He is intelligent and respectable, and the Democrats would honor them selves by honoring him with the nomination.

☞ Two days before the Monday night caucuses the Lawrence *American*, a dim shadow of a once influential newspaper, declared that Mr. Knox could not carry Lawrence, nor Woburn, nor obtain another nomination for Congress. Mr. Knox carried every Ward in Lawrence, secured 14 out of the 15 Woburn delegates, and enough more in other places to give him a clean majority of two in the convention. So much for the *American*.

☞ The proceedings at the caucus in Ward 7 last Monday night were disgraceful. It was carried for Ames by the vote of half a dozen Democrats of a type which the respectable portion of that Party would not recognize as fellow partisans. Their condition and recent conduct were such as should have debarred them from participation in any decent political meeting, much less in a Republican caucus.

☞ We would ask the young gentlemen in this city who worked hard and conscientiously for Col. Ames if they deem it prudent to declare on the public streets that the Ames supporters in Woburn will vote against Mr. Knox at the November election? Are such declarations wise? May they not react on someone of their own candidates? Such talk might become a two-edged sword.

☞ The JOURNAL told its readers last week that the outcome of the Congressional contest hinged on the result of the Woburn caucuses. To show that the paper knew what it was talking about it is necessary only to state that just as soon as Col. Ames heard from Woburn Monday night he gave up the fight.

☞ The Republicans of Ward 5 did splendidly at their caucus Monday night. Col. Ames got only 3 votes out of a total of 26; Knox raked in all the rest—23 votes. Mr. William T. Kendall was a happy man on Tuesday morning, and James R. Wood, George T. Hosmer, and John Black didn't feel very bad.

☞ Congressman Knox didn't quite serve in the Spanish War as Col. Ames did, but he seems to have put up a great fight on the home battlefield.—*Boston Herald*.

It was also a fair fight so far as Mr. Knox and his friends were concerned.

☞ Chairman E. G. Preston of the Knox Committee did yeoman's service for the success of Congressman Knox at and prior to our Ward caucuses. He is a worker.

☞ Lawrence, Mr. Knox's own home, did splendidly by their "favorite son" last Monday. The Republicans of Lawrence are true blue every time.

☞ That one Ames delegate came high, but he had to have it to make good the promises of his managers.

☞ Where, oh where, is the prophet Elijah?

☞ Beer and cigars catch few Republican votes.

☞ The Readings must feel lonesome all by themselves.

Those timid people who imagine the Constitution is violated and the Republic destroyed because there are American soldiers in China without a declaration of war by Congress, may be comforted by knowing that the war with Mexico was fourteen months old before there was a formal declaration thereof.

FROM THE ORIENT

CARPETS

Goods right—prices right—workmanship right—everything right.
We do by far the largest business in Boston in

Carpets and Upholstery.

What do you suppose the reason is?

JOHN H. PRAY & SONS CO.,
658 Washington Street, 658
Opp. Boylston St.,
BOSTON.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

Latest Styles for Fall & Winter
NOW IN STOCK AT
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

H. W.—For Sale.
Bennett St.—Lost.
Dannatt—Opening.
City—Pet. & Order.
Mrs. Allen—Opening.
A. E. Sproul—Macullar.
Miss Callahan—Opening.
J. W. Johnson—Mort. Sale.
Hammond & Son—Clothing.
Tremont Theatre—Becky Sharp.
Royal B. P. Co.—Baking Powder.
Lex. & B. R. R. Co.—Pet. & Order.
City of Woburn—Registrars of Voters.

— No school this forenoon.

— Locke, tuner, telephone, this page.

— The voting list numbers 2858 names.

— Daughter to Mr. and Mrs. John Lynch, Sept. 26, 1900.

— Frank J. Doherty has entered the Harvard Medical School.

— Read the ad. To Let of Mr. E. H. Richards in this paper.

— Day after tomorrow is "Rally Sunday" at the Sunday Schools.

— One room in the Union school has been closed on account of diphtheria.

Dollar Wheat and Ten Cent Cotton tell the story of McKinley prosperity.

— Mrs. Bertha Taylor will please accept our thanks for a fine basket of pears.

— Ernest Simonds left here last Tuesday for a visit at North Conway, N. H.

— Miss Amelia Sheehan has been appointed teacher in the Cambridge school.

— Mr. Arthur C. Ellis and wife are at Small Point, Maine, for a couple of weeks.

— Mr. and Mrs. James Walker returned from Lewiston, Maine, last Saturday.

— Hope Circle will give a whist party in Odd Fellows Hall on the evening of Oct. 10.

— Mr. John Brown of California, formerly a resident of Woburn, is visiting friends here.

— Mishawum Lodge, A. O. U. W., held a pleasant smoke talk last Wednesday evening.

— Peter J. McCarron, who was injured in the bicycle race here a week ago is recovering.

— Olson and O'Reilly are making great improvements on the gateman's house at Church ave.

— Capt. J. M. Ellis began work on the foundation of the Towanda's new clubhouse yesterday.

— Remember the assembly to be given by the Willow Club in Hose Hall, Cummingsville, on Oct. 5.

— Miss Mertena Bancroft will resume teaching classes on the pianoforte in this city next Monday, Oct. 1.

— Chairman Preston guessed the exact Knox majority in Ward 1, 18; and Ames majority in Ward 7, 6.

— The new Clubhouse of the Towandas will be ready for occupancy before long. It will be a fine one.

— Miss Mildred Knapp will please accept our thanks for a big lot of fine pears which she raised in her orchard.

— The St. Charles and North Woburn baseball teams will contest for a $100 purse in Woburn Park, tomorrow.

— All kinds of repairing at Leathe's. Our $2.50 hand welt calf shoes for men are equal to any $3 advertised shoes.

— Timothy Mahoney, a Civil War Veteran, was quite seriously injured by falling down stairs at Montvale last Saturday.

— The Ladies Auxiliary of Div. 3, A. O. H., held a pleasant social at the Auditorium on Wednesday evening, Sept. 26.

— When Rev. Ludwig Akeson returns from New York with his bride a week hence they will reside at 26 Auburn street.

— Mr. Frank Hale of Salem st., stepson of Mr. James R. Wood, has returned from an extended and delightful European tour.

— Irene Foster, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alva J. Foster of Church ave., who was taken down with diphtheria, is much better.

— Mr. Willis Varney is at his bench once more in the popular jewelry store of L. E. Hanson & Co. He had a nice time Down East.

As a Light House

Stand for safe sailing. So our store stands for safe buying of drugs and medicines. We find that more people each week are realizing it as our increasing business shows.

HUNTLEY'S,
The Prescription Store,
417 MAIN STREET.

— Several members of the Woburn C. T. U. attended the convention at Bedford last Wednesday. They had a pleasant day and meeting.

— Mr. C. A. Nichols, proprietor of the steam carpet cleansing establishment in Buel Court, has the finest looking business wagon in town.

— A sister from New Orleans is is visiting Mrs. Frank B. French, wife of the City Engineer and Superintendant of road building in this city.

— Hon. John M. Harlow and lady reached their pleasant home in this city from a tour through Vermont, York State, Canada, etc., last Saturday.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf

— The Sunday School of the First Baptist church will observe next Sunday as Rally Day. There will be interesting exercises appropriate to the day.

— Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Ellis of Lewiston, Maine, have been spending a portion of their honeymoon at the residence of Mr. Jacob M. Ellis of this city.

— Mrs. M. H. Allen will be pleased to meet her customers after Oct. 1, at Dow's Block and submit for their examination all the fall novelties in millinery.

— The 39th Regimental Association will hold their annual reunion at Natick on Oct. 10. Co. K of the Regiment was a Woburn organization, many members of which now reside in this city.

— From reports that reach us from Ward 7 regarding the manner in which Republican Caucuses are conducted over there reform, with a big R, is needed.—X.

— Ald. Carroll is going to try to get the City Council to reconsider its vote granting a street railroad franchise to the Concord & Boston Company. He isn't satisfied.

— Lost—On Monday, Sept. 17, a portemonaie containing money and visiting cards with owner's name. The finder will please leave it at Woburn Hotel, No. 4 Bennett street.

— Mr. John N. C. Parker, of the firm of Moore & Parker, the principal and popular newsdealers in this city, has returned from a fine tour through the White Mountains country.

— John E. Moore, son of Sewer Commissioner Thomas Moore, has entered the Harvard Law School. He is a graduate of Georgetown College, D. C., and a brainy young man.

— Mr. William Woodberry and his daughter, Mrs. H. M. Aldrich, enjoyed a drive through the city streets yesterday. Mr. Woodberry is a very old man, but his health is good and he enjoys life.

— The Icemen's ball will be given on Oct. 4, in Lyceum Hall. It is expected to be "a big thing on ice." Gowan's Orchestra will furnish the music, and Andrews and Hern will play with it.

— Ladies, please read the notice in this paper of Dannatt's millinary opening to take place next week. Her store is filled with all the finest goods to be found in the Boston and New York markets.

— Charlie W. Cooper, bookkeeper at the real estate office of C. E. Cooper & Co., has got back from a very enjoyable trip through New York, Pennsylvania, and other remote regions, and is now ready for work.

— Mrs. Charles H. Taylor of Pleasant street is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Jennie Greenleaf, at North Berwick, Maine. At last accounts they were looking for a Baptist Association to attend. They are strong on B. A's.

— Cards received on Tuesday last announced the wedding of Rev. Ludwig Akeson, pastor of the Scandinavian Evangelical Free church of this city, and Miss Hildegard Blomquist, to take place in New York City on Tuesday, October 2.

— In the Socialist Labor conventions held lately Woburn men have carried off a considerable share of the spoils. We hear that they do not hope to elect many of their nominees, and there are no signs in the air that they will be pleasantly disappointed.

— Mr. Robert J. W. Phinney suffered an apoplectic shock last Wednesday night at his home on Warren ave., and at this writing, 1.30 Thursday afternoon, it is the opinion of Drs. Harlow and Blake that he will live but a few hours at the longest.

— At the rifle shoot yesterday the Rifle Team of Company G, 5th Regiment was represented by Lieut. McCarthy, Sergt. Gambell, Corp. Carleton, Corp. W. A. Durward, Priv. James Durward, Priv. P. A. Rogers, Priv. Thomas J. Sweeney.

— Mr. J. Howard Nason is doing a fine excursion business this season. His White Mountains parties are large and numerous. He gives every excursionist his money's worth. Mr. C. M. Strout and Mr. C. E. Tripp conducted two parties for him this week.

— Mr. and Mrs. Daniel H. Richards returned from a month's visit with their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. James Bruce, Jr., at Chicago, and relatives at Joliet, Illinois, last Saturday. They report Mr. Bruce as much better, with a fair prospect of fully restored health.

— Mayor Davis has lately been patching up the sidewalk on the western side of Main st., in front of and below the JOURNAL printing and publishing establishment with the evident design of securing votes next December. Time alone will determine whether or not his hopes end in fruition.

— Mr. George H. Gilbert of Sunnyside, Winchester, has returned from his summer resort at Little Boar's Head, and is in fine health and spirits. He passed a pleasant season at the old and popular N. H., seaside retreat, and richly deserved all the delight he experienced while there this summer.

— I would like to thank the kind friends who have contributed towards our Harvest Festival celebration. There are yet a lot of goods that are not sold; if anyone would like to help the Army by buying from us, they can call any evening from 7 until 9. L. Lovell, officer in charge of the S. A. in Woburn.

— In his best bib and tucker Mayor Davis started this morning for North Adams to attend a grand rally of the Mayors Club of Massachusetts which is to be held at the Wellington Tavern in that city today. He is Secretary of the Club. It is to be a semi-free blowout, the B. & M. Railroad Co. furnishing transportation gratis.

— Last week Mr. and Mrs. J. Grafton Murdock celebrated in fine form their Wooden Wedding, or first anniversary of their wedding day. A goodly number of people were present, and they were pleasantly entertained during the evening. There was an excellent supper, good music, and agreeable social intercourse.

— Beggs & Cobb contributed $50 to the Galveston Relief Fund of Boston, and the Woburn Branch of the American Hide & Leather Co. gave $100. Mrs. Robert Phinney asks why it would not be a good thing to do, and show practical sympathy for the sufferers, to give a Grand Concert in this city and send the proceeds to them.

— Dr. Harry G. Blake expects to leave tomorrow with dogs and guns for a fortnight's shooting in Nothern Vermont, which region he is in the habit of visiting every fall on the same errand. His customary game consists chiefly of woodcock, partridges, and an occasional fox, in the pursuit and capture of which the doctor takes delight.

— Miss Callahan, No. 335 Main st., is the proprietor of the chief millinery establishment in Woburn and all the territory hereabouts. She is herself an artist in the business; she has fine taste; keeps square up with the latest fashions; and is an honorable young woman to deal with. Her present fall stock is a splendid one.

— Mr. J. E. Boutwell's foxhound won first prize at the bench show of the Middlesex East Agricultural Association last Wednesday and Andy McHugh's pointer won third. The Judges selected Mr. Boutwell's dog for a model by which to determine the merits of the candidates for honors and kept him on the bench during the trial. Which didn't make his owner feel very bad.

— The advertisement of Hammond & Son in this paper is worth reading carefully. As is well known, far and wide, theirs is the leading clothing house in this part of the country, conducted in the latest style and on sound business principles, and is worthy of the great patronage it enjoys. Never before has their large store been so full of fashionable firstclass goods as now.

— The Lynn & Boston Street Railway company have been granted the North Woburn extension franchise by the Woburn City Council on terms satisfactory to both sides. The Company generously yielded points on fares and transfers which means less rates and better accommodations for the people along their Woburn lines. General Manager Foster is level headed.

— Instead of her arm, Miss Edith Lillian Smith broke her left collarbone at Mt. Holyoke College, where she is a Freshman, last week. At 10 o'clock in the evening, the hall lights being extinguished, she opened the wrong door from the hall and fell down a flight of stairs and in the fall met with the accident. Her physician said Miss Edith would be able to go on with her studies this week.

Our Business for Half a Century has been to make and sell

CLOTHING FOR Men and Boys.

We make but one grade of goods—the highest—and the work is done on our own premises under *cleanly* conditions and open at any time to the inspection of our customers.

It is impossible to make, anywhere, BETTER clothing than we make, or to sell it at a LOWER PRICE.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY,
400—Washington Street—400
BOSTON.

A Good Tooth Brush--A Prize.

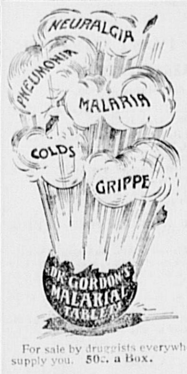
. . . . From Dupont, France, has been imported a large quantity especially marked,

—"THE PILL BOX"—
"EXQUISITE"

and will be sold for a QUARTER each.

If a fault arises by falling bristles, or otherwise, the money refunded willingly, next to the P. O.

The Lid of the PILL BOX will be closed at 9.30 P. M. from Oct. 1st to April 1st, on week days, except Saturdays and Holidays.



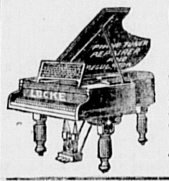
THE BOMB
That Deals Death to Disease.

Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets

Recognized medical authorities concede that Pneumonia and Grippe are the outcome of the malarial germ. It is here (the root of the evil) where Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets arrest the cause of disease, and hence are recognized as reliable by the medical fraternity. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take.

For sale by druggists everywhere, or, will be sent postpaid on receipt of price—if your dealer can't supply you. 50c. a Box.

EDWARD C. CHURCH, Boston, Mass.
GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Wholesale Agents.



CORRECT PIANO TUNING AND REPAIRING,
BY FRANK A. LOCKE.
24 YEARS EXPERIENCE.

Tuner in Woburn for a great many years. Every unison, octave and chord so evenly balanced and smoothly tuned as to make the harmony on your piano an exquisite pleasure to listen to. No jagged, rough, harsh, uneven chords so often left by tuners. Recommendations from manufacturers, dealers, teachers, colleges and the musical profession. Prices reasonable.

Boston Office: 179 Tremont St., Boston. Telephone 17-2 Jamaica.

Woburn Office, Moore & Parker's, 375 Main St.

— As a result of the good work of Supt. Brackett, who is a thorough paced street railroad man, the North Woburn Company can boast of tracks superior to those of any other lines in this vicinity. The road has been overhauled, revamped, rerailed, etc., this summer, and when about a mile more of it, between Winchester and Medford, is finished the line will be A 1 in every particular. Next, Supt. Brackett, give us some better cars.

— The young men of the First church of age 17 and upwards are greatly interested in the announcement of a Reception and Social to be held in the church parlors Tuesday, Oct. 2, at 7.30 P. M. Mr. S. M. Sayford of Newton who will relate some of his remarkable experiences is the centre of attraction. Music, general sociability and light refreshments will fill out the program. All the young men of the church and congregation are invited.

— Mr. Charles A. McDonald of Beach st. attended the annual reunion of his Regiment, the Second Massachusetts, at the United States Hotel in Boston last week, and had the time of his life. Veteran McDonald has not been real punctual at his Regiment's reunions in years past, although he has always enjoyed those attended immensely, but this year he concluded to go and meet the remnant of his old fellow soldiers, and was very glad he did so.

— The local Flower Mission made and sent to Boston last Friday over 500 beautiful bouquets of autumn flowers. Mr. Elmore A. Pierce's contribution was a handsome one. None engaged in the good work have been more interested or more regular and generous contributors to the weekly floral donations to the sick children of Boston than the little Misses Dora and Mildred Knapp, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Knapp of Church avenue.

— "It is the best place on earth," was the verdict rendered by Miss Dora B. Buss on her return last week from a protracted sojourn at the Grand, a popular hotel at Mt. Vernon, N. H. Situated 1100 feet above sea level and 800 above the surrounding plateau, the Grand furnished the wholesome air, the genial sunshine, and the fine views, that Miss Buss, after a long and severe illness, needed for complete restoration to health, and there she found it. Evidently she thinks there is no place like Mt. Vernon, and no hotel equal to the Grand.

— St. John's Baptist is one of the most prosperous churches in this city. It is not large in numbers but its members are sound in doctrine, devoted and earnest workers. It has a neat and commodious church edifice in the centre of the town, which is supplied with all modern conveniences. Its pastor is a good man, an able preacher, a faithful worker. A well organized and excellent choir furnishes music. At a social held in the church last week a fine literary and musical programme was executed and afforded great pleasure to a large audience.

— The following from the pen of a Woburn reporter appeared in the columns of the Boston *Herald* last Friday: Funeral services were this morning held over the remains of Walter Kenney, son of the late Edward W. Kenney. Deceased had a large circle of acquaintances, had a responsible position in business and was held in the highest esteem. This was attested by the throng at the service at St. Charles church and the flowers contributed. High mass was celebrated, the choir rendered impressive selections and the bearers were intimate friends of deceased. The interment was at Calvary cemetery.

— Berry, the Socialist Labor candidate for Governor, will speak on the Common to-morrow evening.

— 8 a. m., Sept. 28, 1900: A rainstorm: wind E.

— The Woburn Golf Club will hold a tourney to-morrow.

— State shoot at Walnut Hill Range yesterday a great success.

— There was a special meeting of the City Council last evening.

— Robert J. W. Phinney still alive.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts.

Mr. Bryan has not yet said anything in the press of the economic independence of the Nebraska hog, which is worth $4.50 more per head now than it was four years ago. It is really not nice of the Nebraska hog to be so very valuable.

The Bell Has Rung!

Calling in Straw Hats and men folks will find all the latest styles here awaiting their selection.

SPECIALS.
The "GUYER" $3.00 Stiff Hat.
The "FRANKLIN" $2.00 Stiff Hat.
Extra Values.

Soft Hats are very popular in the new shades of Pearl, Oxford mixed, Brown and Grey.

Nobby Hats for Young Men are here!

(Special Hats made to order at no extra charge.)

HAMMOND & SON.
Leading Clothiers and Hatters. Lyceum Hall Building,
WOBURN.
Established 1851.

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
MONDAY, October 1st, 1900.
Pupils will kindly arrange for hours at their earliest convenience.
12 Franklin St., Woburn.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
—IN—
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue. WOBURN

Miss DORA ALLINE WINN,
Painoforte Instruction,
6 HIGHLAND ST.
Arrangements for lessons can be made on or after Sept. 24.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,
(Pupil of Loeffler.)
VIOLIN INSTRUCTION,
ADDRESS:
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Pillsbury's
BEST
XXXX
Minneapolis, Minn.

Pillsbury's Best

FLOUR!
$5.50 Per Bbl.

Bear in mind that this IS the Best Flour on the market.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

Comer's Commercial College
Known Everywhere
as the most modern, progressive and in every way "up-to-date" business school. Prepares
Young Men and Women
in the shortest time—at the least expense—for good paying business positions. Day and evening sessions. If you want to know all about Shorthand, Book-keeping and the most successful Employment Department send for latest prospectus.
666 Washington St., cor. Beach St.,
BOSTON.

Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank.

Incorporated A. D. 1854.

BENJAMIN HINCKLEY, President.
E. E. THOMPSON, Treasurer

Open daily, 9 A. M. to 12 M., 2 to 4 P. M.
Saturday evenings, 6 to 8.

NOTICE.

The regular Quarterly Meeting of the Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank will be held at their Banking Rooms, on **Friday, Oct. 5th, 1900**, at 7.30 P. M., to hear and act on the reports of the Treasurer and Auditors, and to transact such other business as may legally come before said meeting.

E. E. THOMPSON, Clerk.

P. S.—Money deposited on or before Oct. 6, will draw interest from Oct. 1, 1900.

E. E. THOMPSON, Treasurer.

Woburn, Sept. 26, 1900.

Paper Pattern Department.

The October DELINEATOR, for sale in our Pattern Department, contains 100 illustrations of newest garments, millinery, garnitures, etc. It is a storehouse of dress information; a never-failing guide in a thousand and one other domestic matters in addition to garment-making. Fifteen Cents.

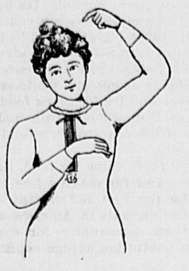
October Butterick Patterns are now on sale.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

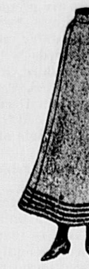
To Open The Season

We shall place on our counters a line of fine combed Ladies' Fleeced Vests and Pants for Fall and Winter wear. This lot we have just bought direct from the manufacturer and were made to sell from 29 to 35 cents apiece. We shall open the season by selling these at 20 cents apiece. There is only a case of these goods and they will not last long.

Bicycle and Storm Skirts have always been a specialty with us and this season we have made arrangements with the best skirt maker in Boston and will make to order in three days any skirt we have in stock. We are selling these skirts from $1.75 up. Come and see this line and compare our prices with Boston.



This Vest 20 cents.



This Skirt $2.25.

REMEMBER THE LITTLE STORE.

No. 335 Main St., WOBURN

Millinery Opening

Wednesday and Thursday,

OCT. 3d and 4th.

MISS CALLAHAN,

335 Main Street, - - WOBURN.

Republican Delegates.

The following are the delegates chosen at the Republican caucuses last Monday evening to attend the State and other Republican conventions.

They are all for Knox except the Ward 7 delegates, who were chosen by Democrats The proceedings at the caucus in that Ward were scandalous, and decent men were powerless.

Ward 1—State, Benjamin Hinckley, Alva S. Wood; County, Benjamin H. Nichols, Edward Q. Brackett; Councillor, Henry C. Hall, Rufus C. Hayward; Senatorial Edwin F. Wyer, Joseph F. DeLoriea; Representative, William T. Grammer, George A. Simonds, Fred J. Brown, G. William Buchanan; Congressional, Edward D. Hayden, Elwyn G. Preston; Ward and City Committee, Rufus C. Hayward, H. C. Hall, Edward H. Lounsbury, Arthur C. Wyer, Edwin K. Porter.

Ward 2—State, Edmund C. Cottle, Luke W. Fowle, Ambrose Bancroft; County, Albert R. Dimick, Edward G. Clough, Emil Svenson; Councillor, Henry L. Andrews, Charles W. Hill, Patrick H. Maguire; Senatorial, James M. Kimball, Edward C. Collamore, Charles M. Strout; Representative, Benjamin A. Tripp, Edward F. Johnson, George A. Day, George R. Ferguson, Charles R. Rosenquist; Congressional, George E. Fowle, Frank A. Winn, Herbert S. Riley; Ward and City Committee, James M. Kimball, Edward C. Collamore, Herbert S. Riley, Charles M. Strout, Charles R. Rosenquist.

Ward 3—State, Frederick A. Flint, Winthrop Hammond, Henry H. Leathe; County, John E. Tidd, Henry E. Smith, Fort Staples; Councillor, P. Elverton Bancroft, Eliphaz Prior, Francis A. Buckman; Senatorial, Nathan W. Frye, Charles H. Johnson, John C. Nichols; Representative, John K. Murdock, Frank C. Nichols, Charles M. Howe, Frank E. Cotton, Alexander B. Barrett; Congressional, William Beggs, Winthrop Hammond, Alexander Grant; Ward and City Committee, Marcus H. Cotton, Fort Staples, Charles H. Johnson, Francis A. Partridge, William Plummer.

Ward 4—State, Charles A. Burdett, Elmore A. Pierce, William E. Blodgett; Senatorial, Fred H. Burdett, Oliver F. Bryant, Elisha F. Hayward; County, Edward E. Thompson, John C. Buck, W. Henry Smith; Councillor, John M. Wallace, Wilbur T. Wilson, Horace N. Conn; Representative, John R. Carter, William S. York, Caleb H. Jaquith, Fred T. Dunton, Amos Langill; Congressional, John M. Harlow, John M. Portal, John R. Carter; Ward and City Committee, J. Fred Leslie, Leon L. Dorr, Wilbur T. Wilson, Elmore A. Pierce, W. Henry Smith.

Ward 5—State, James R. Wood; County, Charles H. Brown; Councillor, Thomas McCarthy; Senatorial, John Black; Representative, John Black, William T. Kendall; Congressional, George F. Hosmer; Ward and City Committee, John Black, W. H. Cadwell, Thomas McCarthy, Chancy L. Brown, Peter Stockholm.

Ward 6—State, B. Frank Kimball, William W. Hill; County, Henry M Eames, Samuel H. Patten; Councillor, Samuel A. Thompson, B. Frank Waldron; Senatorial, Arthur V. Dickson, Andrew R. Linscott; Congressional, Frank W. Greydon, Nathaniel S. Watson; Representative, Josiah P. Bixby, Leander W. Hall, James W. Kenty, Edwin J. Marston; Ward and City Committee, Arthur U. Dickson, Frank W. Greydon, Edwin J. Marston, Josiah P. Bixby, Judson P. Dickerman.

Ward 7—State, George Russell; County, James Given; Councillor, David W. Brown; Senatorial, Adam Bustead; Congressional, Alvah B. Heald; Representative, F. H. Graham, Willis A. Marshall; Ward and City Committee, Adam Bustead, Myron B. Lovering, William A. Russell, Frank H. Graham, Fred Given.

Stood Death Off.

E. B. Munday, a lawyer of Henrietta, Tex., once fooled a grave-digger. He says; "My brother was very low with malarial fever and jaundice. I persuaded him to try Electric Bitters, and he was soon much better, but continued their use until he was wholly cured. I am sure Electric Bitters saved his life." This remedy expels malaria, kills disease germs and purifies the blood; aids digestion, regulates liver, kidneys and bowels, cures constipation, dyspepsia, nervous diseases, kidney troubles, female complaints; gives perfect health. Only 50c at Huntley & Co.'s drug store.

Boston Theatres.

THE BOSTON.

James O'Neill has entered on the second week of his engagement at the Boston Theatre, in the production of "Monte Cristo." It is many years since so much interest has been bestowed upon a theatrical enterprise as is being devoted to this performance. Liebler & Co. made great promises before the opening of the engagement, and it is only justice to state that they have kept them, and every word that has been printed in advance about the production is applicable to it now after the public has passed its verdict. The large lobby of the Boston Theatre is crowded every day, presenting the appearance of the entrance to some big circus tent, with this difference, that while the streams of ticket-buyers are only seen around a circus the day it is in town, this unusual scene of activity prevails in the Boston Theatre lobby every day. "Monte Cristo" parties are being formed all over New England, and during the whole history of the play there has never been any such desire to witness it as is now burning in the breast of every theatre-goer. Boston and New England, at least, have capitulated to Mr. O'Neill, and no doubt that New York will do the same when he appears there at the Academy of Music on Oct. 22. The company that Liebler & Co. have surrounded him with has been pronounced excellent by every newspaper in Boston. The mammoth mounting of "Monte Cristo" is the talk of the town, and it is a hard choice for the spectator to decide which one of the five acts is the most elaborate and pleasing. The beautiful golden effect in the Hotel de Morcerf in the Fourth Act is brilliantly contrasted with the silvery aspect of the snow scene in the fifth act, making this production of "Monte Cristo" a bi-metallic spectacle, gold and silver.

THE TREMONT.

Every one who had ever seen "Papa's Wife" and its heroine, Miss Anna Held, remembered it with pleasure, and this accounted for the very large audience which assembled at the Tremont Theatre, Monday night, to welcome the second season of the play in Boston. For the warmth of this welcome Miss Held was largely responsible, although the other members of the company contributed their share to the merit of the entertainment, particularly Mr. Charles A. Bigelow. Miss Held was as pretty, as charmingly dressed, as chic as of yore. From her Parisian coiffure to her shapely little shoes she was daintiness itself, and her ease, grace and vivacity were delightful. Her smiles and her accent never lose their fascination, and her acting was characterized by a brilliancy and versatility which could not fail to please. The play, "Papa's Wife," is simply perfection—the most attractive and satisfactory production that the Boston stage has given the public for many a day. It has proved a splendid success at the Tremont Theatre which has been crowded by people away up in social circles every night since the first performance of "Papa's Wife." Matinee tomorrow afternoon, which will afford the women and children an opportunity to see this fine play.

North Woburn.

Mr. Webber is doing good business on School street.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira A. Worth of Charlestown were visitors at North Woburn Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sumner Sylvester of Herman, Me., have been visiting their nephew Mr. Hartly Tarr.

John Linscott of Nebraska, an old resident of the village and a veteran of the Civil War, visited his relatives here this week with his sister, Mrs. M. E. Thomas of Newton Center.

Swedish Lutheran Church.

The Ladies' Society of the church will hold its annual Fair in about a month, the dates being October 18, 20, 25, 27. The second evening the program will be rendered by the Lutheran choir of Waltham; the third evening by the Highland Orchestra of this city.

Last week the pastor spent several days in Gardner. Part of the proceeds of a festival went to the Woburn church. This week a like entertainment will be held in Fitchburg.

NOTICE.

In accordance with an agreement of the Druggists of this city we shall close our store at 9.30 o'clock every evening from October first to April first.

Saturdays and Christmas Holidays excepted.

F. P. BROOKS,
Ph. G.,
361 Main St.

Teeles' Day Off.

This has been Warren Teele's day off. He and Mrs. Teele, despising the mud and mindful only of the sunshine, have been touring the broad prairies of Scott county with a horse and buggy, unmindful of everything but the birds and breezes and each other. For just 47 years ago today back in New England, they were married, and they celebrated the day every year since. The entire population of the county unites in one great big grand good wish that they may continue to have good health and good weather for their wedding anniversary for years and years to come.—*Davenport (Ia.) Democrat, Sept. 20.*

Mr. Teel was born and raised in Woburn. He was a likely product of "Richardson's Row," (now, alas, no more), but in early manhood wandered West to "grow up with the country." This he has done, and at last, after an honorable and useful career, he finds himself in the "sere and yellow leaf" of life, but happy and contented. Mr. Teel has relatives here, not the least among whom is the "Count Rumford Monument." "Here's our heart and here's our hand" to Mr. and Mrs. Teel, and may their shadows never grow less.

A Night of Terror.

"Awful anxiety was felt for the widow of the brave General Burnham of Machias, Me., when the doctors said she would die from Pneumonia before morning" writes Mrs. S. H. Lincoln, who attended her that fearful night, but she begged for Dr. King's New Discovery, which had more than once saved her life, and cured her of Consumption. After taking, she slept all night. Further use entirely cured her." This marvellous medicine is guaranteed to cure all Throat, Chest and Lung Diseases. Only 50c and $1 00. Trial bottles free at Huntley & Co.'s drug store.

Loyal Temperance Legion.

A branch of this organization for children was formed in Woburn last Friday. The Senior officers are as follows: Leader, Mrs. May Perkins Skinner; Organist, Miss Clara Langell. Junior Officers, as far as chosen are, President, Esther Bean; Secretary, Lilian Harrington. The Junior Officers are chosen for three months only.

The next meeting will be held in the Swedish Lutheran church on Friday, September 28, at 4.15 P. M.

It is earnestly hoped that a large number of both boys and girls, between the ages of five and sixteen, will connect themselves with the organization.

"Save the children, and you save the State."

PRESS SUPT., W. C. T. U.

WINCHESTER.

The Winchester Council, K. C., will hold their annual ball on Friday evening, Oct. 26.

Mr. E. Lawrence Barnard, one of our best men, has been very sick but is likely to recover.

Judge Littlefield is getting the bowling alleys at the Calumet Club in fine shape for the season's sport.

The *Star* says the report that it contemplates moving to other quarters is without the least foundation.

There will be no opposition to the renomination of Mr. Samuel W. Twombly for the Legislature.

Mr. S. W. Twombly has sold a large tract of residential real estate to Mr. Edwin Ginn for improvement.

The Highland Bethany Society will hold a sale at the Congregational church on Thursday afternoon, Oct. 4.

Representative S. W. Twombly lately visited his former home at Berwick, Maine. The Twomblys are quite numerous in York county, and they are all firstclass people. The name is common in Berwick, Saco, Biddeford, and other places.

It seems natural and good to see Mr. George H. Gilbert back at Sunnyside again. He tells me he passed a delightful summer at Little Boar's Head, near Hampton and Rye Beaches, N. H., and I hope a pleasant, happy winter is in store for him at his nice comfortable home in this village. Mr. Gilbert is pure gold, without spangles or furbelows.

Working Night and Day.

The busiest and mightiest little thing that ever was made is Dr King's New Life Pills. These pills change weakness into strength, listlessness into energy, brain-fag into mental power. They're wonderful in building up the health. Only 25c per box. Sold by Huntley & Co., druggists.

Bryan says he wants a Republic where the coach owner and the coachman, the mistress and the maid, will have the same chance and share alike in the good things of this life, but unfortunately he neglects to explain how this blessed state is to be brought about. The question is suggested that, in order to be consistent with such views, he should arrange with Adlai in the event of their election to put their respective salaries into a pool and share alike.

The charge of militarism made by the Democratic candidate for the Presidency is an insult to every American soldier serving under the Flag. All soldiers, whether regulars, volunteers or in the militia, are volunteers. They have entered the service of their own free will and accord. None were drafted.

A Shocking Calamity

"Lately befell a railroad laborer," writes Dr. A. Kellett, of Williford, Ark. "His foot was badly crushed, but Bucklen's Arnica Salve quickly cured him. It's simply wonderful for burns, Boils, Piles and all skin eruptions. It's the world's champion healer. Cure guaranteed. 25c. Sold by Huntley & Co., druggist.

Mr. Bryan started into politics as a free trader, later he took up free silver, and now he appears to be disposed to try a little freebooting.

Editorial Notes.

No increase in popularity seems to accrue to 16 to 1.

Indiana continues to contribute prominent Democrats to the Republican cause.

Fictitious fears and false forebodings constitute the Democratic stock in trade.

After all, crop conditions all over the country afford very little material for the calamity howlers.

Mr. Bryan's speeches illustrate the fact that there is a vast difference between reasons and reasoning.

Every prediction of victory made by a Democratic leader is coupled with a fervent appeal for party harmony.

Chairman Jones says that New York "is to be redeemed." Wasn't that done at the last Presidential election?

With wheat corn and cotton prices at the top notch, it is hard to convince the farmers that prosperity is a myth.

The ghost of imperialism is so transparent that even a near-sighted man can see 16 to 1 through its shadowy form.

It will not do to say that the Democratic party has been "rehabilitated" merely because it has donned the rags of Socialism.

Mr. Bryan produces a decided novelty in argument when he declares that the way to continue McKinley times is to defeat McKinley.

Kansas cannot find cars enough to carry her crops. Thus is opened the golden opportunity to kick because of too much prosperity.

The antics of the Populists and the Democrats in some Western States make one think of the two snakes that tried to swallow each other.

When Mr. Bryan is engaged in making a calamity speech the toot of a factory whistle is every bit as annoying to him as the hiss of an auditor.

The fact that the Republicans insist on choosing their own line of battle during the present campaign is considered very unfair by the enemy.

Silence must not be taken as evidence of a change of heart, and Bryan has never confessed that he was mistaken either about free silver or free trade.

If free silver is dead Mr. Bryan should not dislike the Republican party for killing it, as he has been making lots of money exhibiting its corpse.

The Democrats now regard Ohio as a "Doubtful State." They might go even farther and regard it as very doubtful—as far as they are concerned.

The Richmond *Times*, the organ of the Virginia Democrats, declines to accept the free silver and anti-expansion mandates of the Kansas City platform.

The Hon. James S. Hogg openly charged the Hon. Joe Bailey with consorting with trusts. Is the octopus getting in its deadly work among the Texas Democrats?

Following the teachings of Bryan and Edward Atkinson, the Filipinos have taken to counterfeiting the silver dollar. Is this not carrying the free coinage idea to an absurd extreme?

Let every person who has been benefited in his financial condition and his self-respect by the Dingley tariff ask himself to-day how the late lamented Dingley would vote in this campaign.

The work of producing a coal miners strike was intrusted to the labor bureau of the Democratic National Committee. The Democratic managers don't underestimate the value of discontent to their cause.

Four years ago Sumner county, Kansas, went overwhelmingly for Bryan and calamity. This year the same county will sell $4,000,000 worth of wheat at McKinley prices.—*Kansas City Journal.*

There are over thirty thousand bank depositors in Colorado now, an increase of nearly a hundred per cent in four years. Perhaps this is one of the many valid reasons why McKinley will carry Colorado this time.

It would seem under all the circumstances as if the Sugar Trust ought to do something handsome for Richardson of Tennessee; at least they might subscribe for a copy of his book—without any of the long-talk, either.

We judge from all the newspaper accounts that William Jennings Bryan is what might be called "a good home man." Yet the fact has never been published that William McKinley ever murdered any of his ancestors.

If there were really any danger of Empire there would be no Democratic, Republican, Populist or Prohibition party. Tariff, silver, whisky and everything else would be forgotten and the entire Nation would rise as one man and put it down.

"Men dare to do in crowds what they would not dare to do as individuals," declared Mr. Bryan in his Indianapolis speech. Yet, strange as it may appear, this remark was not aimed at the Democrats of Kentucky and North Carolina.

The total vote of Alabama in the recent election was 150,000. Alabama has two United States Senators and nine members of the House of Representatives. According to the census returns there must be some "government without the consent of the governed" in that State.

Mr. Bryan's great love for free speech was not on tap when his Kentucky friends turned out and threw three bad eggs at that distinguished Democrat, the Hon. John G. Carlisle. At least the Democratic nominee offered no protest at the time and later proceeded to that State and made speeches for the egg-throwers.

The pessimistic predictions of the prophet of calamity, so freely proclaimed in 1896, have been disproven by the experiences of the past two years. His foresight was bad. This year his prophesies appeal to history for confirmation, but the facts of history show that his hindsight is no better than his foresight.

Jell-O, The New Dessert,

pleases all the family. Four flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts. Try it to-day.

JUDGING BY EXPERIENCE.

Some Figures Right Here In Massachusetts of Interest to Voters.

During recent years a number of the states have published from year to year from their bureau of labor statistics, information showing the number of persons employed in leading industries, the total wages paid employes and the value of products, etc. In every case where these facts have been published for a sufficiently long time, they show a marked difference between the years of Democratic and those of the Republican administration. In the years of Democratic administration a decided falling off was experienced in business activity, in the number of persons employed, total wages paid, etc.; while during the Republican administrations of Harrison and McKinley there were increases all along the line. The most complete statistics that have been published are those experienced by the state of Massachusetts. During the four years from 1888 to 1892 (Harrison's administration) there was a total increase in Massachusetts of $73,941,880 in the value of the product, $18,244,474 in the total wages paid, and 27,363 in the number of persons employed in the establishments reporting for those years. It was quite a different story under the next four years of Cleveland's administration, with its tariff reform and other Democratic shibboleths. Subtracting the increase of 1894 from the total increase during the other three years, there was a net decrease of $96,916,006 in the value of products, $4,085,252 in the total wages paid, and 16,687 in the number of persons employed. In 1897 and 1898, with McKinley's administration, came again years of prosperity. Once more the same increases are noted all along the line. During these two years, there was a total increase in Massachusetts of $45,300,054 in the value of products, an increase of $4,219,781 in the total wages paid, and of 14,215 in the number of persons employed.

A study of these statistics, plain and homely as they are, ought to furnish an object lesson for the manufacturer, the merchant and laboring men, who are to cast their vote next November either to continue the Republican administration or to have another change. It is a true statement of an eminent statesman: "I know of no other way of judging the future but by the past," and applying this rule to the result of the Republican administration of Massachusetts, ought to convince the most sceptical voter who considers his future welfare in connection with his ballot.

Guessed Wrongly.

"What do you expect to do with all your money?" asked the multimillionaire's spiritual adviser. "You can't take it with you where you are going."

"Yes, but I can," answered the multimillionaire. "I am going to Europe."—Chicago Tribune.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

SALVATION ARMY.—Meetings every evening at 8 o'clock. Every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 3 and 8 P. M. No. 26 Montvale Ave.

UNITARIAN.—Preaching by the pastor at 10.30 A. M. Subject: "The Desire for Knowledge the Loss of Eden." Sunday School at 12 M.

METHODIST.—Preaching by the pastor Rev. Frederick Woods, at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. At 6.45 P. M. Epworth League. General Prayer Meeting at 7 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Are Sin, Disease and Death Real?." All are welcome.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—16th Sunday after Trinity. Morning Prayer at 10.30.
Bible Class at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor Society Meeting at 5.45 P. M. Evening Worship. Sermon by the pastor at 7. Prayer Meeting Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. C. B. Crane D. D. Subject: "The Two Olive Trees and the Candlesticks." Sunday School at 12 M. Rally Day Exercises. Christian Endeavor Meeting at 5 45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "Buffeting One's Own Body." Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7.45.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN.—16th Sunday after Trinity. At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 7 P. M., Divine Service. Subject: "The Divine Unity."
Thursday, at 7.45 P. M., Special Meeting for the New Members.
All are invited.
Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

SCAND. EV. FREE CHURCH.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. D. Tornvall a Missionary from China.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Young People's Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Preaching by Rev. D. Tornvall.
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.
Thursday, Sewing Circle at 7.30 P. M.
Ludwig Akeson, Pastor.

Married.

In this city, Sept. 25, by Rev. Frederick Woods, Joseph Sumner Twitchell of Beverly and Mary Alburta Letteney of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Sept. 20, Clementine Dodson, aged 61 years, 5 months, 22 days.

In this city, Sept. 21, Patrick Conners, aged 64 years.

In this city, Sept. 23, Margaret, daughter of James and Margaret Murphy, aged 10 months, 11 days.

CITY OF WOBURN.

THE

Registrars of Voters

will, in accordance with the provisions of Chap. 548, Acts of 1898, be in session at their office, in Municipal Building, Common St., to receive applications for registration for the State Election on the Evenings of Oct. 12, 13, 15 and 16, at 7 o'clock,

And from 12 m. to 10 p. m., on October 17.

Registration for the State Election of the current year will cease at 10 o'clock on the evening of October 17.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Acts 1898, Chap. 548, Sect. 47: "Every male applicant for registration shall present a tax bill or notice from the collector of taxes, or a certificate from the assessors showing that he was assessed as a resident of the city or town on the preceding first day of May, or a certificate that he became a resident therein at least six months preceding the next election, and the same shall be accepted by the registrars as prima facia evidence of his residence."

☞ Naturalized citizens must produce their final naturalization papers for inspection.

THOMAS E. MATHEWS,
HENRY L. ANDREWS,
CHARLES H. HARRINGTON,
JOHN H. FINN,
Registrars of Voters.

Woburn, Sept. 25, 1900.

Autumn, 1900.

DANNATT OPENING,

Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat.
Oct. 3, 4, 5, 6.

—SPECIAL DISPLAY OF—

PATTERN HATS
—AND—
Fine Millinery Goods.

411 MAIN ST., WOBURN.

THE PIANO FIRE SALE

is still in progress. Many genuine bargains are still on hand. More than 100 pianos in our warerooms at the time of the fire were uninjured. These will all be sold at a heavy discount. Every one fully warranted the same as if there had been no fire. It's like finding money to buy one of these instruments at our fire sale price. The insurance companies are helping you pay for every one of these pianos. Our list of bargains is a large one and a very attractive one. Ivers & Pond Uprights $275 and upward. Uprights of other makes $180 and upward. Squares $50 and upward. All sold on our Rental Purchase Plan if desired. Two to three years to complete purchase. You are invited to call and inspect the greatest piano bargains ever offered in the City of Boston. If you cannot call send postal and full description will be sent you by mail.

IVERS & POND PIANO CO.,
114 and 116 Boylston St., Boston.

CITY OF WOBURN.

WOBURN, MASS., April 2d, 1900.

To the Honorable City Council of the City of Woburn:—

The undersigned respectfully represent that they are about to acquire a certain tract of land situated in Woburn on the northerly side of Salem street now owned by Edmund Reardon, Margaret Mack, and Susan Edgell, containing about eighty-five acres and bounded easterly by the Boston & Lowell Railroad Corporation, northerly by land of Anderson and on the west by land of the City of Woburn, by land of Tidd, by land of Conn, and others; that they desire by associating other citizens of Woburn with them to form an association for the purpose of providing adequate and desirable burial lots for Woburn citizens and to relieve the present congested condition of Woodbrook Cemetery.

Your petitioners therefore pray that Your Honorable Board will grant permission that said lands may be used and appropriated for purposes of burial in accordance with the statute in such case made and provided.

LEWIS WALDO THOMPSON,
JOHN R. CARTER,
EDWARD F. JOHNSON,
CHARLIE A. JONES,
E. GERRY BARKER,
E. C. COTTLE.

Upon the foregoing petition, it is Ordered,—That due notice be given that the City Council will on **Thursday, October 18th, 1900,** at 8 o'clock, P. M., take into consideration the expediency of granting the prayer of the above petition, when all persons and corporations interested therein may appear and be heard.

Said notice to be given by publication of a copy of the above petition with this order thereon, at the expense of the petitioners, in the *Woburn News* and WOBURN JOURNAL.

In City Council, Sept. 20, 1900.

Adopted.
A true copy. Attest:
JOHN H. FINN, Clerk.

CITY OF WOBURN

BOSTON, MASS., September 20, 1900.

To the Honorable Board of Aldermen of the City of Woburn:—

Your petitioners, the Lexington & Boston Street Railway Company, a corporation duly organized under the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, respectfully petition for a location in the City of Woburn for its tracks from the corner of Bedford and Cambridge streets, through said Cambridge street to the dividing line between the City of Woburn and the Town of Burlington, with the necessary turnouts, switches and track connections for the operation of its railway.

Also with the right to erect the necessary poles and overhead wires to operate its cars by electricity.

LEXINGTON & BOSTON STREET RAILWAY COMPANY, by Horace B. Parker, General Manager.

BOSTON, MASS., Sept. 20, 1900.

To the Honorable Board of Aldermen of City of Woburn:—

Your petitioners, the Lexington and Boston Street Railway Company, a corporation duly organized under the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, respectfully petition for a location in the City of Woburn for its tracks on Winn street beginning at the Common in the centre of said Woburn; thence through Winn street across the tracks of the Boston & Maine Railroad Company to the dividing line between the City of Woburn and the Town of Burlington, or as an alternate route from Winn street through Harrison Avenue under the tracks of said Boston and Maine Railroad Company to North Warren street; thence through North Warren street across private property lying between the northerly end of said North Warren street to said Winn street; thence through Winn street to the dividing line between the City of Woburn and the Town of Burlington, suitable turnouts, switches and track connections, with a right to erect the necessary poles and overhead wires for the operation of its cars with electricity.

LEXINGTON & BOSTON STREET RAILWAY COMPANY, by Horace B. Parker, General Manager.

Upon the foregoing petition, it is Ordered—That due notice be given that the City Council will on **Thursday, October 18, 1900,** at 8 o'clock, P. M., take into consideration the expediency of granting the prayer of the above petition, when all persons interested therein may appear and be heard.

Said notice to be given by publication of a copy of the above petition, with this order thereon, at the expense of the petitioners, in the *Woburn News* and WOBURN JOURNAL.

In City Council, Sept. 20, 1900.

Adopted.
A true copy. Attest:
JOHN H. FINN, Clerk.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Herbert T. Crombie and Alice A. Crombie, his wife, in her right, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to John M. Harlow, of said Woburn, dated January 8, 1898, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2625, Page 471, for breach of the condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on

MONDAY, October 22, 1900,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described as follows, namely:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn and bounded as follows, namely:—Westerly and southerly by High Street; easterly by land of John H. Park and northerly by land formerly of Alexander Ellis.

One hundred dollars in cash will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

JOHN M. HARLOW, Mortgagee.
JOHN W. JOHNSON, Attorney.
Woburn, Sept. 26, 1900.

By E. J. GREGORY, - Auctioneer,
7 Water Street, Boston.

Auction Sale
In Winchester, Mass.,
— ON —
Saturday, Sept. 29, 1900,
At 2 o'clock P. M.

On the premises known as the Syndicate property situated between Swanton and Cross streets; 100 single lots; 5000 feet; own your own home; do it this way; buy a good lot for cash; erect a double house; we assist you to borrow money at Co-operative Bank; occupy one half; rent the other for enough to pay interest; pay your rent to Bank until your house is paid. Will also sell 2 fine double houses at a big bargain. Any person looking for a home or for an investment should not miss this sale.

Don't forget the day—Saturday, Sept. 29, at 2 o'clock P. M.

Come and pick out what you want.

S. C. SMALL,
74 Loring Ave.

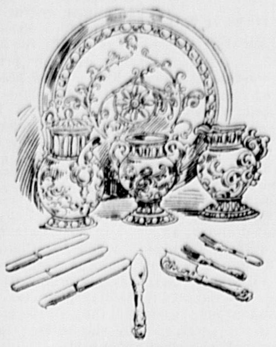
E. J. GREGORY, Auctioneer.

Milk Route
FOR SALE in Winchester.

18 head of Cows. Twenty cans. Family trade. Address
H. W., THIS OFFICE.

☞The Hon. George Fred Williams would be an ideal Secretary of State in a Bryan cabinet. Fancy George Fred dealing with the diplomats of the world on the Chinese question.

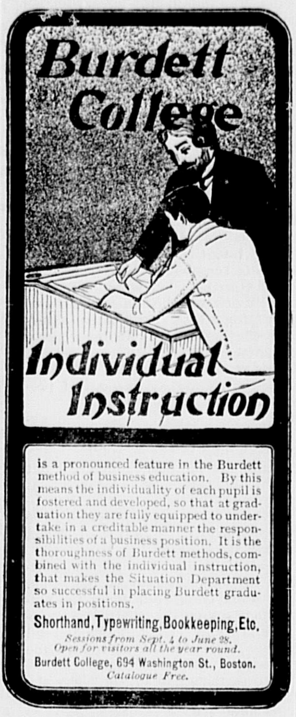
Silverware for Wedding Presents



A complete line of the celebrated COLONIAL PATTERN always in stock.

Fine Repairing a specialty.

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers.



Burdett College

Individual Instruction

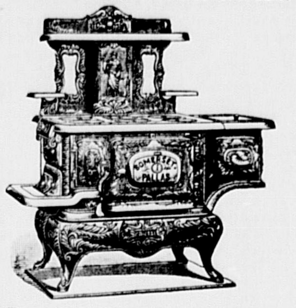
is a pronounced feature in the Burdett method of business education. By this means the individuality of each pupil is fostered and developed, so that at graduation they are fully equipped to undertake in a creditable manner the responsibilities of a business position. It is the thoroughness of Burdett methods, combined with the individual instruction, that makes the Situation Department so successful in placing Burdett graduates in positions.

Shorthand, Typewriting, Bookkeeping, Etc.

Sessions from Sept. 4 to June 28.
Open for visitors all the year round.

Burdett College, 694 Washington St., Boston.
Catalogue Free.

THE SOMERSET PALLAS
— AND —
GLENDALE GRAND RANGES.



Two of the most thoroughly made Ranges ever on the market. Have more useful improvements than any Range made for years.

C. M. Strout & Co.
Dow's Block, 322 Main Street.

"GOT A GRIP"

on the public's confidence in selling

GROCERIES

that are FIRST CLASS, and we intend to keep it, by upright dealing and well chosen stock.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street - - WOBURN
Telephone 133-2.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To Walter Barker of Malden, Mary A. Barker of Woburn, both in said County of Middlesex, and Lockwood Barker of Chelsea in the County of Suffolk and Commonwealth aforesaid.

YOU are appointed executors of the last will and testament of George W. Barker, late of Woburn in said County of Middlesex, deceased, testate, which will was proved and allowed on the fourth day of September, A. D., 1900, by said Court, and is now of record in this Court:

And you are required to make and return into said Probate Court, within three months from the date hereof, a true inventory of all the real and personal estate of said deceased which at the time of the making of such inventory shall have come to your possession or knowledge;

To administer, according to law and to the will of said deceased, all the personal estate of said deceased which may come to your possession, or that of any person for you, and also the proceeds of any of the real estate of said deceased that may be sold or mortgaged by you;

To render upon oath, a true account of your administration, at least once a year, until your trust is fulfilled, unless excused therefrom in any year, by said Court;

And, also, within three months, to cause notice of your appointment to be posted in two or more public places in the city or town in which said deceased last dwelt, or cause the same to be published once in each week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, and return your affidavit of having given such notice, with a copy thereof, to the Probate Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, at Cambridge, this fifth day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

MIDDLESEX
East Agricultural Association,
READING and WAKEFIELD,
September 26-29.

OUR PHOTO CONTEST.

PRIZES—

For Pictures taken during the Fair—1st Prize, $3.00; 2nd, $2.00; 3rd, $1.00; also 50c. each for such other pictures as can be used by Society for cuts.

Pictures to be sent on or before October 15, 1900, to the undersigned, Chairman of Committee.

C. A. PERKINS, Wakefield, Mass.

TREMONT THEATRE | SEPT. 24, Two Weeks Only

ANNA HELD IN PAPA'S WIFE

MUSICAL COMEDY
By Harry B. Smith & Reginald De Koven.

MATINEES SATURDAYS.

BEGINNING MONDAY, Oct. 15.

MRS. FISKE

And Her Great Company in

BECKY SHARP

Mats. Wed. & Sat.

(Founded on Thackeray's "Vanity Fair")
By LANGDON MITCHELL.

WOBURN
Steam Carpet Cleaning Works,
No. 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN.

Carpets taken up, cleaned and relaid. Made over and fitted to other rooms. All kinds of carpet work. Naphtha cleansing. Rugs, Feather Beds and Pillows renovated. Goods called for and delivered.

C. A. NICHOLS, Prop.
Successor to F. W. Bosworth.
P. O. Box 521.

☞ Cane Seat Chairs Re-Seated.

Print Butter
— AT —
Linnell's Market
406 Main Street, Woburn
Telephone, 128-6.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Catherine J. McDonald, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, James W. McDonald, the administrator of the estate of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the final account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County, on the ninth day of October, A. D., 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said administrator is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each each week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this nineteenth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

To Let

At 353 Main Street, a suite of six rooms. The apartments are all light and airy and afford a beautiful outlook upon the Common, including the City Building, three Churches, the Savings Bank, and the Public Library. The building is new and finished in up-to-date style, and furnished with all modern conveniences; large closets, bath-room, &c. No coal is needed for fuel. A large gas-range of latest pattern with hot water tank supplies every facility for doing housework. This suite is exactly adapted to a small family desiring a home at once central, genteel and cosey.

Apply to O. F. BRYANT,
371 Main St., Woburn.

DOMINION LINE
Royal Mail Steamers

Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.

Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by

JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS.

Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

For Rent.

A Tenement of eight rooms at No. 9 Johnson Street, with all modern conveniences, four minutes to depot and postoffice. Rent $20 per month.

E. H. RICHARDS,
25 Fairmount Street.

TENEMENT
To Let.

Inquire of R. G. COOKE, No. 9 Wright St., Woburn.

GUARDING THE BANK

BOLTS AND BARS AND MASSIVE WALLS ARE NOT ENOUGH.

The Best Safeguard For the Treasure Is the System of Guards Who Watch the Vaults and Watch One Another at the Same Time.

"Modern banks are relying more and more upon men instead of metal for their protection," remarked an official in one of the big financial institutions of New Orleans. "In former days," he continued, "they depended almost altogether upon massive walls, enormous doors and ponderous locks. It is true there was always a so called 'night watchman,' but in nine cases out of ten he was some superannuated employee, half blind and deaf, who was given the job in lieu of a pension and who slept placidly from dark to dawn in the easiest office chair he could find.

"It seems incredible, but a little over a quarter of a century ago that was the only kind of guard employed by the majority of the biggest and best banks in the United States. The vault was everything then, and directors went on the theory that the way to keep burglars from getting their money was to surround it by immense masses of cold steel.

"Needless to say," the banker went on, smiling, "they were disillusioned pretty frequently. There is an axiom that whatever one man can make another man can break, and the burglars proved it over and over again. It was always the same story—the doddering old watchman found bound and gagged, the 'burglar proof' door wide open and the safe empty. That gradually brought about an entire change in method and led to the development of the American multiple watchman system, which is undoubtedly the most perfect on earth.

"Briefly explained, it's a system of guards, watching the bank and watching each other, and leaving a continual record of their movements on 'time detectors' that can't be tampered with. Their rounds are so arranged that no man is ever free from surveillance for more than 10 or 15 minutes at a stretch, so if he was held up or killed or fell asleep or dropped dead or anything else happened to put him out of action, the fact would be known before any serious consequences could ensue.

"The day has gone by when a gang of crooks can crack a watchman over the head and then take their time about forcing the vault.

"The modern system of watching and auxiliary watching has put an end to great bank robberies," added the financier. "The only hauls now made by crooks in that line of business are in country towns and remote rural districts, where old methods still prevail. That isn't because they are any less cunning or desperate than they used to be, but simply because they recognize the folly of attempting to break through the cordon of open human eyes.

"It is an interesting fact, by the way, that Uncle Sam was the pioneer in that system of protection, and the banks might well have taken a leaf out of his book years ago. The treasury vaults at Washington are a good joke as far as intrinsic security is concerned. They are built like forts, and the massive masonry of their walls is full of cannon balls, which are supposed to be able to turn a drill, but as a matter of fact, any expert cracksman could go through them like a mouse tunneling a Stilton cheese.

"Yet no attempt has ever been made on the untold millions of cold cash behind the rickety old doors, and the establishment is really one of the safest in the world, for the simple reason that it is never left unguarded. Files of soldiers, frequently changed, patrol all the corridors and approaches, and it would be physically impossible for robbers to make a descent without getting caught. The Bank of England submerges its vaults under six feet of water every day after business hours, yet I consider it a good deal less secure than our own antiquated treasure house.

"You must not infer from anything I have said that up to date American banks have abandoned bolts and bars. On the contrary, the modern vault is a wonderful piece of mechanism and is as nearly perfect as human ingenuity can make it, but the chief reliance is pinned to the living guard, who beats cold steel all to pieces. I admit that the system looks on the surface like a reversal to primitive principles, but really it is only an application of common sense."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Bilge Water.

I am quite well aware that there are objections to hospital ships in the tropics. When they are moored, there is the burning question of bilge water. I will not discourse on the subject of bilge water, as inexperience thereof might make the explanation wearisome. Any one acquainted with the bilge water question knows it is of engrossing interest. Bilge is a prince among smells, and if you have ever fallen under its power you will always think that every terrific thing in smells is a manifestation of bilge water.

I remember on one occasion when on board a moored hulk, not a hospital ship, smelling in the evening something that called for mention, so I mentioned it. "Oh," said my companions, more under the sway of bilge water than I was, from their greater knowledge of its power, "it's only our bilge water." In the morning we found it was the rotting carcass of an elephant that had floated down the river and now hung in the mooring chain.

After a considerable time was spent in getting rid of the carcass I said, "For goodness' sake, gentlemen, stir up your bilge water, and let the smells fight it out together while we go ashore for a spell." "No," said my companions, terror stricken at the suggestion. "You do not know our bilge water when its back's up. It would stretch you if you were half way across Africa. This elephant is mere lavender water to it."

This was a more dreadful bilge water than a hospital ship would have. Still, though bad, bilge water is not necessarily fatal under proper management.—Chambers' Journal.

A Historic Die.

On the desk of the secretary of one of the oldest copper manufacturing firms in this city is a steel die which has served as a paperweight for 35 years, and the coins struck off by it are now, for the most part, in the hands of collectors. This die was used for striking copper tokens which symbolized the contest between President Andrew Jackson and the old United States bank of Philadelphia in 1832. The engraving on the die represents President Jackson, sword in hand and apparently standing in a money chest. Around the central figure is stamped Jackson's expression, "I take the responsibility," which arose out of his controversies with the bank.

When this die was made, the predecessors of the present company not only manufactured copper wire, but also made a special feature of copper coins, chiefly for South American countries and for private business firms which made a practice of issuing their own copper coins to be redeemed by them afterward. During the civil war and just preceding it many private corporations issued tokens which circulated as pennies, and some of them are now worth a great many times their original value to collectors.—New York Sun.

Paid His Debt.

When Joe Chamberlain entered the house of commons, he was anxious to try his oratorical powers. A certain leading politician, who was piloting a bill through the house, was approached by one of Mr. Chamberlain's friends, who said:

"Chamberlain would like to speak on the bill. Can you give him a chance?"

"Well, you know, I think it would not do. He's a new member, and nobody knows what the dickens he might say."

Time went on. Chamberlain gained ground—became a power in parliament. The leading politician, on the contrary, had made a series of blunders which had imperiled his position. An election was imminent. Forgetting his previous record, he thought that if he could get Mr. Chamberlain to speak for him he would strengthen his position. He, therefore, applied to the right honorable gentleman.

The latter calmly surveyed him through his eyeglass and said:

"Well, you know, I think it would not do. I am a new member, and nobody knows what the dickens I might say!"

Two Painters.

During a holiday ramble Sir Frederick Leighton came across a little roadside inn, the signboard of which was being somewhat coarsely painted by a local artist. For some little time Sir Frederick watched the progress of the painting, till the rural artist, glancing down, remarked, "It be a foine day, masther?"

Leighton assented, adding that a figure on the signboard was out of proportion.

"Wheer be it out?" asked the aggrieved artist. "I'm thinkin yer've summer wrong in yer soight."

"If you get off that ladder, I'll put it right for you," replied the R. A. good humoredly.

"Eh, boot can ye paint?" queried the other doubtfully. "Ye ken I dinna want my work spiled."

"It's all right; I've done a little painting in my time," answered Leighton, as the other clambered down the ladder. Then, taking the palette, he climbed up and commenced to paint and did not desist until he had completed the signboard.

"Er, boot tha's nae so bad," was the rural artist's comment. "Art is nae so paying now; still if ye like to do mair work for me, I'll gie ye mair siller than I do as a rule."

"Thanks," replied Sir Frederick dryly. "My name is Leighton."

"Verra pleased to ken ye, Mr. Leighton," replied the man, ignorant of what the name meant. "My name is Tam."—St. James Gazette.

One of Webster's Drinks.

"Daniel Webster," said a Boston man, "as all the world knows, had a penchant for looking on wine when it glowed rosy red. At one time he was driving to Cambridge from Boston. He was billed to make a speech at the home of Harvard, and his companion in the old fashioned gig was a member of the reception committee and a resident of the town.

"On the way to Cambridge Mr. Webster turned to his fellow traveler with an inquiry whether there was not some place in the neighborhood where they could obtain a drink. 'If you will drive a short distance out of your way to my house,' was the courteous response, 'I think I can promise you as good a drink of Jamaica rum as you ever tasted.'

"To the house the twain accordingly journeyed, and once there the host, true to his promise, set before the statesman a decanter of extremely fine rum. The great Massachusetts senator poured out a brimming beaker and quaffed it off without wincing. His host tentatively pushed toward him the water jug, but Senator Webster after eying it a moment said: 'Thank you, no. I wanted a drink, but I am not thirsty.' He then went on to Cambridge and delivered one of his masterly efforts."

Won by His Retort.

At one of their joint discussions which took place in Kentucky some years ago Tom Stuart, then editor of the Winchester Democrat, gave his opponent, I. N. Boone, a descendant of the great Daniel, a blow that fairly knocked him out of the race for the legislature.

Boone was making his regular speech, and at the proper place in it he referred to the matter of his relation to the toiling masses. "My friends," said he, holding up a pair of hands that looked as if they had not been washed in a week, "to let you see for yourself that I am a horny handed son of toil, I ask you to look at these hands, and," turning to Stuart, "I would ask my pale faced young friend from the city what he thinks of them?"

Stuart was on his feet in a minute. "I do not desire to embarrass my distinguished opponent, ladies and gentlemen," he said, with a bow, "but I would say that I think that they need soap and water."

It was such an apparent case that the crowd took hold at once with a shout, and Boone was completely floored, and later Stuart was elected.—Argonaut.

A Mean Interruption.

"Don't trifle with me, Miss McCurdy!" pleaded the young man desperately. "Wait till I have finished. Do I need to tell you, after all these weeks, how completely and absolutely your image fills my heart? Have you not seen? Do you not know? Have I not betrayed myself by my looks, by the tones of my voice, by the eager joy that lights up my features whenever you appear? Must I put in words the feelings I can no more disguise than I can"—

"Mr. Whitgood," interrupted the young woman, "are you in earnest?"

"Glycerine McCurdy," he said, drawing himself up with injured dignity, "do you think I'm doing this on a bet?"—Chicago Tribune.

Water.

Boiled water or distilled water should not be used either by grown people or children unless there is danger from contamination from the water in ordinary use. Pure cold water is preferable. A child may be given a glass of cool (never ice) water the first thing in the morning—say half an hour before breakfast, and may also take a glass on retiring.

Woman's Kidney Troubles

Why trifle with health when the easiest and surest help is the best known medicine in the world?

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

is known everywhere and thousands of women have been cured of serious kidney derangements by it.

Mrs. Pinkham's methods have the endorsement of the mayor, the postmaster and others of her own city.

Her medicine has the endorsement of an unnumbered multitude of grateful women whose letters are constantly printed in this paper. Every woman should read these letters.

Mrs. Pinkham advises suffering women free of charge. Her address is Lynn, Mass.

Garrick and Murphy.

Conferring the "freedom of the playhouse" on playwrights and men of letters was common in Garrick's day, and without doubt the good natured manager was often pestered for the same favor by persons who had no such claim. It was evidently Garrick's custom to give tickets of admission, permanent orders, to those whom he desired to honor. It is recorded that the Irish writer, Murphy, annoyed at what he thought ill treatment or neglect, returned the ticket with the words, "As I do not foresee any further occasion for this obliging passport, I am not willing to trespass too long upon your civility."

Garrick's answer was such as to reflect the greatest possible credit upon himself: "If you choose to relinquish your right to the freedom of Drury Lane playhouse, you certainly will do as you please. But without the ticket, I imagine, Mr. Murphy will find the doors open to him, as usual, and be it further known to you, sir, that as I thought you were above an undue influence I never meant the ticket as the least tie upon the liberty of your pen or conversation."

It may be safely inferred that Garrick presented the same permanent passport to his gruff but faithful friend, Dr. Johnson. It is hardly too much to say that the great player's generosity was as notable as his acting, and his acting was probably such as the world has never surpassed.

How Foxes Get Rid of Fleas.

By an old hunter and naturalist of local repute a story has been told here confirming as absolutely true and trustworthy the published account, which has had few believers until now, of how foxes rid themselves of fleas. The fox, according to the book narrative, simply backs slowly into a stream of water with a portion of the pelt of a rabbit in his mouth after the fox has made a meal off the rabbit. The water drives the fleas first up the fox's legs and then toward his head and finally out on the piece of rabbit fur, and then the fox drops the fur, and his pests are done for.

The local hunter and naturalist referred to, strange to say, had never heard or read this story when he told of the actions of the fox which he observed in the waters of the Patapsco river. The little animal, he stated, backed into the river slowly with so much deliberation that he wondered what it meant. It carried something—he did not know what—in its mouth and dropped the something when out in deep water. Then the fox hurried away. The object left floated near to the observer, and he hauled it ashore with a stick. Fleas literally swarmed through the object, which was found to be a bit of raw rabbit fur. The observer had a puzzling mystery explained to him. He says his admiration for the shrewdness of the fox grows more and more as he grows older and learns his ways.—Baltimore Sun.

It Troubled the Customer.

"A funny thing occurred here the other day," said a barber as he was putting the finishing touches on a hair cut. "A fellow came in to be shaved who was somewhat under the influence of intoxicants. He took his place in the chair, and all proceeded well till I had shaved one side of his face, when he stopped me.

"'Hold on,' he cried. 'I want this thing 'splained.'

"I asked him what was the matter, and he replied: 'There's a fly on my cheek, and you have shaved the lather and whiskers off, but the fly didn't move. Now, what's the mazzer with him?'

"I told him there was no fly on him, but he pointed to the mirror and said: 'You think I can't see him. I ain't so drunk that I can't see a fly.'

"I turned to the glass, and there stood the fly on the mirror and in such a position that from my customer's range of vision it seemed to be on his cheek. He afterward said that he had felt that fly tickling him all the time and wondered how I could shave under it and not cut its legs off."—London Tit-Bits.

Wants a Diagram.

"That Fuddlethwait girl makes the flattest remarks of anybody I ever saw. And people laugh at them too. I can't understand it. It must be because she has money."

"What's she been saying now?"

"I was telling her the other evening that my parents had 13 children."

"Yes."

"Well, she looked at me awhile and said, 'Oh, are you the thirteenth?' Then everybody snickered. Now, will you kindly tell me what there was funny about that?"—Chicago Times-Herald.

History's Notorious Fault.

"I must insist," declared Diana, who was the acknowledged leader of the Olympian Woman's Suffrage party, "that the purity of the ballot would be conserved by allowing us to vote."

"Nonsense," protested Mercury, leader of the opposition. "You wouldn't be able to control the Muse of History. She's a natural born repeater."—Philadelphia Press.

Uncle Bob's Hailstone Story.

"An old countryman I used to know when I was living in south Georgia," remarked a college professor apropos of sudden changes in the weather, "was in at least one respect a very remarkable character. To a casual listener he appeared to be a fluent and unconscionable liar, yet when you came to scrutinize any of his statements closely it was impossible to catch him in the slightest deviation from the truth."

"One day in early spring we had an unusually severe fall of hail, and next morning while driving down the road with a friend we happened to encounter the old fellow at his gate. 'Well, Uncle Bob,' I said, 'that was a pretty bad hailstorm we had yesterday.' 'I should say it was,' he replied. 'You just oughter seed some of the stones that come down in my back yard.' 'How big were they?' I asked. ''Bout as big as small watermelons,' said he. 'Well, we've caught him in a whopper at last,' chuckled my friend as we drove on. 'No, we haven't,' I groaned. 'As usual the old rascal has secured all the advantage of a fine, large lie and at the same time has adhered rigidly to the truth. Look at that vine.'

"An early watermelon vine was festooning the bottom rail of a fence by the roadside, and here and there it was studded with minute green spheres about the size of gooseberries. My friend made no comment. I never tried to catch Uncle Bob again."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

An Arab's Parlor.

A woman traveler in Egypt is amazed at the dearth of the natives' household goods, says a correspondent of the Chicago News. There is little furniture because the Arab needs little. His life is spent out of doors, and he can sleep in any handy gutter as peaceably and happily as a child, while most of his meals are eaten in the open air.

In one exceptionally luxurious house, that of a charwoman, the traveler found a parlor. It was regarded as a sort of shrine by Fatima. She had made it a fetich, devoting to its embellishment all the money she could spare and sacrificing to it even her children's wants. The visitor was shown through a broken down doorway into a squalid passage, where two rooms at either end revealed perspectives of greater squalor beyond. Children teemed from every entrance.

Arrived at the holy of holies, the door had to be unlocked. It was a brand new Birmingham lock. Distant Manchester had supplied a carpet blazing with roses and small creton curtains of brilliancy to match. Such things are in Cairo called "fellah" (vulgar), as none but fellahin are found to be purchasers of them, but poor Fatima's horrors are not yet quite catalogued. From some common shop in the Muski she had captured two or three glass vases, and in them—the last touch of triumph—were artificial flowers.

Chinese Superstition.

When General Grant was visiting China, Chester Holcombe, for many years secretary of the American legation at Peking, secured for him a privilege never before that time accorded to a foreigner, the privilege of admission into the sacred precincts of the Temple of Heaven in Peking.

Now, it is contrary to the settled belief of the Chinese to admit a member of the female sex, old or young, even to the temple ground, under any circumstances. It is said that should a Chinese guard venture even to carry a baby girl in his arms within the forbidden lines he would probably be punished with death. Not knowing of these restrictions, a number of ladies in General Grant's party ventured to follow him when he visited the sacred edifice.

Realizing the seriousness of this action, Mr. Holcombe afterward apologized to the emperor's representative for the conduct of his countrywomen and was informed that the intrusion would be overlooked, but must be kept as secret as possible, for should the populace learn of it an antiforeign outbreak would be likely to follow. They would not forgive such a pollution of their most sacred building.—Leslie's Weekly.

To Clean and Polish a Piano.

In cleaning and polishing a piano go over the woodwork with a cloth wet with paraffin oil, being generous with the oil where the woodwork is very much soiled. Let this remain two or three hours. This is to soften the dirt. Then wash with soap and water and a soft cloth, being careful not to let any water touch the works inside the piano. Use a good white or a white castile soap. Wipe dry with a soft cloth and polish with soft, old linen or chamois leather.—Ladies' Home Journal.

All His Fault.

"Women beat the world."

"What's the matter now?"

"When my wife wants anything pretty to wear, she hints around until I persuade her to buy it, then after she has worn it out she pitches into me for encouraging her to be so extravagant."—Chicago Record.

Dimes to Offset Dollars.

"I can always tell when Harry has indulged himself in an extravagant luncheon down town."

"How do you tell?"

"He always comes home and wants to treat me to a trolley ride."—Detroit Free Press.

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FOR HEADACHE.
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FOR SALLOW SKIN.
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GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE.

Price 25 Cents | Purely Vegetable. Brent Good

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

HIS LAST RACE.

A Fortune Lost to a Horse Owner by a Refusal to Pay $10.

"Talk about killings," said the old turfman, settling himself back in his chair and puffing away vigorously at a very black cigar. "Why, I remember one that makes my head spin every time I think of it. Let me see—yes, it was back in 1880. Just about that time I had arrived from the west and went in for racing with both feet. A friend of mine owned a fast 2-year-old maiden. The horse had a good pedigree and was well trained, but somehow was never in the money. My friend had a great deal of faith in the horse and backed the animal every time it ran. He lost, and when it became monotonous he came to me.

"'Jim,' he said, rather sadly, 'I'm nearly broke. If I keep on dropping my money as I have done for the past two months, I don't know what will become of me. I guess I will wind up in the poorhouse.'

"'Why, what's the matter?' I said, trying to cheer him up. 'Don't be downhearted, old boy. When you are short, you know you can always find me.'

"'That's all right,' he said, 'but I owe you enough money already. I'm going to make a hit, and if the scheme goes through I'll have all the money I want. The scheme isn't strictly honest, but that's the only way I can get the coin just now. I've been on the square long enough.' Saying this, he disappeared, and I did not see or hear from him for a long time.

"One day his horse came in second. I was very much pleased, and when I found Jim I extended my hand to congratulate him. To my surprise, he waved me aside and hung his head. I could not for the world make out what was the matter. I thought perhaps his success had turned his head.

"'Jim,' I said, 'what is the matter with you? I'm surprised. You never acted like this before. There is something certainly the matter. Out with it, I say, or else I shall never have anything to do with you in the future!'

"'I know I have not been carrying on right, Frank,' he said, 'but if you went through what I have during the past ten hours you certainly would not blame me. Frank, I cannot look an honest man straight in the face after today. I stood to win $50,000, but I'm penniless now. It's all because I was greedy and refused to part with an extra $10. As you are no doubt aware, my horse ran second today. He might have won had I used better judgment and discretion.'

"Then he went on and told me the following story: He had told all the other jockeys in the race that he desired to win and unfolded his scheme. Seven horses ran, and the jockeys had their instructions. They were to let my friend's horse win. All of the jockeys with the exception of one received a ticket on the prospective winner. My friend's horse was quoted at 20 to 1, and the six jockeys had tickets which called for $200 to $10. Somehow or other the seventh jockey got wind of this and approached the trainer of my friend's horse about it. The trainer told him to see Jim, which he did. Jim told him to go to the devil. He said: 'Go away, boy, and don't bother me. You haven't got a chance to beat my horse, and I am not afraid of you anyway. I got $10 left, but you shall not have it.' The jockey persisted that he could win if he tried and told Jim that he ought to be let in on the deal. Jim was obdurate and requested the jockey to go about his business. Jim somehow had scraped unbeknown to me about $5,000. His agents backed the horse all over the country, and he stood to win a small fortune.

"Well, the race was soon off, and his horse was leading in the stretch by five lengths. He thought it was all over but the explanations. On the run home his horse was still ahead by a good margin, and in the excitement the seventh jockey, the one to whom he had refused to give a ticket, was forgotten. But the jockey had predicted correctly, and with a burst of speed that took the breath away from the spectators the outsider came to the fore and beat my friend's horse out at the post by a short head. Well, when it was all over and the numbers had gone up and my friend's horse had been beaten Jim realized what a fool he had been. For the sake of an extra $10, which he certainly could have spared, he lost the fortune. Jim had only played the horse straight, and this time he was clean broke. Jim was the sorest man you ever saw and cannot forget that day to this. And, what's more, he has never played or attended a race since."—New York Sun.

Earned His Board.

One of the old time Adirondack guides was Elijah Cowles of Lake Pleasant, in Hamilton county. Cowles stood 6 feet 7 in his stockings and was of powerful build. When he was not moose hunting or bear hunting or guiding, he was keeper of the county jail at Lake Pleasant, and the county allowed him 50 cents a week board for each man. This meant careful planning and not extremely luxurious living at the best. So Cowles, being a fellow of resource, used to take his prisoners off moose hunting, that they might earn their board. It is related of one victim that after having been out for ten days on the trail with the strapping guide he begged piteously to be allowed to go back to jail, but the inexorable Cowles compelled him to "keep up with the procession" until the venison had been captured.—Forest and Stream.

A Calamity.

A small girl of 3 years suddenly burst out crying at the dinner table.

"Why, Ethel," said her mother, "what is the matter?"

"Oh," whined Ethel, "my teeth stepped on my tongue."

Kicked on the Story.

Probably most writers of serial stories are familiar with the sensation of receiving letters of commendation or disapproval from interested readers who are following up the stories as they appear in their regular weekly or monthly installments. Occasionally some curious person asks for private information as to what the outcome is to be, while others offer suggestions as to the disposition to be made of the villain or express a fear that the author is to marry the hero to the wrong woman.

The writer of a serial story in one of the popular magazines a few years ago received the following letter from an indignant reader. The names are changed for obvious reasons:

> Dear Sir—I take the liberty of telling you that I regard your "Simeon Stacy," now running through The Blank Magazine, as a little the thinnest novel I have read. Furthermore, the principal character in the story, to whom you give the title role, so to speak, is so thoroughly detestable a man that I have taken the most effective means in my power to show my contempt for him by changing my name—which happened to be the same as his—to something as unlike it as possible. Yours truly, ANDREW JACOBSON,
>
> Formerly Simeon Stacy.

—Monthly Companion.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XIV, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, SEPT. 30.

Text of the Lesson, a Comprehensive Quarterly Review—Golden Text, Jas. i, 22—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1900, by American Press Association.]

Lesson I.—Jesus walking on the sea (Math. xiv, 22-33). Golden Text, Math. xiv, 33, "Of a truth Thou art the Son of God." He had just been feeding more than 5,000 people with the lad's few loaves and fishes, and, having constrained His disciples to cross the lake without Him, He sent the multitudes away and then went alone into a mountain to pray. The disciples found a head wind and a rough sea, and their circumstances were very suggestive of the condition of the church today toiling against many adverse circumstances; but the Lord Jesus is at the Father's right hand for us, and He will come in the morning, and we shall be forever with Him.

Lesson II.—Jesus, the bread of life (John vi, 22-40). Golden Text, John vi, 35, "Jesus said unto them, I am the Bread of Life." He who fed the thousands with bread for the body is Himself the bread which alone can give life to the perishing. To have life we must as truly receive Him as we receive the nourishment for our bodies. By comparing verses 47 and 54 we see that eating His flesh and drinking His blood is synonymous with believing on Him, and chapter i, 12, says that believing on Him is receiving Him.

Lesson III.—The gentile woman's faith (Mark vii, 24-30). Golden Text, Math. xv, 25, "Lord, help me." It was evidently a great joy to our Lord to find faith in any one, and it must have made Him very glad to have occasion to say to this woman, "O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt" (Math. xv, 28). In His last prayer with His disciples it was a joy to Him to be able to say to His Father, "I have given unto them the words which Thou gavest Me, and they have received them" (John xvii, 8).

Lesson IV.—Peter's confession and Christ's rebuke (Math. xvi, 13-26). Golden Text, Math. xvi, 24, "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me." As the Lord Jesus spoke of the way of the cross and His sufferings for us, satan took possession of Peter and through him suggested that it should not be so. It is satan's way to have us pity ourselves and take what seems the easiest way, but the only way for a child of God is the Master's way, the denial of self, a life unto God alone (II Cor. iv, 11).

Lesson V.—The transfiguration (Luke ix, 28-36). Golden Text, Luke ix, 35, "This is My Beloved Son—hear Him." This was doubtless the fulfillment of His saying in verse 27, that some of them should not taste death till they had seen the kingdom of God. See II Pet. i, 16, 17. It is the sight of the glory that strengthens us to bear the cross (Rom. viii, 18; Heb. xi, 10, 26; xii, 2), and by this vision of the glory of His kingdom, of which the risen and translated saints and righteous Israel shall be the center, He would strengthen and encourage them to follow Him.

Lesson VI.—Jesus and the children (Math. xviii, 1-14). Golden Text, Mark x, 14, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God." The glory of the kingdom, instead of working in them true humility, had led them to consider who would be the greatest, and there was a strife among them concerning this even on the night before His death (Luke xxii, 24). There are still those who love pre-eminence for themselves rather than for Him (III John, 9; Col. i, 18).

Lesson VII.—The forgiving spirit (Math. xviii, 21-35). Golden Text, Math. vi, 12, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." The proud and selfish, who seek their own rather than His, are apt to be heard and unforgiving, but the truly humble, who in any measure appreciate the forgiveness which God, for Christ's sake, has given them, are kind, tender hearted and forgiving to others (Eph. iv, 32).

Lesson VIII.—The man born blind (John ix, 1-17). Golden Text, John ix, 25, "One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see." There are those who are blind, but do not know it (Rev. iii, 17; John ix, 40, 41); this is the worst kind; but when people know they are blind and seek earnestly to have opened eyes, He is always ready to relieve them and manifest the work of God in them to the glory of God.

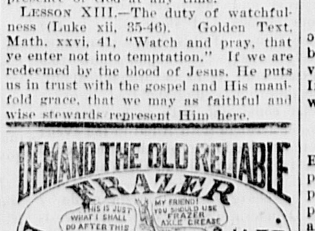
Lesson IX.—Jesus, the Good Shepherd (John x, 1-16). Golden Text, John x, 11, "The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." He who by the sacrifice of Himself gives sight to the blind, health to the sick and life to the perishing, teaches us that, having received life from Him as His free gift and being assured that we shall never perish, we are to let Him possess us fully and reproduce His life in us for the good of others.

Lesson X.—The seventy sent forth (Luke x, 1-11, 17-20). Golden Text, Luke, x, 2, "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few." As lambs among wolves He sent them forth to prepare the way before Him, authorizing them to heal the sick and to preach the kingdom of God; and when they returned with joy, surprised at the power of the Lord through them, He told them that it was a greater cause of joy to know that their names were written in heaven.

Lesson XI.—The good Samaritan (Luke x, 25-37). Golden Text, Lev. xix, 18, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." It is not Christlike to turn our eyes and ears away from those who need our help just because it is easier and more comfortable not to know the condition of those who are in distress. He came not only to save, but to seek in order to save, and our orders are to do likewise in all the world. If we feel inclined to refuse, let us read Prov. xxiv, 11, 12.

Lesson XII.—The rich fool (Luke xii, 13-23). Golden Text, Mark viii, 36, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Here is the greatest possible contrast to the good Samaritan, a man who lives wholly for himself and his own happiness, with no thought of God or of a judgment to come and not considering the possibility of his being called into the presence of God at any time.

Lesson XIII.—The duty of watchfulness (Luke xii, 35-46). Golden Text, Math. xxvi, 41, "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation." If we are redeemed by the blood of Jesus, He puts us in trust with the gospel and His manifold grace, that we may as faithful and wise stewards represent Him here.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A BIG CATTLE SHOW.

ALL BREEDS TO HAVE RECOGNITION AT THE BUFFALO EXPOSITION.

A Building to Be Devoted to Exhibits of Dairy Appliances, Methods and Products—Milk In All Its Commercial Forms.

It is expected that the live stock, poultry and pet stock exhibits at the Pan-American Exposition next year all told will include about 25,000 individuals. Beginning the latter part of August, Superintendent Frank A. Converse has arranged for a special cattle show, to continue two weeks. The 16 or 17 breeds recognized in this country and Canada, including beef and dairy cattle, will have a place in this division. The classification of beef animals includes the Shorthorns, Herefords, Aberdeen-Angus, Galloways, Devons and Polled Durhams. The National Live Stock, Shorthorn, Hereford and Galloway associations will endeavor to make exhibits excelling in interest any that they have heretofore brought together. The co-operation of these great associations gives strong assurances of an unqualified success in this feature of the show. The National Live Stock association expects to make a very instructive exhibit, showing the character of animals upon the ranches many years ago along with those of the present day, illustrating the remarkable results of scientific breeding.

The dairy associations are putting forth a special effort to be represented at the Exposition by their best animals, and individual exhibitors are preparing to come in considerable numbers with specimens of very fine dairy stock. The displays of dairy breeds will include Jersey, Holstein, Ayrshire, Guernsey, Brown Swiss, Red Polled, French Canadian and Dutch Belted cattle. Liberal prizes are to be awarded by the Exposition for the best animals of the several breeds. These attractive purses are certain to bring out a fine selection of animals.

So important are the dairy interests of the Americas that a large building will be devoted exclusively to them at Buffalo. The building will be equipped with a complete refrigerating outfit, so that fresh exhibits may be shown throughout the continuance of the Exposition. The many ins and outs of dairy management will be illustrated by means of models of stable appurtenances, ties, water buckets, mangers and appliances of all kinds. Particular attention will be given to the proper manipulation of dairy products.

In this connection will be shown all sorts of churns, separators, vats, bottles, butter workers, cans, creamers, apparatus for sterilizing and pasteurizing and vessels for setting and shipping milk. An exhibit will be made with special reference to the sanitary and hygienic management of the animals themselves, the stables which they occupy and the buildings in which the milk and cream are cared for. It has been found that nearly all diseases to which dairy cattle are subject can be avoided by cleanliness and proper management. The germ theory of the transmission of disease has had a revolutionary effect in dairy management, and the importance of the observance of hygienic rules will be graphically portrayed. The ventilation of dairy buildings, having due regard for the comfort and health of the animals, has been developed upon scientific lines, and present knowledge upon this feature of dairy construction will be shown by means of proper models. The exhibit of dairy products will include milk and cream in all their commercial forms, embracing pasteurized, sterilized and condensed milk, butter and many varieties of cheese.

America has never produced a distinctive breed of beef or dairy animals, but scientific breeding has so improved upon the imported stock that it is said the American product would hardly be recognized in the land of its origin. The effort will be made at this Exposition to bring to the attention of stock growers, dairymen and unscientific breeders of beef and dairy cattle the advantages to be derived from the possession of choicer and more efficient breeds.

It is said that half the dairymen in the United States are milking cows with no profit to their owners, while it is possible for well bred cows, whose milk is marketed at normal prices, to yield a profit of $100 per annum. This lesson in profit and loss concerns every one who devotes any part of his time to dairy work.

The judging of cattle will take place in the Stadium, where the honors will be bestowed and where an audience of 10,000 people may witness these formalities. The live stock buildings will accommodate not less than 1,000 cattle, and their construction is upon plans best adapted for the comfort and convenience of the animals and herdsmen.

MARK BENNITT.

Rose Displays at Buffalo.

In the outdoor horticultural exhibits of the Pan-American Exposition will be numerous beds of roses of choice varieties, each containing 500 bushes. Imagine what a brilliant show they will make when all in blossom!

Chinese Porcelain.

Chinese porcelain was common in Europe for 400 years before a German potter succeeded in finding out the process of making it. This Chinese pottery is scattered all over the world and everywhere valued, but nowhere was the distribution more curious than in western Canada. Early in the nineteenth century a Chinese junk was cast away on the Pacific coast of America just south of Vancouver island, and its cargo of willow pattern plates fell into the hands of the Hudson Bay company's officers. Still in the remotest trading posts of the fur traders a few fine specimens remain.

Wanted His Full Share.

Little Willie, sitting down to tea with his grandmother, who is just about to cut the cake. Willie (hastily)—Grannie, before you cut my piece of cake I want to ask you a question.

Grannie—Well, dear, what is it?

Willie—I want to know if your spectacles magnify?

Grannie—Yes; a little, dear.

Willie—Well, then, will you please take them off while you cut my cake?

POULTRY AND PET STOCK.

Mammoth Display of Feathered Favorites to Be Made at Buffalo.

There are some 45 national associations interested in poultry raising in the United States. The Live Stock division of the Pan-American Exposition, of which Frank A. Converse is superintendent, is in correspondence with all of these, and a most cordial co-operative spirit is shown on the part of every one toward making the poultry and pet stock show of this Exposition the greatest of the kind ever held. The displays of poultry will comprise about 100 breeds. To these will be added six breeds of turkeys, 11 breeds of ducks and nine breeds of geese.

As an evidence of their interest in the coming show many of the associations have volunteered to duplicate the prizes offered by the Exposition. It is also proposed by the associations to do all in their power to boom this feature of the Pan-American Exposition at the winter poultry shows to be held in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and other cities. It is estimated that not less than 75 per cent of the poultry associations will offer special prizes.

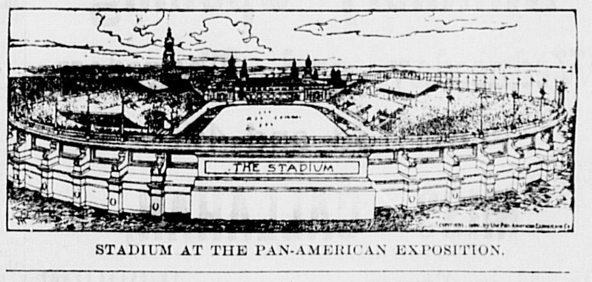
An important feature of the Pet Stock Show will be the exhibit of Belgian hares. The classification, however, covers all kinds of pet stock. The Belgian hares are being extensively raised in various parts of the country on account of the value of their meat. The fine stock in these animals brings a very high price, and the demand is surprisingly great. The Belgian hare is much heavier than the common rabbit, weighing some seven or eight pounds and quite a different animal. Its flesh is described as a cross between venison and mutton and is highly prized in European countries for food. It breeds rapidly and feeds upon such simple and cheap foods as carrots, white oats, lettuce, clover and tender green food of many kinds. It does not burrow and is very tame. Children are very fond of them as pets.

Aside from their value for food, their fur is in demand for making fine felt. This will be the first noteworthy exhibit of these animals in America and will afford an opportunity for every one to gain useful knowledge concerning them.

THE STADIUM.

Magnificent Arena For the Display of Live Stock and For Sports.

While the Stadium at the Pan-American Exposition was designed primarily for athletic and sporting events, it is intended also for the parade and judging of live stock and for the exhibition of farm and road machinery, traction engines, automobiles and other vehicles in motion. It will be the most magnificent arena ever erected in America. The seating capacity is 12,000. It will contain a quarter mile track and abundant space for all the popular athletic games and sports.



STADIUM AT THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

It is said that no exhibitor has ever had such a splendid arena in which to make displays of live stock, machinery or vehicles.

The architectural adornment of the Stadium is very simple and beautiful, giving it an aspect of massiveness and durability. The arrangement is that of a vast amphitheater, the seats being under cover and affording comfort to the spectators. The main entrance of the Stadium is a large building whose upper floors will be used for restaurant purposes. This building is 241 feet long by 52 feet wide, with towers 164 feet high. The architecture is very picturesque and appropriate for the use for which it is intended.

The style is that of the Spanish Renaissance in conformity with the general character of Exposition buildings. The lower story is an arcaded arrangement, and the red tile roof has broad eaves. Bright colors will be used in the further decoration of the building, and the old Spanish towers give it a finished beauty and make it one of the most prominent features of the Exposition.

The Stadium is on the east side of the Plaza, opposite the Midway. It is near the great northern entrance to the Exposition, adjacent to the steam and trolley railway stations. The Athletic Carnival to be held in the Stadium is intended to be one of the most important ever held in America. It will bring together many of the most famous specialists in the world, who will entertain the Exposition visitors with their feats of strength, skill and endurance. The Stadium resembles the one built at Athens a few years ago and is intended as a model of what it is hoped some day may be executed in permanent form.

Apple Growers Much Interested.

Missouri apples are to have a prominent place at the Pan-American Exposition. Apple growers in many states are making plans to be well represented. By means of cold storage arrangements it is hoped to have a continuous and complete display of fruits throughout the Exposition season.

Display of Irrigation Methods.

The advance of knowledge upon the subject of irrigation has prompted the management of the Pan-American Exposition to provide for an adequate exhibit showing methods of irrigation and various tools and supplies.

The Fruit Cure.

Twice it has been my privilege to take "the grape cure" in Switzerland. For ten days the schools are discontinued that teachers and scholars, with fathers and mothers, may repair to the vineyards and eat grapes all day long. For ten days the druggists mourn because customers are not, and for as many months nature's patients feel the good effects of the cure wrought in a pharmacy which is not of man's furnishing.

For 40 years I have taken the "fruit cure" all the year round and have to offer in advertisement thereof a perfect digestion, steady nerves and such general vigor as is vouchsafed to few women of my age.—Marion Harland in Philadelphia North American.

Dangerous.

"Papa," asked a 4-year-old youngster, "are little boys made of dust?"

"Yes, my son," was the reply.

"Well, then," continued the little fellow, "I wish you would make nurse stop using the brush on me. I'm afraid she'll brush me all away."